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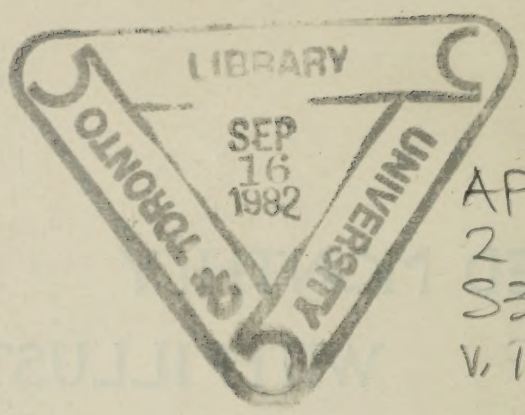
VOLUME XV JANUARY - JUNE



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ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

EDOUARD MANET'S

THE FIFER.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 48.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. JANUARY, 1894. No. 1.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

By F. Marion Crawford.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.



On a Steamer—Golden Horn.

II.

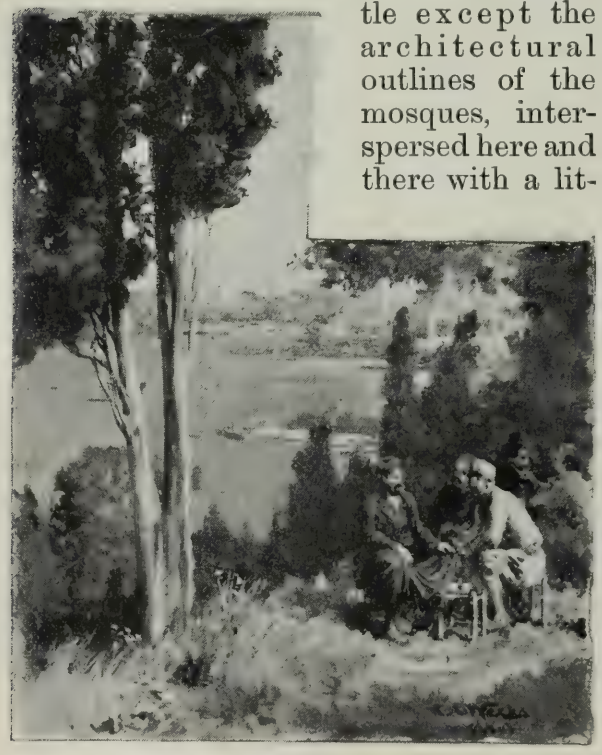
BEYOND the limits of the business quarter and the neighborhood of the public offices and ministerial buildings, Constantinople is one of the quietest cities in the world. The Turk's home life seems mysterious to the European, though there is much less real secrecy about it than might be supposed. In the East, as elsewhere, the house-servants gather together, gossip, and tell each other what their masters have for dinner, how often their mistresses dye their hair with henna, lose their tempers, and get into debt in the bazaar. But though all these things go on, as they do wherever human beings are gathered together, the closed doors and latticed windows of the long narrow streets present an impenetrable front. As one leaves the centre of business, going westward, there are fewer women to be seen, and the veils, strange to say, are more closely drawn about the face. The great Turkish quarter stretches through the midst of the city in the direction of the Adrianople Gate and the Kahriye Mosque. The houses are mostly but two stories high, and in every stage of preservation. A solid brick or stone dwelling with projecting balconies, dazzlingly whitewashed and immaculate as to its doorstep, is followed by a tumble-down wooden cottage so distorted by the yielding of its timbers in all directions as to disturb an ordinary man's theories of possible stability. Next, perhaps, comes a low, open shed, kept by a cobbler, a small tailor, or a coffee-seller. Beyond that, the rusty grating of a public fountain or a tiny burial-ground not five yards square, the tall, weather-beaten head-stones leaning and lying in all directions like jackstraws. Then more dwellings, straight or crooked, a little mosque, another coffee-shop, a cross street and two or three sturdy horses held by skinny boys to be hired as cabs are in other cities. And so on, through many varieties of

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the same view, over the execrable pavement, up and down hill, until you reach the neighborhood of the walls, along which a considerable part of the land rises abruptly like an embankment to the level of the gates and the open fields without.

Everyone who goes to Constantinople visits the Kahriye Mosque, once known in Greek as the "Country Hermitage," a small but very ancient church, richly adorned with paintings and mosaics. The Mollah in charge is an enlightened Turk of the purest breed, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion—and a descendant of the Prophet, too, for he wears a green turban. He also speaks a little French, and is quite as much interested in the archæology of his mosque as you can be. It is in a great measure due to him that so much whitewash has been removed from its walls, and that the building itself is kept constantly in repair.

At the top of the aforesaid embankment there is a little coffee-house just built, and commanding a view of the city very different from most others. One is surprised by the totally new aspect of Constantinople as seen from this side; whereas from the Bosphorus one sees little except the architectural outlines of the mosques, interspersed here and there with a little green, or shadowed by the tall plumes of dark cypresses: from this end of the city there appear to be on the whole more trees than houses. The fresh verdure crops up everywhere amid brown roofs. Below and on the left there is a glimpse of the Golden Horn. At your feet, in the hollow, lies the famous little mosque with its three cypresses, and the great buildings about the Seraskierat and St. Sophia are but shadowy outlines in the hazy distance.



View from Eyub Looking Over the Golden Horn.

This part of the city is thinly populated, and it has an almost desolate look. As the ground rises, the houses are fewer, and there are many irregular open spaces, covered with thin grass in spring, deep in dust in summer, and in winter deeper still with mud. And all along this side, from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, runs the great barrier of turreted walls which baffled Eyub, who lies buried where he fell, and which at the end made such long and brave resistance to Mehemet the Conqueror. Nearest the sea lies the fortress he built, Yedi Kule, the Seven Towers. The vast ruin with its great court, its numerous towers and gates and ramparts, has become in the course of events the habitation of a nondescript Armenian cobbler. After having been successively the stronghold of the city, and the prison in which, by a rather liberal interpretation of the law of nations, the Sultans confined the Ambassadors of the countries against which they declared war—it was afterward used as a school and is now a mere ruin. The last time I was there I was wandering idly through the outer gate intending, as usual, to peer between the stones into the so-called Well of Blood, into which the aforesaid Armenian cobbler declares that the heads of a number of Janissaries were thrown when Mahmud the Reformer destroyed the corps. The well is deep and black, and there is water in it, and probably no bones at all by this time. In passing through the gate I stumbled against a stone which lay in the way under the arch. It was a bit of the head-stone of a woman's grave, as was clear from the carved sunflower, for men's graves have a turban or a fez, according to the epoch. Below the flower



Street Fountain at Stamboul.

a part of the inscription was still legible—the dedication to God, "the ever abiding One"—and below that, in Turkish, the words: "I have come to the garden of this world, but have found no kindness." More had followed, but the stone was broken off at that place. There was an odd pathos and pity about it, as though the unhappy woman, whoever she had been, buried long ago outside the walls, had come back, knocking once more at the gate of the "garden of this world," asking for a little of that kindness of which she had found none in life. It was all very lonely and desolate, the high sun beating down upon the withered shrubs and bushes and dusty paths of the garden which had once flowered in the court, and blazing more fiercely still upon the deserted hillock, the ruined mosque, and the mouth of the Well of Blood outside the open gate, and there, in the shadow of the arch between, the ghost of the Turkish woman asking for kindness and finding none.

In order to form any idea of the extent of the fortress one should climb at least one of the towers, though the view from the ramparts hardly repays the trouble. But the towers themselves are vast and gloomy places, some of them filled with wooden lofts, to be reached only by movable ladders, and formerly used as sleeping-places for soldiers. The winding stone stairs are so dark



Court of the Mosque of Sultan Báyezid.

that the Armenian cobbler brings a lantern to show you the way. There were prisons below and prisons high up, prisons with windows and prisons without. The last French ambassador who was locked up here, when war was declared between Turkey and France in 1798, was Ruffin, and the room which is shown as his is dimly lighted by a single grated window, less than two feet square, and at such a height from the floor that only a tall man can look out through it. It must be confessed that there was something imposing in the simple and straightforward disregard of the law of nations shown in imprisoning the ambassadors of foreign powers. Upon the tiled roofs of the towers the wind-blown dust has accumulated in the course of half a century

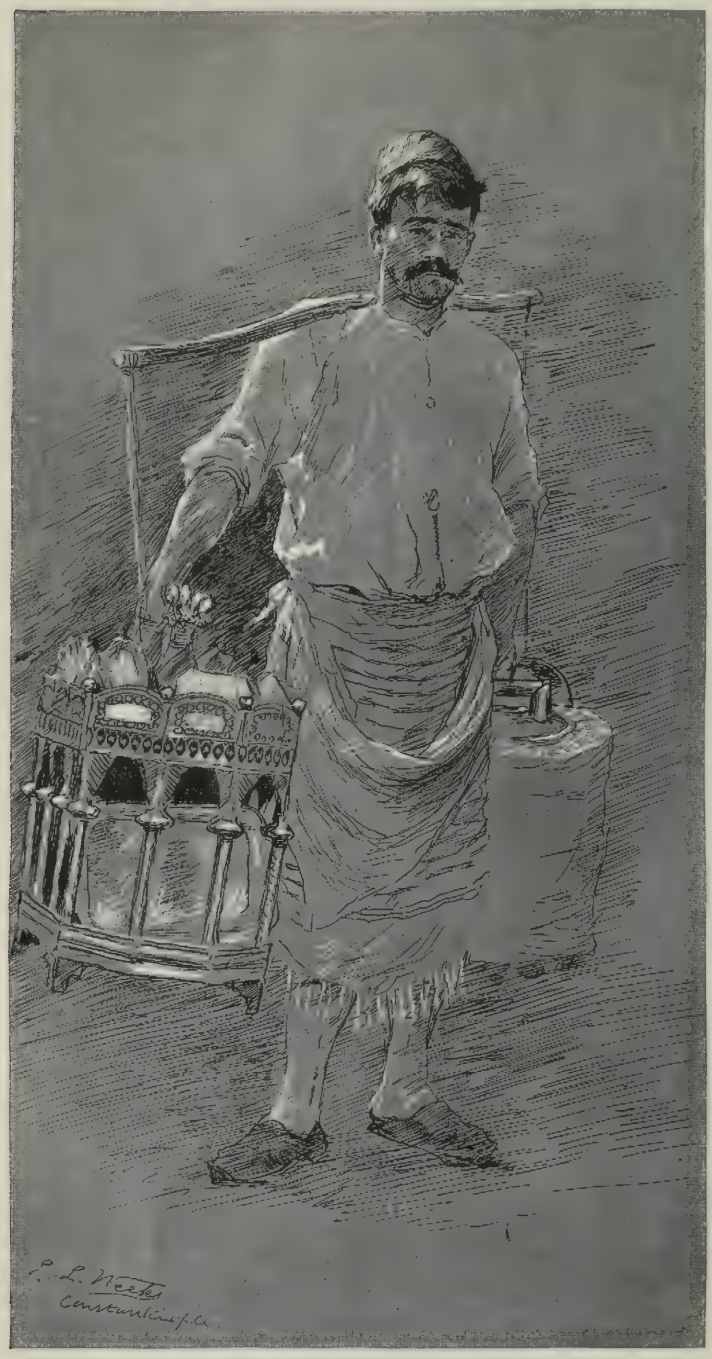
or more, and the shrubs and bushes flourish abundantly. The cobbler says that the ghosts of the executed excellencies whose heads were formerly set up on the edge of the ramparts, as they were on Temple Bar, wander at night in this hanging garden.

As in most Oriental cities, there are two distinct modes of existence in Constantinople—the out-door life and the indoor life. The majority of Turks leave their homes in the morning and return late in the afternoon when their work is done. During the day they live out-of-doors or in the bazaars, but so soon as the Turk has completed his business he goes home, and if you ask for him you will be told that he is in the harem and not to be disturbed; and, as a rule, his servants will refuse even to inform him of your presence. If it is indispensable that you should see him, you may await his pleasure in the selamlik, the room for receiving male guests, which is to be found in every Turkish house, and beyond which are the mysterious regions of the harem. "Harem," in the modern acceptation of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelors' establishment inhabited solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women. The end of the Turkish railway carriage, curtained off from the rest, is harem; so is the ladies' cabin on board ship, and the latticed gallery in a mosque. In the dwelling-house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family; and here I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife, though the Koran allows every man four at a time, and encourages a constant change by facilitating divorce. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom. Whatever exists or goes on behind the doors leading out of the selamlik belongs to his private life, and no one with any knowl-



Old Towers Outside the Walls of Stamboul.

edge of Eastern manners would think of even suggesting the existence of women in the house. His life when away from home during the day is passed exclusively among men, and he does not even like to be seen in the company of any female member of his household. I have once or twice seen a Turk driving with a veiled lady, far in the country on the Asian side, but never in Stamboul. During the busy hours of the day the Turk lives out-of-doors, in the streets, under the trees in the open squares, and in the shops of the bazaar eating, drinking, taking his coffee, and smoking, wherever it best suits his convenience. The consequence is that the busy part of the city is full of eating-houses and coffee-shops, and there is no end to the itinerant venders of food and drink who carry their wicker stands up and down in the crowd. There is the man who sells bread and "pide" and "peksemit"—unleavened bread and biscuits; there is the cheesemonger who has a round wicker basket and one or two kinds of cheese and "yoord," or Turkish curds; there is the cook who sells kebaby—little morsels of lamb or mutton broiled on wooden skewers, and pilaf, kept hot in a big closed tin, or stuffed spring squashes and other vegetables; not to mention the sweet-meat-sellers, the custard-makers, and the sellers of sherbet. Most numerous of all are the water-carriers. They generally have a cylindrical vessel strapped on their shoulders and closely covered with green boughs to protect the water from the sun; in one hand they hold the end of a flexible tube with a polished brass faucet, and in the other they carry two or three heavy glasses, with which, by a skilful movement of the fingers, they play a perpetual tune which gives notice of their whereabouts. Coming from Italy one is forcibly struck by the extreme cleanliness of all these peddlers of food and drink, and by the highly appetizing appearance of what they have to sell. But besides these, there are a certain number of kitchens and restaurants in the bazaar. In particular, there is a fat and rosy Turk who makes the best kebaby in the world, and whose little place is in a small court close to one of the thoroughfares. On the clean marble slab which forms the sill of the window, the rows of wooden skewers lie ready for use, pilaf



Ice-cream Seller.



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Entrance to the Municipal Garden at Pera—After the Concert—Twilight.



The Landing Place and Café at Scutari.

heaped up in large dishes steams by the well-kept fire, and a couple of clean, handy boys wait upon the customers, who sit at a little table at the back of the kitchen or out of doors in the quiet court before it. The composition of the favorite dish must sound extraordinary to European ears. "Pidè," or unleavened bread, is cut into squares and laid in the bottom of a soup-plate. Upon this curded cream is poured to the thickness of two fingers. Upon this, again, little squares of meat hot from the fire are heaped up, and the whole is seasoned with salt, pepper, cardamom, and sumach. It is exceedingly good and, what is more, very digestible, as those travellers will know who have been accustomed in Russia to eating sour cream with everything. Nor is the pilaf to be despised, though it would take long to describe the proper mode of preparing it, and to explain the differences between the four great pilafs of the world—the Turkish, the Greek, the Persian, and the East Indian, of which the Persian is, in my opinion, by far the best. The cook provides you with food, but not with drink, and if you require the latter you must hail the passing waterman and buy a glass of water or sherbet. Civilization, however, is far advanced in Constantinople, where every customer expects a knife and fork with his food, and uses them both. In Persia he would be given a piece of unleavened cake, which he would have to supplement with his fingers. For my own part, it has always struck me that fingers should be considered as much more appropriate instruments for feeding than forks. I know that they are my own fingers and that I have washed them, but as for the forks in places of public entertainment, I am not sure that they have been washed at all, and I would much rather not think of the way in which they have been used. We would rather suffer much than use another man's toothbrush, but we think nothing at all of using the whole world's fork—a fact which proves the vanity of most outward refinements.

But everything which the Turk consumes in the Bazaar is in the nature of



The Sultan's Kiosk—"Sweet Waters of Europe."

luncheon, his principal meal being always taken at home and after sunset. In a dark corner of Bezestan there stands a little mosque with a small minaret, of which the pointed spire springs up like that of a toy house toward the high vault of the roof overhead. At midday, as at the other hours of prayer while the Bazaar is open, the muezzin climbs the tall tower and calls the faithful from the window above with as much zeal as though he were crying the summons from the highest pinnacle of Sultan Ahmed. But though it be midday there is no general movement among the crowd, as there would be in Southern Christian countries at the dinner hour. For the Turk, when away from home, is nomadic and indifferent to regular meals, whereas the evening dinner or supper at home is a patriarchal institution treated with due importance and solemnity. There are Turkish families still in which a table is set in the selamlik, and is literally open every day to all comers, rich and poor. Anyone may enter, and he will be shown to a place at the master's table if he be of the master's class, or at another, lower down the hall, if he be an inferior. And in Turkey, to dine means also to spend the night, the entertainer being expected to furnish his guests with beds, slippers, and sleeping garments. Of course the ladies of the establishment do not appear, but are served separately in the harem. The chief butler of a friend of mine was recently heard to complain bitterly that the guests often rose very early in the morning and carried away the shirts and slippers provided them for the night—a poor return for such open-handed hospitality. It must be said that Turkish dinners do not as a rule last a long time. They consist indeed of a very great number of dishes, but these are offered but once to each guest and removed with incredible rapidity by the servants.

The street which runs from the Post-office to Nur-i-Osmaniye is one of the

most characteristic of Constantinople, for it forms the principal thoroughfare between Galata Bridge and the Bazaar. It is a nondescript and cosmopolitan street, crowded with shops and offices of every trade and every nation. It is a favorite neighborhood for Greek and Armenian dentists, the assurances of whose skill are expressed in enormous signs. There too, in the neighborhood of the Post-office itself, the public scribes sit all day long in the shade, grave and impassive as sphinxes, and ready to lend their skill with the pen for the correspondence of the unlettered. Their customers are chiefly Turkish women, who generally veil themselves more closely than usual while dictating in low and confidential tones the messages they themselves are unable to write. The system is familiar enough in Italy and Greece, as well as in most Eastern countries; but it is worth while to linger a moment and catch a glimpse of some of those faces as they bend eagerly over the scribe's table, watching the swiftly moving reed pen. For Turkish is written with reeds, and the inkstand is a little sponge. Near this spot is the Yeni Jami, one of the beautiful mosques of Stamboul, frequented at all hours by a motley crowd of worshippers. Leave behind you the glare, the hurry, and the rush of the thronged street, thrust your feet into the wide slippers at the door, and enter the beautiful building at the hour of prayer. The contrast is sudden, solemn, and grand, and something of the deep mystery of Oriental life is all at once made clear to you. In the cool shadows Mussulmans of all ages are prostrating themselves before the Mihrab—the small shrine which in every mosque shows the exact direction of Mecca—or before the sacred writings in other parts of the wall. There is profound belief and devotion in their attitudes, gestures, and accents, a belief as superior to the idolatrous superstition of the far East as it is beyond the conviction of the ordinary Christian in simplicity and sincerity. It is indeed impossible to spend much time among Mussulmans without acquiring the certainty that they are profoundly in earnest in religious matters, and that the unfurling of the Standard of the Prophet which is occasionally hinted at as a vague possibility, would be productive of results not dreamed of in the philosophy of Europe.



Old Gateway in the Wall which has been Blocked up with a House.

Of all places in the world, Constantinople is interesting by the strong contrasts which it presents at every turn, and this sudden change from the brilliant animation of the streets to the solemn quiet of the mosques and tombs is one of the most striking. The marvellous richness of decoration in the interior of many of the Jamis brings to the surface the deeper side of Oriental character. As in most Eastern countries, some of the highest developments of art are brought into close contact with the most tasteless constructions and hideous ornaments. The magnifi-



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

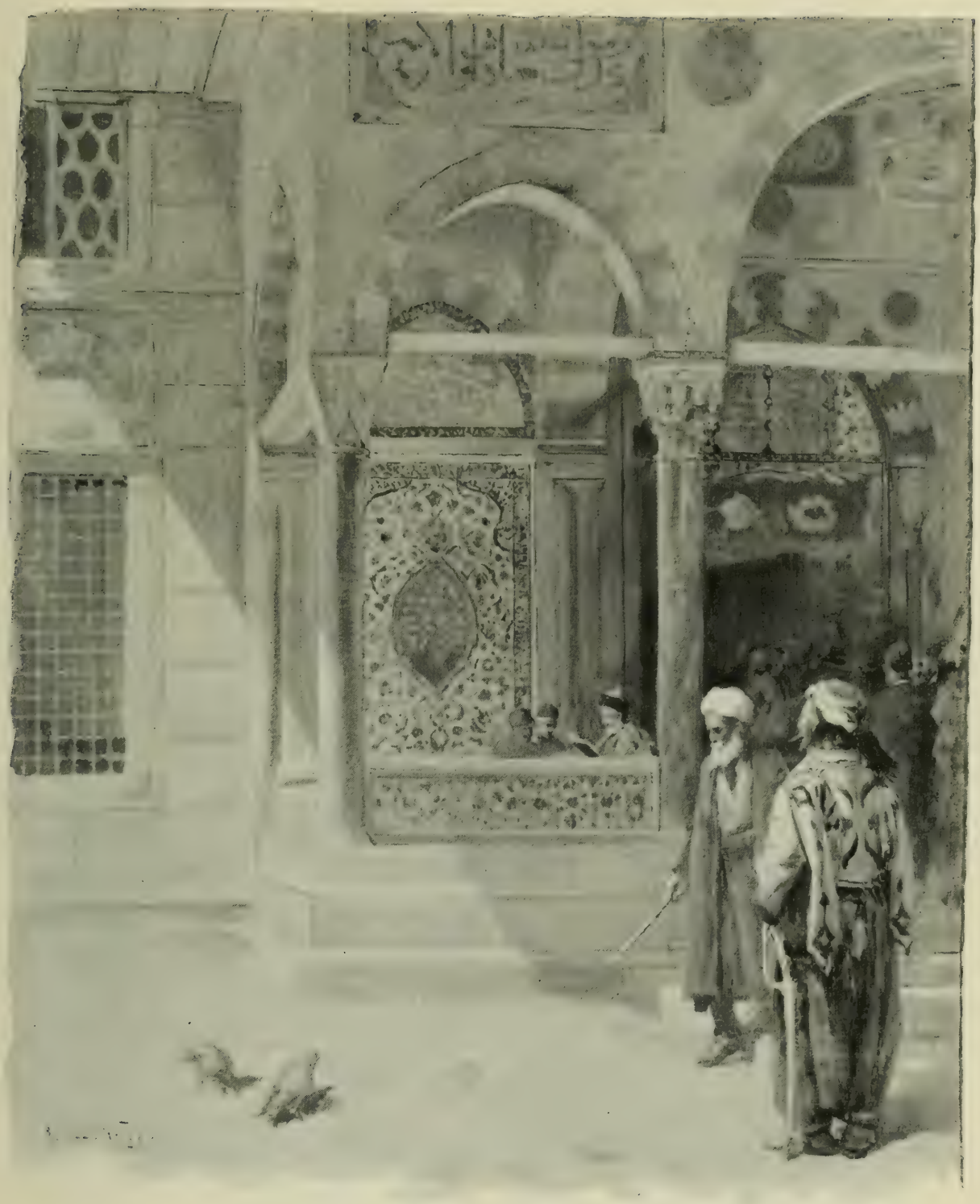
Street Scene in Stamboul—Café Frequented by Greeks.

cence, in virtue of which the epithet gorgeous is so frequently applied to the East, is often thrown into even stronger relief by the proximity of a certain squalid tawdriness extremely offensive to European taste. But here, as in Europe, the arts are intimately dependent upon religion and upon religious ideas. The Mussulmans of the Sunnite sect, who do not permit the representation of anything that has breath, have devoted an amount of attention to the art of writing equal to that which has been bestowed upon painting in the West. To the cultured Turk a piece of beautiful caligraphy affords as much artistic delight as we could find in the pictures of the greatest masters. The European may in time familiarize himself with the Arabic character—which is a sort of shorthand—so as to read it as readily as the Latin or the Gothic. But he can never, I believe, learn to distinguish the artistic values therein which correspond to our ideas of drawing, color, light, and shade. A Turk the other day pointed out to me a text from the Koran which hung upon his wall written in plain black upon a white ground. "That writing," he said, "gives me as much æsthetic pleasure as you could find in any Titian." Such specimens of caligraphic skill are often richly framed and preserved under glass, but some of the most beautiful of them all are found in the glazed tiles used in ornamenting the mosques and tombs. Some of these inscriptions are positively priceless in the eyes of the Turks, and they are rapidly becoming so in the eyes of the European collector, who, however, finds it almost impossible to obtain the smallest specimen of them. For it is always in connection with religion, and generally in places of worship, that the best objects are found. But art in the East is rapidly decaying, and the secret of producing the wonderful tiles, of which so many thousands are still to be seen, is lost forever, while the manufacture of cheap and inferior imitations is altogether in the hands of the Jews in the Bazaar.



Armenian Beggar.

In all legends and traditions of the East, the Arab horse plays an important part, and when I first visited the horse market in Stamboul, I had anticipatory visions of thoroughbreds which would have delighted the hearts of Lady Anne Blunt and her husband. The disappointment was as complete as any I



Tomb of One of the Sultans in the Court of St. Sophia.

have ever suffered. The At-Bazaar is on the east side of the mosque of Mehemet II. the Conqueror. It would have been impossible to choose a worse place for the purpose of showing off horses, were there any to be shown, than the three-cornered open space, irregularly paved with cobble-stones of all sizes, on the steep incline of a little hill. This yard is surrounded by a number of wretched wooden houses, most of which contain a dark and ill-ventilated stable, where the few horses for sale by the various owners are kept — and ill-kept — in ordinary stalls. Two or three unwieldy Hungarian brutes and a dozen or so of stout little Saloniki cobs are the usual occupants, and I once found amongst them a monstrous form of horse-flesh which recalled the legends of Here-



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

A Glimpse of St. Sophia.

ward's ugly mare and of the animal which the devil lent the exciseman in the "Ingoldsby Legends." As to his legs, he was fully eighteen hands high, but his body was no longer than that of one of the aforesaid Saloniki ponies. His head reminded me of nothing so much as of a certain ancient leathern hat-box, a sort of heirloom in my possession, weather-beaten under many skies and jaded in many express trains, hall-marked all over with a whole geographical dictionary of names of cities printed on scraps of paper of every possible hue. There was something so strangely unnatural about the animal's whole appearance that my attention was rivetted by him for many minutes, and my guide, the splendid old Turk who is the chief of the horse-dealers, looked at me curiously as though suspecting that I meant to buy him. I was shown one animal, at last, well worth seeing and buying. He was led out from the depths of a gloomy den, which would have asphyxiated a Western horse, and received a very perfunctory grooming at the hands of one of the stable-men. But a more perfect Arab it would be hard to find out of Arabia. There were all the points I had dreamed of before visiting the At-Bazaar—the straight tapering legs, the small feet, the rather large and bony head, the tiny, sharp-pricking ears, and the fine silken coat of golden bay. He shook himself, and snorted with evident disgust at his quarters, as he was led out into the bright air, a king among beggars, a hero among scullions—and at least a fragment of my lost illusion was forthwith restored.

But there are few such creatures to be seen in Constantinople, though the law against exporting horses from the limits of the Ottoman Empire is so stringent that not even those highest in power would venture to transgress it. It is more easily enforced, too, than the regulation which forbids the taking away of any object whatsoever upon which are written or printed words from the sacred writings.

In connection with the horse market I am reminded of the Saddler's Bazaar, a small quarter by itself adjoining one of the principal streets of Stamboul, the Divan Yol. The making of saddles and harnesses, and, generally speaking, the art of working leather, was formerly in high repute in a country throughout which horses, camels, and other beasts of burden were the only means of locomotion. The rich bestowed the greatest possible attention upon the trappings and equipments of the animals they used, and the workmen who produced these objects constituted a special guild. This art, like almost all others in Turkey, has greatly degenerated of late years, but certain things are still made better here than elsewhere. The Saddler's Bazaar contains, I should think, about a hundred and fifty shops, low, shed-like buildings in which the occupants sit upon little wooden platforms just above the level of the street, with narrow verandas in front of them in which, during the daytime, the finished wares are hung up for sale. A great many things are made of so-called Russian leather, which is not more Russian than it is generally Eastern, and of which the peculiar smell is due to the process of curing by the smoke of leaves instead of by the ordinary process of tanning. Here may be seen elaborate saddles, covered with leather or stuffs or velvet, of the sort used by rich Turks in the country, though long out of fashion in the capital, and matched with cumbrous bridles decorated with ornamental hand-sewing. Saddle-bags are made here, too, of all descriptions, shapes, and sizes, simple and ingenious and useful for the long journeys on horseback into Asia which are often undertaken from Constantinople. But the best articles in the market are the mule-trunks of heavy Russian leather, admirably worked and nothing like which is to be found in Europe.

There is no regulation in Turkey, I believe, against the burial of the dead within the walls of the city, but the prejudice against the disturbing of a grave is so strong that a vast amount of space is necessary for cemeteries. Besides innumerable tombs and many small burial-grounds in the neighborhood of the mosques within Stamboul, Pera, Stamboul itself and Scutari are all bounded on the land side by an almost continuous chain of grave-yards.

Adjoining each mosque, as a general rule, is built the turbeh, or tomb, of the founder and of his wives and children. Most of these buildings are polygonal and in many cases octagonal, the eight sides corresponding with the names of Allah, Mohammed, and the six Imams. They are the most richly and beautifully decorated buildings in the city, and it is in them that the most valuable specimens of writing on tiles are to be found. The bodies of the dead are, according to Mohammedan custom, laid in the earth at a depth equal to the average height of a man, the grave of the Sultan or founder of the mosque being always opposite the door, and those of his wives and children disposed around his in symmetrical order. Over each grave is built up a wooden coffin or catafalque, of which the size corresponds with the importance of the occupant, the largest in Stamboul being that of Mehemet II. These coffins are covered with black velvet palls, very richly embroidered with silver and sometimes also with costly shawls, all of which have been to Mecca and have lain upon the tomb of the Prophet before being finally placed in the position they now occupy. One of the most curious of all the turbehs is that of Selim—if I am not mistaken—a Sultan who lies surrounded by his four wives and by no less than forty children, boys and girls, all of whom died in infancy. A little white turban distinguishes the graves of the boys from those of the girls. In each of the greater turbehs, in a silver box, is preserved one of the countless hairs of the Prophet's beard, and a railing surrounds the graves, which in some cases is of solid silver. These buildings are treated as mosques, and the matted floors must not be defiled by feet which have touched the street without. At the head of the principal catafalque there are generally three or four folding book-rests of magnificent workmanship, supporting splendidly illuminated Korans, from which the mollah in charge reads chapters at stated times in the day. Some of these illuminations surpass in exquisite detail of finish and color anything to be seen in Europe, and the finest pages of the most famous mediæval missals would look coarse beside them.

Besides the turbehs, there are small burial-grounds attached to many of the mosques, picturesque little places filled with diminutive graves and irregular tomb-stones, and thickly overgrown with shrubs and rose-bushes. It is not the custom in Turkey to keep graves in repair, and the monumental stones, being tall and slender and generally cylindrical, soon fall out of the perpendicular, leaning in every direction and lending the cemeteries a wild and fantastic appearance. Until Mahmud introduced the fez, the headstones of men's graves were surmounted by carved representations of turbans, but since that time the fez is in universal use, painted scarlet when new, with a blue tassel. Upon the column below the cylinder there is frequently a long inscription, beginning with an invocation to God or a verse from the Koran, and followed by a short account of the dead man's life. The tombstones of women either bear no symbol at all, or, as in the great majority of cases, are surmounted by a sunflower or something in the nature of an arabesque or plant. The inscriptions on them are almost invariably in verse. In very rare instances persons of great importance have very elaborate monuments, which are usually ugly in proportion as they are intended to be beautiful, and like the others are allowed to fall to ruin. In most of these small cemeteries there are narrow, well-kept walks at a lower level than the graves themselves, and contrasting oddly with the wild growth of trees and shrubbery on each side. Persons reputed to have led holy lives are often buried, especially in the country, in solitary graves surrounded by elaborate gratings and covered by roofs or domes, and it is not uncommon to see them brightly illuminated at night with votive lamps, like the tombs of saints in Catholic countries. For Mohammedans not only reverence the memory of the dead, but believe in the efficacy of their prayers and intercessions. It is a common thing, too, to see the shrubs about the graves of sainted personages covered with hundreds and even thousands of scraps of rag, torn by pilgrims from their garments and stuck on the bushes in the belief that the offering will preserve the individual from sickness.

But the most picturesque and wild of

all the places of burial are the great cemeteries without the walls. Magnificent cypresses of almost fabulous age overshadow the vast area occupied by the bodies of the faithful, casting a deep and gloomy shade even in midday in summer ; and there is little or no undergrowth here, for the cypress does not favor other plants. As far as the eye can reach in every direction, there is an interminable confusion of gray tombstones, standing, slanting, and lying in every possible position which a straight object can assume. Here and there at wide intervals a spot of bright color is visible, where the fez on a man's tombstone has not yet lost its color under the weather. The place is gloomy at midday, uncanny in the twilight, and ghostly at night. It is no wonder that the Turks should believe in ghosts, ghouls, vampires, and every conceivable posthumous horror. The belief in these things constitutes one of the most deep-rooted of popular Turkish superstitions, and the fatalistic Mussulman, who would readily face death in any shape, would tremble like a child if obliged to pass through a cemetery at night. As a matter of fact the burial-grounds are by no means safe places, especially after dark, for this very superstition makes them a very secure refuge for deserters and malefactors.

But in spite of their wild and gloomy aspect and ruinous condition, or perhaps in consequence of this state of things, the Turkish cemetery is infinitely more picturesque than the Christian churchyard, with its abominably tasteless monuments, its trim salad-like flower beds, and its insipid inscriptions —as superior in interest to an intelligent being as the primæval forest is to the creations of a landscape gardener. Modern religious art seems to be bad because it has kept pace with modern fashion, an error of which the Mussulman cannot be accused. There is something incongruous in treating dead men like books, to be arranged in neat order and catalogued as volumes are in a library. No one who clings to old-fashioned ideas can conceive of finding rest in such a neat and business-like establishment as a modern Christian cemetery. Since we do not believe in the worship of ancestors, as the Chinese do, and since those of us who believe in a future state are convinced that rest and reward or unrest and punishment are for the soul and not for the body, it seems both foolish and wicked to expend enormous sums for the preservation of what is by the hypothesis utterly worthless. Better to lie on the mountain-side under the sky, or to be dropped into the sea with a weight at one's feet, or at least to be put quietly away without expense—or even to occupy a nameless grave under the Turkish cypresses, than to be the prey of the modern undertaker, sexton, marble-cutter, and municipality. But, after all, though death be a matter of necessity, burial will always be a matter of taste.

I have hitherto said little about Pera, Galata, and the thickly populated suburbs on the northern side of the Golden Horn. The ancient city of the Genoese never formed a part of Constantinople, and will never be really incorporated with the Turkish capital. It is true that the Sultan now lives in Yildiz Kiosk, above the farther end of Beshik Tash, the "cradle stone," on the Bosphorus, and the presence of the sovereign has naturally attracted a great number of high officials to the neighborhood. But Pera and Galata are chiefly inhabited by Christians and Jews, many of them being Europeans, and the aspect of the streets is consequently far less Oriental and less interesting. Pera, as everyone knows, is the aristocratic quarter, in which the European Embassies have their residences in winter and where successful Levantine financiers build themselves gorgeous palaces in the midst of reeking slums. As for Galata, it is the fermenting vat of the scum of the earth. It is doubtful whether in any city in the globe such an iniquitous population could be found as that which is huddled together by the water's edge from Kassim Pasha to Tophane. It is indeed an interesting region to the student of criminal physiognomy, for the lowest types of what must necessarily be called the civilized criminal classes fill the filthy streets, the poisonous lanes, and the reeking liquor-shops, the terror of the Europeans above and the object

of righteous hatred and loathing to the Turks on the other side. The Greeks and Armenians, who lead a sort of underground existence, here make a good living, and by no means a precarious one, by a great variety of evil practices. Being all Christians, they all claim the protection of one or other of the European Embassies, and the political situation of Turkey renders it practically impossible for the Ottoman authorities to arrest or punish one of these malefactors, the slightest interference with whose liberty might at once be made a *casus belli* by the foreign government whose protection he would claim. There is hardly a liquor-shop in Galata, and there are few even among the more respectable cafés in Pera, in which a gambling hell is not kept in a quiet room at the back of the establishment. If the visitor's good luck survives the ordeal of a roulette-table having two zeros and nine or ten numbers, so that he actually wins something that he might take away with him, the establishment has at its disposal a private police force to rob him and, if necessary, to cut his throat so soon as he makes for the door.

As for Scutari, on the other side of the Bosphorus, it is a city of a very different type. The Turk is an Asiatic, and at the junction of the two continents distinguishes very clearly between the two. There are comparatively few Christians on the Asian side, and the houses which line the quiet streets show by their latticed windows that they are inhabited by Mussulmans. There is a certain air of peace, if not of prosperity, about Scutari, which is very restful after the crowded bazaars of Stamboul and the choking slums of Galata. There are few people in the streets, the carriages are old and shabby, and in the country, if not in Scutari itself, these are outnumbered by the primæval ox-carts—low, long-bodied conveyances upon clumsy wheels, any one of them big enough to transport a whole family with its belongings. One often sees these family parties. The women and children, the former more closely veiled than in Stamboul, sit close together side by side from end to end, the paterfamilias generally squatting by himself at the tail of the cart. His expression resembles that of the European father under the same circumstances—a combination of anxiety, weariness, and shyness by no means becoming to the solemn Oriental face. The women, on the other hand, are intensely interested in the sights and incidents of the journey, and look longingly at your light carriage as you drive swiftly by. But there is not much to be seen in Scutari, unless you will take the trouble to climb the steep hill for the sake of the really magnificent view obtained there.

Kadi Keui, the ancient Chalcedon, is a much more interesting place, is more pleasantly situated, and, moreover, affords an attraction in the shape of a Turkish theatre, the only one existing in Constantinople or in the neighborhood. The play-house is a flimsy construction of boards at the end of the broad meadow behind the town, the scenery is sketchy, the music abominable, and the audience consists entirely of men. But the establishment is owned and managed by a first-rate comic actor, a Turk of the Turks, who, if he were well supported, would do credit to any stage in the world. There are not more than two or three performances a week, which take place entirely by daylight, and it is the practice of the theatre to await the convenience of the audience before ringing up the curtain. Though the building is of the nature of tinder, everyone smokes perpetually, and as usual where Turks are gathered together, the ice-cream vender and the coffee seller are constantly in demand. The action of the pieces is located in more or less mythical Eastern countries, and the plays depend entirely for their success upon the talent of the acting manager and proprietor. But even for one unacquainted with the language, his acting is worth seeing.

Beyond Kadi Keui, on the Sea of Marmora, and in full view of the Islands of the Princes, lies one of the most beautiful spots in the whole neighborhood. The Fenar Bagche, the Lighthouse Garden, is a lovely grove at the seaward end of a narrow tongue of land. In successive ages the ancient plane-trees have overshadowed a temple

of Hera, a summer palace of Justinian, and the wild flowers which have overgrown the foundations of both. Here in the hot summer the sea-breeze blows perpetually; the Greek fishermen dry their nets in the sun and rest in the shade; and in the "Bay of Reeds," between the point, and the fashionable Moda Burnu, a few yachts and pleasure-boats ride lazily at anchor.

This side is rapidly outdoing the Bosphorus in the public estimation as a summer residence, and the land is rising very quickly in value. The air is dryer, and in the evening there is not what the guides call the "cold draught" from the Black Sea. The shore has but one defect, the almost total absence of trees, except at such points as Moda Burnu and Fenar Bagche.

Of the Bosphorus itself it is scarcely possible to speak within these narrow limits. There is a great difference in opinion in regard to its beauty, but for my part I do not think it compares with the Gulf of Naples or with the southern coast of the Crimea. An irreverent American recently said that the Bosphorus was like the Lake of Como drawn through a keyhole. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but it is not without a foundation of truth. The massive towers of Kumeli and Anadoli Hissar, the European and Asiatic castles of Mehemet II., are imposing and picturesque, and the current of the Bosphorus runs between them at a rate which has earned it the name of the "Devil's Stream." But there is little else that has any claim to be called grand between Scutari and the mouth of the Black Sea. On the other hand, the shores are crowded with villages, villas, and dwellings of every description from the Imperial Palaces of Dolma Bagche and Beylerbey to the humble fishermen's huts below Anadoli Kavak. Until lately the Bosphorus was exclusively and especially considered the fashionable summer-resort of Ministers of State, Ambassadors, and rich Greeks; but, as has been already said, it is now losing its prestige in favor of Moda Burnu and the Islands of the Princes. Nevertheless it has a charm and enchantment of its own. The low undulating hills are covered with gardens, many beautiful buildings rise from the water's edge, and the water itself is crowded with craft of all sorts. There is little to distinguish one village from the next, though there are a few points of especial beauty, such as the Valley of the Blue Water—called by Europeans the "Sweet Waters of Asia," where the Turks congregate on Friday afternoons, as at Kiathane, with their wives and families and cigarettes—Therapia, Buyukdere, and the Valley of Roses. At Buyukdere, which means "the great valley," the Belgrade forest begins, stretching away for many miles to the shores of the Black Sea, as wild and beautiful a tract of woodland as can be imagined.

There are good roads through it in many directions, and many bridle paths, over which one may ride thirty miles on a summer's afternoon, almost without leaving the shade; and if one cares for contrasts—which after all are the levers whereby beauty moves the world—one may find them here.

It is toward four o'clock as you mount, and the quay of Buyukdere is beginning to be crowded again; the steamers are coming and going to and from the pier, and the white-shirted Kaikjis are alert for passengers; the Persian merchants are beginning to unroll their carpets for sale under the trees; a dozen smart saddle-horses are led up and down by Turkish grooms, the itinerant barber is shaving the head of a boatman in a shady corner, and the ice-cream seller yells "dondurma kaimak." Out on the blue water three or four white-sailed cutters belonging to idle diplomatists are slowly beating up against wind and current, and the smell of warm roses floats out through the gates of the Russian Embassy garden. You ride away from it all, through the narrow little street beyond, between the shops of the butchers and bakers and grain-sellers, to the broad Meidan. Up to the right through the valley, then, and away into the mysterious forest, till you have left it all behind you—Stamboul, the Bosphorus, the Greeks, the Turks, the Armenians, and the diplomatists. And at last, if you ride far, you will come out when the sun is low upon a bleak moor which ends suddenly with the sharp precipice of a per-

pendicular cliff. There you may dismount from your horse and stand by the ruins which once were the house of exiled Ovid, gazing out upon the pale waves of the lonely sea, and dreaming, perhaps, of the land no longer distant from you now, which was the cradle of all those races, good and bad, that have struggled, and struggle still, and will strive for ages yet, over the world's great bone of contention—Constantinople.

DEEP WATERS.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

Death could not come between us two:
What fear of death could be,
If thou, its shadow passing through,
But turned and looked at me?
Nor yet could pain the vision dim
With misty blur of tears;
The cup now clouded to the brim,
For him who drinketh, clears.

Deep waters could not quench the light,
The tender light that lies,
Like splendor of the Northern night,
In thy unquestioning eyes.
Though wide the wild, unfurrowed sea,
Though high the skylark sings,
My love should build a bridge to thee,
My heart should find its wings.

I could not miss thee in the throng,
Nor pass thy dwelling-place,
No noise of war could drown thy song,
Nor darkness veil thy face.
With thee to mount from earth to sky,
With thee in dust to sleep;
What height for love could be too high,
Or depth for love too deep?

AN INCORRIGIBLE POET.

By Bliss Perry.

IT was the very end of summer, and there were yellowing leaves upon the lower branches of the birches that lined a narrow valley in the Vosges. But not a leaf was stirring in the dead air of the late forenoon, and Philander Atkinson, American poet, climbed slowly and with some weariness along the bed of the shrunken stream. He was thinner than three years before, when he had had that strange talk with his friend Darnel, and had shortly after sailed for Europe without even bidding Darnel good-by. This last June the fever had clutched him at Capri. All through July and August he had lain in a hospital on the hill-slope above Naples, and it was only within two weeks that he had felt able to get North again, and to try a walking-trip, by easy stages, in lower Alsace. To-day he shifted his knapsack restlessly. The glare of the sun made him dizzy after a while and he wondered if he had quite thrown off the fever.

Just then the valley narrowed to a gorge ; the birches and the sunlight fell away together, and the shadow of huge fir-trees blackened the creeping surface of a pool. At its head the streamlet slipped almost noiselessly over bright-beaded moss, at its foot the overflow trickled away again beneath an arch of heavy masonry, while right and left through the sombre firs stretched a Roman wall. Rome again! Atkinson threw off his knapsack and drank of the shadowed water, then lay back listlessly against the gray wall. Rome again!

There was no escaping her. Wherever he had wandered in Europe he had found the arch or the road, the word or law, that spoke still of the world's mistress. When he first landed he scarcely thought of the Mediterranean countries. A sudden legacy had set him free from the pretence of calling himself a lawyer, and he had taken passage for Germany with the duplicate proofs of his first volume of verses in his bag. To the second edition, issued the following autumn, he had added "In Heine's Land," poems on German themes. For the Muses had been gracious to Philander, and keeping him far from the Germandom of lecture-rooms and barracks, had sent him into Thuringia and the Hartz, the Black Forest and the Bavarian Alps, the last refuge-places of Romance. Critical notices of "In Heine's Land" which reached him from time to time praised the advance upon the cleverness, the mere brightness, of his earlier verse. His touch was certainly softer, and now and then he struck a deeper note than had been his wont since he began to publish. In Bavaria he always went to church. An old priest who was his companion for a week at a Salzburg inn thought him ripe for conversion, and Atkinson did indeed come to the conviction that some of his walk and conversation with Darnel in New York had been rather godless. A new world of emotional life opened before him. He comprehended instinctively, as he thought, such apparently separate phenomena as the South German peasant, the early drawings of Dürer, and the heart-breaking change of key in Heine's songs. Back of the thirteenth century his mind rarely wandered, nor very far forward into the nineteenth, and he thought seriously of renting a couple of rooms

in Marburg Castle and settling down to the new dream of his life, the revivification of romantic poetry.

Then, one restless day, he promised a friend, a young Australian painter, to spend the next winter on the Nile. It was an evil hour for Philander, and the guardian Muses must have slept. Little by little the North faded from his mind: its art, its serious faith, his own imaginative impulse — all these grew unreal under the Egyptian sky. But he never wrote such facile verse as on the deck of the dhahabîyeh, pipe in mouth, with the Australian forever interrupting him to discuss color-values. He discovered that three or four dozen Arabic words enlarged his rhyme-list marvellously, and that his readers liked that sort of thing. "Oriental Overtones," a collection that his publishers issued in the spring at a dollar and a quarter, the cover ornamented with a pink camel squatting before a blue pyramid, was lauded for its gorgeous imagery and sonorous diction, and netted poor Philander in the first six months the munificent sum of twenty-seven dollars and a half. Poor Philander—for the Australian told him that the "Overtones" were "rot," and he knew it well enough himself.

They parted in Syria, the American journeying westward, along a Roman road. But he lingered on the shores of the Mediterranean, for here he made new discoveries in himself. He found a sense of beauty impatient of mystery or awe, a feeling for the harmony of line, a satisfaction in subtleties of light and shade. He gazed at blue water and volcanic headland and graying temple until he felt that his eye was right at last. An enthusiasm for the classics, forgotten since his school-days, awoke in him. There was no use in trying to write like Byron or even like Uhland, but he really thought, after two months in Sicily, that he could imitate Theocritus. At least he translated Theocritus, then turned to Virgil and Horace again, steadied his sense of form, trained himself into a cool paganism of temper, and wrote verses delicate yet firm in outline as the sculptures on a sarcophagus. Henceforward he determined to be a classicist, to restrict the quantity of his poetry, to be less lavish with its hues, less individual in its form, but to aim at perfection. He quite outgrew, as he supposed, that transient mediævalism. His dreams went backward to the lovely Græco-Roman world, and forward too, for one day, on the rocks at Capri, he saw more clearly than ever before what might, with good fortune, be his place among twentieth-century poets. And the next day the fever took him. Rome and Sicily, Marburg and the Nile, alternated with one another in his delirium for weeks and weeks, while the sisters of the hospital counted quiet prayers for him, pagan as he was.

It was of all this that Philander was thinking, as he lay there in the Alsatian valley, with his head against a Roman wall. The coolness of the place was infinitely restful, and the fir-forest brought back many an outworn dream. He watched the eddies of the pool circle away from a broad rock that lay midstream, its top almost touched by the stealthy water, and thought of the folklore of the North, the stories of Undine and of the water-sprites, the maidens of the spring and nymphs of the wave, and thence his mind wandered aimlessly to the sea-goddesses of the South. Scarcely could he keep his eyelids apart, so drowsy had he grown, and he smiled drowsily at his own fancies, and wished the fever had left his head steadier for these long mornings in the Alsatian sun.

. . . . . .

All at once she was there—her feet just free from the clear ripples which washed that broad rock in the middle of the pool, the water still trickling from her glistening limbs and luminous body, and dripping from her upraised arms as she knotted her wet yellow hair. Then she leaned forward, with fingers clasped about her rounded knees, her friendly blue eyes fixed upon Philander, and a slight, inscrutable smile upon the full contented lips.

"My brother"—she said, and he knew her at that word, and his breath came slower. It was no maiden of the spring, nor wave-born goddess of the doves; she was the calm Classic Muse whose inspiration he had sought at many a lonely place and quiet hour on the shore of the Mediterranean.

"Shall I tell you something, my brother? I have known you a long while, ever since that day at Brindisi, when you thought you turned your back forever on the North. I pitied you at Capri for your fruitless gazing across the water, and I wished to come to you in your fever, while the black-robed sisters were asleep. But it is better that I waited until now. Do you not know, poor boy, that it is all in vain that you seek me? You were born too late, and I, who am very old—you need not smile—know very well that no hour comes twice, not even to us of the timeless world. There were two men in this century of yours who might perhaps have given themselves to me utterly. One was a Jew boy who fell in love with his cousin and broke his heart, so that I could not teach him a single note, though he and I sat together one noon in the Hartz forest, and he used to cry out for me passionately now and then. The other was a tall Englishman whose heart was troubled about his God, so that he could look at me only for a moment, though I drew near him more than once in the high Alps. They were born too late, like you, and into a world which is not mine. But what matters it? Each to his own world. Why do you give yourself the fever? I love you, my brother of this strange new age, but you must never try to behold me any more. You have your own world, and I am told it is a brave one: why do you look back?"

. . . . . .

Atkinson opened his eyes slowly. The streamlet was still murmuring over the moss, but no voice mingled with its tune; upon the broad rock a gray bird was tilting, and the beautiful nude form no longer gleamed against the brown shadows. He sprang to his feet. His head felt strangely clear. The dizziness had gone, as if the lingering Italian fever had been exorcised by his draught from the mountain stream, but a lassitude had taken its place. He knew he had been dreaming, yet he felt ten years older than when he had flung himself down against that lichen-covered wall. Something was broken in him. He remembered each syllable that had fallen from those musical, sensuous lips; and for an instant his own heart lay open before him as the water-deeps. The dream-divinity was right: no hour comes twice. The hour for that fair Græco-Roman world was past, and not even a poet could bring it back again, or strive to tarry in it save to his own hurt. How blind he had been, ever since that day at Brindisi!

Mechanically he shouldered his knapsack, and started up the valley. His feet stumbled once and again upon the narrow path, and he wondered if he had strength enough to finish the climb to Ueber-See-und-Thal—a famous monastery once, then a convent, but half secularized now and become a show-place. The rocky wall of the gorge kept crowding closer upon the thin stream, sliding inertly from pool to pool. The air was heavy with balsamic odors; at every turn in the path there was something to remind Philander of that world of romance which had so long held him captive. It was like getting home again. Here was a hollow under the cliffs fit for a *Siegfried's* dragon; there a lonely rock-walled glade like the one in the incantation scene of "Der Freischütz." Airs of operas, bits of poetry, whimsical legends, slipped back into his mind as if they had never been absent from it. As he neared the valley's head there was a view backward through the jagged fir-trees, past the sunlit hazy slopes of birch and beech, and out upon the wide Rhine-plain, misty even in high noon; and there was a charm, a mysterious fascination about it all, after those clear, pale distances in Italy!

But he was too weary to stand looking, and pushed on across the hot pasture-land and up to the walls of the Ueber-See-und-Thal. The path led him close to the door of the lower chapel, and he loosened his knapsack and went in. His guide-book had told him that the chapel to Mary of the Fir-tree was very old, yet he was scarcely prepared for the crudeness and simplicity that marked the interior, as his eye grew accustomed to its twilight. The sandstone statue of the Virgin belonged to the earliest period of Northern sculpture; the black font was worn deeply at the side by centuries of finger-

touches; the rude benches of darkened pine were soiled with the candle-drippings of Alsatian pilgrims. Faith was still unshaken in this nook of the Vosges. Before the tawdry, pitiful altar was crouching an old woman, her face bowed to her knees, her crooked fingers trembling over her rosary; and the huge stone pillar by the door, built when Barbarossa was a child, was hung around with votive offerings—poor little tin figures of broken limbs, and waxen hearts, and yellowing slips of paper laboriously written with "Pray for Me," "Pray for Us," "Dear Mary of the Fir-tree, I am Thankful." Philander murmured the words softly to himself, before he went out.

A few sisters of the suppressed religious order had been allowed to remain at Ueber-See-und-Thal to provide for the wants of the pilgrims and sight-seers, and the American was shown to the refectory and served with a dinner of boiled beef and turnips, with black bread and the white wine of Oberhausbergen. The nun who waited upon him had a round, childish face, with eyes serious as a Madonna's and of a brown that he had never seen outside of the Black Forest. She spoke French badly. Philander watched her, and as he finished the simple meal, pointed to the open door of the refectory.

Far below was the Rhine, and beyond it, almost hidden in the haze, there were dim mountain lines.

"That is the Hornisgründe over there, is it not?" he asked, in the Black Forest dialect.

A startled look came into her eyes, and her grave mouth grew curiously wistful.

"Certainly," she answered, in the same drawling gutturals, without following the direction of his hand. "That is the Hornisgründe." She paused a moment in embarrassment. "I thought you were not French. The gentleman is an American."

"But I have lived in the Black Forest," asserted Philander, "for months and months."

"And I was born there." She glanced toward the doorway now, as if scarcely conscious of the stranger's presence.

"I was sure of it. And how came you here?"

He had gone too far. She turned to him, almost with terror.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must not ask. I have been here a long time, and—I am very happy."

Philander lifted his eyebrows. "Do you mean that?" he remarked, quietly.

For answer she looked away from him, and gathered up the empty dishes without a word.

When she returned she brought his coffee, and spoke French.

"Would Monsieur not prefer to take coffee upon the terrace? The view is very beautiful, and people come a long distance to see it."

He rose and walked to the doorway, the nun following with a sugar-bowl and a tiny flask of chartreuse. The blazing sunlight made him hesitate. He turned irresolutely, and took a long look at the cool, dim refectory, with its dark oak timbers and whitewashed walls, and at the Black Forest woman, with her calm eyes—and her mask of French—and her unknown history.

"Why do you look back?" she asked, naïvely.

Philander was strangely moved; those were the very words spoken by the smiling goddess of his morning dream; but could he not linger even in the shadow-land of Romance? He made no answer.

"There is a breeze under the linden by the north door," she went on, "and there are tables there. I will show you."

He followed, without noticing whither she was taking him. "There, Monsieur," she said, "here is the coffee, and the sugar, and the liqueur, and—" in a lower voice—"here are some Americans—adieu!"

Philander raised his eyes. It was too late to retreat, and besides he recognized Virginia Johnson, a former table companion at the boarding-house on Twelfth Street. She was a student at the Art League then, on the eve of going to Paris.

"Why, Mr. Atkinson!" she cried, dropping the illustrated paper she was perusing, and putting out her hand joyfully, "this is delightful."

"Thank you," said Atkinson, rescuing her paper from its dangerous

proximity to her coffee-cup. "You still read *Life*, I see."

"Of course. 'While there's *Life*, there's hope.' Do you remember the triolet? Or have we forgotten our humble beginnings, sir?"

It seemed natural to have Virginia Johnson chaff him.

"No," he said, "I haven't forgotten. That triolet in *Life* was the first thing of mine to be accepted, and I have never doubted that it was your thumb-nail sketch that made them take it. And—excuse me—wasn't that your first acceptance too? And the week it came out you got the number first and gave it to me at dinner, with 'While there's *Life*, there's hope' marked in red."

She bowed with mock gravity. "You deserve your fame, Mr. Atkinson. You are loyal to that dear old boarding-house. Let me introduce you to my father."

An elderly gentleman in gray, with a felt hat pushed well back upon his bald head, laid down his newspaper and set his eyeglasses higher upon his nose.

"This is Mr. Atkinson, papa—Mr. Philander Atkinson." She repeated the words impressively, as if hoping that her father would recognize a name already distinguished in the world of minor poetry. But Mr. Johnson shook hands in utter innocence of the honor conferred upon him, and was conscious only of the pleasure in meeting a fellow-citizen.

"Glad to know you," he said. "I tell you it seems good to find an American over here. Haven't seen one since we left Heidelberg; there were lots of 'em there. That was a week ago, wasn't it, Virginia?"

"Three days," replied the girl, smiling.

"Well, it's long enough, anyhow. There are nice places here in Europe, Mr. Atkinson, but a man gets kind of lonesome, doesn't he?"

"Sometimes," admitted Atkinson, putting a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"Exactly. I should say he did! My daughter, now, has been over here five years, and says she hasn't been homesick once. I don't understand it;" and he shook his bald head dubiously.

"Papa has been away from New Jersey exactly five weeks," commented Miss Johnson. "We have made I don't know how many business calls on woollen manufacturers—what comical times we have had!—and now I want him to go to Normandy for a month—to see some of the places where I've sketched, you know—and he insists upon our taking the steamer next Saturday. Can't you talk to him, Mr. Atkinson?"

The man of woollens smiled imperturbably, and took out a couple of cigars. "I wish you'd try one of those," he said. "I brought over a couple of boxes; Virginia has been managing the custom-house end of it. And here's a *Sun*, if you like; we got our papers at Mühlhausen last night, and haven't had time to read 'em until now. Nine days from New York to Mühlhausen isn't so bad, eh?"

But Philander declined the newspaper. The talk drifted to Miss Virginia's art-studies in Paris, and by and by Mr. Johnson dropped out of it, and buried himself contentedly in the New York stock quotations. Atkinson found himself studying the girl curiously as she chatted on. Was she the little Miss Johnson of five years back, who used to come in from Newark for five days in the week, and spar with Darnel and himself at dinner-time? She must have been barely eighteen then, but had already learned to manage her gray eyes with absolute accuracy and irreproachable composure. She had been on fire for Art, but as to everything else cool as a woman of thirty. When Philander's triolet, illustrated with her sketch, had been accepted by *Life*, he had grown distinctly sentimental over their joint production, but she laughed him down to a prose level in no time, and pocketed her half of the eight dollars with a most professional air. There was no nonsense, Darnel had once remarked oracularly, about Virginia Johnson; and when her father sent her to Paris, even the most acrimonious woman among the Twelfth Street boarders found nothing to criticise in her conduct, and could not help wishing her well.

And this, Atkinson reflected, as he watched the radiant creature opposite

him, was little Miss Johnson! She was grown taller now and more womanly in figure; her hair was done up differently, as far as the Paris hat would allow him to observe, and instead of the faint, clear color that she had had that winter in New York, her face was full-blooded and sun-browned, for she had been painting in the open air since May. Her eyes only were unchanged, but even they seemed more brilliant than of old. For a poor fellow just escaped from the black-robed sisters of a hospital, Miss Johnson's travelling gown was a miracle of Parisian audacity. Its color reinforced her eyes' peculiar gray, and the long suède gloves that lay by the *Life* upon the little table were exactly the shade of her coiled hair. More marvellous still to the jaded spirits of Philander, was the pulse-beat of a strong personality beneath this feminine and sophisticated charm. Through the clearness of her gay voice there was the subtle thrill that comes only with the consciousness of success. He remembered now that his friend the Australian, when fresh from Paris, had told him about some medal or other that Virginia Johnson had won, and he wondered why he had not paid more attention at the time. But there was something more than medal-winning back of that unobtrusive faith in herself.

"And yet you are going back to New York?" he said, rather discontentedly, as she finished an exposition of the latest impressionist fad.

"Of course," she replied. "I've already rented my studio. Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's the use?" he asked, suddenly.

She looked grave. "Have you done anything since 'Oriental Overtones'?"

"You saw those?"

"Most certainly." She did not tell them that she had cut the verses from the American papers wherever she had found them, and had cherished them for old acquaintance' sake, though knowing perhaps better than anyone how bad they really were.

"Yes, I have done a good deal since then. But a very beautiful woman—and a person who ought to know, I suppose—intimated to me no longer ago than this morning that I have been tarrying among the tombs." His eyes were half-closed as he spoke, and he heard again the plash of water into the pool by the Roman wall. But there was a sort of mockery in his voice that Miss Johnson did not like.

"Where have you been this summer?" she asked, somewhat at random.

"Since June, up to two weeks ago, in a Naples hospital. It was not particularly cheerful. Before that I was at Capri, and Paestum, and Taormina."

"I did not know you had been ill!" exclaimed Miss Johnson. "Why did you not let——" She stopped, flushing a little. "Anyone of the Paris boys would have gone down. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And there was nothing about it in the papers from home."

"No," he said, "such is fame!"

"But what lovely places you have seen," said the young woman, with a change of tone.

"Yes, if you don't take the fever," he replied, quietly. "And if you don't try to raise the dead to life."

It occurred to Miss Johnson that the fever might not have altogether left Mr. Atkinson's brain. Involuntarily she glanced toward her father, who had strolled away to the edge of the terrace, and was trying to focus a field-glass upon the haze-hidden spire of the Strassburg cathedral.

"Did you happen to see 'In Heine's Land'?" asked Atkinson.

She nodded.

"I wish you would tell me what you thought of it. Really thought of it, I mean; just as you did of the triolet before we sent it to *Life*."

She remembered, all too distinctly, the fun she had made of his triolet, but he was appealing now to her candor as well as her artistic sense.

"I thought there were beautiful things 'In Heine's Land,'" she said, hesitatingly; "very gentle and very perfect in feeling. I was reminded of one of them this morning—may I say so?—when we were in the lower chapel and I read to papa some of those prayers hung upon the pillar. Do you remember your own poem about one of those ill-spelled prayers? Then you ought to, if

you please! And yet—you know you asked me to say it, Mr. Atkinson—is it really the best work you can do? Isn't it too foreign, too mediæval, somehow? I know those old German *motifs* are the loveliest things in the world, almost; they make me cry, and yet all the time I can't help thinking that they are not for us. Haven't we something better? An artist simply *must* not hark back—you should have heard our boys in Normandy talk that to each other! You see one can't, if one wants to, and—you will forgive me, won't you?—wouldn't it be better not to try?"

She was leaning across the table.

"I daresay," he said, wearily, yet wondering a little why she had cared enough for his work to tell him the truth about it, and not quite free from the masculine fondness for a pretty woman's preaching; "but if a man is going to accomplish anything, he must do the best he knows at the time."

"Most certainly!" she cried. "I don't mean that it wasn't worth doing, then, if you were in the mood. I never saw anything more touching than those bits of paper in the chapel. And I wanted immensely to sketch that nun who waited on us at dinner. You see I make that concession to Romance! Yet I imagine the poor creature, in spite of her face, is prosaic enough at bottom. It's partly her robe, you know, and the half-light of the refectory."

"Perhaps," said Philander, "but you should have seen her eyes fill when I spoke to her in German. She comes from over there"—he nodded toward the Rhine—"and she has a history, or she never would have left the Schwarzwald for the Vosges."

Miss Johnson was silent.

"It's a little thing like that," he went on, impetuously, with a subdued passion in his voice, "that makes me imagine there is still a place for poetry in the world. Here and there is an unspoiled corner of it, like Ueber-See-und-Thal, but there are not many of them left. Did you know there was a railway tunnel beneath the rock where the Lorelei used to sing?"

"No," she answered, slowly, "but do you not suppose, Sir Poet, that you could find women reclining in those railway carriages who are all the Lorelei was, and more?"

"You are talking like Archie Darnel now," said Atkinson, dryly, but his heart beat quicker in spite of himself.

"Yes? Tell me about Mr. Darnel. He used to be so ambitious, and I have never heard from him."

"Did you not know? Darnel and his wife were killed on their wedding journey, three years ago."

"How terrible!" she murmured. "And how strange, after all Darnel meant to do?"

"There was nothing so very strange about it," remarked Philander, bitterly; "it was the most commonplace accident in the world. A drunken brakeman forgot to flag a train, and so spoiled the great story."

"What story? I don't understand."

"Well," said Atkinson, "I didn't altogether understand myself, but Darnel's idea was this—" and he told of the ecstasy of his friend concerning the Commonest Story. But he failed to mention the fact that he too had known Mrs. Darnel, and that he had sailed for Europe the day before the wedding. She listened gravely, but with a light kindling in her eyes.

"Ah!" she cried, as Philander finished, "if he had only lived! He was on the right track, was he not? If anything great is ever again to be done, it will be in that way. Darnel is on my side—or rather on our side—there are so many of us! There are pictures, poems, operas—oh, there are a thousand things to be done, and we *fin-de-siècle* people, we science-spoiled people"—there was a fine irony in her tone—"must do them. And we shall do them! It is grand to go back to New York. Just think of the men and women there all trying for the same thing, and all trained for it too! And the great story may be written any day, or the great picture painted. Oh, it is beautiful here in your quiet corner of Ueber-See-und-Thal, and it was beautiful in Normandy, but it always makes me restless to get to Paris or London or New York. Work—*work*—don't you fairly thrill with the sound of the word? '*Men my brothers, men the workers*'—Please, Mr. Poet, what is the rest of it?"

Philander shook his head. He was watching her as a sick man watches for the daybreak. The artist in her was all on fire—but the woman? New thoughts, or rather old forgotten thoughts, surged up within him. He took the chance.

"Yes," he said, deliberately, "you talk exactly like Archie Darnel. But Darnel was in love—body and soul in love."

Their eyes met. Virginia Johnson's fell first, but in that single instant he was clairvoyant enough to perceive why she had illustrated his triolet, so long ago, and why she had been annoyed that he did not telegraph when he lay ill with the fever. She had cared for him all the time.

"Halloo, Mr.—— Mr. Atkinson!" called Miss Johnson's patient father from the terrace. "I wish you'd give me the exact direction of Strassburg. I can't tell whether I'm focused on that spire or not." Philander rose without a word and joined him, leaving Miss Virginia playing with her suède gloves. The Black Forest woman, who had been standing in the shadow of the refectory for several minutes, came forward to remove the coffee-cups. With a sudden impulse, the girl took out a gold piece, and thrust it into the nun's cool palm.

"Oh, no!" said she. "I must not."

"For the poor, then."

"If Mademoiselle desires. May you have the blessing of Our Lady of the Fir-tree!" Then she glanced toward Atkinson with a singular expression, and added, timidly: "And I wish you happiness, Mademoiselle."

"Hush!" replied Virginia, severely. But her heart was dancing.

"Where do you go from here?" inquired Mr. Johnson of Philander, when the location of the cathedral spire was definitely determined.

"I am going back to New York," said Atkinson. There was a ring in his own voice that surprised him.

"You don't say!" cried the elder man, delightedly. "Passage taken?"

"Not yet."

"Well, why not sail with me Saturday? It's the French line, and I'm afraid there won't be many Americans on board. You'd better join us."

"There will be Americans enough," said Philander, as they strolled back toward the linden. "But I don't know whether I may join you. That depends."

The Alsatian coachman whom Mr. Johnson had hired was fussing impatiently with his horses, for it was mid-afternoon. Philander stooped for his knapsack.

"You walked up all the way?" asked Mr. Johnson. "Ride down with us." Philander glanced involuntarily at Miss Virginia.

"You had better," said the girl, quietly. "He has been ill, papa," and in spite of her swiftness in reaching for the field-glass and turning away for a last look at the view, Atkinson saw the color mount into her face.

"That settles it," cried the woollen manufacturer, cheerily.

"Very well," said Atkinson, with a look that his hospitable fellow-countryman could not fathom. "We will let that settle it. And I think I shall sail on La Champagne." His heart was like a boy's.

"Coachman — put—in —that—knapsack." The Alsatian obeyed. "See?" added Mr. Johnson, triumphantly, turning to Philander, "these fellows understand you if you only talk plain United States to them. All the same, it makes me lonesome to travel where there aren't any Americans. I tell you, it doesn't do man or woman any good to knock around too much alone. That's just what I say to my daughter. Isn't that so, Virginia?"

But Virginia, with field-glass directed rather vaguely out upon the Rhine-plain, stood motionless, as if she had not heard; whereupon Philander caught her travel-stained *Life* from the table, swiftly folded it and thrust it into his inside pocket. He was an incorrigible poet, after all.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THERE'S a haunting horror near us
  That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
  A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
  There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
  The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
  The bed was hard and cold,
Still weary are the little ones,
  Still weary are the old:
We are weary in our cradles
  From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
  As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
  Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
  Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
  What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
  Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
  Is nothing that we should fear:
No human death would be worse to feel
  Than the life that holds us here:
But this is a fear no heart can face—
  A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
  Of the gnawing monster there!

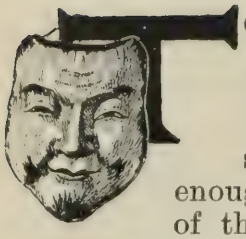
The slow relentless padding step
  That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
  The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
  The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
  And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
  And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
  And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
  There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
  The wolf is at the door!

THE ACTOR.

By John Drew.

Illustrations by W. L. Metcalf.



TO the casual spectator in the stalls, who beholds the actor "strut and fret his brief" two hours on the stage (sometimes not brief enough perhaps), the other life of the player, away from the "glare of the footlights," is often a source of wonder and speculation, differing as it does from the life of men in other callings. Nor should this private life be offered to the notice of his public, except where the natural mingling with his kind begets friendships and a commerce with others in his relaxation from actual work. It is during his hours of diversion that the actor comes into touch with the outer world, and there we may see him off the stage. There, too, he has the pleasing feeling that while playing, in the sense of amusing himself, he is working in a measure; for his calling demands that he shall, Bacon-like, take all knowledge for his province; and everything he sees, hears, or experiences in his hours of ease may some time stand him in good stead in his working-day world. Therefore, while (paraphrasing an historic utterance) the price of success is eternal work for the actor, and the capacity for taking infinite pains is demanded of him always, the man who is serious in his life's work on the stage finds a relaxation from the actual technical part of his calling in the sometimes agreeable, and always interesting, study of men and things outside of his theatre.

It is understood, of course, that I speak always of the real, the serious actor, serious in his calling, be his *métier* comedy or tragedy. And the indulgent reader—and I feel that indulgent must be the reader who commits himself to the perusal of these pages—the indulgent reader must remember that it is the actor only on his human and social, as contradistinguished from his professional and artistic side, who is to be seen and heard here. By human and social is not meant private and personal; but a few phases of the actor's life may interest many, apart from his professional doings which all know.

To open, then, with the experience of the beginner, an aspiring youth, who—the firing of the Ephesian dome being accomplished—elects to ignite the Hudson or other convenient river in histrionic fashion: Assume that he, with or without previous amateur training in dramatics—and I do most certainly believe that a knowledge of an amateur sort is of great advantage to the beginner—secures an engagement in a company, presumably and most probably a travelling company. Then his experience begins. If he have a sense of the humorous, as I think most artistic temperaments have, he will find in his first season a full recompense for the poor parts he will in all likelihood have to play, in the humors of his situation and his experiences in small towns, their theatres and hotels (Heaven save the mark!). Perhaps some of his experiences at the moment may not be as funny to him as they will appear at a later day; but let him solace himself with the old Virgilian quotation, *Et hæc olim*, etc. They will serve for sweet discourses in the time to come. But in the meantime the company to which he has attached himself, after infinite endeavor and much waiting perhaps, makes its first appearance at a "one-night stand," technically speaking. (At this day, when all theatrical phrases have become current, it seems superfluous to define the technicality—a town where they are to play but once.) If he has been gently nurtured, his proud stomach may at first rebel against the extraordinary fare presented him at the hotel to which his slender purse has led him, and the won-



Making-up.

drous array of comestibles set before him, for the most part in canary-bird bath-tubs, and he will wonder at the entire absence of any of the *plats* set forth in wonderful French on the more or less pretentious *menu*, which an independent and probably unwashed male, or perhaps pert and flippant female attendant, has thrown before him. But let him smile superior to this, for more surprises await him. After swallowing, with as good a grace and appetite as he can command, the incongruous repast, and having with some amusement and distrust inspected the room he is to occupy for the night, with its microscopic pillows and undulating, lumpy bed, its infinitesimal towels, and the pink and latherless piece of soap on the wash-stand, he sallies forth to see the Thespian temple in which his first step toward fame is to be made. He accosts a native with an inquiry as to the whereabouts of the theatre, and is met with a reply—the tone and expression conveying pity for his ignorance of local belongings—that the "Opry" House is in a certain direction. Seeing that the mention of "Opry" House produces a condition of vagueness in our young friend, who has no knowledge of provincial nomenclature in the matter of theatres, but only knows that he personally is not going in for lyric honors, and fancies that there must be some

mistake somewhere, the native offers to be his guide to the Thespian temple, where he says "So and so's" company is to play that night; misnaming the company in some frightful fashion, to the disgust and consternation of the newly fledged one, and beguiling the tedium of the walk with reminiscences perhaps, in matter-of-course manner asks for "passes" for the "show," which the unfledged one is not empowered to give; and not feeling that he can afford to buy the tickets, the latter mutters some inarticulate thanks and excuses for his exceeding rudeness, and vanishes into the theatre. Night



On the Rialto.

of the different theatrical "attractions" that have "showed" in town during the year; miscalling, in ultra-bucolic fashion, most of them; even alluding to the dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's immortal work as "Uncle John's Cabin." Arrived at the "Opry" House the guide, after night he goes through much the same experience in other towns, meeting many strange and thrilling, even perhaps romantic and tragic adventures, but coming out of them all still strong and determined, feeling that they are all crosses by the way, and



The Soubrette.

that, despite these trifling obstacles, he is working steadily on toward the goal he has set out for.

And *à propos* of the strange adventures that the actor may meet with, let me make mention of several. One is well known and has been much written and talked of. I refer to the sad and unfortunate affair that occurred some years ago in Marshall, Tex. I instance it to note the self-sacrifice of two men when circumstances made necessary the defence of a woman. The bare facts will speak for themselves :

On the night of March 22, 1878, a theatrical company playing "Diplomacy," had finished their performance in the town just mentioned, and were awaiting the train to take them to Fort Worth, the next town on their route ; the train did not arrive at Marshall until 2 A.M., and as is habitual with actors the company craved something to eat after the play. All but two of the men and one of the ladies of the company were satisfied with the poor food the wretched hotel afforded, but these three unfortunately went to an eating saloon at the end of the station platform, where something more substantial was to be had, and, where they were obliged to sit upon high stools to eat it, to their great amusement. They had been there but a few minutes when there entered a semi-inebriated man of huge proportions, who at once began to use the most violent and indecent language. One of the men of the party begged the keeper of the restaurant to repress the new-comer. The creature,



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

A Morning Rehearsal

hearing himself alluded to, redoubled his violence and indecency; at which the gentleman who had made the appeal called him to order himself. The brute remarked that he could "knock any man's head off," adding that he had no pistol or knife, and proposed to do for anyone with his "bunch of fives," exhibiting at the same time his ponderous sledge-hammer-like fists. As there was no issue out of it but an encounter, the champion of the lady began taking off his coat for the affray, when the brute whipped out a pistol and shot him; the bullet entered the upper part of his arm and we cut it out of his shoulder at the back. At the same time the other man of the party got down from his stool to interpose to prevent bloodshed, when the assassin turned on him and shot him dead. A tragic affair truly, but unique in the annals of acting, happily for the fair fame of a State as well as for the unwary player who ventures into those pleasing regions.

This recital of a tragic episode (showing only what the actor in his every-day life may be called on to experience, with those in other walks) I must relieve with a semi-humorous incident of "life on the road" at which a late celebrated tragedian assisted. Obliged one night in the South to take a train, to which for some cause there was no sleeping-car attached, he was fain to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted in the crowded day-coach; but, alas! comfort or sleep were not for him, for there was a poor woman of the lower class in the car with a crying baby — a baby with splendid lungs and a most painful and insistent cry, enraging to some and distressing to all. The tragedian shifted about in his seat, first on one side and then on the other, and as the child's crying continued he finally gave up the attempt to rest, and, pitying the poor mother, got up, walked along the aisle to where the mother and the wailing offspring were, and said: "Madam, permit me to look at your child." The poor woman held up the complaining infant to his inquiring gaze, and being a man of family and noting the age of the infant, he asked, "Madam, has this child had its maternal nourishment?" The distracted mother assured him that it had. "Ah, then give it to me," said he. The woman complied and the tragedian took the small bundle of humanity in his arms, and with stately tread and martial stalk walked up and down the aisle of the car—at first to the amusement of the passengers. As the child became soothed and quieted under the dandling and cooing of the self-appointed nurse, their amusement gave way to quiet joy and content, and when, in a short time, the infant, quietly sleeping, was again confided to its mother's arms, the male passengers all shook hands with, and in subdued voices congratulated and thanked the benefactor of the car. Indeed one gentleman was with difficulty restrained from firing a "feu de joie" then and there in celebration. It was pointed out to him, however, that the explosion of his pistol would inevitably bring forth another explosion from the recently quieted child, and a second application of the tragedian's soothing process might not be as successful as the first. This reasoning had its effect. The protagonist in this "juvenile performance" had in the meantime gone back to his seat and was quietly dozing. This is a trifling incident, perhaps, to make mention of, but "life is a large bundle of little things," and it is just such happenings as this that keep us in touch with our fellow-creatures.

From this "bundle of little things" I recall a humorous occurrence of a few years ago that may not seem without interest in showing the effect of the discipline of actors, which is so essential a part of their every-day life, and the curious fashion in which appreciation of it manifests itself in certain minds. It is my pleasure and great good fortune to have been associated for many years with a dramatic company in which discipline — with a big D — was our watchword, and almost our very being. We were, in fact, a sort of dramatic West Point. The figure is not strained, I think, for the company is a national institution, has a great commandant, several splendid professors, and many clever and promising cadets. *Bien;* the manager of our company elected to open—*i.e.*, be the first

to play—in the newly erected theatre in a certain town in the interior of Illinois. We played in this said town for two nights. It was a most delightful place rurally, but theatrically impossible for that company. And the hotel! Words fail me. Shocking cannot describe it. Indeed I have no adjective at my command to do it justice. As the celebrated comedian of the company and myself were sitting in the "rotunda" of the hotel, as they probably called the space before the desk, after our performance the first night, smoking and talking over the quaintness of our present conditions, we noticed—walking up and down before us at intervals — a man, evidently a native of the town, and as evidently from his knowing looks toward us and his "wreathed smiles," a spectator of our play of the evening. The celebrated comedian, alert as he always is to humorous accident, said that something would come of it in a minute, and it did. Presently the smiling native seated himself on the bench where we were, and, after combing his "chin beard" with his fingers several times, and clearing his throat in true bucolic fashion, said to my companion, "I seen you act to-night." "Ah," said the celebrated comedian, pleasantly, "I hope you were edified." "Haw! haw!" laughed the native, as if appreciating a huge joke. "I dunno' about that, I thought it was putty good;" and he added, "you folks ought to stay here some time. I hear most of the reserved positions is bought up for tomorrow night;" and continuing more confidentially, as he edged closer to my companion, "I had a talk with the proprietor of the hall to-night, and we come to the conclusion that yours was the best trained troupe that had ever been here since 'Humpy-Dinky.'" It is needless to say that he referred to the well-known pantomime performance of "Humpty-Dumpty," which some years before had been exhibited in the town. I leave the reader to imagine the stunning effect this innocent and naïve criticism of our perfect discipline and "form" produced upon two of the players of the Comédie Française of America!

But if the evidence of discipline produced this effect, though quaintly expressed in the mind of the provincial critic, the lack of it is often most convulsing to the disciplinarian. I remember seeing in St. Louis once, at a German theatre, a performance of the drama of "William Tell." I was told by the manager of the theatre that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine, and that I was to wait until the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent to see something that would astonish me. I did wait as patiently as I could until that scene, and I was certainly astonished. The scene arrived where Tell is to shoot the apple from his son's devoted head. As I gathered from the subsequent occurrence, the apple and Tell's cross-bow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to its target. At the proper cue the arrow did speed half-way toward the apple and there stuck, to all appearance, in mid-air! In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to "joggle" the arrow to its mark. The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening. The apple firmly fixed on his youthful cranium was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gessler's guards, looking painfully like a gentleman who might officiate on one of the Anheuser-Busch wagons during the day, took in the situation, and coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the recalcitrant arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.

This is only matched in my recollection by a similar contretemps in a well-known though antiquated play called "The Maid and the Magpie," in which the magpie, a "property" bird, of course, exercises its well-known instinct for the picking up of unconsidered trifles, and through its innocent misdoings works no end of mischief for the poor heroine. On this occasion the property-man, feeling that this was his opportunity for the effort of his life in mechanical effect, had arranged that the thieving (stuffed) bird should fly down to a table, seize the piece of silver, the

loss of which was to work such woe, and triumphantly fly away with it. Everything was perfectly arranged with a series of invisible wires, that had worked to entire satisfaction *at rehearsals*, but on the night of the performance, which the property-man hoped should be the *comble* of his career as a mechanician—alas for the uncertainty of things mundane—what horrid mischance befell! At the proper time the wily magpie appeared in upper air, seemed very cunningly to look about for his "quarry," and then make a dart for the article on the table. His downward swoop toward his prey was something splendid, until he arrived within two or three feet of the table. Then he stopped with a suddenness that was inexplicable, even in a predatory bird who is up to all sorts of tricks; there he stuck, or perhaps, more properly, *hovered*, making vicious darts toward his prey, and as often recoiling with pangs of conscience, as it seemed, at the nefarious business. All this time curses not loud but deep could be heard issuing from the flies, where the enraged property-man was stationed, trying to work his "great effect." After a few more savage dashes and qualmish recoils on the part of the baffled bird, the unravished article was seen to fly up from the table and attach itself to the beak of the magpie, who ignominiously made off with it backward into space, amid the well-earned laughter of the audience. I could only regret that a Barham was not there to sing a lay of the Mechanical Magpie. It must have eclipsed his "Jackdaw of Rheims."

Of course the actor must have his relaxation and recreation, or he becomes the dull boy subjected to all work and no play. In diversions and amusement different natures and temperaments take their pleasures in different ways. A certain celebrated comedian has his chiefest joy in the acquisition of first editions, rare tomes, and extra-illustrating; another, lately deceased, "ran to bugs," as a friend of his put it, and at his death left one of the best entomological collections in the country. Amateur farming—an expensive fad as we all know—seems to be a special weakness of some actors. As it is about as opposite to the nature of their own pursuit as anything can well be, it has the primal requisite for relaxation I suppose—complete change. Droll but mendacious stories are told of a certain faddist thus affected, who, it was said, was to be seen upon occasions attired in ancient stage habiliments that he had brought into use as farming clothes—Charles II., or "bucket-top" boots, a Richard III. "arm-hole" cloak, and a pair of huge Cromwellian gauntlet gloves—ploughing a field and rehearsing aloud a new part, to the terror and dismay of the natives and his neighbors. But the object of this jibe said that it was a vile slander set afloat by a brother in art, a hideous urban creature, who knew only bricks and mortar and the dirty pavement of the town, and had no feeling for the classic life of the fields.

Comparatively few can indulge in the dear delight of picture-buying, but we may all look at the collections of others and can watch our painter friends at work—a privilege that gives one a feeling of proprietary interest in the picture and makes a slight amend for the pangs of non-possession. The purely physical recreations—riding, boxing, fencing, and other variations of athletics—each indulges as fancy dictates, of course; but some exercise of the nature of these is invaluable and necessary, if we regard the ancient *mens sana* axiom. Of course the actor's hours are different from those of men in other callings, but although living as is supposed against hygienic laws, retiring late and rising late, breathing for many hours the physically impure air of the play-house, the actor—*cæteris paribus*—lives longer than most men of other occupations. This fact is due to the regularity of his life, a regularity he must observe, for if that be relaxed or disregarded he fails to fulfil the conditions he must have pledged himself to, and instead of doing his best as far as in him lies, he doesn't.

Without trenching on the "private and personal," there may be mentioned a few of the actor's "bores" and personal terrors; and every actor has them, be he great or obscure. The greater

the actor the greater the "bore," is the only difference. One of the chiefest (and one to which I fancy everyone in public life of any kind is subject) is the begging letter, and always from someone who has no claim whatsoever. It is usually delivered to the actor by hand, either at his home, if the brute can find the address, or at the stage-door of his theatre; and what actor is not familiar with the fat and dirty envelope, bearing the engraved and alluring picture or device of one of the most prominent hotels, to the paper and writing-room of which the creature has access? It contains a rambling letter of four or six pages, the preamble of which from experience the reader skips, and "coming to Hecuba," finds, of course, that the writer wants money. "Begs pardon for the liberty of addressing him," etc., etc.; "circumstances compel him," etc., etc.; "hoping for a favorable reply he will call to-morrow," which he does. But be it at the house or at the stage-door that the visit is made, woe to the man who has not heeded the injunction, "My son, early learn to say, No!" There are some, however, who, if they heed not the injunction entirely, are not altogether without moral courage in the matter, and the brigand, following his letter, and calling on the apprised and alarmed one, is finally appeased (sometimes from his demand for the wherewithal to set himself up in business of some kind, or provision for his family of wife and multitudinous children), and sent away with a pair of discarded trousers or even a dust-laden "tile," several seasons antiquated. But it must be a diplomatist and genius who can effect this. It usually results in abstracting money from the victim; and if the "hideous thing" knows its business it will come to the stage-door of the theatre and waylay the victim as he arrives some night rather later than usual, when in the excitement of the moment perhaps he will be mulcted in heavier damages than in quieter times he would accede to.

There is also the quasi-respectable person, who calls at some unearthly hour in the morning (unearthly for the actor, that is) and gets the victim from his sleep by some ambiguous, but seemingly important, summons, and then wants to dispose for a *mere trifle* of a sword Edmund Kean wore in such a part, or a dagger, or chain once the property of some other illustrious one. This impostor, who has hoped to surprise the victim in his tent, is usually hurled from the gates with anathema; but others appear at intervals, to be hurled in turn.

Another early and persistent caller is the lady canvasser who has been sent by some "friend" of the victim, with some kind of badly printed and shockingly illustrated "dramatic" work, that nobody would have in his library. He knows what that means, and accepts the only means of escape; after praising and admiring the book, to ameliorate in a measure his brutality, and regretting that he cannot find a place for it in his library, he sends her on with strong encouragement of success to someone else, who will probably find about as much delight in the visit as he did.

If these few glimpses have not, after all, shown the actor "off the stage" to be the curious creature that some in a vague way imagine him, it is because there is little of the extraordinary about him. He lives, moves, and has his being much as other ordinary mortals, and when he puts off his tinselled robe he puts off, too, the character he assumed with it, and in donning the common garb becomes again the "plain, honest citizen." There is little in the outward appearance of the actor to-day to distinguish him from the every-day young man, save perhaps a somewhat more thoughtful air, and the occasional smooth-shaven face at a period of hirsute fashion when mustaches prevail. Types have disappeared; Crummles, Lenville, and Folair will always be immortal and amusing in fiction, and the "Crushed Tragedian," long of hair and woful of countenance, still serves to express the *ac-tor* on the variety stage in "knock-about sketches;" but these humorously decorative objects in the theatric landscape have passed away.

Yes, I forgot—I have not mentioned that there are two or three *mauvais sujets* among us, a few incubuses; but



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Behind the Curtain—the Peephole.



The Leading Lady's Dressing-room.

what calling is without its empirics and hangers-on? Let us not think of or regard them. They have their little day of flutter and self-applause, and then — puff — they are vanished with other ephemera; but the actor — the "real thing"—keeps calmly on in purposeful fashion, undisturbed by this oft-recurrent buzz and flutter, as many gorgeous varieties of moth appear and disappear; for he is conscious of the worthiness of his aim and knows that he is a factor for good in modern progress and development.

In the study and preparation of a part what a myriad of sensations and emotions the actor goes through; what elation and depression, what exaltation and despair he experiences between the inception of a rôle and its delivery to his public! at the first reading of the play and his trying to "see himself" in the part he is cast for, or at the re-reading of the part when he has it in manuscript form. The emotion is only different in degree, as the part may be a small one or a great one. After committing it to memory (the very smallest portion of the study of a part) comes the *real study* of it, the shaping and composing it, making himself, his personality, and perhaps his peculiarities, if he have them, consonant with the rôle, and fitting himself into the part so that he shall be what the author designed—now elaborating and then repressing and curtailing, accepting or rejecting mental suggestions, and making, from an adumbration, a perfect picture, in short going through all the travail of *making* a part. For, with all credit to the author who gives him the character, it is the actor who makes it animate. *That* is the real *life* of the actor away from the footlights, where his emotions and sensibilities are brought into play.

When the part he has struggled and fought with, cajoled and anathematized by turns, during the study of it, is presented to his public, it is then complete and a finished thing with the rest of the play. But what days and nights has he had before that *première!* From the beginning of the study of a part (and the feeling is more tense the more important that part may be) until the playing of it, the actor and the charac-



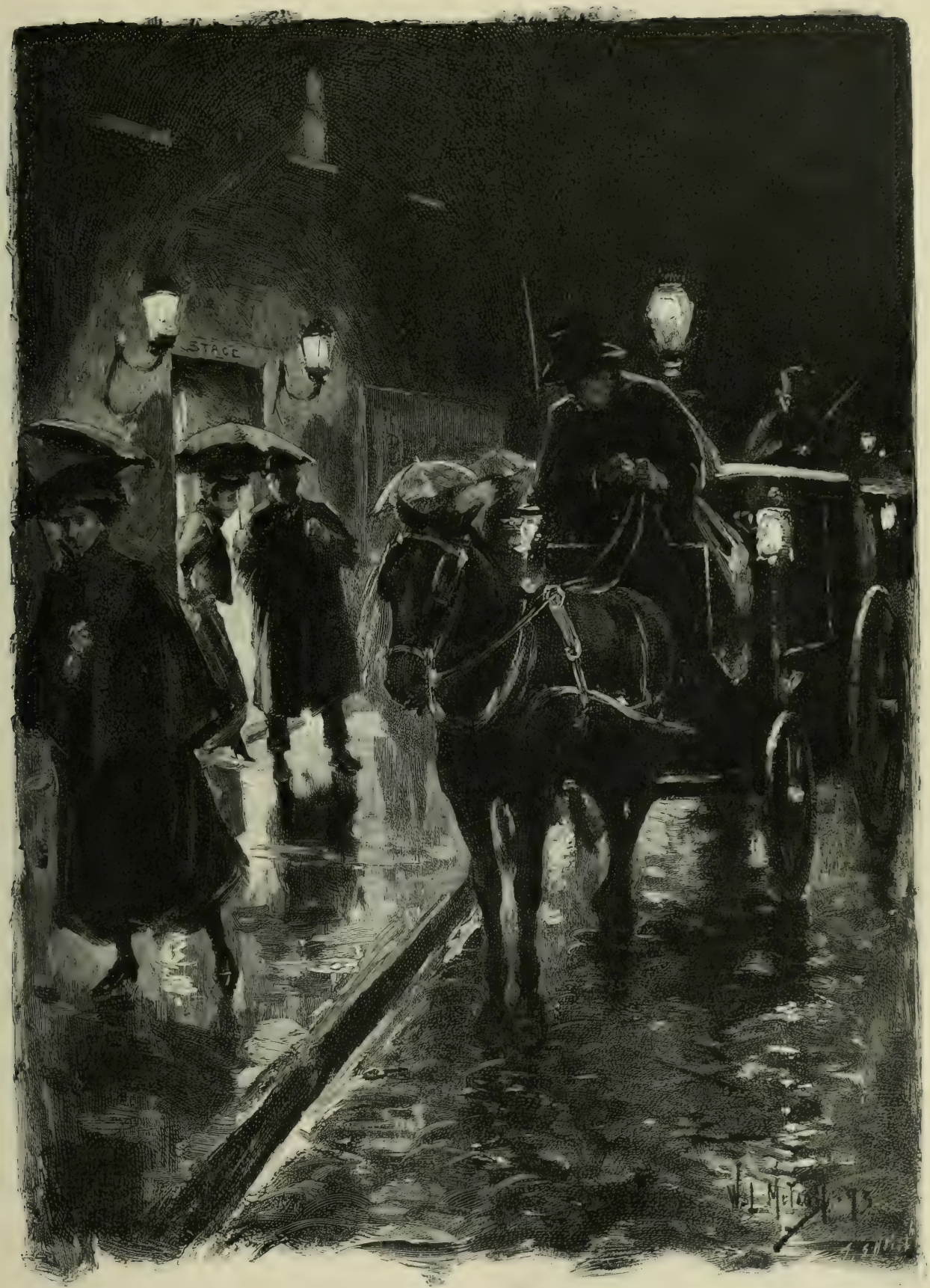
DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

A Recall.

ter he is studying are never apart. It is always with him. It is his first thought on arising, it bathes with him, breakfasts with him, goes about with him during the day, obtrudes itself into the conversation when he is talking with friends, is most manifest when his real relaxation comes—between the end of his performance and retiring—and finally goes to bed with him! Nor is it laid then, for "horrid dreams abuse the curtained sleeper." I believe it is almost universal in the dreams of actors about stage affairs that the very wrong thing is always happening, and it generally takes the form of lack of completeness of raiment; some most important vestment is always missing when their "call" comes for the stage. If it be a Roman tragedy the fleshings (the flesh-colored tights) are wanting. If it be an eighteenth century play the powdered wig is not to be found, or if a modern play, a coat or waistcoat, or some equally necessary garment, is undiscoverable; and during the agony of search awakening comes, and with it the relief and realization that it is but a dream. Psychologists must explain the cause of this phenomenon—we have never been able to determine it! But just so the actor dreams of his new part.

Another curious phase of the study of a part: after long and elaborately minute rehearsals, physically tiring and mentally wearying, during some moments of his private practice and going over his rôle (trying different emphases and feeling for certain *nuances* that may better and improve it) the awful feeling comes to him suddenly—without warning or premonition, a bolt from the blue—that, after all his study and endeavor, his posings and utterances of many phrases in different keys and varied fashions, *he is not right.* And it comes upon him with greater force, if he happens at that moment to be before his mirror in his "den;" then his hitherto complacent or confident counterfeit presentment in the glass seems to say to him, "Not a bit like it." It is an awful moment, and a frightful "facer," only to be righted or forgotten for the time by flinging down the part, and, if it be in day-time, going out for a long and rapid walk, or, for choice, a gallop on a fresh and frolicsome horse, which sets the blood a tingling and makes one forget all else for the moment. Or, if the awful conviction comes when he is studying at night, he must leave the "den" and go into another room, light a cigar, and read something else. After the walk or gallop or other diversion from work, the feeling of depression passes away, and again the study is renewed, to be followed by other keen transports of exaltation and despair, until the study is completed, and the first night of the play is arrived, when the feeling is: "*c'est fait*, I've done my best, I must stand or fall by this.". And if he falls on this particular occasion, after all his long study and thoughtful preparation; if a "hardened public" will have no more of him; if moments in the play, where he has hoped to move them to mirth or tears, as the situation served him, pass unnoticed, giving him that sinking of the heart and stomach that all actors must have known at times; if "callous critics" have "praised him with faint damns," uttered to each other during the entre-actes, and dismissed him in the morning papers with the pleasant assurance to their readers that "Mr. So-and-So was wholly inadequate in his rôle;" or, if in a critique in a minor paper, of which perhaps the base-ball editor has been sent to review the performance, the reader is informed that "Mr. X—— didn't seem to know what he was trying to get through himself"—what should the subject of this public indifference, and, perhaps, just and elegant criticism, do? What he *does do* is to avoid the sight of men for a short period of moral and anguished sack-cloth and ashes, and then emerge, tried by the fire, stronger than before, to have another try at "getting there," if honest effort is to do it.

And if he does *not* fall, but on the first night of his long dreaded and hoped for trial wins plaudits and recognition from his public, and a like meed of praise from his critics, in the elation of his success he has to remember that those are not the only people or opinions he will have to face; that the unstinted praise of one "public" or town



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

The Stage Entrance on a Rainy Night.

may be succeeded by moderated transports in other places, even giving place to adverse feeling on the subject, and the voicing of it in expressions of belief in the superiority of some one hitherto disregarded by him as a possible rival.

tirely consistent and natural, to another may appear unreal, strained, and over- or under-acted. I suppose this is to be expected in so huge an area, where conditions, socially and mentally if not morally, are so varied.



They have their little day of flutter and self-applause.—Page 42.

Such is the difference in audiences in so large a theatrical territory as ours; different districts and communities are affected and swayed by different portions of a play and its performance. And in the portrayal of a character, what to one audience may seem en-

Briefly, then, the actor is as men in other liberal artistic professions—part student, part man of the world—but student first he must be. In some the studious faculty is so pronounced and close, book-study so entirely engrossing, that they seldom come into touch with

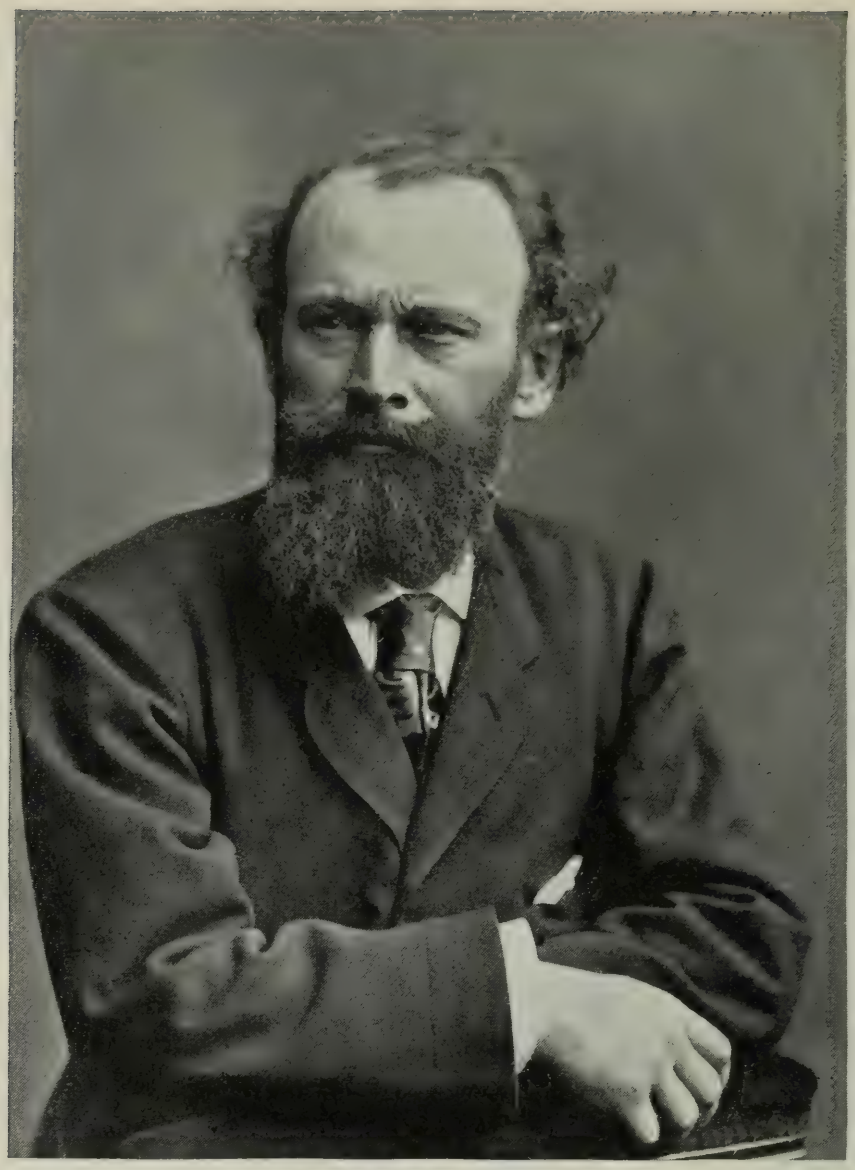


A Quiet Supper at The Players.

the great world at all, and are to many in consequence dull boys to sport with; but they are sweet and kindly natures that it is a joy to commune with, and they are fountains of information for some of us; and we are glad for them, and somewhat envious of them too, in their superior knowledge—*nous autres*—who are not always as studious as we might be. Certainly they are in marked contrast to the style of a flippant gentleman who put forth as his serious objection to the pursuit of acting that "it broke in on his evenings so!" or the youth, whose sole claim to notice is a wondrous and bewildering wardrobe, or an embarrassing success with the fair sex, that the paragrapher delights in chronicling.

If self-sacrifice and a devotion to duty and discipline equal to that of the soldier count for anything in the moral make-up of a man, then certainly the actor is entitled to one of the high places, for of this same devotion to duty in his calling is begot an excessive sense of his duty to his neighbor, and that is why he is ever ready to assist in any fashion the unfortunate or those in need of help.

This in farewell. The actor, unless he be in nature perverted, must exhibit in his life the effect of his calling; a calling desirous of the same results as other arts—the advancement of the human mind through the ministration of beauty and truth—an advancement out of which necessarily flows increased civilization and augmented happiness for the human race. And what more safe or splendid motto could there be for his calling than that utterance of Bacon, that all actors know and revere: "*I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.*"



Manet.
(From a photograph in the possession of his widow.)

THE FIFER.

PAINTED BY EDOUARD MANET.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

IT is now a good many years since Manet died, prematurely—perhaps a dozen years (I do not remember the exact date of his death)—yet it is certain that his influence is greater than it was during his lifetime, when, although he had some enthusiastic admirers, the world in general only laughed at him. My own recollection of his early struggles goes back to 1863, when he and Mr. Whistler exhibited, not exactly in the Salon itself, to which neither could gain admission then, but in the *Salon des Refusés*, which was held in the same building and was generally accepted as a complete justification of the mild exclusiveness of the jury. Manet exhibited a big picture and two smaller ones. The big picture was entitled "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe," and the subject of it was a grassy slope with trees near a little brook. On the grass, which was

* See Frontispiece.

very green indeed, sat two Frenchmen in modern costume, with the hat then called a "wide-awake," and close to them a lady destitute of all clothing, while another almost but not quite destitute was coming out of the rivulet. The picture seemed to me then "a translation of a thought of Giorgione into modern French," and not a pleasant translation, because certain juxtapositions are tolerable in poetic art where beautiful costume and color harmonize all things, and are not tolerable in modern matter-of-fact where there is neither beauty nor imagination to take us out of the common world. Manet's attempt was no doubt permissible as an experiment in a studio, and it certainly did mark an intention, since then carried out resolutely enough by the new school, to extract art if possible out of the living world of the present, and to see whether the present could not be made as available for artistic purposes as the past. The picture, however, offended people in general as a sin against both taste and morals, while it was condemned for its crudeness by the criticism that exercised influence in those days. The opinion of the jury was plainly indicated by its exclusion, and two other pictures by the same artist were rejected along with it, namely, the "Portrait of a Young Man in the Costume of a Majo," and the "Portrait of Mademoiselle V—— in the Costume of an Espada."

From that date people began to take an interest in Manet, and a few years later he had a determined little party in his favor, like the party of journalists and young artists that afterward in England sided with Mr. Whistler. It became understood that Manet was fighting a battle, not for himself only, but for some artistic principles that were defined by Zola in a pamphlet published in 1867. The reader will remember that year as the date of the second universal exhibition held in Paris. Manet had wished to exhibit there, but on second thoughts it occurred to him that he could never be fully represented, so he made his own appeal to the public by showing separately an ample collection of his works. Zola's pamphlet was kindly intended to help the success of this exhibition. The future novelist thought that the painter had been hardly used by journalists and misunderstood by the public. He, therefore, volunteered an explanation of the new principles, which were as follows :

Manet (according to Zola) lost most of the time he spent as a pupil of Couture, and being relieved finally from the incubus of another man's art, settled down to the pursuit of his special object, which was to see and translate nature in his own way and according to the laws of his own organization, without remembering either the advice he had received from living masters or the example of the dead.

Manet was not the first artist, nor is he likely to be the last, who has attempted to find originality by representing nature as he saw it. In reality, however, no one ever sees anything artistically without the education of the eye, and as that education is given by other artists invariably, either by direct teaching or through their works, the pretension to any complete originality is always vain. There is no complete independence for any of us. Manet's art was partly derived from Spanish and partly from French realism, with a minor influence from Holland. This is said without reproach and without accusing Manet of anything like servile imitation. I fully believe in the honesty of his efforts to paint nature as he saw it, but thousands of others have tried to do the same, yet their works are full of reminiscences of previous art.

Another important point insisted upon by Zola was that Manet did not think of subjects otherwise than as pretexts for artistic harmonies or oppositions, and again, that he composed little, grouping his figures rather by chance ; also, that he was never foolish enough to think, as so many have done, of putting "ideas" into painting. These renunciations of subject, composition, and ideas are now accepted by the new school of painting and art criticism everywhere, and it also accepts Manet's doctrine on the positive side, which was the study of the mass or patch of color rather than the line,

and the importance given to what are called "values," that is, the relative degrees of darkness in the patches of color as affected both by their own hue and by the light that falls upon them. The general reader cares little for the technicalities of the fine arts, and I fear that these considerations will seem to him rather tedious; but the influence of Manet has been very important and wholly technical, as subject and ideas were both outside of his chosen scheme of work.

The apparent rudeness and coarseness of some pictures by Manet, especially the too famous "Déjeuner sur l'herbe," gave people an impression that he must himself be a rough fellow. I remember meeting him and being struck by the refinement of his manners and the neatness and cleanliness of his dress. Though he was strongly opposed to the intrusion of intellectual ideas in the fine arts, he did not appear to be wanting in mental acumen, but had a sharp, keen look, rather restless and dissatisfied, as if seeking for some object as yet beyond his reach. His extreme admirers accept almost everything he did, but he himself was probably often disappointed with his work, and though quite convinced of the soundness of his own principles, may have felt that it was very difficult to carry them triumphantly into practice. One of his strong convictions was that the color ought to be left fresh without tormenting the life out of it by disturbing it with the brush; but if it is not of very good quality when so left, the mere freshness and crispness of the touch are not, in themselves, a compensation. The plain truth is that while some of Manet's work was strong in style and harmonious in coloring, a good deal of it was very crude, and this seems to have been due to his habit of improvisation. One of the best of his pictures is the very lively one of the little fifer, in the private collection of M. Durand-Ruel, to whom I owe the opportunity for reproducing it. That work holds well together in all ways, as the vivacity and simplicity of the brushwork answer to the vivacity and simplicity of the subject, while the coloring is perfectly harmonious. The boy's face is by no means handsome, and his uniform, very truthfully depicted, cannot be said to fit him very neatly; yet he wins his way to our regard, and the picture pleases us by an honest, straightforward mastery by no means common even now, when so many painters are trying for the same qualities.

We have seen that it was a part of the painter's faith that "subject" ought to be avoided. "De sujet—il n'en faut pas" is the orthodox doctrine of Manet and all his followers. The effect of it was sometimes to break up what might have been a subject. There is a fine picture by Manet called "Le Déjeuner," this time not on the grass, but in a restaurant, probably. To the right is a man at table at the end of his repast, to the left a servant, and in the middle a youth with his back to the table and leaning against it. In truth the young man is the subject of the picture so far as there is one, and the rest is only background, more or less interesting, but entirely disconnected from the principal figure. However, the work is well painted and the youth tells powerfully at a distance. Some of the Spanish subjects are among the best of the artist's works from the opportunities offered by the strong oppositions of color in the costumes, such as vigorous little patches of red or yellow and black, and ornaments never slavishly imitated, but lightly indicated sufficiently for picturesque effect.

The picture mentioned by Zola as Manet's masterpiece is the "Olympia," which was purchased by his admirers for the gallery of the Luxembourg, where it now hangs. It represents a nude figure of a girl reclining and looking at the spectator, while a negress brings a large bouquet; and there is a black cat, afterward celebrated by the caricaturists. The artist here carried out, in his own straightforward way, a certain scheme of color, but did not sufficiently bear in mind the necessity for idealization in all paintings of the nude, so the consequence is that his figure looks somewhat ridiculous and even not altogether decent, though as a subject it is not worse in any way than many chosen by the old masters. Again, although the color scheme was

in itself excellent, it is carried out somewhat crudely, so that the picture will not be seen to much advantage if it is ever admitted into the Louvre. There is the same crudeness in Manet's picture of the "Bon Bock" (the Good Glass of Ale), which was exhibited as one of the "Hundred Masterpieces" in 1892. It was painted, however, with the most uncompromising truth of character.

The straightforwardness that belonged to Manet in all he did would have been very favorable to him in etching if he had overcome the technical difficulties of that art, but he never did so to the degree which is necessary for certainty of method, so that he etched in a rude style, as if he did not care about technical qualities at all. A few of his plates, by a lucky chance, happen to be good in a simple way. The "Boy with the Sword," the "Olympia," and the "Dead Taureador" are good, and so are the "Reader" and the "Infante;" but Manet made a bad etching from his picture of "Christ with Angels;" and his "Mariano Campurbi" is one of his worst plates. He sometimes combined linear etching with flat aquatint, after the manner of Goya, and with Goya's moderate degree of success. The "Sailor's Dream" is one of his best plates in that kind. As Manet had not patience to contend against the technical difficulties of etching, he ought to have rapidly produced many plates and selected a few of the most successful for exhibition; but he had not much critical faculty and did not know when he failed.

As the editor of Scribner's Magazine asked me to treat of contemporary artists, and especially of those who have most influence to-day, it may seem strange that I should begin with one who has been dead now for many years. In truth, however, the influence of Manet was never so great as it is at the present moment. The modern dislike to "subject," the objection to intellect in art, the hatred of literary ideas, the desire for visible manual execution and for a comprehensive expression rather than the enumeration of petty details, all of them come from Manet. It was he who gave the example of shunning composition, of painting people and things in a downright way just as they are and in chance groupings; it was he who had the courage to leave imperfect work for the sake of its freshness rather than sacrifice the freshness to the kind of excellence that may be reached by more laborious finish. The doctrines now professed by the "new criticism," as it calls itself, were professed and acted upon by Manet and preached by Zola twenty-six years ago, and they never brought forth so much fruit as they are bringing forth to-day. Much of the work done under this inspiration, so far from being agreeable to the æsthetic sense, only strikes it like an outrage; and certainly it would be difficult to imagine anything more hideous than some of the most self-confident performances of the new school. Nevertheless, in spite of all its faults, the school has a sort of barbaric vigor which has already proved destructive to the art which depended upon prettiness and upon the telling of interesting little stories. On the purely artistic side it seems to me that Zola made a mistake when he spoke of Manet's work as especially analytic. On the contrary, it is synthetic and passes over minute details which are delightful to analytic minds, such as those of Ruskin and Meissonier. Finally, it is to be remembered, in extenuation of Manet's imperfections, that he had a hard battle to fight, and never had the tranquil enjoyment of beauty which belongs to the children of success. His life was full of contention, and it was a short life. He was far from being coarse or vulgar by nature, and he did not live long enough to work himself clear of his early technical aggressiveness, which made his art look ruder than it need have been, because he always felt himself to be in opposition to the artistic orthodoxy of his time. He worked always in a militant spirit, knowing himself to be despised by the dominant artists and an object of ridicule to the public, conditions most unfavorable to quiet progress in the study and cult of the beautiful.

ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC LA MORT.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

I.

The dew was full of sun that morn
(O I heard the doves in the hayricks coo!)
As he crossed the meadows beyond the corn,
  Watching his falcon in the blue.
How could he hear my song so far
  The song of the blood where the pulses are!
Straight through the fields he came to me—
  (O I saw his soul as I saw the dew!),
But I hid my joy that he might not see:
  I hid it deep within my breast,
As the starling hides in the maize her nest.

II.

Back through the corn he turned again
  (O little he cared where his falcon flew!),
And my heart lay still in the hand of pain
  As in winter's hand the rivers do.
How could he hear its secret cry—
  The cry of the dove when the summers die!
Thrice in the maize he turned to me
  (O I saw his soul as I saw the dew!);
But I hid my pain that he might not see:
  I hid it deep as the grave is made,
Where the heart that can ache no more is laid.

III.

Last night, where grows the river grass
  (O the stream was dark though the moon was new!),
I saw white Death and my lover pass
  Side by side as the troopers do.
"Give me," said Death, "thy purse well filled,
  And thy mantle-clasp which the moonbeams gild—
Save the heart which beats for thy dear sake
  (O I saw my heart as I saw the dew!)
All life hath given is Death's to take."
  Dear God! how can I love Thy day
If Thou takest the heart which loves away!



JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

I.

SUEZ.

IN the State of Dixie, County of Clearwater, and therefore in the very heart of what was once the "Southern Confederacy," lies that noted seat of government of one county and shipping point for three, Suez. The pamphlet of a certain land company—a publication now out of print and rare, but a copy of which it has been my good fortune to secure—mentions the battle of Turkey Creek as having been fought only a mile or so north of the town in the spring of 1864. It also strongly recommends to the attention of both capitalist and tourist the beautiful mountain scenery of Sandstone County, which adjoins Clearwater a few miles from Suez on the northeast, as Blackland does, much farther away, on the southwest.

In the last year of our Civil War Suez was a basking town of twenty-five hundred souls, with rocky streets and breakneck sidewalks, its dwellings dozing most months of the twelve among roses and honeysuckles behind anciently whitewashed, much-broken fences, and all the place wrapped in that wide sweetness of apple and acacia scents that comes from whole mobs of dog-fennel. The Pulaski City turnpike entered at the northwest corner and passed through to the court-house green with its hollow square of stores and law-offices—two sides of it blackened ruins of fire and war. Under the town's southeasternmost angle, between yellow banks and overhanging sycamores, the bright green waters of Turkey Creek, rambling round from the northwest, skipped down a gradual stairway of limestone ledges, and glided, alive with sunlight, into that true Swanee River, not of the maps, but which flows forever, "far, far away," through the numbers of imperishable song. The river's head of navigation was, and still is, at Suez.

One of the most influential, and yet meekest, among the "citizens"—men not in the army—whose habit it was to visit Suez by way of the Sandstone County road, was Judge Powhatan March, of Widewood. In years he was about fifty. He was under the medium stature, with a gentle and intellectual face, whose antique dignity was only less attractive than his rich, quiet voice.

His son John—he had no other child—was a fat-cheeked boy in his eighth year, oftenest seen on horseback, sitting fast asleep with his hands clutched in the folds of the Judge's coat and his short legs and browned feet spread wide behind the saddle. It was hard straddling, but it was good company.

One bright noon about the close of May, when the cotton blooms were opening and the cornsilk was turning pink; when from one hot pool to another the kildee fluttered and ran, and around their edges arcs of white and yellow butterflies sat and sipped and fanned themselves like human butterflies at a seaside, Judge March—with

John in his accustomed place, headquarters behind the saddle — turned into the sweltering shade of a tree in the edge of town to gossip with an acquaintance on the price of cotton, the health of Suez and the last news from Washington — no longer from Richmond, alas!

"Why, son!" he exclaimed, as by and by he lifted the child down before a hardware, dry-goods, drug, and music store, "what's been a-troublin' you? You a-got tear marks on yo' face!" But he pressed the question in vain.

"Gimme yo' han'ke'cher, son, an' let me wipe 'em off."

But John's pockets were insolvent as to handkerchiefs, and the Judge found his own no better supplied. So they changed the subject and the son did not have to confess that those dusty rivulet beds, one on either cheek, were there from aching fatigue of a position he would rather have perished in than surrender.

This store was the only one in Suez that had been neither sacked nor burned. In its drug department there had always been kept on sale a single unreplenished, undiminished shelf of books. Most of them were standard English works that took no notice of such trifles as children. But one was an exception, and this world-renowned volume, though entirely unillustrated, had charmed the eyes of Judge March ever since he had been a father. Year after year had increased his patient impatience for the day when his son should be old enough to know that book's fame. Then what joy to see delight dance in his brave young eyes upon that volume's emergence from some innocent concealment — a gift from his father!

Thus far John did not know his a b c's. But education is older than alphabets, and for three years now he had been his father's constant, almost confidential, companion. Why might not such a book as this, even now, be made a happy lure into the great realm of letters? Seeing the book again to-day, reflecting that the price of cotton was likely to go yet higher, and touched by the child's unexplained tears, Judge March induced him to go from his side a moment with the store's one clerk—into the lump-sugar section —and bought the volume.

II.

TO A GOOD BOY.

In due time the Judge and his son started home.

The sun's rays, though still hot, slanted much as the two rose into oak woodlands to the right of the pike and beyond it. Here the air was cool and light. As they ascended higher and oaks gave place to chestnut and mountain-birch, wide views opened around and far beneath. In the south spread the green fields and red fallows of Clearwater, bathed in the sheen of the lingering sun. Miles away two white points were the spires of Suez.

The Judge drew rein and gazed on five battle-fields at once. "Ah, son, the kingdom of romance is at hand. It's always at hand when it's within us. I'll be glad when you can understand that, son."

His eyes came round at last to the most western quarter of the landscape and rested on one part where only a spray had dashed when war's fiery deluge rolled down this valley. "Son, if there wa'n't such a sort o' mist o' sunshine between, I could show you Rosemont College over yondeh. You'll be goin' there in a few years now. That'll be fine, won't it, son?"

A small forehead smote his back vigorously, not for yea, but for slumber.

"Drowsy, son?" asked the Judge, adding a backward caress as he moved on again. "I didn't talk to you enough, did I? But I was thinkin' about you, right along." After a silence he stopped again.

"Awake now, son?" He reached back and touched the solid little head. "See this streak o' black land where the rain's run down the road? Well, that means silveh, an' it's ow lan'."

They started once more. "It may not mean much, but we needn't care, when what doesn't mean silveh means dead loads of other things. Make haste an' grow, son; yo' peerless motheh and I are only waitin'." He ceased. In the

small of his back the growing pressure of a diminutive bad hat told the condition of his hidden audience. It lifted again.

"'Evomind, son, I can talk to you just as well asleep. But I can tell you somepm that'll keep you awake. I was savin' it till we'd get home to yo' dear motheh, but yo' ti-ud an' I don't think of anything else an'—the fact is, I'm bringing home a present faw you." He looked behind till his eyes met a brighter pair. "What you reckon you've been sitt'n' on in one of them saddle pockets all the way fum Suez?"

John smiled, laid his cheek to his father's back and whispered, "A kitt'n'."

"Why, no, son; its somepm powerful nice, but—well, you might know it wa'n't a kitt'n' by my lett'n' you sit on it so long. I'd be proud faw you to have a kitt'n', but, you know, cats don't suit yo' dear motheh's high strung natu'e. You couldn't be happy with anything that was a constant tawment to her, could you?"

The head lying against the questioner's back nodded an eager yes!

"Oh, you think you might, son, but I jes' know you couldn't. Now, what I've got faw you is ever so much nicer'n a kitt'n. You see, you a-growin' so fast you'll soon not care faw kitt'ns; you'll care for what I've got you. But don't ask what it is, faw I'd hate not to tell you, and I want yo' dear motheh to be with us when you find it out."

It was fairly twilight when their horse neighed his pleasure that his crib was near. Presently they dismounted in a place full of stumps and weeds, where a grove had been till Halliday's brigade had camped there. Beyond a paling fence and a sandy, careworn garden of altheas and dwarf-box, stood broadside to them a very plain, two-story house of uncoursed gray rubble, whose open door sent forth no welcoming gleam. Its windows, too, save one softly reddened by a remote lamp, reflected only the darkling sky. This was their home, called by every mountaineer neighbor "a plumb palace."

As they passed in, the slim form of Mrs. March entered at the rear door of the short hall and came slowly through the gloom. John sprang, and despite her word and gesture of nervous disrelish, clutched, and smote his face into, her pliant crinoline. The husband kissed her forehead, and, as she staggered before the child's energy, said:

"Be gentle, son." He took a hand of each. "I hope you'll overlook a little wildness in us this evening, my dear." They turned into a front room. "I wonder he restrains himself so well, when he knows I've brought him a present—not expensive, my deah, I assho' you, nor anything you can possible disapprove; only a B-doubleO-K, in fact. Still, son, you ought always to remember yo' dear mother's apt to be ti-ud."

Mrs. March sank into the best rocking-chair and, while her son kissed her diligently, said to her husband, with a smile of sad reproach:

"John can never know a woman's fatigue."

"No, Daphne, deah, an' that's what I try to teach him."

"Yes, Powhatan, but there's a difference between teaching and terrifying."

"Oh! Oh! I was fah fum intend'n to be harsh."

"Ah! Judge March, you little realize how harsh your words sometimes are." She showed the back of her head, although John plucked her sleeves with vehement whispers. "What *is* it, child?"

Her irritation turned to mild remonstrance. "You shouldn't interrupt your father, no matter how long you have to wait."

"Oh, I'd finished, my deah," cried the Judge, beaming upon wife and son. "And now," he gathered up the saddlebags, "now faw the present!"

John leaped—his mother cringed.

"Oh, Judge March—before supper?"

"Why, of co'se not, my love, if you——"

"Ah, Powhatan, please! Please don't say if I." The speaker smiled lovingly—"I don't deserve such a rebuke!" She rose.

"Why, my deah!"

"No, I was not thinking of I, but of others. There's the tea-bell. Servants have rights, Powhatan, and we shouldn't increase their burdens by heartless delays. That may not be the law, Judge March, but it's the gospel."

"Oh, I quite agree with you, Daphne, deah!" But the father could not help seeing the child's tearful eyes and quivering mouth. "I'll tell you, mother, son—There's no need faw anybody to be kep' waitin'. We'll go to suppeh, but the gift shall grace the feast!" He combed one soft hand through his long hair. John danced and gave a triple nod.

Mrs. March's fatigue increased. "Please yourself," she said. "John and I can always make your pleasure ours. Only, I hope he'll not inherit a frivolous impatience."

"Daphne, I——" The Judge made a gesture of sad capitulation.

"Oh, Judge March, it's too late to draw back now. That were cruel!"

John clambered into his high chair —said grace in a pretty rhyme of his mother's production—she was a poetess—and ended with:

"Amen, double-O-K. I wish double-O-K would mean firecrackers; firecrackers and cinnamon candy!" He patted his wrists together and glanced triumphantly upon the frowsy, barefooted waitress while Mrs. March poured the coffee.

The Judge's wife, at thirty-two, was still fair. Her face was thin, but her languorous eyes were expressive and her mouth delicate. A certain shadow about its corners may have meant rigidity of will or only a habit of introspection, but it was always there.

She passed her husband's coffee, and the hungry child, though still all eyes, was taking his first gulp of milk, when over the top of his mug he saw his father reach stealthily down to his saddle-bags and straighten again.

"Son!"

"Suh!"

"Go on with yo' suppeh, son." Under the table the paper was coming off of something. John filled both cheeks dutifully, but kept them so, unchanged, while the present came forth. Then he looked confused and turned to his mother. Her eyes were on her husband in deep dejection, as her hand rose to receive the book from the servant. She took it, read the title, and moaned:

Oh! Judge March, what is your child to do with 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son?'"

John waited only for her pitying glance. Then the tears burst from his eyes and the bread and milk from his mouth, and he cried with a great and continuous voice, "I don't like presents! I want to go to bed!"

Even when the waitress got him there his mother could not quiet him. She demanded explanations and he could not explain, for by that time he had persuaded himself he was crying because his mother was not happy. But he hushed when the Judge, sinking down upon the bedside, said, as the despairing wife left the room,

"I'm sorry I've disappointed you so powerful, son. I know just how you feel. I made—" he glanced round to be sure she was gone—"just as bad a mistake one time, trying to make a present to myself."

The child lay quite still, vaguely considering whether this was any good reason why he should stop crying.

"But 'evomind, son, the ve'y next time we go to town we'll buy some cinnamon candy."

The son's eyes met the father's in a smile of love, the lids declined, the lashes folded, and his spirit circled softly down into the fathomless underheaven of dreamless sleep.

III.

TWO FRIENDS.

It was nearly four o'clock of a day in early June. The sun shone exceptionally hot on the meagre waters of Turkey Creek, where it warmed its sinuous length through the middle of its wide battle-field. The turnpike, coming northward from Suez, emerged, white, dusty, and badly broken, on the southern border of this waste and crossed the creek at right angles. Eastward, westward, the prospect widened away in soft heavings of fallow half ruined by rains. The whole landscape seemed bruised and torn, its beauty not gone, but ravished. A distant spot of yellow was wheat, a yet farther one may have been rye. Off on

the right a thin green mantle that only half clothed the red shoulder of a rise along the eastern sky was cotton, the sometime royal claimant, unsceptred, but still potent and full of beauty. About the embers of a burned dwelling, elder, love-pop, and other wild things spread themselves in rank complacency, strange bed-fellows adversity had thrust in upon the frightened sweet-Betsy, phlox and jonquils of the ruined garden. Here the ground was gay with wild roses, and yonder blue, pink, white, and purple with expanses of larkspur.

A few steps to the left of the pike near the wood's strong shade, a beautiful brown horse in gray and yellow trappings suddenly lifted his head from the clover and gazed abroad.

"He knows there's been fighting here," said a sturdy voice from the thicket of ripe blackberries behind; "he sort o' smells it."

"Reckon he hears something," responded a younger voice farther from the road. "Maybe it's C'nelius's yodle; he's been listening for it for a solid week."

"He's got a good right to," came the first voice again; "worthless as that boy is, nobody ever took better care of a horse. I wish I had just about two dozen of his beat biscuit right now. He didn't have his equal in camp for beat biscuit."

"When sober," suggested the younger speaker, in that melodious Southern drawl so effective in dry satire; but the older voice did not laugh. One does not like to have another's satire pointed even at one's nigger.

The senior presently resumed a narrative made timely by the two having just come through the town. "You must remember I inherited no means and didn't get my education without a long, hard fight. A thorough clerical education's no small thing to get."

"Couldn't the church help you?"

"Oh—yes—I, eh—I did have church aid, but—— Well, then I was three years a circuit rider and then I preached four years here in Suez. And then I married. Folks laugh about preachers always marrying fortunes — it was a mighty small fortune Rose Montgomery brought me! But she was Rose Montgomery, and I got her when no other man had the courage to ask for her. You know an ancestor of hers founded Suez. That's how it got its name. His name was Ezra and hers was Susan, don't you see?"

"I think I make it out," drawled the listener.

"But she didn't any more have a fortune than I did. She and her mother, who died about a year after, were living here in town just on the wages of three or four hired-out slaves, and——"

The younger voice interrupted with a question indolently drawn out: "Was she as beautiful in those days as they say?"

"Why, allowing for some natural exaggeration, yes."

"You built Rosemont about the time her mother died, didn't you?"

"Yes, about three years before the war broke out. It was the only piece of land she had left; too small for a plantation but just the thing for a college."

"It is neatly named," pursued the questioner; "who did it?"

"I," half soliloquized the narrator, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

He moved into view, a large man of forty, unmilitary, despite his good gray broadcloth and wealth of gold braid, though of commanding and most comfortable mien. His upright coat-collar, too much agape, showed a clerical white cravat. His right arm was in a sling. He began to pick his way out of the brambles, dusting himself with a fine handkerchief. The horse came to meet him.

At the same time his young companion stepped upon a fallen tree, and stood to gaze, large-eyed, like the horse, across the sun-bathed scene. He seemed scant nineteen. His gray shirt was buttoned with locust thorns, his cotton-woollen jacket was caught under an old cartridge belt, his ragged trousers were thrust into bursted boots, and he was thickly powdered with white and yellow dust. His eyes swept slowly over the battle-ground to some low, wooded hills that rose beyond it against the pale northwestern sky.

"Major," said he.

The Major was busy lifting himself carefully into the saddle and checking his horse's eagerness to be off. But the youth still gazed and said again, "Isn't that it?"

"What?"

"Rosemont?"

"It is!" cried the officer, standing in his stirrups and smiling fondly at a point where, some three miles away by the line of sight, a dark roof crowned by a white-railed look-out peeped over the tree-tops. "It's Rosemont — my own Rosemont! The view's been opened by cutting the woods off that hill this side of it. Come!"

Soon a wreath of turnpike dust near the broken culvert over Turkey Creek showed the good speed the travellers made. The ill-shod youth and delicately shod horse trudged side by side through the furnace heat of sunshine. So intolerable were its rays that when an old reticule of fawn-skin with bright steel chains and mountings, well-known receptacle of the Major's private papers and stationery, dropped from its fastenings at the back of the saddle and the dismounted soldier stooped to pick it up, the horseman said, "Don't stop; let it go; it's empty. I burned everything in it the night of the surrender, even my wife's letters, don't you know?"

"Yes," said the youth, trying to open it, "I remember. Still, I'll take its parole before I turn it loose."

"That part doesn't open," said the rider, smiling, "it's only make-believe. Here, press in and draw down at the same time. There! nothing but my card that I pasted in the day I found the thing in some old papers I was looking over. I reckon it was my wife's grandmother's. Oh, yes, fasten it on again, though like as not I will give it away to Barb as soon as I get home. It's my way——"

And the Reverend John Wesley Garnet, A.M., smiled at himself self-lovingly for being so unselfish about reticules.

"You need two thumbs to tie those leather strings, Jeff-Jack." Jeff-Jack had lost one, more than a year before, in a murderous onslaught where the Major and he had saved each other's lives, turn about, in almost the same moment. But the knot was tied, and they started on.

"Speakin' o' Barb, some of the darkies told her if she didn't stop chasing squir'ls up the campus trees and crying when they put shoes on her feet to take her to church, she'd be turned into a boy. What d' you reckon she said? She and Johanna—Johanna's her only playmate, you know—danced for joy; and Barb says, says she, 'An' den kin I doe in swimmin'?' Mind you, she's only five years old!" The Major's laugh came abundantly. "Mind you, she's only five!"

The plodding youth whiffed gayly at the heat, switched off his bad cotton hat, and glanced around upon the scars of war. He was about to speak lightly; but as he looked upon the red washouts in the forsaken fields, and the dried sloughs in and beside the highway, snaggy with broken fence-rails and their margins blackened by teamsters' night-fires, he fell to brooding on the impoverishment of eleven States, and on the hundreds of thousands of men and women sitting in the ashes of their desolated hopes and the lingering fear of unspeakable humiliations. Only that morning had these two comrades seen for the first time the proclamation of amnesty and pardon with which the president of the triumphant republic ushered into a second birth the States of "the conquered banner."

"Major," said the young man, lifting his head, "you must open Rosemont again."

"Oh, I don't know, Jeff-Jack. It's mighty dark for us all ahead." The Major sighed with the air of being himself a large part of the fallen Confederacy.

"Law, Major, we've got stuff enough left to make a country of yet!"

"If they'll let us, Jeff-Jack. If they'll only let us; but will they?"

"Why, yes. They've shown their hand."

"You mean in this proclamation?"

"Yes, sir. Major, 'we-uns' can take that trick."

The two friends, so apart in years, exchanged a confidential smile. "Can we?" asked the senior.

"Can't we?" The young soldier walked on for several steps before he

added, musingly, and with a cynical smile, "I've got neither land, money, nor education, but I'll help you put Rosemont on her feet again—just to sort o' open the game."

The Major gathered himself, exaltedly. "Jeff-Jack, if you will, I'll pledge you, here, that Rosemont shall make your interest her watchword so long as her interests are mine." The patriot turned his eyes to show Jeff-Jack their moisture.

The young man's smile went down at the corners, satirically, as he said, "That's all right," and they trudged on through the white dust and heat, looking at something in front of them.

IV.

THE JUDGE'S SON MAKES TWO LIFE-TIME ACQUAINTANCES, AND IS OFFERED A THIRD.

They had been ascending a long slope and were just reaching its crest when the Major exclaimed, under his voice, "Well, I'll be hanged!"

Before them stood three rusty mules attached to a half load of corn in the shuck, surmounted by a coop of panting chickens. The wheels of the wagon were heavy with the dried mud of the Sandstone County road. The object of the Major's contempt was a smallish mulatto, who was mounting to the saddle of the off-wheel mule. He had been mending the rotten harness and did not see the two soldiers until he lifted again his long rein of cotton ploughline. The word to go died on his lips.

"Why, Judge March!" Major Garnet pressed forward to where, at the team's left, the owner of these chattels sat on his ill-conditioned horse.

"President Garnet! I hope yo' well, seh? Aw at least," noticing the lame arm, "I hope yo' mendin'."

"Thank you, Brother March, I'm peart'nin', as they say." The Major smiled broadly until his eye fell again upon the mulatto. The Judge saw him stiffen.

"C'nelius only got back Sad'day," he said. The mulatto crouched in his saddle and grinned down upon his mule.

"He told me yo' wound compelled slow travel, seh; yes, seh. Perhaps I ought to apologize faw hirin' him, seh, but it was only pending yo' return, an' subjec' to yo' approval, seh."

"You have it, Brother March," said Major Garnet suavely, but he flashed a glance at the teamster that stopped his grin, though he only said, "Howdy, Cornelius."

"Brother March, let me make you acquainted with one of our boys. You remember Squire Ravenel, of Flatrock? This is the only son the war's left him. Adjutant, this is Judge March of Widewood, the famous Widewood tract. Jeff-Jack was my adjutant, Brother March, for a good while, though without the commission."

The Judge extended a beautiful brown hand; the ragged youth grasped it with courtly deference. The two horses had been arrogantly nosing each other's muzzles, and now the Judge's began to work his hinder end around as if for action. Whereupon:

"Why, look'e here, Brother March, what's this at the back of your saddle?"

The Judge smiled and laid one hand behind him. "That's my John—Asleep, son?—He generally is when he's back there, and he's seldom anywheres else. Drive on, C'nelius, I'll catch you."

As the wagon left them the child opened his wide eyes on Jeff-Jack, and Major Garnet said:

"He favors his mother, Brother March—though I haven't seen—I declare its a shame the way we let our Southern baronial sort o' life make us such strangers—why, I haven't seen Sister March since our big union camp meeting at Chalybeate Springs in '58. Sonnie-boy, you ain't listening, are you?" The child still stared at Jeff-Jack. "Mighty handsome boy, Brother March—stuff for a good soldier—got a little sweetheart at my house for you sonnie-boy! Rosemont College and Widewood lands wouldn't go bad together, Brother March, ha, ha, ha! Your son has his mothers' favor, but with something of yours, too, sir."

Judge March stroked the tiny, bare foot. "I'm proud to hope he'll favor his mother, seh, in talents. You've seen her last poem: 'Slaves to ow own slaves—Neveh!' signed as usual, Daphne Dalrymple? Dalrymple's one of

her family names. She uses it to avoid publicity. The Pulaski City *Clarion* reprints her poems and calls her 'sweetest of Southland songsters.' Major Garnet, I wept when I read it! It's the finest thing she has ever written!"

"Ah! Brother March," the Major had seen the poem, but had not read it, "Sister March will never surpass those lines of hers on, let's see; they begin —Oh! dear me, I know them as well as I know my horse—How does that——"

"I know what you mean, seh. You mean the ballad of Jack Jones!

"'Ho! Southrons, hark how one brave lad
Three Yankee standards——'"

"Captured!" cried the Major. "That's it; why, my sakes! Hold on, Jeff-Jack, I'll be with you in just a minute. Why, I know it as—why, it rhymes with 'cohorts enraptured!'—I —why, of course!—Ah! Jeff-Jack it was hard on you that the despatches got your name so twisted. It's a plumb shame, as they say." The Major's laugh grew rustic as he glanced from Jeff-Jack, red with resentment, to Judge March, lifted half out of his seat with emotion, and thence to the child, still gazing on the young hero of many battles and one ballad.

"Well, that's all over; we can only hurry along home now, and——"

"Ah! President Garnet, *is* it all over, seh? *Is* it, Mr. Jones?"

"Can't say," replied Jeff-Jack, with his down-drawn smile, and the two pairs went their opposite ways.

As the Judge loped down the hot turnpike after his distant wagon, his son turned for one more gaze on the young hero, his hero henceforth, and felt the blood rush from every vein to his heart and back again as Mr. Ravenel at the last moment looked round and waved him farewell. Later he recalled Major Garnet's offer of his daughter, but:

"I shall never marry," said John to himself.

V.

THE MASTER'S HOME-COMING.

The Garnet estate was far from baronial in its extent. Rosemont's whole area was scarcely sixty acres, a third of which was wild grove close about three sides of the dwelling. The house was of brick, large, with many rooms in two tall stories above a basement. At the middle of the north front was a square Greek porch with wide steps spreading to the ground. A hall extended through and let out upon a rear veranda that spanned the whole breadth of the house. Here two or three wooden pegs jutted from the wall, on which to hang a saddle, bridle, or gourd, and from one of which always dangled a small cowhide whip. Barbara and Johanna, hand in hand—Johanna was eleven and very black—often looked on this object with whispering awe, though neither had ever known it put to fiercer use than to drive chickens out of the hall. Down in the yard, across to the left, was the kitchen. And lastly, there was that railed platform on the hip-roof, whence one could see, in the northeast, over the tops of the grove, the hills and then the mountains; in the southeast the far edge of Turkey Creek battle-ground; and in the west, the great setting sun, often, from this point, commended to Barbara as going to bed quietly and before dark.

The child did not remember the father. Once or twice during the war when otherwise he might have come home on furlough, the enemy had intervened. Yet she held no enthusiastic unbelief in his personal reality, and prayed for him night and morning: that God would bless him and keep him from being naughty—"No, that ain't it —an' keep him f'om bein'—no, don't tell me!—and ast him why he don't come see what a sweet mom-a I'm dot!"

People were never quite done marvelling that even Garnet should have won the mistress of this inheritance, whom no one else had ever dared to woo. Her hair was so dark you might have called it black—her eyes were as blue as June, and all the elements of her outward beauty were but the various testimonies of a noble mind. She had been very willing for Rosemont to be founded here. There was a belief in her family that the original patentee—he that had once owned the whole site of Suez and more—had really from the first intended this spot for a college site, and when

Garnet proposed that with his savings they build and open upon it a male academy of which he should be principal, she consented with an alacrity which his vanity never ceased to resent, since it involved his leaving the pulpit. For Principal Garnet was very proud of his moral character.

On the same afternoon in which John March first saw the Major and Jeff-Jack, Barbara and Johanna were down by the spring-house at play. This structure stood a good two hundred yards from the dwelling, where a brook crossed the road. Three wooded slopes ran down to it and beneath the leafy arches of a hundred green shadows that only at noon were flecked with sunlight, the water glassed and crinkled scarce ankle deep over an unbroken floor of naked rock.

The pair were wading, Barbara in the road, Johanna at its edge, when suddenly Barbara was aware of strange voices, and looking up, was fastened to her footing by the sight of two travellers just at hand. One was on horseback; the other, a youth, trod the stepping stones, ragged, dusty, but bewilderingly handsome. Johanna, too, heard, came, and then stood like Barbara, awe-stricken and rooted in the water. The next moment there was a whirl, a bound, a splash—and Barbara was alone. Johanna, with three leaping strides, was out of the water, across the fence and scampering over ledges and loose stones toward the house, mad with the joy of her news:

"Mahse John Wesley! Mahse John Wesley!"—up the front steps, into the great porch and through the hall—"Mahse John Wesley! Mahse John Wesley! De waugh done done! De waugh ove' dis time fo' sho'! Glory! Glory!"—down the back steps, into the kitchen—"Mahse John Wesley!"—out again and off to the stables—"Mahse John Wesley!" While old Virginia ran from the kitchen to her cabin rubbing the flour from her arms and crying, "Tu'n out! tu'n out, you laazy black niggers! Mahse John Wesley Gyarnet a-comin' up de road!"

Barbara did not stir. She felt the soldier's firm hands under her arms, and her own form, straightened and rigid, rising to the glad lips of the disabled stranger who bent from the saddle; but she kept her eyes on the earth. With her dripping toes stiffened downward and the youth clasping her tightly, they moved toward the house. In the grove gate the horseman galloped ahead; but Barbara did not once look up until at the porch-steps she saw yellow Willis, the lame ploughman, smiling and limping forward round the corner of the house; Trudie, the house girl, trying to pass him by; Johanna wildly dancing; Aunt Virginia, her hands up, calling to heaven from the red cavern of her mouth; Uncle Leviticus, her husband, Cornelius's step-father, holding the pawing steed; gladness on every face, and the mistress of Rosemont drawing from the horseman's one good arm to welcome her ragged guest.

Barbara gazed on the bareheaded men and courtesying women grasping the hand of their stately master.

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Welcome home, sah. Yass, sah!"

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Yass, sah; dass so, sot free, but niggehs yit, te-he!—an' Rosemont niggehs yit!" Chorus, "Dass so!" and much laughter.

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Miss Rose happy now, an' whensomever she happy, us happy. Yass, sah. De good Lawd be praise! Now is de waugh over an' finish' an' ended an' gone!" Chorus, "Pra-aise Gawd!"

The master replied. He was majestically kind. He commended their exceptional good sense and prophesied a reign of humble trust and magnanimous protection.—"But I see you're all—" he smiled a gracious irony—"anxious to get back to work."

They laughed, pushed and smote one another, and went, while he mounted the stairs; they, strangers to the sufferings of his mind, and he as ignorant as many a far vaster autocrat of the profound failure of his words to satisfy the applauding people he left below him.

In the hall Jeff-Jack let Barbara down. Thump-thump-thump—she ran to find Johanna. A fear and a hope quite filled her with their strife, the mortifying fear that at the brook Mr. Ravenel had observed—and the reinspiring hope that

he had failed to observe — that she was without shoes! She remained away for some time, and came back shyly in softly squeaking leather. As he took her on his knee she asked, carelessly:

"Did you ever notice I'm dot socks on to-day?" and when he cried "No!" and stroked them, she silently applauded her own tact.

Virginia and her mistress decided that the supper would have to be totally reconsidered—reconstructed. Jeff-Jack and Barbara, the reticule on her arm, walked in the grove where the trees were few. The flat outcroppings of gray and yellow rocks made grotesque figures in the grass, and up from among the cedar sprouts turtle-doves sprang with that peculiar music of their wings, flew into distant coverts, and from one such to another tenderly complained of love's alarms and separations. When Barbara asked her escort where his home was, he said it was going to be in Suez, and on cross-examination explained that Flatrock was only a small plantation where his sister lived and took care of his father, who was old and sick.

He seemed to Barbara to be very easily amused, even laughing at some things she said which she did not intend for jokes at all. But since he laughed she laughed too, though with more reserve. They picked wild flowers. He gave her forget-me-nots.

They did not bring their raging hunger into the house again until the large tea-bell rang in the porch, and the air was rife with the fragrance of Aunt Virginia's bounty: fried ham, fried eggs, fried chicken, strong coffee, and hot biscuits—of fresh Yankee flour from Suez. No wine, and no tonic before sitting down. In the pulpit and out of it Garnet had ever been an ardent advocate of total abstinence. He never, even in his own case, set aside its rigors except when chilled or fatigued, and always then took ample care not to let his action, or any subsequent confession, be a temptation in the eyes of others who might be weaker than he.

Barbara sat opposite Jeff-Jack. What of that? Johanna, standing behind mom-a's chair, should not have smiled and clapped her hands to her mouth. Barbara ignored her. As she did again, after supper, when, silent, on the young soldier's knee, amid an earnest talk upon interests too public to interest her, she could see her little nurse tiptoeing around the door out in the dim hall, grinning in white gleams of summer lightning, beckoning, and pointing upstairs. The best way to treat such things is to take no notice of them.

In the bright parlor the talk was still on public affairs. The war was over, but its issues were still largely in suspense and were not questions of boundaries or dynasties; they underlay every Southern hearthstone; the possibilities of each to-morrow were the personal concern and distress of every true Southern man, of every true Southern woman.

Thus spoke Garnet. His strong, emotional voice was the one most heard. Ravenel held Barbara, and responded scarcely so often as her mother, whose gentle self-command rested him. Not such was its effect upon the husband. His very flesh seemed to feel the smartings of trampled aspirations and insulted rights. More than once, under stress of his sincere though florid sentences, he rose proudly to his feet with a hand laid unconsciously on his freshly bandaged arm, as though all the pain and smart of the times were centring there, and tried good-naturedly to reflect the satirical composure of his late adjutant. But when he sought to make light of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," he could not quite hide the exasperation of a spirit covered with their contusions; and when he spoke again, he frowned.

Mrs. Garnet observed Ravenel with secret concern. Men like Garnet, addicted to rhetoric, have a way of always just missing the vital truth of things, and this is what she believed this stripling had, in the intimacies of the headquarter's tent, discerned in him, and now so mildly, but so frequently, smiled at. "Major Garnet," she said, and silently indicated that someone was waiting in the doorway. The Ma-

jor, standing, turned and saw, faltering with conscious overboldness on the threshold, a tawny figure whose shoulders stared through the rags of a coarse cotton shirt; the man of all men to whom he was just then the most unprepared to show patience.

VI.

TROUBLE.

Outside it was growing dark. The bright red dot that, from the railed housetop, you might have seen on the far edge of Turkey Creek battle-ground, was a watch-fire beside the blackberry patch we know of. Here sat Judge March guarding his wagon and mules. One of them was sick. The wagon, under a load of barrelled pork and general supplies, had slumped into a hole and suffered a "general giving-way." While in Suez the Judge had paid Cornelius off, written a note to be given by him to Major Garnet, and agreed, in recognition of his abundant worthlessness, to part with him from date, finally.

Yet the magnanimous Cornelius, still with him when the wagon broke, went back to Suez for help and horse medicine, but trifled so sadly, or so gayly, that at sunset there was no choice but to wait till morning.

John, however, had to be sent home. But how? On the Judge's horse, behind Cornelius? The father hesitated. But the mulatto showed such indignant grief and offered such large promises, the child, of course, siding with the teamster, and after all, they could reach Widewood so soon after nightfall, that the Judge sent them. From Widewood Cornelius, alone, was to turn promptly back——

"Well, o' co'se, seh! Ain't I always promp'?"

Promptly back by way of Rosemont, leave the note there and then bring the Judge's horse to him at the camp-fire. If lights were out at Rosemont he could give the letter to some servant to be delivered next morning.

"Good-by, son. I can't hear yo' prayers to-night. I'll miss it myself. But if yo' dear motheh ain't too ti-ud maybe she'll hear 'em."

It suited Cornelius to turn aside first to Rosemont.

"You see, Johnnie, me an' Majo' Gyarnet is got some ve'y urgen' business to transpiah. An' den likewise an' mo'oveh, here's de triflin' matteh o' dis letteh. What contents do hit contain? I's done yo' paw a powerful favo', an' yit I has a sneakin' notion dat herein yo' paw espress hisseff wid great lassitude about me. An' thus, o' co'se, I want to know it befo' han', caze ef a man play you a trick you don't want to pay him wid a favo'. Trick fo' trick, favo' fo' favo', is de rule o' Cawnelius Leggett, Esquire, freedman, an' ef I fines, when Majo' Gyarnet read dis-yeh letteh, dat yo' paw done intercallate me a trick, I jist predestinatured to git evm wid bofe of'm de prompes' way I kin. You neveh seed me mad, did you? Well, when you see Cawnelius Leggett mad you wants to run an' hide. He wou'n't hu't a chile no mo'n he'd hu't a chicken, but ef dere's a man in de way—jis' on'y in de *way*—an' specially a *white* man—Lawd! he betteh teck a tree!"

The windows of Rosemont had for some time been red with lamplight when they fastened their horse to a swinging limb near the springhouse and walked up through the darkening grove to the kitchen. Virginia received her son with querulous surprise. "Gawd's own fool," she called him, "fuh runnin' off, an' de same fool double' an' twisted fo' slinkin' back." But when he arrogantly showed the Judge's letter she lapsed into silent disdain while she gave him an abundant supper. After a time the child was left sitting beside the kitchen fire, holding an untasted biscuit. Throughout the yard and quarters there was a stillness that was not sleep, though Virginia alone was out-of-doors, standing on the moonlit veranda looking into the hall.

She heard Major Garnet ask, with majestic forbearance, "Well, Cornelius, what do you want?"

The teamster advanced with his ragged hat in one hand and the letter in another. The Major, flushing red,

lifted his sound arm, commandingly, and the mulatto stopped. "Boy, can it be that in my presence and in the presence of your mistress you dare attempt to change the manners you were raised to?"

Cornelius opened his mouth with great pretense of ignorance, but——

"Go back and drop that hat outside the door, sir!" The servant went.

"Now, bring me that letter!" The bearer brought it and stood waiting while the Major held it under his lame arm and tore it open.

Judge March wrote that he had found a way to dispense with Cornelius at once, but his main wish was to express the hope—having let a better opportunity slip—that President Garnet as the "person best fitted in all central Dixie to impart to Southern youth a purely Southern education," would reopen Rosemont at once, and to promise his son to the college as soon as he should be old enough.

But for two things the Major might have felt soothed. One was a feeling that Cornelius had in some way made himself unpleasant to the Judge, and this grew to conviction as his nostrils caught the odor of strong drink. He handed the note to his wife.

"Judge March is always complimentary. Read it to Jeff-Jack. Cornelius, I'll see you for a moment on the back gallery." His wife tried to catch his eye, but a voice within him commended him to his own fortitude and he passed down the hall, the mulatto following. Johanna, crouching and nodding against the wall, straightened up as he passed. His footfall sounded hope to the strained ear of the Judge's son in the kitchen. Virginia slipped away. In the veranda, under the moonlight, Garnet turned and said, in a voice almost friendly:

"Cornelius."

"Yass, sah."

"Cornelius, why did you go off and hire yourself out, sir?"

At the last word the small listener in the kitchen trembled.

"Das jess what I 'llow to 'splain to you, sah."

"It isn't necessary. Cornelius, you know that if ever one class of human beings owed a life-long gratitude to another, you negroes owe it to your old masters, don't you? Stop! don't you dare to say no! Here you all are; never has one of you felt a pang of helpless hunger or lain one day with a neglected fever. Food, clothing, shelter, you've never suffered a day's doubt about them! No other laboring class ever were so free from the cares of life. Your fellow-servants have shown some gratitude; they've stayed with their mistress till I got home to arrange with them under these new conditions. But you—you! when I let you push on ahead and leave me sick and wounded and only half way home—your home and mine, Cornelius—with your promise to wait here till I could come and retain you on wages—you, in pure wantonness, must lift up your heels and prance away into your so-called new liberty. You're a fair sample of what's to come, Cornelius; you've spent your first wages for whiskey. Silence! you perfidious reptile!

"Oh, Cornelius, you needn't dodge in that way, sir, I'm not going to take you to the stable; thank God I'm done whipping you and all your kind, for life! Cornelius, I've only one business with you and it's only one word! Go! at once! forever! You should go if it were only—— Cornelius! I've been taking care of my own horse! Don't you dare to sleep on these premises to-night. Wait! Tell me what you've done to offend Judge March?"

"Why, Mahse John Wesley, I ain't done nothin' to Jedge Mahch; no, sah, neither defensive naw yit offensive. An' yit mo', I ain't dream o' causin' you sich uprisin' he'plessness. Me an' Jedge Mahch"—he began to swell—"has had a stric'ly private disparitude on the subjec' o' extry wages, account'n' o' his disinterpretations o' my plans an' his ig'nance o' de law." He tilted his face and gave himself an argumentative frown of matchless insolence. "You see, my deah seh——"

Garnet was wearily turning his head from side to side as if in unspeakable pain; a sudden movement of his free arm caused the mulatto to flinch, but the ex-master said, quietly:

"Go on, Cornelius."

"Yass. You see, Major, sence dis waugh done put us all on a sawt of equality——" The speaker flinched again.

"Great Heaven!" groaned the Major. "Cornelius, why, Cor—*ne*lius! you *viper!* if it were not for dishonoring my own roof I'd thrash you right here. I'm a good notion——"

"Ow! leg go me! I ain't gwine to 'low no daym rebel——"

Ravenel, stroking Barbara and talking to Mrs. Garnet, saw his hostess start and then try to attend to his words, while out on the veranda rang notes of fright and pain.

"Oh! don't grabble my whole bres' up dat a-way, sah! Please, sah! Oh! don't! You ain't got no mo' right! Oh! Lawd! Mahse John Wesley! Oh! good Lawdy! yo' han' bites like a *dawg!*"

Ravenel paused in his talk to ask Barbara about the sandman, but the child stared wildly at her mother. Johanna reappeared in the door with a scared face; Barbara burst into loud weeping and her nurse bore her away crying and bending toward her mother, while from the veranda the wail poured in:

"Oh! Oh! don't resh me back like that! Oh! Oh! my Gawd! Oh! you'll bre'k de balusters! Oh! my Gawd-A'mighty, my back; Mahse John Wesley, you a-breakin' *my back!* Oh, good Lawd 'a' mussy! my po' back! my po' back! Oh! don't dra—ag—you ain't a-needin' to drag me. I'll walk, Mahse John Wesley, I'll walk! Oh! you a-scrapin' my knees off! Oh! dat whip ain't over dah! You can't re'ch it down!—ef I bite——" There was a silent instant and the mulatto screamed.

With sinking knees a small form slipped from the kitchen and ran—fell—rose—and ran again across the moonlight and into the grove toward the spring-house.

Barbara's crying increased. Ravenel said:

"Don't let me keep you from the baby"—while outside:

"Oh! I didn't mean to bite you, sweet Mahse John Wesley. 'Fo' Gawd I—oh!—o—oh—h—you broke my knees."

"If you'll excuse me," said the mother, and went upstairs.

"Oh! mussy! mussy! yo' foot a-mashin' my whole breas' in'! Oh, my Gawd! De Yankees 'll git win' o' dis an' you'll go to jail."

The lash fell. "O—oh!—o—oh! Oh, Lawd!" Jeff-Jack sat still and once or twice smiled. "Oh, Lawd 'a' mussy! my back! Ow! It bu'ns like fiah!—o—oh!—oh!—ow!"

"It doesn't hurt as bad as it ought to, Cornelius," and the blows came again.

"Ow! Dey won't git win' of it! 'Deed an' 'deedy dey won't, sweet Mahse John Wesley!—oh!—o—oh!—Ow!—Oh, Lawd, come down! Dey des *shan't* git win' of it! 'fo' Gawd dey shan't! Ow!—oh!—oh!—oh!—a—ah—oo—oo!"

"Now, go!" said Garnet. Cornelius leaped up, ran with his eyes turned back on the whip, and fell again, wallowing like a scalded dog. "Oh, my po' back, my po' back! M—oh! it's a-bu'nin' up—oh!"

The Major advanced with the broken whip uplifted. Cornelius ran backward to the steps and rolled clear to the ground. The whip was tossed after him. With a gnashing curse he snatched it up and hurried off, moaning and writhing, into the darkness, down by the spring-house.

Garnet smiled in scorn, far from guessing that soon, almost as soon as yonder receding clatter of hoofs should pass into silence, the venomous thing from which he had lifted his heel would coil and strike, and that another back, a little one that had never felt the burden of a sin or a task, or aught heavier than the sun's kiss, was to take its turn at writhing and burning like fire.

The memory of that hour, when it was over and home was reached, was burnt into the child's mind forever. It was then late. Mrs. March, "never strong," and, with a sigh, "never anxious," had retired. Her two handmaids, freedwomen, were new to the place, but already fond of her son. Cornelius found them waiting uneasily at the garden-fence. He had lingered and toiled with the Judge and his broken wagon, he said, "notwithstand-

in' we done dissolve," until he had got the worst "misery in his back" he had ever suffered. When they received John from him and felt the child's tremblings, he warned them kindly that the less asked about it the better for the reputations of both the boy and his father.

"You can't 'spute the right an' custudy of a man to his own son's chastisement, naw yit to 'low to dat son dat ef ever he let's maw git win' of it, he give him double an' thribble."

When the women told him he lied he appealed to John, and the child nodded his head. About midnight Cornelius handed the horse over to Judge March, reassuring him of his son's safety and comfort, and hurried off, much pleased with the length of his own head in that he had not stolen the animal. John fell asleep almost as soon as he touched the pillow. Then the maid who had undressed him beckoned the other in. Candle in hand she led the way to the trundle-bed drawn out from under the Judge's empty four-poster, and sat upon its edge. The child lay chest downward. She lifted his gown, and exposed his back.

"Good Gawd!" whispered the other.

VII.

EXODUS.

As Major Garnet's step sounded again in the hall, Barbara's crying came faintly down through the closed doors. He found Ravenel sitting by the lamp, turning the spotted leaves of Heber's poems.

"Mrs. Garnet putting Barb to bed?" he asked, and slowly took an easy chair. His arm was aching cruelly.

"Yes." The young guest stretched and smiled.

The host was silent. He was willing to stand by what he had done, but that this young friend with lower moral pretensions wholly approved it made his company an annoyance. What he craved was unjust censure. "I reckon you'd like to go up, too, wouldn't you? It's camp bedtime."

"Yes, got to come back to sleeping in-doors—might as well begin."

On the staircase they met Johanna, with a lighted candle. The Major said, as kindly as a father, "I'll take that."

As she gave it her eyes rolled whitely up to his, tears slipped down her black cheeks, he frowned, and she hurried away. At his guest's door he said a pleasant good-night, and then went to his wife's room.

Only moonlight was there. From a small, dim chamber next to it came Barbara's softened moan. The mother sang low a child hymn. The father sat down at a window, and strove to meditate. But his arm ached. The mother sang on, and presently he found himself waiting for the fourth stanza. It did not come; the child was still; but his memory supplied it:

> "And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
> Of man's maturer age
> May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
> And stormy passions rage."

He felt, but put aside, the implication of reproach to himself which lay in the words and his wife's avoidance of them. He still believed that, angry and unpremeditated as his act was, he could not have done otherwise in justice nor yet in mercy. And still, through this right doing, what bitterness had come! His wife's, child's, guest's—his own—sensibilities had been painfully shocked. In the depths of a soldier's sorrow for a cause loved and lost, there had been the one consolation that the unasked freedom so stupidly thrust upon these poor slaves was in certain aspects an emancipation to their masters. Yet here, before his child had learned to fondle his cheek, or his home-coming was six hours old, his first night of peace in beloved Rosemont had been blighted by this vile ingrate forcing upon him the exercise of the only discipline, he fully believed, for which such a race of natural slaves could have a wholesome regard. The mother sang again, murmurously. The soldier grasped his suffering arm, and returned to thought.

The war, his guest had said, had not taken the slaves away. It could only redistribute them, under a new bondage of wages instead of the old bondage of pure force. True. And the best and

wisest servants would now fall to the wisest and kindest masters. Oh, for power to hasten to-morrow's morning, that he might call to him again that menial band down in the yard, speak to them kindly, even of Cornelius's fault, bid them not blame the outcast resentfully, and assure them that never while love remained stronger in them than pride, need they shake the light dust of Rosemont from their poor, shambling feet.

He rose, stole to the door of the inner room, pushed it noiselessly, and went in. Barbara, in her crib, was hidden by her mother standing at her side. The wife turned, glanced at her husband's wounded arm, and made a soft gesture for him to keep out of sight. The child was leaning against her mother, saying the last words of her own prayer.

"An' Dod bless ev'ybody, Uncle Leviticus, an' Aunt Jinny, an' Johanna, an' Willis, an' Trudie, an' C'nelius "—a sigh —"an' mom-a, an'—that's all—an'——"

"And pop-a?"

No response. The mother prompted again. Still the child was silent. "And pop-a, you know—the best last."

"An' Dod bless the best last," said Barbara, sadly. A pause.

"Don't you know all good little girls ask God to bless their pop-as?"

"Do they?"

"Yes."

"Dod bless pop-a," she sighed, dreamily; "an' Dod bless me, too, an' —an' keep me f'om bein' a dood little dirl.—Ma'am?—Yes, ma'am. Amen."

She laid her head down, and in a moment was asleep. Husband and wife passed out together. The wounded arm, its pain unconfessed, was cared for, pious prayers were said, and the pair lay down to slumber.

Far in the night the husband awoke. He could think better now in the almost perfect stillness. There were faint signs of one or two servants being astir, but in the old South that was always so. He pondered again upon the present and the future of the unhappy race upon whom freedom had come as a wild freshet. Thousands must sink, thousands starve, for all were drunk with its cruel delusions. Yea, on this deluge the whole Southern social world, with its two distinct divisions — the shining upper—the dark nether — was reeling and careening, threatening, each moment, to turn once and forever wrong side up, a hope-forsaken wreck. To avert this, to hold society on its keel, must be the first and constant duty of whoever saw, as he did, the fearful peril. So, then, this that he had done—and prayed that he might never have to do again—was, underneath all its outward hideousness, a more than right, a generous, deed. For a man who, taking all the new risks, still taught these poor, base, dangerous creatures to keep the only place they could keep with safety to themselves or their superiors, was to them the only truly merciful man.

He drifted into revery. Thoughts came, so out of harmony with this line of reasoning that he could only dismiss them as vagaries. Was sleep returning? No, he laid wide-awake, frowning with the pain of his wound. Yet he must have drowsed at last, for when suddenly he saw his wife standing, draped in some dark wrapping, hearkening at one of the open windows, the moon was sinking.

He sat up and heard faintly, far afield, the voices of Leviticus, Virginia, Willis, Trudie, and Johanna, singing one of the wild, absurd, and yet passionately significant hymns of the Negro Christian worship. Distance drowned the words, but an earlier familiarity supplied them to the grossly syncopated measures of the tune which, soft and clear, stole in at the open window.

"Rise in dat mawnin', an' rise in dat mawnin',
Rise in dat mawnin', an' fall upon yo' knees.
Bow low, an' a-bow low, an' a-bow low a little bit longah,
Bow low, an' a-bow low; sich a conquerin' king!"

The eyes of wife and husband met in a long gaze.

"They're coming this way," he faltered.

She slowly shook her head.

"My love"— But she motioned for silence and said, solemnly:

"They're leaving us."

"They're wrong!" he murmured in grieved indignation.

"Oh, who is right?" she sadly asked.

"They shall not treat us so!" exclaimed he. He would have sprung to his feet, but she turned upon him suddenly, uplifting her hand, and with a ring in her voice that made the walls of the chamber ring back, cried,

"No, no! Let them go! They were mine when they were property, and they are mine now! Let them go!"

The singing ceased. The child in the next room had not stirred. The dumfounded husband sat motionless under pretence of listening. His wife made a despairing gesture. He motioned to hearken a moment more; but no human sound sent a faintest ripple across the breathless air; the earth was as silent as the stars. Still he waited—in vain—they were gone.

The soldier and his wife lay down once more without a word. There was no more need of argument than of accusation. For in those few moments the weight of his calamities had broken through into the under quicksands of his character and revealed them to himself.

(To be continued.)

"WHITHER THOU GOEST."

By Solomon Solis-Cohen.

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thy path was strewn
With roses; and behold, my naked feet
Have tracked in crimson all thy stony street,
And faintness cometh swift upon me. Soon
Shall I fall prostrate in thy cruel way,
With eyes that reck not betwixt night and day—
Nor any joy of all thou toldst, is won.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thine air was filled
With unimagined melody; the lays
That poets whisper in their hearts; the praise
Tumultuous, of the happy birds that build.
I hear a burden of all grief and pain—
Harsh discords of reproach—the broken strain
Of one that by a ruined nest makes moan.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!

O Love, I cried, These be thy flowers that spring,
Glorious with crimson stain, beneath my feet;
And mine own heart makes melody more sweet,
For memoried sorrows, than thy glad birds sing.
Fain would I tarry in this happy place,
But thou still holdest thine unloitering pace
Toward the dark vale beyond the setting sun.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!



STORIES IN STONE FROM NOTRE DAME.

By Theodore Andrea Cook.

"Il n'est asme si revesche qui ne se sente touchée de quelque révérence à considérer la vastité sombre de nos églises," says the old essayist, of the churches in his beloved Paris, with that touch of the modern sentiment so rare in the years which were Montaigne's. The end of the sixteenth century had with it the churches of the Middle Ages still wellnigh perfect, yet learned as little from them, understood as little of them, as the beginning of the nineteenth. In the last days of the French monarchy the Gothic cathedrals—mutilated, desecrated, misunderstood—seemed to have lost all meaning, save in the eternal mockery of the devils carved outside their walls and grinning above the city at the wickedness which alone was older than themselves. The sculptures, full of meaning, above door and arch and column, the statues in their niches, the men and beasts and angels overhead, were only beheld by eyes that saw not, only appealed to minds that would not understand. Even in 1871 the Commune tried to burn down what the Revolution had left unhurt, though not undesecrated. Yet, could they but have read those signs in stone, the hasty champions of the liberty and equality of man must have spared perforce a monument so democratic as was Notre Dame, so instinct with the contemporaneous life and passion of a people that had just begun to feel their power. It is more particularly to these carvings, and to the lesser known among them, as being the especial expression of the people's feelings and the people's art, that I wish in this place to draw attention.



Gargoyle at Magnévilie.

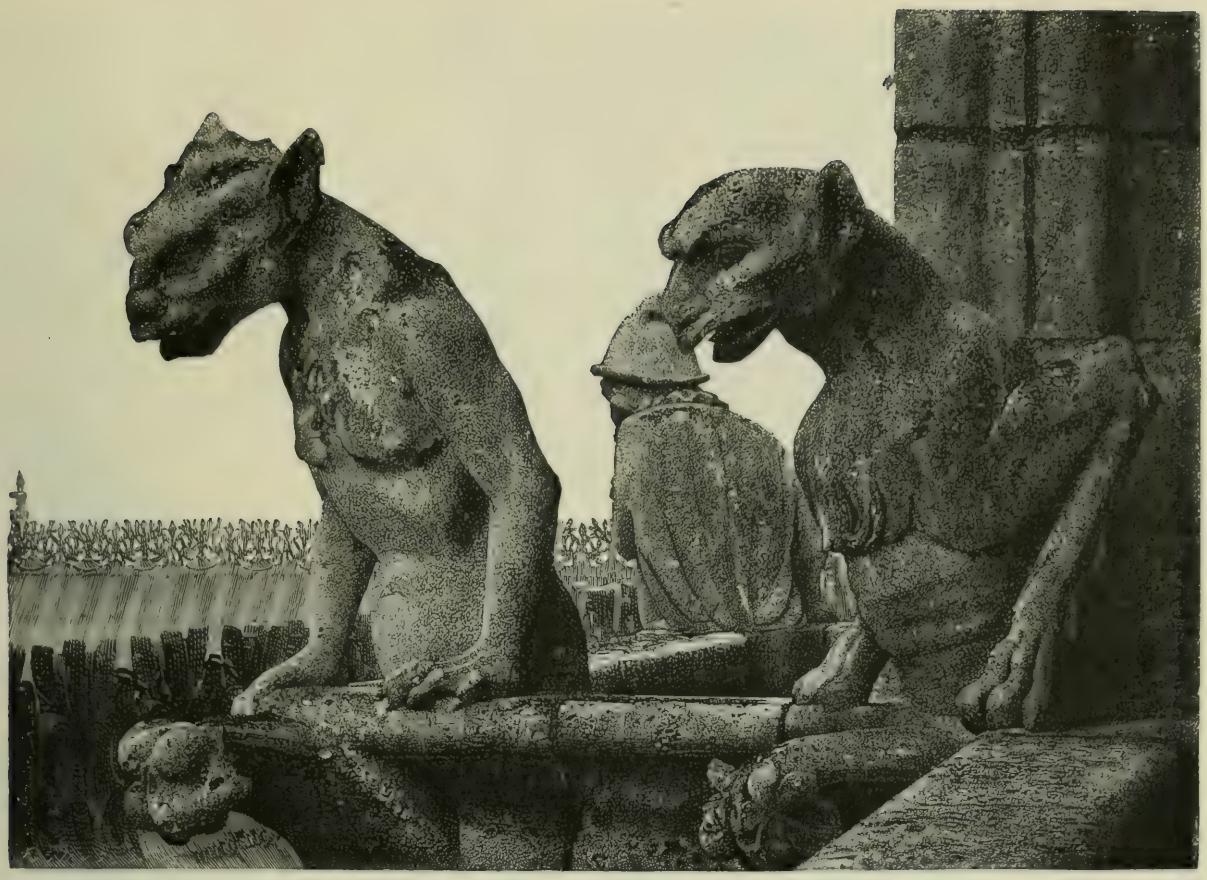
(This and the following outlines from sketches by Boeswiswald)



In considering the important monuments of almost any French town it is impossible not to be struck, at the outset, with the extraordinary continuity of power and sacredness upon the same spot. As Professor Freeman pointed out, the divisions of Roman Gaul remained the divisions of ecclesiastical France down to the end of the eighteenth century, and that because all her greatest towns have been great from the beginning; her oldest cities are immeasurably more ancient than the oldest towns of England, where the connection with early times is seen more in institutions than in such buildings as the Maison Carrée or the many Roman relics that beautify Provence and France. Long before the days of Cæsar the Gaulish camp had been fixed upon the hill by the windings of a river, on the island in a stream, and that centre of military and religious strength has never ceased since its development by Roman civilization. On the east point of the city of Paris, which its first conquerors found sacred, had stood the image of Cerumnus, with the ears of Anubis and hands on knees like Buddha; and when the new creed came, to take a possession that was temporal and spiritual as well, the new churches rose where the old temples had stood; the materials were ready to hand, walls and columns changed places, the pillars from the outside now parted the long nave from the aisles, and above the foundations of Jupiter's temple on the Seine Island arose the first church to St. Stephen.

In 528, when Childebert built the first Notre Dame, as distinct from the older foundation, from the second childhood of the Roman Empire the infancy of the Barbarians had still to borrow the formulas and symbols of its art as of its faith. This was the first great church lighted with windows of glass. "It seemed," says the chronicler, "that some skilful workman had prisoned day within the fane." And in truth there was little save darkness beyond the walls, a darkness which has scarcely been penetrated yet. But with the downfall of the Frankish Kings the building was entirely reconstructed, like the castle of the feudal lord or the dwelling of the rich merchant, the château of Langeais or the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges. In England, because the country was comparatively safe, far fewer of these old feudal castles have





remained. For the same reason too, in the cathedral towns, a fair, open space of ground was left, from which the towers and buttresses rose unimpeded to the sky. But in France small room was left within the fortress walls to think of such proportions; the houses clustered round the spot of immemorial sanctuary and were built, as at Carcassonne or Rouen, even touching the walls of their salvation; for the battlemented churches of Narbonne and other southern towns were castle and temple in one. Thus comes it that the parvis of Notre Dame is a comparatively modern space. Like all old soils it frequently needed excavation, for the *débris* of many centuries rose continually like a tide upon the steps of the cathedral. Even down to quite recent years the whole ground was built over, and the excitement easy among such near neighbors often burst from the crowded streets into the church itself.

This great cathedral, the central and the mother church of Paris, the type in which the differing details of all the others were bound up and brought into harmony, rose swiftly into being, and grew to full perfection almost without the marring of a single line in the first plan. Like a poem smitten into stone, it resumed the life that had produced it; for, as in the mirror of the Homeric story, or of the Nibelungenlied, is seen a whole civilization gathered up in song, so in Notre Dame the story of France in the twelfth century is written on an everlasting page, which Victor Hugo has read for this century and those to come. It is almost the last of that story in stone which began before the pyramids and seems ended with the great Gothic churches, with which wellnigh ceased the art of architecture itself. Even as far on as the beginning of the sixteenth century the love of the builder for his building lingered, and in some few of the great French Renaissance châteaux on the Loire, it is possible to realize what a labor of love was still the work of the old masons, what time unlimited their workmen had, to chisel cunningly at the firm white stone beneath the mellow sunshine of the South, until each part was filled with something of the individuality of the man whose life was spent in



slow and perfect labor with his hands, until the scheme which gave each workman his allotted task was finished in its harmony of carving, its strength and delicacy of construction and of form. But this was only the last weakened remnant of the spirit which built the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, only the irregular manifestation of a splendor which heralded decay. The book had indeed killed the builder. The ruled lines and spaces of Mansard, the treatises and theories of the seventeenth century, finally crushed out the originality which had moved the master-masons; "the beautiful lines of art give place to the cold and inexorable tracings of geometry, the bones of an architecture sick unto death almost show through the fleshless skin." Such buildings were for the courtier and the king, and in those halls of etiquette and ceremony the people had no more part than they had sympathy with their construction or understanding of their uses. But in the great cathedrals, the very names of whose creators are often unknown, individuality is lost, the sum of human intelligence of the day is resumed, for "Time was their architect and the People was their master-mason;" and the people feeling that their church belonged to them, filled it (as at the Fête des Fous) with a laughing, shouting, not too decent crowd; by its altar serfs were freed, enemies were reconciled, oaths to treaties taken, sanctuary given to the outcast flying from punishment of his enemy or of the law. Here the doors closed to the high-born sinner that opened to the lowest penitent; here the knight prayed through the first vigil over his virgin arms, then solemnly dedicated to the mother of Christ; here alms and healing were ready for the poorest, public assemblies were held, justice was distributed. On *fête* days sweet-smelling rushes hid the pavement, flowers and branches wreathed the pillars; baptisms, coronations, marriages, funerals followed one another; the whole social life was gathered up and sanctified within the walls beneath the protection of the mother church. For the blessings of the Church were as ready for the subject as her curses for the king. Her power seemed to embrace all by one means or another within its grasp.





From the very beginning her riches had steadily increased. In an age which was lavish as it was rapacious, devout as it was dissolute, the doctrines of purgatory and masses for the dead could not but prove materially serviceable. Every rich adherent to the powerful monastery brought his added gift, every rich sinner in the world



outside bought by his gift his soul's salvation. Still further, the superiority of their knowledge and education made the bishops fit members of government, framers of laws, political correspondents in the Latin tongue, which they preserved. In large ways, as in small, advantages unseen but no less solid were invariably to be obtained ; for if the pope himself could thunder excommunications at the principalities and powers, no less had deacons the upper hand of barons, and bishops of the higher dignitaries. This had a strange result. The Church became an actual instrument, and a most powerful one, in the rise of the democracy, for within its pale the poorest man might enter and as a priest become the friend of princes. Thus, too, the old unquestioned supremacy of dogmatic forms and doctrines became a broader and more humane religion. The Church was no more an unintelligible thing apart, but opened its doors to all men, took a share in all men's doings. The age of priestly supremacy, of an authority as impenetrable as it was absolute, was passing away, and with it the forms of architecture in which it had found expression, those forms which in their consecration of a primitive type — intelligible to the initiated only—taught that all change or progress was alike



impiety. But in the age of the Gothic cathedrals feudality was beginning to show above sacerdotalism, and the people above feudality itself; so that on these buildings of the people is stamped the mark of their variety, their originality, their progress. At last religion had become sufficiently understood and subordinated to allow beauty and imagination to take their true part. The church became a symbol understanded of the people and filled with tokens every soul and eye could comprehend; the stone cried out of the wall and the beam out of the timber answered it. A few general and even mechanical rules might be sufficient to guide the architect, but sculpture with justice claims for its province the imitation not only of nature but of the character and passions of the human soul. So the altar and the four walls of the interior the priest might claim, but roof and pillar, arch and portal might be adorned, enlarged, written upon. This, too, with absolute license and without restraint, for the thoughts, the ideas, the dreams that are now scattered broadcast by the press then found one of their chief expressions in the work of the master-mason, who was poet, painter, sculptor, all in one, who covered the face of Europe with the cathedrals that were each the lasting proof of his imaginative genius.

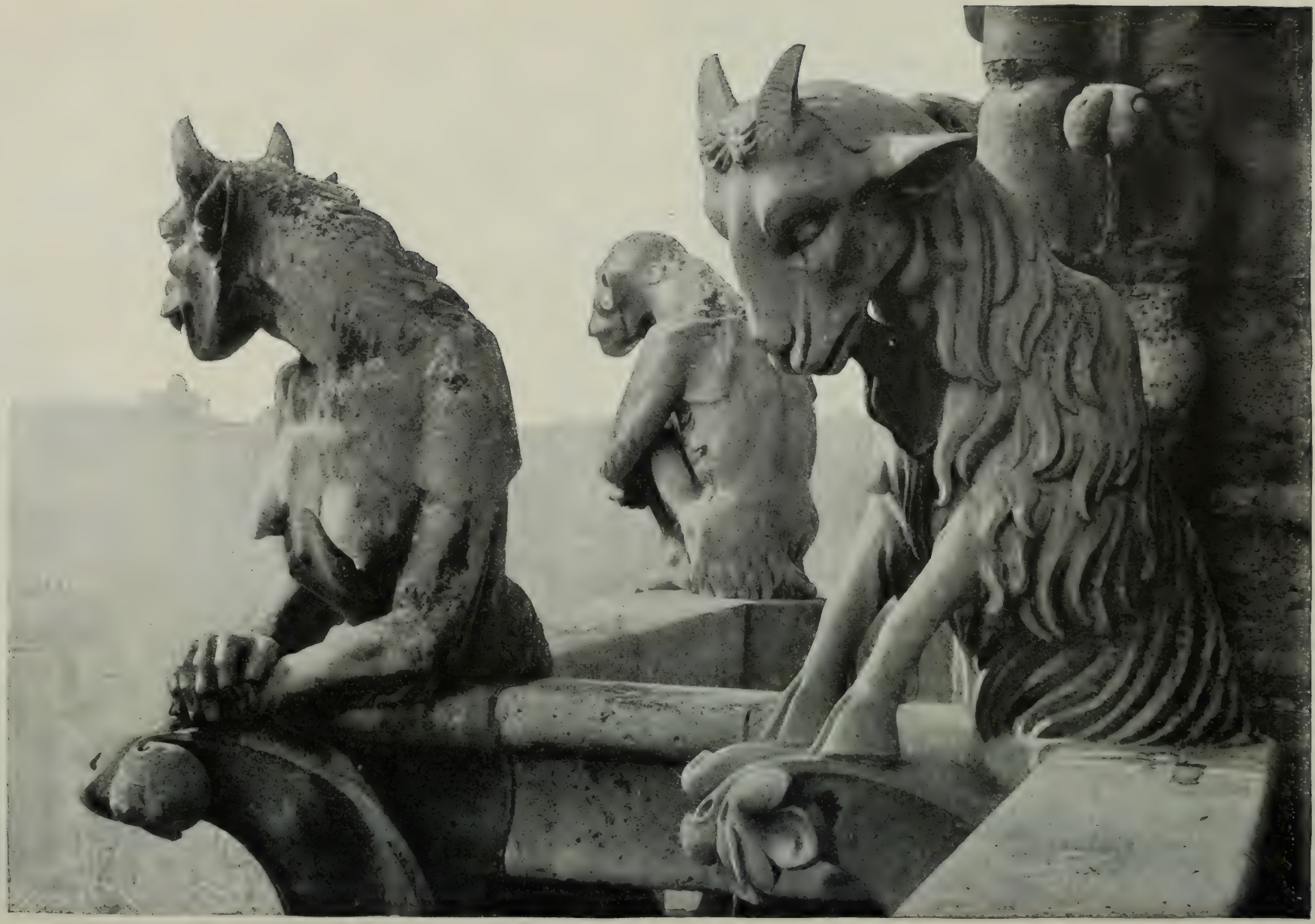


Between 1161 and 1235 Notre Dame was practically finished. Alexander III. laid the first stone, and the Patriarch Heraclius celebrated the first mass; Rome, Jerusalem, and Paris, the three greatest of the cities, united to honor the foundation. Though a fire somewhat modified the



original arrangement and style of the interior, the cathedral rose with a unity that was little short of miraculous in so vast a building. The north door and façade were, indeed, only begun in 1257, by the care of Jehan de Chelles, and it was not till 1351 that Ravy and Jean le Bouteiller had finished the glass and decoration of the choir; but by 1223 the great entrance was done, and by St. Louis the towers were completed. They were originally meant to support two spires, but when once their long light arches had been crowned by the square cornices carved upon their summits, they seemed so to take hold upon the vacant air that nothing could be added to impair their symmetry, and with a rare forbearance they were left perfect and unfinished. And now in the massive unity of the whole and in the beauty of its details each man might read as in a book the motives, the daily occupations, the beginning and ending of his life. Upon the Porte du Jugement were the Vices and the Virtues; the knight spurring on his restive horse, the coward flying from a hare, the monk leaving his cloister; Hope, with a banner, looking up to heaven; Valor in chain-mail, sword in hand; kings and the great ones of the earth going down quick into hell. So, too, upon the Porte de la Vierge the very calendar of the workman's tasks is sculptured, each month with its appropriate toil. Upon the Porte Sainte-Anne had worked the devil Biscornette, paid by a workman's soul and unable to touch the centre panel through which passed the blessed sacrament. On the Porte Rouge is the statue that has the greatest historical interest of them all, for here, with his wife Marguerite de Provence, is carved the figure of St. Louis, which is supposed to be the only authentic contemporary statue of the Royal Crusader with one exception.

But as the walls rose higher the fancy of the artist and his workmen became more and more unfettered. As the line is reached from which the gargoyles first begin to peer and strain out of the stone, the carving is no more restricted to subjects allegorical, whether human or divine; strange beasts from earth and sea and sky stretch open-mouthed from every cor-



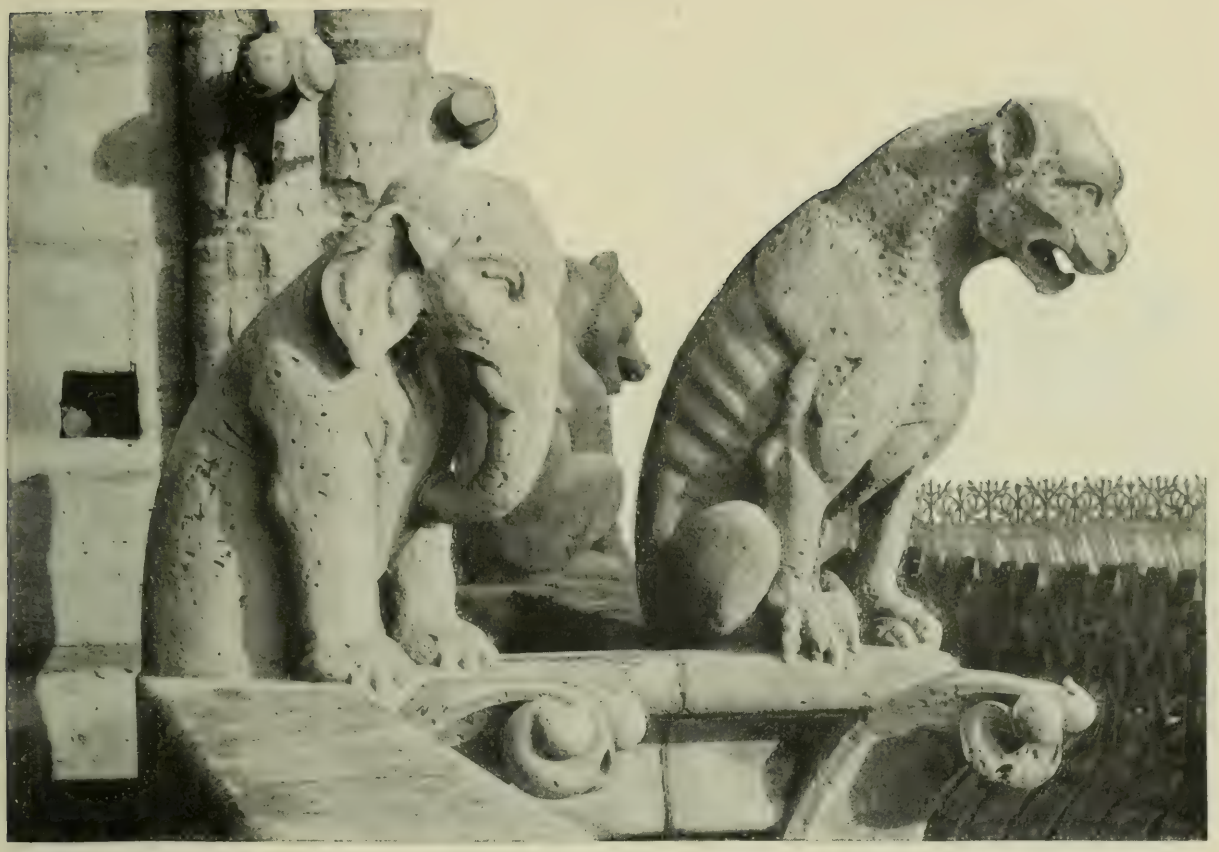




ner. Yet Notre Dame is not so rich in gargoyles, technically so called—that is, ornamental spouts for carrying off rain-water. Many churches in the Dauphiné, the roofs of Toul and Chartres, have many more. The few of such old carvings that have been left are among the finest examples of the grotesque art of the Middle Ages. It is by the kindness of one of the few contemporaries of Viollet le Duc the elder that I am enabled to reproduce some of these among the sculptures from Notre Dame.

M. Boeswiswald's sketches, one result of his long experience in the great trust of caring for the historic monuments of France, give many striking examples of the kind of spontaneous and unbridled art which we have seen resulted in the building of the cathedrals. Upon the walls of the Sainte-Chapelle, for instance, the water-spouts are all alive : griffins, hydras, winged hounds, and scaly lizards start from roof and buttress, as though in the first moment of their flight and struggle they were petrified to stillness and made against their wills to serve as useful parts in some great scheme far past their comprehension. Others there are with some strange touch of the infernal in their aspect and expression, or some yet more horrible imagination of the lost human soul ; carvings which the simple faith that saw them first explained as the fiends and ministers of hell who circled round the temple at its building, striving to hinder its comple-

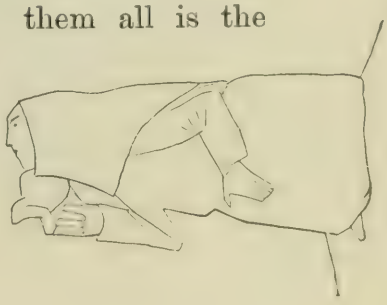




tion, and were there fixed lifeless for evermore, some as they tried to break loose and fly from the sanctuary, others as they struggled still to enter it and work their will upon it.

But a still more terrible form of the grotesque, in its most powerful expression, is to be found in the monsters carved at Laon and a few other of the finer cathedrals, and still higher than we have yet seen upon the walls of Notre Dame. They have absolutely no useful part to play in the construction of the fabric, as have the gargoyles, and they differ also in the greater completeness of their representation. They are subservient to no secondary purpose, but seem carved purely to allow the workman a further opportunity to express his thoughts and to secure a lasting place for them in a building which summed up all the many sides of life and feeling in his age. They even cease to reproduce the forms of nature which have become insufficient vehicles for the thought that is struggling for expression. In these *chimères*, as they are called, the unbridled imagination of the artist, confused by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp, has played with fire and jested waywardly, sometimes bitterly, with the shapes of death and sin. Mr. Ruskin has once and for all explained this branch of creative art, of which examples are chiefly found either in line-drawing or in sculpture: tangible signs are used to express truths otherwise inexpressible ; symbols are boldly and fearlessly thrown together in a connection which the beholder is left to make out as he may ; the gaps in this connection constitute the nature of the grotesque, which may thus allow of infinite variety in the subject and method of its fantastic treatment. With such creations the towers of Notre Dame are circled. Some of them are the old originals ; the greater part are recarved, under the inspiring direction of Viollet le Duc, from shattered or crumbling fragments which still remained to show the intention of the first artist.

Prominent among them all is the presiding devil to whom Méryon's



From the Cloisters at Toul.



etching has given widest fame. A muscular demon with high cheekbones and flat nose, his lean chin resting on his hands, he sits licking his lips over the sins of Paris. His attendant ghouls are less well known. Looking westward over the parvis is a grim fiend throttling a rat, the embodiment of cruelty. Further along a monster grins with the very horror of a laugh. Beyond him sits a creature in despair almost comic, next to a beast howling furiously at the city which it cannot reach. At an angle of the balustrade a phœnix suckles her young with her own blood, watched by a hideous shape with female breasts, clutching the parapet and looking hungrily for the foul brood she has just lost. Behind her a dog tears at a bullock's throat, next to a monstrous bird with hooded head and vacant eye, screaming defiance. Apes and elephants and slimy brutes with scales, dragons of the prime and shapes of ancient evil, crowd round the towers. Among them all there is but one human form, a man who twists his fingers in his beard and strains out over the city as though to search for a deliverer from all these horrors. A goat (surely the goat of Esmeralda) looks down quietly from an angle, and behind every corner you expect the misshapen form of Quasimodo climbing to and fro amid such congenial surroundings or swinging wildly in the belfry just above.



"Une ville sans cloches," says Jacques de Bragmardo, "est comme un aveugle sans baston un asne sans cropière et une vache sans cymbales," with many more arguments to induce Gargantua to replace the bells which he had stolen; and indeed the sound of their ringing is the one most appropriate to their nearest audience, who sit amid the swing and thunder of those iron tongues, and seem to shout the louder when they peal. In 1472 the



At Chartres.



bourdon in the south tower, called Jacqueline, and given by Jean de Montaigne, rang the Angelus for the first time. In 1643 it pealed for the victory of Rocroy, and for the next five years kept joyfully aswing, until in 1667 came news of Tournay, Douai, Courtray, Lille, and Jacqueline grew well nigh hoarse with so much cheering. So, twenty years after she had to be recast, and in 1805 she was hard at work once more proclaiming the nation's victories from Ulm and Austerlitz to Wagram. And now the great bell from the Cathedral of Sebastopol keeps her company, as she waits to chronicle the joys and sorrows of the people who have built the tower where she hangs. The great republic that is growing round those towers now is the descendant of that outburst of democracy which built them. Small wonder that the cathedrals are becoming better understood; the spirit that produced them is in their land once more, hampered, it may be, by its very growth; Hausmannized out of all originality, out of almost all remembrance, yet still alive. "Il n'est asme si revesche qui ne se sente touchée."

There is a legend of the ruined churches in Provence which their poet Mistral has told:

"A la sourniero
Pourrias vèire li bord s'eigreja tout autour
. . . E, courdura dins lou susàri
Li mort, un aro, un pièi, s'ana metre à geinoun;
. . . E li campano, d'esperéli,
A brand, ploura de clar eme de long plagnoun."*

It was the hour when the last day was dead and the next one had not yet been born. The many stars of night were darkened with a cloud that hung for a moment motionless above the city

*In *Mirèio:*

"In the dusk
You might see the floor rising all round
. . . And sewn within their shrouds
The dead, one by one, falling upon their knees;
. . . And the bells, of their own accord
Aswing, wailing their dirges with long sighs."

In Alsace.

like a pall, then drifted suddenly before a waft of wind that drove the banks of vapor before its path and crisped the current of the river. The air that had been still and silent awoke with a strange rustling, as though its shadows had become alive. Upon the towers and windows of the great cathedral a light from the low moon shone fitfully and passed and shone again. The wind rose higher, higher still, and the echoes that seemed whirling on its wings grew louder every moment, swelled by a burst of sudden sound from the cathedral towers. The great bells, swinging as though to greet the angry sky, crashed out their welcome till the belfry swayed and shuddered and the pillars in the nave swung on their bases like masts upon a troubled sea. Slow chords of deep-toned music swelled along the aisles in waves of harmony that roused the sleeping soldiers from their tombs and gave a voice to every praying saint. From every crack and crevice of the building, from every water-spout and gaping gargoyle's mouth the flood of sound swept outward, upward to the bells. A sudden tide of life seemed eddying through the church and rousing in its stones some kindred spirit of the elements. The monsters crouching on the towers and balustrades rose from their places, snuffing the night-air, and flew or strode or shuffled, each with his peculiar gait, toward the summit of the bell-tower; birds, hollow-eyed and cowled, monstrous apes and forms half human and half devil, climbing and griping in a hideous medley, as though the powers of lowest hell were loosed against the temple of the Mother of Christ. The moon sank utterly. Through the thick darkness sounds of hollow laughter, of griding claws and clapping wings, mingled confusedly with the murmur of the wind that rushed on swiftly toward the east. The black cloud broke above, but not a star was seen, for in the east a greater light grew slowly, till the swift presage of the dawn shot from the horizon like St. Michael's lance and touched the zenith with its point. The forms upon the creeping stone grew gray and still and shrank back to their own places, as the first ray of the morning blazed upon the houses and the river. With a murmur of returning day the city woke to life and the cathedral—died.







From Sainte-Chapelle.





A RAINY AFTERNOON.

By George A. Hibbard.



IT was a rainy afternoon, and moreover an afternoon that apparently would be rainy until the end. About this there could seemingly be no possible question. There was not a gleam in the sky, not a sign of clearing anywhere. The rain had begun in the morning in a fitful and tentative fashion, but by luncheon had settled down to a steady pour. Now, outdoors everything was soaked and dripping. Large pools stood in the garden-paths, and the fountain, as it threw its thin jets weakly upward, seemed an absurdly superfluous affair. It was dark too, for a heavy mist had fallen upon the landscape, cutting off from sight the lake and the opposite hills, and very dismal, with a strong wind moaning through the tall pines. In short it was an honest, unmistakably rainy afternoon—an afternoon upon which there could be no thought of anything except staying indoors. The entire party had agreed upon this immediately after luncheon, standing by one of the dining-room windows down which the raindrops ran so thick and fast. Now all had scattered and were busy with the usual occupations of a house-party in such a plight. In the hall one of the Lyddington twins, with a tumbler of water on her head, was struggling, encouraged thereto by the applause of the spectators, among whom was Blaisdell; in the music-room Miss Ashton was playing the accompaniment for Mifflin, who had been longing ever since he came to sing a song of his own composition; in the library Baldwyn was showing the other Lyddington girl a new game of cards; in the conservatory Harold Cliffe was smoking alone; Miss Haladene was upstairs writing letters, and Kitty Cheslyn was sitting over the fire with her hostess, Mrs. Kercheval.

"It certainly does make it a great deal more cheerful," said Mrs. Kercheval for the third time, referring to the fire which had been kindled at Kitty's suggestion, and which now brightly blazing, lit up the room.

"Yes," responded Kitty, absently.

"I'm sorry, my dear, that you're so blue," continued Mrs. Kercheval, quite as if Kitty's "blueness" had been the subject about which she had been talking all the time; "but I don't wonder. It's a fearful day."

"That isn't it—altogether," Kitty responded, sadly.

"I know," said her hostess, with ready understanding. "And was it necessary?"

"Sometimes it almost seems that it wasn't," Kitty continued, gloomily.

"Yes, that's the trouble about being a martyr," commented Mrs. Kercheval; "at least it's one of the troubles. You never can feel sure that it is worth while. There is always just a little bothersome doubt lest it may be foolish and useless, and indeed rather absurd. After you have fastened yourself to the stake and the flames are beginning to jump up around you, the pleasing reflection is frequently forced upon you that, after all, you may be nothing more than a rather pretentious and rather ridiculous figure."

"I don't think that there really could be any doubt in this case."

"Possibly," assented Mrs. Kercheval. "Still, there is always the suspicion that you may be making yourself uncomfortable for nothing. Not, my dear," she went on, "that I don't think that you were very good and noble to send him away."

"There was nothing else to do," said Kitty, positively. "A man can't break an engagement—and you know how long they have been engaged. Harold, I know, felt it himself, and saw that nothing could be done. Of course we've never said anything, because we couldn't, but he knows that I care about him." And Kitty looked, with eyes swimming with tears, at her dearest friend and her oldest confidante.

"And he loves you," said Mrs. Kercheval. "Anyone could see that from the letter, but why he wrote it I cannot understand."

"When I asked him to send my foolish letter back, it was natural that he should add a few lines, and if they were stronger than they ought to have been it was because," and Kitty smiled sadly, "he forgot to remember."

"Your letter to him was unmistakable," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"I am afraid it was. I die every time I think of it—and, Edith dear, where is it?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, "I'll give it to you."

"I had to show it to you," said Kitty; "I wanted to know if you thought that it was too awful."

"In view of all that he had said," began Mrs. Kercheval, "and the manner in which you have always known one another, I don't know——"

"Still," interrupted Kitty, "you think that it was pretty awful."

"I think," said Mrs. Kercheval, "that anyone reading it, could easily believe that you were in love with him—it had a rather heart-broken tone—and that he would be perfectly justified in believing it himself."

"I don't care," responded Kitty, stoutly. "I may be, but I wouldn't take him away from her, not if I broke my heart a dozen times, and I'm not going to do that."

"I think it is very noble of you," resumed Mrs. Kercheval.

"Don't use such big, cold words," said Kitty. "You make me feel as if I had done something heroic—classic—something that implies Greek draperies and an altar at least. Whereas——"

"Whereas," repeated Mrs. Kercheval, "you have given up a man you care about, because you thought that his duty to another required you to make the sacrifice. Of course, you did it in a Doucet frock, and before your table for afternoon tea, but it was a case of self-immolation all the same. You can understand from the letter that he would have broken everything, although he was perfectly aware that it was not right, if you had not kept him from it."

"And if I only knew whether Helen really loved him," mused Kitty. "With those stately people it's so difficult to tell. She is so calm about it."

"I understand," said Mrs. Kercheval. "Of course she is very admirable, but I wish she were a little more expansive."

"It may be strength and depth of feeling."

"But if Helen suspected anything—that Harold had come to care for you in the way he does," said Mrs. Kercheval, "she would not want to hold him to the engagement. She would not wish to marry anyone who did not wholly love her. Now, suppose she had seen that letter, do you not believe that she would break off everything on the spot?"

"Of course," said Kitty, "but she does not suspect anything, and she never will know. Harold likes her and respects her, and her money will be a great help to him, and she will make him very happy, and—everything is most miserable."

Kitty Cheslyn, bending forward, rested her head on her arm, and looked away from Mrs. Kercheval at the fire.

"My dear," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"Don't mind me," sobbed Kitty, "I—I'm all right now."

For a moment both were silent.

"Oh, Helen, it's you," exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, glancing toward the door.

Kitty Cheslyn sat up quickly.

"Yes," answered the girl, entering.

"You've written your letters?" asked Mrs. Kercheval.

"Yes," answered Miss Haladene.

She rarely talked very much, but no one ever seemed to expect that she would, and yet nobody had ever thought of accusing her of stupidity. Now straying over to the fire in an impressive manner, she stood against the mantel in something of a caryatic attitude.

"Isn't it cold?" was what Miss Haladene said, in her calm, deep tone, gazing solemnly at her hostess.

"Surprisingly," answered Mrs. Kercheval, with something of the deference with which everyone treated the least of Miss Haladene's remarks.

"Oh," continued Miss Haladene, turning and speaking to Kitty, "I

found something belonging to you a little while ago."

"To me!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes," said Miss Haladene, taking a letter from the pile she held in her hands. "It's a letter addressed to you, and I picked it up on the upper landing." She handed the letter to Kitty and prepared to leave the room. "I'll put these on the hall-table," she continued, going out, "so that they'll go by the evening post."

"Good heavens!" cried Kitty, as soon as Miss Haladene had disappeared, facing about and speaking to Mrs. Kercheval in quick consternation.

"What is it, my dear?"

"The letter," gasped Kitty.

"What letter?" demanded her hostess.

"The letter from Harold Cliffe—inclosing my letter, that I gave you to read," she answered, staring at the envelope, "How did it ever happen to be on the stairs?"

"It must have fallen there by accident," said Mrs. Kercheval, confusedly.

"You must have dropped it," exclaimed Kitty reproachfully, "and it's *open*."

She hurried the document into her pocket, as if with an instinctive desire for its immediate concealment.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Kercheval, soothingly. She could have spoken soothingly to Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, if she had happened to be sitting on the next column. "Never mind," she murmured, "no one can have seen it before Helen picked it up——"

"But Helen——" began Kitty.

"But Helen," repeated Mrs. Kercheval; and then, as if at last realizing some point that had for the moment escaped her attention, "but Helen——"

"Of all the people in the world," exclaimed Kitty, breathlessly.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Kercheval.

"But she wouldn't have read it—she couldn't have read it," urged Kitty.

"No, of course," said the other. "It would be impossible for her, although the temptation would be tremendous. She must have recognized Harold's writing, and of course she would be curious to know what the man to whom she was engaged had to write to a girl like you, of whom she has always been a little jealous."

"Nonsense," retorted Kitty.

"It's true," maintained Mrs. Kercheval; and then she added, rather inconsequentially, "but what a terrible thing for her to read."

"Then you think she *did* read it?" asked Kitty, anxiously.

"My dear," answered Mrs. Kercheval, "I don't think anything, I can't think anything. We haven't any means of judging. She brought it to you, but of course that doesn't help us in any way. It may have been the fearlessness of innocence, or she may have done it merely to turn aside any possible suspicion, or it may have been just in defiance. There's nothing that will enable us to form any conclusion."

"Helen's character," suggested Kitty.

"Yes, and when you think of that, any such idea seems absurd."

"With that simple, stately way of hers, she never could have condescended to do such a thing."

"Really," said Mrs. Kercheval, "it's quite—what do they call it—a psychological study. Given such a person with such a character and experiences, would she do it?"

"It's a fearful puzzle," said Kitty, in her agitation recklessly rumpling her hair.

The steady downpour of the rain sounded monotonously and the wind roared in the chimney. "It's raining harder than ever," said Mrs. Kercheval, glancing at the window.

"It's an awful afternoon," murmured Kitty; and then she added: "Oh, do you think she did it? do you think she can have seen what he said and what I said? and do you believe that she knows that I was so—so horrible?"

"I can see how you must feel about it," answered her companion; "I should like to give you comfort if I could. I feel guilty about it, as I had the letter, and I would do anything to help you, but—as you say, it's a puzzle. How can anyone know what a girl would or would not do?"

"But Helen is such a simple character, so high-minded, with such a very great deal of principle."

"Of course it's very improbable," conceded Mrs. Kercheval.

"Oh, it's madding!" said Kitty, getting up and going to the window.

"There isn't anything to do about it," said Mrs. Kercheval; "or rather, there isn't any reason why anything should be done."

"I suppose not," said Kitty, pressing her forehead against the cool pane, "but I should like to know."

At that moment the increasing clamor in the hall attracted Mrs. Kercheval's attention. There had been noise before, but now there was a perfect tumult.

"What *can* they be doing?" she said, curiously. "I must go and see."

The striking of the clock aroused Kitty and she turned around. Half-past four. For almost half an hour she had stood in deep thought, unconscious of the riot in the next room. As a usual thing, she would have been with the rest and as eager as any, but this afternoon it seemed to her that to carry glasses of water on her head or pick up handkerchiefs with her teeth would have been impossible, and that even the game of hide-and-seek she knew to be imminent must fail to interest her. She said to herself that she was depressed because it was so very rainy. Standing in the middle of the room she hesitated. Should she slip off upstairs and not appear again until she came down dressed for dinner, or should she join the others? She knew that if she went upstairs she would cry, and she did not wish to do that, but she was aware that if she remained there she would soon be called out to do some "parlor trick" or other, and such a proceeding she instantly characterized in her mind as "ghastly." She had almost determined that to go up and weep it all out alone, before the evening, would be both judicious and comforting, when she heard her name loudly called in the hall.

Before she could answer Harold Cliffe appeared at the door leading into the library.

"Don't go," he said, eagerly. "Come here; I've something to tell you."

"But I can't," she exclaimed, "it is no use. We mustn't——"

"You don't know anything about it," he continued, excitedly. "It's most important."

From the hall there came loud cries: "Miss Cheslyn," "Kitty," "Come and be an elephant."

"They want me," said Kitty, tearfully, "to go and do the elephant eating peanuts at the circus. It's my great 'act.' Come and be the little boy who feeds me."

"This is serious," said Cliffe. "There's no one in the library; I must speak to you at once."

"Is it right?" asked Kitty, reluctantly.

"Yes," he said, decidedly.

"Not now," said Kitty, in answer to the summoning cries, and then quickly followed Cliffe into the next room.

As soon as they were well within the library, Harold turned and took both her hands within his own. "I couldn't wait," he said quickly; "I had to see you at once."

"You know we shouldn't," remonstrated Kitty.

"It's all right, I tell you—and I love you—love you—love you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I mustn't listen to you."

"You can," he continued, "I can tell you now."

"Now," she repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, didn't I tell you it was all right?"

"But what can make it right?"

"Everything is all over. I can say what I please. Helen has just told me that she didn't want to go on any longer——"

"She has broken the engagement?" gasped Kitty.

"Yes," he said, "absolutely, finally, irretrievably. She came a short time ago to the conservatory and told me that it couldn't be."

"Did she give any reasons?" asked Kitty.

"Not that I can remember. She said something about our both discovering that it was a mistake, and that it was just as well that we found out before it was too late. We were both rather confused. But she has turned me off, thrown me over, set me free completely, and I can tell you now that I love you and always have loved you, and that

you must manage to love me a little bit, *immediately.*"

"No, no, no," said Kitty, drawing back.

"What is the matter?" demanded Cliffe, in astonishment. "Don't you—can't you——"

"Yes, you know," replied Kitty. "But, oh, it's all wrong and I don't like it, and don't know what to do."

"I don't understand," he said, blankly.

"I can't believe that it is possible," she continued.

"That what is possible?" asked Cliffe.

"That she could have done it."

"Kitty," he said, "are you quite demented, or do you mean that I should be?"

"I'm going to tell you," she went on. "That letter——"

"What letter?" he said. "Kitty, if you don't wish to see me become a gibbering idiot, tell me what you mean at once."

"Your letter, with my letter," she explained; "I gave it to Mrs. Kercheval to read—you know that we have been friends always, and I wanted to know if she thought that I had been too horribly bold and forward, in sending you back to Helen—and it was lost, and Helen found it on the upper landing of the stairs only an hour ago and gave it to me."

"What of that?" asked Cliffe.

"Can't you see? If she read it, she must have known about all that happened, and that I cared about you, and that you——"

"But you don't think she would read it?"

"No, I don't," replied Kitty, "or rather I didn't. But now her breaking off the engagement at once—it seems very strange."

"It certainly is queer," assented Harold.

"And her absolutely giving you to me as it were." Kitty paused a moment, and then went on in a sudden outburst. "Oh, I won't take you that way."

"Kitty," he said, "this is absurd."

"I don't care," she said. "If she read the awful thing, she must have thought that I was dead in love with you, and she may have done this just from pity; and even if I am dead in love with you I won't be pitied, and I won't have you just because another girl is sorry for me."

"But she must have seen that I loved you."

"Then I won't have her think that I *took* you from her. It's dreadful anyway, and nothing can be done about it."

"I don't believe that she read it," continued Cliffe.

"Neither do I," said Kitty.

"Then——" he began.

"But I am not sure, *positive*," she hurried on, "and I cannot endure to think that she may know, and have done this because she knew."

"This is wild nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"It may be," she said, "but it is the way I feel about it, and a great many girls would feel the same."

"What am I to do?" he asked, helplessly. "I can't very well go to Helen and ask her if she read the letter."

"No, no, no," cried Kitty.

"And yet if you persist in your obstinacy——" he continued, indignantly.

"It isn't obstinacy," she interrupted, "it's a proper, natural feeling. You belong to Helen——"

"I don't any longer."

"How can I tell what she may think? At this very moment she may be crying her eyes out and blaming me for interfering and coming between you; for that, of course, that is the way she would look at it."

"But you know you didn't. And you know Helen doesn't care anything about me; that it was just a family arrangement, and that we both agreed to it when we were so young that we didn't understand."

"What you say can't make any difference," she replied. "I will not take you from Helen—as a gift."

Cliffe paused, mutely raging.

"I am sorry that you can't see it the way that I do," she continued. "You will think I am silly and fickle, but I can't help it. If I did as you wish I should always feel that we hadn't started the right way, and if everything isn't natural and proper I won't have anything."

"But it is natural and proper."

"Not when you were engaged to another woman who gives you up to me," she said. "I won't be indebted for my happiness to someone else. I should always have to feel that I owed too much, and the thought would be a burden—an intolerable burden."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, "you are ridiculous—and inconsistent, and—and cruel."

"Go away," she begged, struggling to keep back the tears while he was in the room.

"I will," he said, angrily.

"Please," she urged.

Without a word he turned and disappeared through the doorway.

"Kitty!" exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, who entered almost at the moment of Cliffe's exit, and saw Miss Cheslyn as she leaned forward, sobbing, with her face in the cushions of the window-seat.

"Don't say you are sorry for me—don't say anything," Kitty entreated. "I've just got to be miserable until I get over it."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Kercheval, sitting down beside her.

"Oh, that letter," moaned Kitty. "I wish it were in—" and she paused, evidently seeking for a sufficiently terrible spot to which to consign that unfortunate document—"in the Dead Letter Office."

"There is something more?" inquired Mrs. Kercheval.

"There is a great deal more," responded Kitty. "Helen has broken her engagement with Harold, and he has just been here and asked me to marry him."

"Why isn't that all right?" demanded Mrs. Kercheval, cheerfully.

"Because it's all wrong," answered Miss Cheslyn, impatiently. "It isn't as if Helen had done it of her own free will. She read the letter and—it makes me feel as if I had begged him from her."

"You must not be so proud."

"Is it pride?" she asked. "I didn't know what it was—but if it is pride, then I am proud, very proud. Besides, Harold wouldn't think the same of me if it all came about in this way—if I just tamely consented to be handed over to him by someone else. There wouldn't be anything in what I gave, because I couldn't have given unless—she had made this sacrifice."

"I don't believe that he would think of anything so silly," ejaculated Mrs. Kercheval.

"Then I should, and it would seem to me that I wasn't giving anything. Don't you know the world has always maintained a pleasing fiction that we 'yield' to men's 'importunities?' There wouldn't be any graceful fiction about this at all, and Harold would have the right to think and to say, if he could consent to be so mean—which I don't believe—that I had fairly thrown myself at his head."

"Then," said Mrs. Kercheval, changing her system of attack, "you believe that Helen really read the letter?"

"Hasn't she done exactly what she naturally would do if she *had* read it?" demanded Kitty.

"Yes," conceded Mrs. Kercheval, reluctantly.

"It's a matter of backward reasoning," said Kitty; "there's a Latin name for that, but I don't remember it—and, arguing from the effect, one must believe that such was the cause."

"Oh, logic!" said Mrs. Kercheval, with a slight wave of the hand that expressively completed the sentence.

"It's a case for the strictest scientific methods," said Kitty, trying to laugh; "and there's no getting away from the result."

"Still, I think you are wrong in what you are doing."

"I know that I am right," responded Kitty, decidedly. "There's no other way about it. I must know that it is all over—*naturally*—between Harold and Helen, or I won't agree to anything."

"How very trying!" exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval.

"I don't like it, you may imagine," said Kitty; "indeed, I particularly dislike it. But now I'm just going to run away—they'll be calling for me again——"

At that moment Mifflin entered.

"Miss Cheslyn," he besought, "do please come and do the elephant. They say you're the best thing since Jumbo, and I want to feed you. I've been in

the pantry and got some of these chocolate things."

"Then I will come," said Kitty, promptly. "You knew what would tempt me."

"Hurrah!" cried Mifflin, hastening out, "she's coming."

"Are you going?" asked her hostess. "I thought you wanted to go upstairs?"

"No," said Kitty, with a quick sigh. "What's the use? I've got to get used to it some time, and I'd better begin. Therefore I'll just go and be an elephant."

She followed Mifflin out of the room.

Mrs. Kercheval did not move. The fact that "Algy" was away she felt distinctly was a grievance. She wanted to speak to him immediately. Then she sighed and reflected that she must be very silly, after five years of marriage, to feel the necessity of talking over everything with him at once. Besides, he certainly had been very careless. If she could have imagined that he could be so negligent, she never would have given him the letter. When she was not remorseful she was furious.

Here Blaisdell sauntered into the room.

"Horrid day," she said, glancing around at him.

"Horrid!" he replied, cheerfully, "not at all. Very good for a change, and what is better than a jolly party indoors?"

"It sounds like a conundrum," she answered, "and I can't think of the answer unless it's like that one about the little pig under the gate, and I should say two parties."

"Continuing the pig analogy," he went on, "one seems to make noise enough."

As he spoke there came laughter and loud applause from the hall, where Kitty was doing her "great act."

"But why are you here all alone?" he asked.

"I'm blue," she said, "'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' as someone somewhere says about the sky."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, sitting down.

"No," she said, "don't sit down. Go away. If you don't I'll confide. You know that is something that is always fatally easy for me, and I feel the impulse coming on."

"Would it be such a terrible thing if you did?"

"I've been too careless, too shockingly careless already," she answered.

"I saw," he said, "that your serenity, like the day, was a little overcast."

"This is no joking matter," she exclaimed.

"I see it isn't," he responded, laughing.

"Really," she continued, "I don't know what to do."

"First, it might be well to tell me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kercheval, quite as if she had never had any hesitation about the matter. "You must advise me. Algy's no use at all in such a thing as this, besides, it's really all his fault——"

"But what is it?" Blaisdell interrupted.

"There was a letter," continued Mrs. Kercheval, "that Harold Cliffe wrote to Kitty Cheslyn, returning a letter of hers. They were both very important letters, written impulsively, and ought never to have been sent at all. Harold enclosed Kitty's in the envelope containing his, and this was given to me. I read the contents and then — and then——"

"What?" asked Blaisdell.

"I gave it to Algy," confessed Mrs. Kercheval; "I know it wasn't right——"

"This habit of yours," said Blaisdell, "of always consulting Algy, is something very beautiful in the abstract, but awkward in the concrete."

"I can't help it," she explained, "I just have to tell him everything."

"I know," said Blaisdell. "As a picture of wifely devotion it is very interesting, and has its advantages as an example of what married life should be; but there are times — well, what was the matter on this occasion?"

"He lost the letter."

"Naturally," exclaimed Blaisdell. "There isn't anything that Algy wouldn't lose, unless it's the presence of mind to excuse his worst carelessness."

"He dropped it on the upper landing of the stairs," Mrs. Kercheval continued.

"How do you know?"

"Because Helen Haladene found it just now—Helen of all people—and gave it back to Kitty."

"Really?" said Blaisdell, with what appeared to be deeper interest. "But I don't see anything so very terrible in all this."

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Kercheval, "that isn't all. You know Harold was engaged to Helen."

"Yes," said Blaisdell, frowning. "But all that's at an end——"

"How do you know?" she exclaimed. "Well, Helen immediately broke her engagement, and he, of course, went directly to Kitty. She wouldn't look at him because she said she didn't want to have him *given* to her by Helen, and all sorts of things—and they are all 'out,' and everything is wrong."

"Then you think that Miss Haladene read the letter?" said Blaisdell, jumping to his feet.

"What else could anyone think?" answered Mrs. Kercheval. "She must have read it, and just dismissed Harold in pique——"

"But—but——" began Blaisdell.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Kercheval, noticing with some curiosity Blaisdell's excited manner.

"I—you," he went on, "Miss Haladene has just promised to marry me, and—we are engaged."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Kercheval. "Why didn't you tell me before? I never dreamed there was anything between you two."

"I don't think the world ever has suspected anything. Still I have admired—loved her for a long time." Blaisdell paused, and began to walk backward and forward, nervously, before the window. "I knew she was engaged to Harold, and I thought there was no hope. This afternoon, though, she gave me to understand that it was all over—I did not know the engagement had only just been broken—and then I spoke and she accepted me, and I was the happiest man in the world."

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Kercheval, warmly. "Helen is a dear girl."

"Yes," continued Blaisdell, indifferently. Then he added: "But I can't, I won't think that she read it."

"I don't know anything," said Mrs. Kercheval; "I can't understand."

"It's unbearable," continued Blaisdell. "Don't you see that if she did read the letter and in pique broke her engagement with Harold, why——"

"What?" asked Mrs. Kercheval.

"She may only have accepted me out of—pique."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"It has been done before—why should it not happen now?" he went on, excitedly.

"It isn't possible!" she cried.

"If the first is possible, then the last is possible. I can't suspect Helen, and yet there will always be this doubt."

"You mustn't think of it," she urged.

"I can't help it," he answered. "I won't insult Helen by asking her. She would have a perfect right to refuse to answer me. And yet I cannot be sure——"

"I wish I'd never heard of the bothering letter," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"You may believe that I wish the same."

"I thought it had made trouble enough with Harold and Kitty," lamented Mrs. Kercheval. "But now, you——"

"It all depends on whether she read it or not!" he exclaimed.

"But it would be so unlike her," argued Mrs. Kercheval.

"She may have yielded to a sudden impulse," he suggested.

"Helen is not the kind of person to yield to a sudden impulse—at least I have always thought that she wasn't. She is always so quiet and dignified."

"I know—I know," exclaimed Blaisdell, desperately. "It really isn't possible."

"What a puzzle," said Mrs. Kercheval, helplessly.

"It seems pretty well mixed up," he admitted, "and quite helpless."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Kercheval, "what an afternoon. I don't think I ever passed one that was much more eventful, although it is so rainy."

"Can't you do anything?" demanded Blaisdell, abruptly. "We're all in a terrible state of misunderstanding—you must set this right in some way."

"What can I do?" she pleaded; "I am as powerless as anyone."

"You must find something," urged Blaisdell. "You can't leave us all like this."

He stood before her, half admonishing, half entreating.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, suddenly, and she began to tap violently on the pane.

"If you don't help us," he went on, "there's no help for us."

"It's Algy!" she exclaimed, pointing to a horseman who had just ridden up to the door. "How provoking. He thinks I'm glad that he's come back and don't understand at all. Go," she commanded, turning to Blaisdell, "tell him to come here at once. Tell him not to mind how muddy he is. I want to speak to him immediately."

Mrs. Kercheval again turned to the window as Blaisdell hurried away.

"I couldn't bear it any longer," said Kitty, meekly, creeping into the room a moment later.

"Oh, it's you," murmured Mrs. Kercheval, unceremoniously.

"Yes," said Kitty, "I've 'been an elephant,' and I've danced for them—and I've told them stories, and now I'll go and be comfortably miserable."

"This wretched affair!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, "there's no end to it."

"Is there anything else?" asked Kitty, in astonishment.

"A great deal else."

"What?"

"Why——" began Mrs. Kercheval, then she exclaimed, jumping up: "Oh, Algy!"

Kercheval had entered the room, smiling cheerfully.

"How could you?" she continued, rushing at him and seizing him by the lapels of his dripping coat.

"Take care!" he cried, "you'll get all wet." Then shaking himself he went on. "But is this the way to welcome a fellow back to his own hearth on such an afternoon as this? Why, you look positively ferocious. What have I done now?"

"The letter," said his wife. "There is such a trouble, and all because of your carelessness."

"Kitty," said Kercheval, turning to the girl, "do you understand anything of this? I'm sure I don't."

"Yes," answered Kitty, "I'm in it—I'm part of the trouble."

"Will somebody explain?" he begged.

"Why, that letter from Harold to Kitty that I gave you to read——"

"You gave it to him to read?" demanded Kitty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kercheval. "I forgot that I hadn't told you; but never mind now." Then, turning to Kercheval and gently shaking him, she went on. "Do you remember the letter? Oh—Algy—don't say you don't."

"But I do," he said, "perfectly."

"That's something!" she exclaimed. "Well, after you had lost it Helen found it, and gave it to Kitty—and then Helen broke the engagement with Harold, and when he asked Kitty to marry him she wouldn't because she said that Helen was giving him to her—and that isn't all. Now Helen has accepted Blaisdell, and he is furious because he is afraid she has done it merely out of pique——"

"Really?" cried Kitty.

"I didn't have a chance to tell you," she said. Then turning back to Kercheval she demanded: "Do you think Helen did it; do you think such a girl as Helen would read it? With your knowledge of human nature would you believe that it was possible——?"

"But, hold on," remonstrated Kercheval; "such a question may be very interesting merely as a matter of speculation."

"It isn't a matter of speculation," she contended; "it's a real, living, pressing, burning question, and perhaps the fate of four people depends upon the answer. If Helen didn't read the letter Harold wrote, then it's all right——"

"And if she did?"

"Then it's all wrong, and there's no way out of it. They have all got to be miserable. But—do you think she did read it?"

"No," said Kercheval, slowly, "I don't think she did."

"But you can't be sure."

"I can," he answered, "I can be absolutely, positively sure."

"What do you mean?" both Kitty and Mrs. Kercheval demanded.

"Where is the letter Helen found and gave to you?" he asked, looking at Kitty.

"Here," replied Kitty, producing the envelope that Miss Haladene had given to her.

"Just look inside," said Kercheval, calmly.

Kitty did as she was directed, and drew forth a thick piece of blank paper.

"I've got the letter here," said Kercheval, tapping his pocket. "That's only the envelope and a piece of paper that must have been put in to keep the writing from showing through."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, throwing her arms around his neck, "what a relief."

"I must have put the envelope in another pocket and it must have dropped out. If you had only looked——" he remonstrated.

"Who would ever have thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Kercheval, raising her face from it's damp resting-place on his shoulder. "Of course we thought it was the letter. But now I can breathe again, and I am so glad that I shan't say anything about your dropping the envelope. But you must see what a fright we had. A letter in the handwriting of the man to whom she was engaged addressed to the girl with whom she knew that he had been flirting——"

"You think," said Kercheval, "that this would be a stronger temptation than feminine curiosity could resist?"

"There's no use thinking about it now," she said, "since she didn't read the letter and it's all right. Kitty," she went on, sharply.

"Yes," replied the girl, looking up quickly and faintly smiling.

"That's right," said Mrs. Kercheval, "that's the first time I've seen you look really happy since you've been here."

"But," said Kitty, "I'm so glad to know *surely*."

"And so am I—and you must tell Harold at once, and I will go and tell Mr. Blaisdell. And Algy——" she said, bustling about.

"Yes," he answered, apparently arousing himself from deep thought.

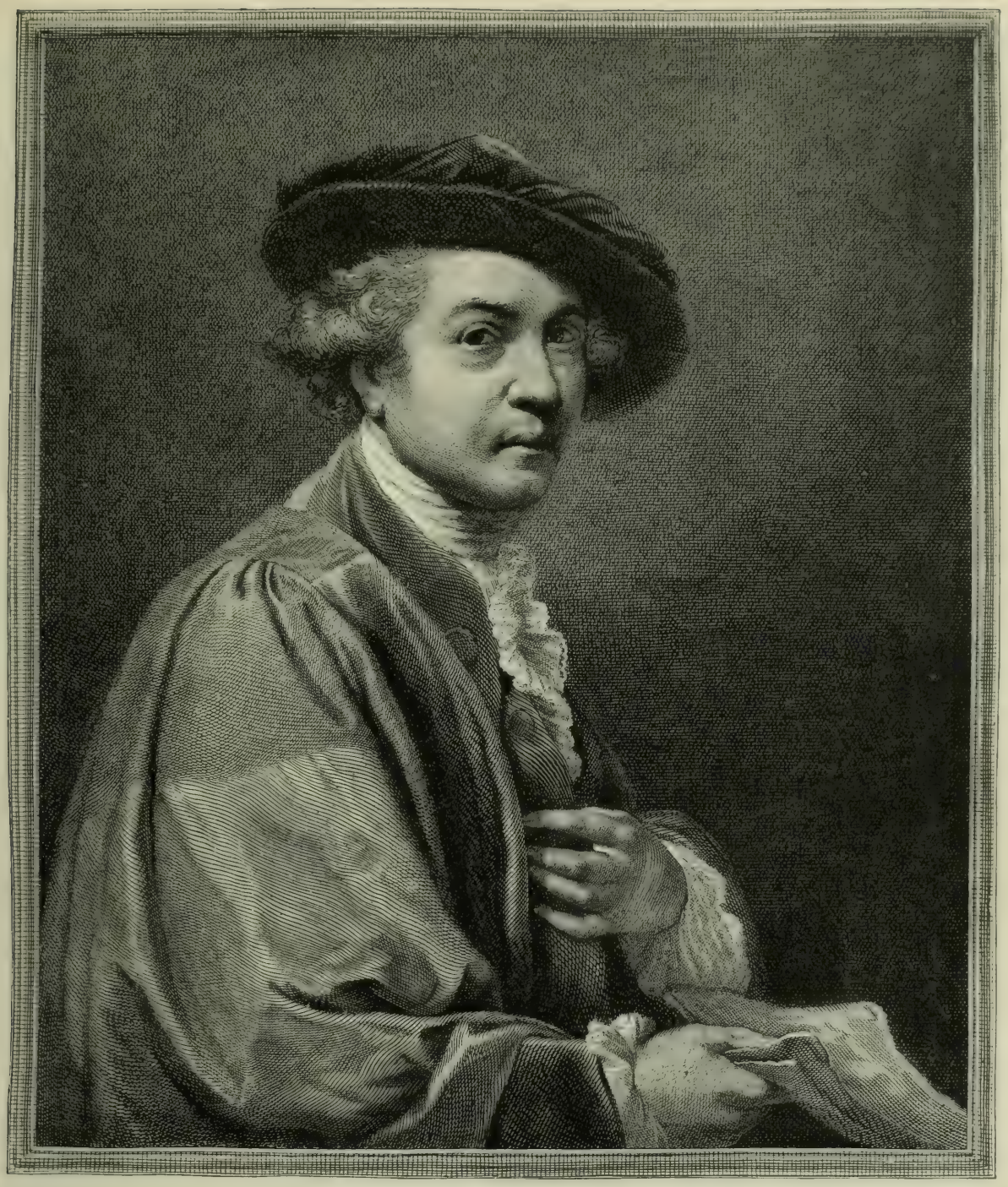
"You," she continued, "must go and drink something strong and hot, and put on some dry things immediately."

"Yes, I'm going," he answered, absently.

"Go, then," she commanded, hurrying Kitty out of the room. "Make yourself presentable and then come back at once and let me tell you everything. See," she said, as a ray of sunlight fell across the room, "it is clearing; I shall want you to take a turn with me on the terrace before dinner. Oh! it has been *such* an afternoon."

But Kercheval did not immediately do as he was bid. With one foot on the window-seat he stood meditatively looking out at the sky, where the clouds in great masses were now rolling rapidly away.

"It's all very well," he said, in half-conscious soliloquy, after Mrs. Kercheval and Kitty were gone, "but it doesn't prove anything. What I should really like to know is whether or not she looked into that envelope after all."



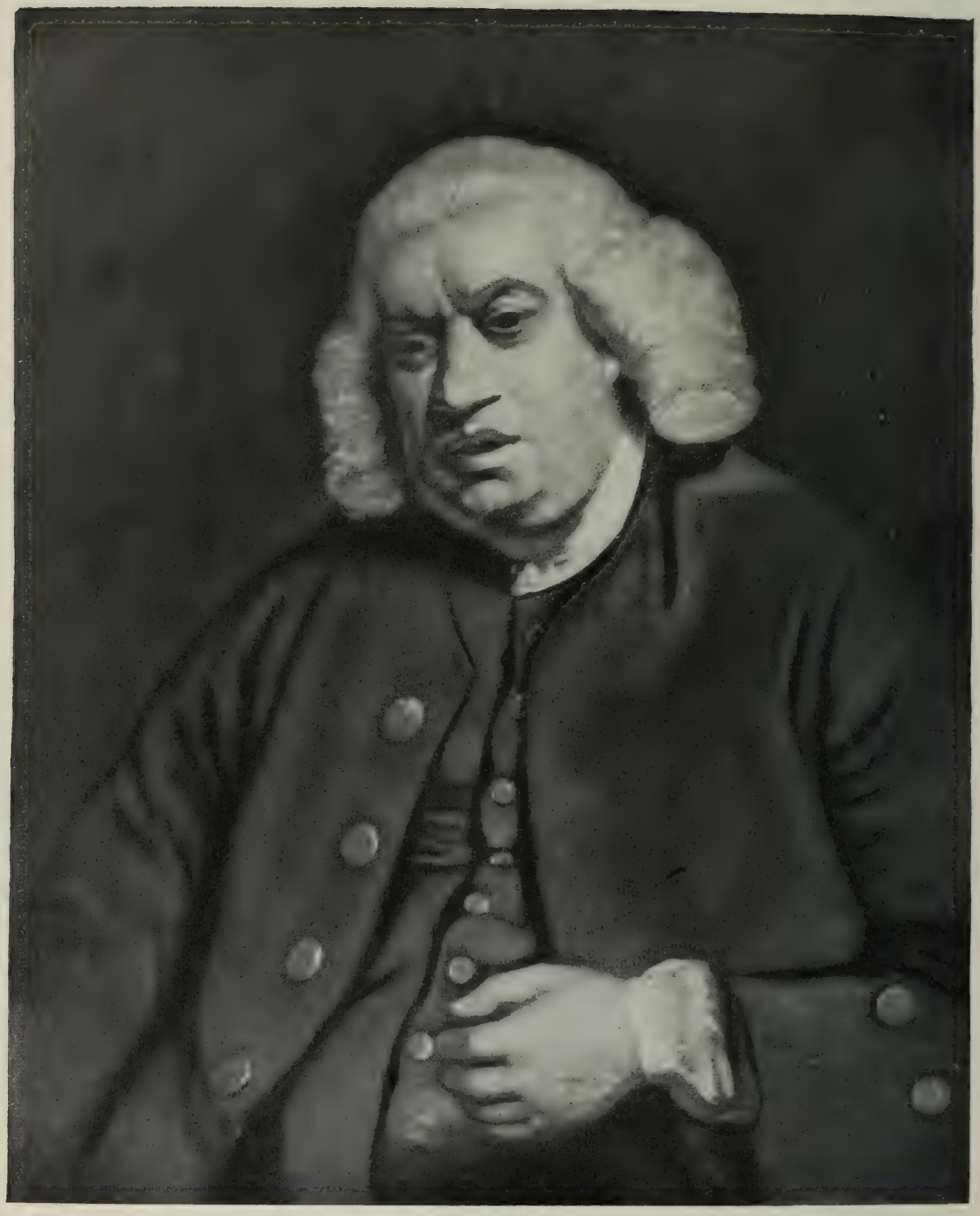
Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted by himself.
(From the engraving by Sherwin.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

By Frederick Keppel.

HAD Sir Joshua Reynolds never painted a picture, he would still remain a most interesting personality, solely for what he was and for the friends he made.

Most subjects—especially from the journalistic point of view—very soon become stale and unacceptable; yet there are a few that never grow old, but like some fairy-tale told and retold to a child, never lose their charm. The lives as well as the works of great artists are subjects of this sort; and when, as in the case of Reynolds, the



Portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson.
(From the engraving by William Doughty.)

great artist was also a man thoroughly respected and cordially liked, and moreover, when his intellectual endowments caused his society to be sought by the finest minds of his age—there is some warrant in retelling a story, much but not all of which has often been told before.

It speaks well for any man to have been the intimate personal friend of the very best people of his own day and generation. And what superlatively good company was that which Sir Joshua kept! The famous Literary Club, established at the artist's own suggestion in 1764, and of which he was the



Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.
(From the engraving by Marchi.)

president, contained perhaps a higher average of intellect, and even of genius, than any other similar association. At least four of the most famous men of that historic circle lived and died in comparative poverty, but now that a century has passed away, what matters poverty to such men as Samuel Johnson, or Edmund Burke, or Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or Oliver Goldsmith?

The familiar engraving "A Literary Party at the House of Reynolds," brings them all before us. A number of gentlemen are seen seated round the hospitable artist's table; the burly and masterful Dr. Johnson, in a huge wig, is thundering at Edmund Burke, while

behind the doctor's chair is Boswell, taking notes; Sir Joshua himself (who was very deaf) sits quietly listening through his ear-trumpet; Garrick is there, bright and alert, and Oliver Goldsmith looks as if he would much rather be talking himself than merely listening.

Goldsmith was generally the butt of that brilliant company — undersized, ill-favored, bald, scarred with small-pox, improvident and impecunious, vain, dressy, and talkative as a magpie; but to-day perhaps the brightest star of that brilliant constellation. Success and adulation made Garrick vain; but Goldsmith's vanity did not require these aids. And yet we sympathize with him still on such occasions as that when his *amour-propre* was so ruthlessly crushed and trampled upon at a meeting of the Club, where he was delivering himself of some intellectual harangue—doubtless to his own entire satisfaction—and a certain German Herr Professor (who had been casually admitted), on seeing Dr. Johnson begin to puff and roll in his chair as his manner was when an idea struck him—suddenly broke in upon the luckless Goldsmith with—"Ach! blease be silendt; *Toctor Chonson* iss going to zay zomezing!"

When his landlady had Goldsmith arrested for debt, the only possible asset through which his friend Johnson could hope to extricate him was the manuscript of a tale which Goldsmith had written, but had never attempted to publish. This Johnson took to a publisher and advised him to buy it for sixty pounds. What would have been poor Goldsmith's emotion could he have looked into the future and witnessed a recent event which took place in Germany: the editor of a widely circulated journal there took the votes of his subscribers as to their favorite book, and this same tale of Goldsmith's —"The Vicar of Wakefield"—came in at the top of the poll!

This was the man whom Reynolds chose as his most intimate companion, though after Goldsmith's death in 1774, the historian Gibbon seems to have gradually taken his place. Goldsmith's affection is touchingly expressed in his pathetic dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Reynolds: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to *you*."

There was indeed only one inferior man among this company of friends; but they little thought, when they tolerated James Boswell as a sort of harmless hanger-on of Dr. Johnson, that they themselves (as well as Boswell's particular hero) would go down to remote posterity, alive and human, in the pages of that book of which Macaulay declares that it can only perish with the English language.

Joshua Reynolds was one of a large family of children, and was born in 1723 in the little town of Plympton, Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Grammar School. His father, not believing that painting should be considered as a serious profession at all, desired to make a physician of his son, and it is recorded that when the good clergyman found a drawing which had been perpetrated during school-hours, he wrote upon it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." But when he was convinced of his son's overpowering bent toward art he had the intelligence not to oppose it further; and he lived to see the beginnings of Joshua's success.

The young student was bound as apprentice to Hudson, then the fashionable portrait painter of London — but more a mere manufacturer of likenesses than an artist. Indeed, until Reynolds himself turned the tide, the English acted on the belief that only a foreigner could paint a good portrait. This was well so long as they employed such masters as Holbein and Van Dyck; but at later periods foreign painters of lower rank, such as Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, continued the tradition, to the great discouragement of the home school.

Hudson soon becoming jealous of his clever apprentice, dismissed him, and shortly afterward Reynolds had the good fortune to be taken to the Mediterranean by his life-long friend Admiral Keppel, in the war-ship Centurion, and the first portrait which he

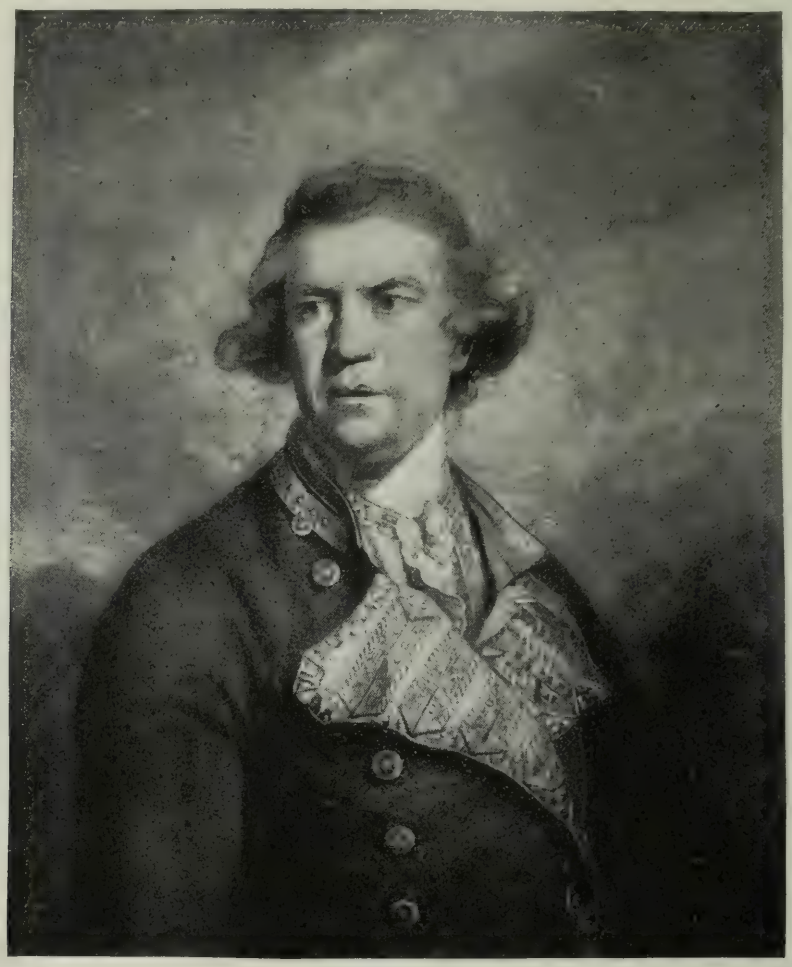


Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted by himself.
(From the engraving by James Watson.)

painted of the admiral was the picture which laid the foundation of his fortune. From the British war-ship he landed in Italy, where he remained for nearly three years, and from Rome he wrote to his family, "I am now at the height of my wishes." And if an art-student ever made the most of his opportunities for study, Reynolds certainly did. His journals during that period are full of careful notes on the great Italian pictures, and besides written observations he made many sketches of these pictures or of parts of them. He did little direct copying, but sought rather to penetrate the principle of their technic and style.

Although France still sends her own

brightest young painters to complete their studies at the Italian capital, yet in our day Paris, and not Rome, is the Mecca of art-students — especially of Americans. Of these some are earnest, modest, and hard-working, and will not disappoint the hopes of their friends in the future. But among many others of this Paris colony it is greatly to be feared that a student like young Reynolds would be voted a dull, spiritless, plodding fellow; depending very little on his inborn and untaught genius, but, on the contrary, taking infinite pains to learn what he did not know. He certainly was not up to the modern standard of knowing all about art without having taken the trouble to learn, nor did he look down with an amiable contempt upon the men who have produced the great pictures of the world; and though his journals are full of records of close and earnest study of great pictures, he never loftily dismissed the claims of some recognized masterpiece on the ground that it was "not Art" or not "amusing," or of another because it was "ghastly," or of a third, which had won the enthusiastic admiration of the best judges, because it was "merely popular." Indeed, so far was Reynolds lacking in this *fin de siècle* superiority, that when he had won recognition throughout Europe as being one of the great masters of painting, he was not ashamed to express himself in the following plain words: "Those who are determined to excel in art must go to their work whether willing or unwilling; morning, noon, and night. And they will find it no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor." And again he writes: "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be attained without it."



Admiral Keppel.
(From the engraving by Doughty.)

It was while studying Raphael's fres-



Mrs. Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse.
(From the engraving by Francis Haward.)

cos in the Vatican that Reynolds caught the cold which resulted in his deafness; and thereafter the ear-trumpet of Sir Joshua was as characteristic a part of himself as was the wooden leg a part of the redoubtable Governor Peter Stuyvesant. He even painted his own portrait with this trumpet held to his ear; though, when about the same time he painted Dr. Johnson holding a book very close to his eyes, the great man did not relish this vivid evidence of his extreme near-sightedness, but said to Boswell: "Sir, he may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I *will not* go down to posterity as 'Blinking Sam.'"

Returning to London in 1752, Reynolds soon entered upon that wonderful career of success and prosperity which lasted continuously for nearly forty years; and although in ideal compositions which depend on the artist's imaginative power, he has certainly been excelled by some other masters, yet in portrait painting he became supreme. To read the mere list of his sitters one would imagine that not only the British peerage, but also every celebrity and beauty of the time, had gone in a long procession through Sir Joshua's studio. He used to consider a hundred and fifty finished portraits as a fair year's work, and, incredible as it seems, he



Angelica Kauffman.

(From the engraving by Bartolozzi.)



Angels' Heads.
Five portraits of Isabel Gordon, daughter of Lord Gordon.
(From P. Simon's engraving.)

was able to finish a head in four hours. His main desire was to paint the countenance of his sitter at its best. "His men are all nobleness, his women all loveliness, and his children all simplicity; yet they are all like the living originals." Having caught not only the features, but also the expression and the soul of his subject, he loved to idealize the costume and surroundings — especially of his ladies—and in the charm and variety of his poses and accessories he has perhaps never been equalled by any other portrait painter.

His prices were at first very moderate, but he continued to advance them without diminishing the number of his patrons. Both he and Garrick were said to have had a keen eye to their own pecuniary interests; but what sensible man does not get all that he lawfully and honorably can? The fortune which he left to his niece (besides large bequests to other relations) amounted to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling, but he was liberal as well as prudent, and when making his will not only did he cancel a debt of two thousand pounds which he had lent to Edmund Burke, but he bequeathed



Miss Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton, as a Bacchante.
(From the engraving by Samuel William Reynolds.)

him an additional sum of the same amount.

When in the year 1760, Reynolds removed to the spacious house, number 47 Leicester Square, where he passed the remainder of his life, he was at the height of his fame and success. A tablet over the door still records his occupancy of thirty-two years, and the present tenants, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, the auctioneers of artistic and literary property, are most obliging in pointing out to visitors the various relics of the master—even to the banisters of the stone staircase, which were made with an outward curve so that the fine ladies wearing enormous hoops could pass up and down unimpeded. What a procession of notable personages did this staircase accommodate; what guests assembled round that table; and had the dumb walls been phonographs, how precious would their records be now!

Few men have ever led a fuller or happier life than Reynolds. One of the most sympathetic of his biographers—his pupil Northcote—says of him: "He most heartily enjoyed his profession, and I agree with Mr. Malone (another biographer), who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he ever knew." Dr. Johnson, who seldom paid compliments, said of him that if they should quarrel Reynolds would have him at a great disadvantage, because he could not say one word to his detriment. His literary powers were of a high order; but he never could have written such a book as that strange production of a great artist of our own day—

"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies;" for his whole life was an unceasing practice of the still gentler and more difficult art of making friends. One secret of his success may be found among the code of rules which he had composed for himself: "The great secret of being happy in this world is, not to mind or be affected by small things."

In politics he belonged to the small minority, so splendidly led by Burke and Chatham, who steadfastly believed in the ultimate success of those rebels in America who were giving King George the Third so much trouble; and he even won several wagers on the result.

The Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768, when Reynolds was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by the King. His majesty was probably as blind to the real merits of the artist as he was to those of most other great men of his time (though, by the way, George the Third believed in Handel when that great musician was neglected by the fashionable world of London). Notwithstanding Sir Joshua's many occupations, he was tireless in advancing the interests of the Royal Academy, and continued to labor for it to the end of his life. It was he who inaugurated the annual Academy dinner, which in our day is attended by the greatest personages of the land, including the Prince of Wales; and the yearly discourses which he delivered as president have taken rank as unquestioned classics in the art lore of the world. They were soon translated into several continental languages, and the Empress Catherine the Great, of Russia, sent their author her portrait set with diamonds, and an autograph letter thanking him for the pleasure and instruction which their perusal had afforded her. The great success of these discourses was too much for Sir Joshua's detractors, and though they could not deny their merit, they were fain to declare that their high literary quality was due to the pen of Edmund Burke or Dr. Johnson. Burke simply denied the report, and Johnson declared that he would as little think of presuming to write for Reynolds as he would to paint for him. Charles Blanc, the French Academician, while bestowing unstinted praise on Reynolds as a painter, declares that these Academy discourses are still his greatest work; but the eminent critic goes on to say that the artist's practice did not always accord with his precepts; as when he ranks drawing above color, while his pictures really are stronger in color than in drawing; or when he declares that Michael Angelo was the King of all artists, but imitates Rembrandt in his pictures. It is hard to understand what so acute a critic as Charles Blanc can mean when he reproaches Reynolds with imparting "an altogether British aspect" to his



Mercury as a Pickpocket.
(From the engraving by John Dean.)



The Hon. Miss Bingham.
(From the engraving by Bartolozzi.)

portraits. What else would he have them?

Ruskin calls Sir Joshua the "prince of portrait painters" and "one of the seven colorists of the world," ranking him in this respect with Turner and five of the great Italian masters. Reynolds did not attain this mastery of color without working for it. He even went to the extreme of purchasing pictures by Titian and Rubens and decomposing their pigments, thereby hoping to "pluck out the heart of their mystery." Sir Joshua's zeal for improvement was insatiable. He never began a picture without resolving that he would make it a better one than he had ever painted before. One result of this ambition was, that, in general, the quality of his work became better and better to the end of his life. But in one particular he certainly exercised

a "zeal, but not according to knowledge;" for having inherited from his father a taste for making experiments in chemistry, he applied it to the composition of his colors—sometimes with disastrous results. Thus I remember that twenty-five years ago his large Holy Family, in the British National Gallery, was in fairly good condition; but on revisiting it yearly it was easy to see that the cracks on its surface were growing more apparent, and that the picture was going to destruction. The last time I saw it it was worse than ever—and recently the picture has been removed from the walls altogether. On the other hand, the beautiful portrait of Lady Cockburn and her three children (painted in 1773 and recently acquired by the National Gallery) is now as fresh and glowing as it could have been when it first left the painter's easel.

Some of his methods were peculiar. He usually painted his sitters from their reflection in a mirror, and not from a direct view. He always remained standing while at work, and he rarely signed a portrait. One notable exception, however, was made in the case of his magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, which was painted when the master was sixty years old and when Mrs. Siddons was twenty-eight. The great actress failing at first to recognize a sort of embroidery which the artist had added to the edge of her robe, soon perceived that it contained the words "Joshua Reynolds pinxit, 1784;" whereupon Sir Joshua assured her that he would be proud to have his name go down to posterity on the hem of her garment! Before commencing this picture, the artist, instead of posing the sitter himself, requested Mrs. Siddons to give him her own idea of the Tragic Muse, and she immediately assumed the pose in which the picture was painted.

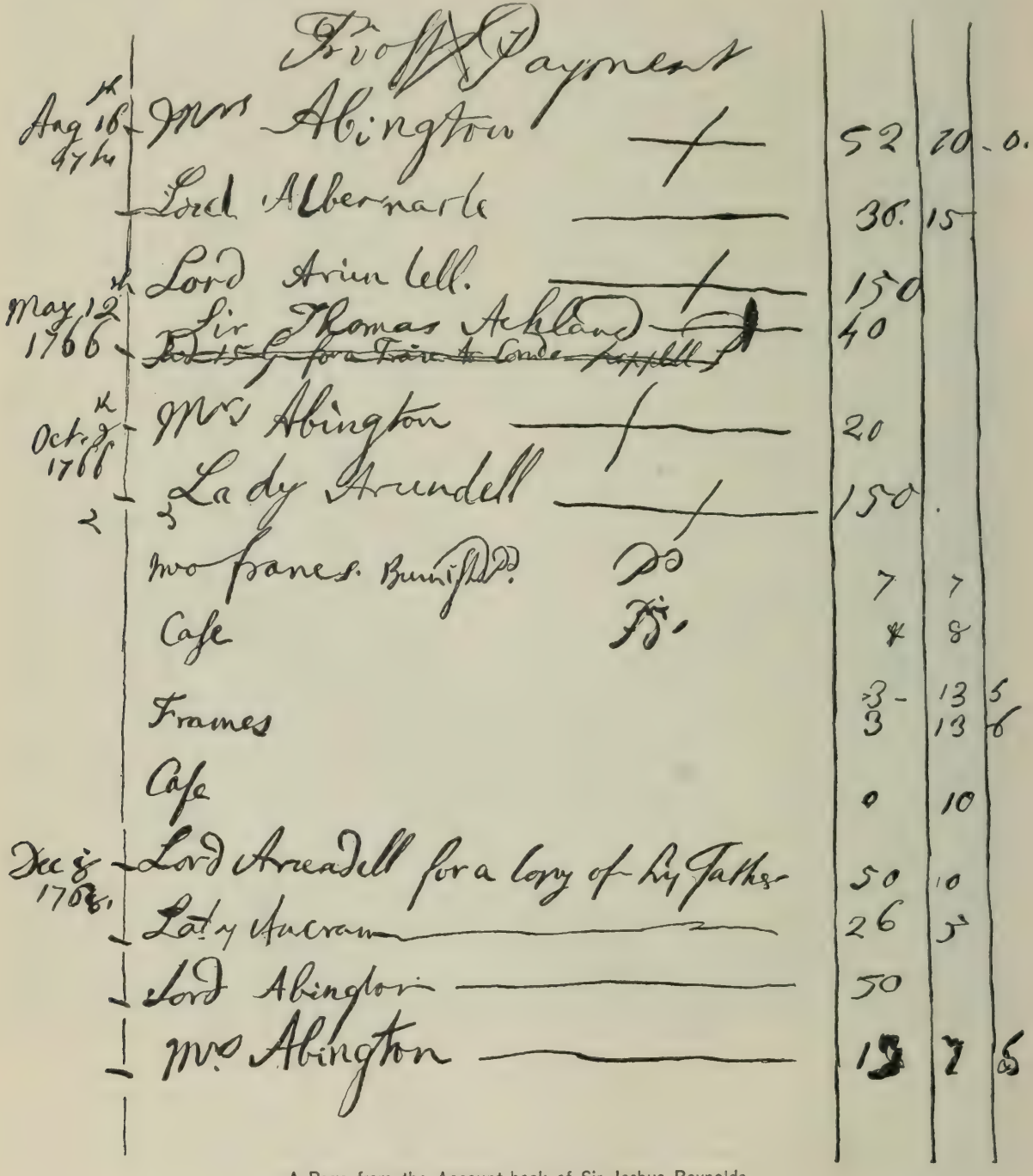
Sir Joshua Reynolds never married; but like most of the sons of Adam his life had its romance, and the gossips of the time (if not he himself) were determined that he should marry Angelica Kauffman.

This interesting artist was the daughter of an obscure painter, and was born in Switzerland. She came to England in 1776, where she met with a very flattering reception. She profited greatly by the instruction and the friendship of Reynolds, and was even elected one of the thirty-six original members of the Royal Academy. Her style is attractive from a certain dainty elegance which sometimes borders on affectation, and many of her designs have been beautifully engraved by Bartolozzi, Thomas Burke, and others. Although at one time Angelica imagined herself to be deeply in love with Sir Joshua, yet she was a sad flirt, and after having more or less seriously broken the hearts of several adorers, she finished by marrying an impostor—the valet of Count de Horn, a Swedish nobleman. This man imposed upon her by assuming not only the title but even the clothes of his master.

A curious thing is the passionate love for children which is so often seen in persons who have deliberately chosen a single life. One of the cynical rules which Dean Swift laid down for himself when he had grown old, was to take care not to allow his fondness for children to be seen. Possibly, if such people as the Dean and Sir Joshua had brought up families of their own, their exalted idea of the angelic attributes of children might have been somewhat lowered; but be this as it may, it is safe to say that the very loveliest portraits of children that ever were painted are the work of this childless man. His familiar group known as "Angels' Heads" is nothing but the portrait of little Isabel Gordon, taken from five different points of view. The original, in the National Gallery, happily retains all its beauty of color. It recalls the famous pun of Pope Gregory the Great, "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" The quaint picture of Mercury as a Pickpocket is another example of the master's intimate sympathy with children.

It is recorded that Reynolds always believed his portraits of women to be his finest works, and it is certain that at the present day such a portrait, or even a fine engraving from it, would sell for a much higher price than could be obtained for any other class of his work. For example, within the present year a proof of Watson's engraving of Lady

Bampfylde was sold at auction in London for three hundred and sixty pounds —a much larger sum than Sir Joshua received for the original painting. The portrait of the Hon. Miss Bingham



A Page from the Account-book of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

shows much of the innocence and charm that characterize the master's portraits of children. This beautiful girl lived till 1840, and never married.

Perhaps no famous beauty has ever been the subject of so many notable pictures as the celebrated Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton. In early life she was a nursemaid at Hawarden (where Mr. Gladstone now lives), but later she seems to have driven the artists wild with admiration for her beauty and grace. Romney has painted several admirable portraits of her; and Sir Joshua's represents her in the character of a bacchante. The fine portrait of Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia is one of the few representative examples of Reynolds that are accessible to the American public. It is in the gallery of the Lenox Library, New York. There

are also a few in private collections; but notwithstanding the master's industry and facility of production, fine "Sir Joshuas" are to-day almost unprocurable.

Just at present there exists in Paris a great enthusiasm for the works of Reynolds; and the Salon of the present year contained a considerable number of etchings and engravings after them. But not one of them is satisfactory, and it is evident that the French, with all their cleverness, cannot do him justice. These engravers seemed determined to "improve" the originals by adding a coquettish Parisian smirk to the faces; and the result is deplorable. I remember in particular one of these reproductions, in which the sweet and simple little Penelope Boothby is made to look like an artful young schemer—full of craft and *arrière pensée*. Indeed, it is rare to find an engraver of one nationality who can do justice to the picture of another.

While such masters as Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and Turner employed and directed their own engravers—fully understanding the value of that subordinate art which multiplied and perpetuated their own original designs—yet it is probable that Reynolds was better served than any other master through what Ruskin calls "the noble human labor of the engraver." His rich coloring and broad style lent themselves especially to the mezzotint process, and, largely through his encouragement and patronage, the contemporary British School of mezzotint engravers produced works which must always rank as masterpieces. Within two years from his death as many as seven hundred plates had been engraved after his designs, and during the present century this large number has been greatly increased. Upon seeing one of the plates which MacArdell engraved, Sir Joshua had the generosity to exclaim: "By this man I shall be immortalized!" Indeed, he little suspected that this was true in a double sense, in view of the fact that he often made use of perishable colors; and while the decay of any painting in oils is only a question of time there is practically no limit to the lasting powers of those frail sheets of paper. While one must go to England to see the master's paintings at their best, the New York public has had the privilege of seeing the unsurpassed collection of these engravings, which Mr. George Vanderbilt contributed to the opening exhibition at the new building of the American Fine Arts Society, in December, 1892. Reynolds himself, in common with many artists—including Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, and Bonnat—had a life-long passion for collecting prints and drawings; and his well-known stamp on the back of some fine old print or sketch is still an endorsement and guarantee of its quality.

I have never seen mention made of the curious circumstance that many portrait-painters seem to have unconsciously given to their sitters a shade of resemblance to their own features. Van Dyck's portraits nearly all bear a trace of the master's own elegance of face and figure, the works of Holbein and Rubens give countenance to the same theory, and Rembrandt's magnificent portraits, though showing such a wonderful variety, yet all bear a more or less remote resemblance to Rembrandt himself. The same is true of Sir Joshua's. This may be partly, but not entirely, accounted for by the fact that not only do the individuals of any one nation bear a certain resemblance to each other, and that the same is true of the whole people of any given epoch; but the main reason seems to be that the artist unconsciously imitates his own face. We need not always recognize this resemblance by means of a portrait of the artist painted by himself; for instance, such a portrait as that of Reynolds painted by the American, Gilbert Stuart, shows us practically the same face as those painted by Reynolds of himself. This theory has been confirmed by a distinguished

*** For the autograph reproduced on the opposite page I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Algernon Graves, of London, who has kindly placed at my disposal the two large books in which Sir Joshua kept his private memoranda, from which I have culled some interesting details. These volumes contain a number of notes recording the composition of the colors which he used for certain pictures; the notes are written in Italian, probably with the view of concealing his professional secrets from the prying eyes of those who might gain access to the books; but the good man's Italian is so queer that I fear they would have mystified a native of Italy quite as much as they were intended to mystify his English friends.

American artist whom I have consulted. He states further that, in his experience, if two students are drawing from the same model, the one of whom is tall and slender and the other short and robust, each will be sure to impart to his drawing a good deal of his own physical proportions.

In 1784 Reynolds lost his old friend, Dr. Johnson. A short time previously Johnson had written to him: "We are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side." The day before he died he sent for Sir Joshua and told him he had three requests to make of him. The first was to forgive him a debt of thirty pounds (*that* was easily granted); the second was to read his Bible regularly, and the third was to refrain from painting on the Sabbath day. Sir Joshua, in the fulness of his heart, promised everything; but he afterward found the third promise so irksome that, after having consulted his friends, he came to the conclusion that his old friend had no right to bind him to such a promise, and so he resumed his brush on the Sabbath.

Reynolds himself was now growing old; but in 1785 he painted the admirable portrait of John Hunter which has been so finely engraved by William Sharp, and the same year he spent a thousand pounds on pictures for his own collection. His enthusiasm for fine things was as strong as ever, and it was by his advice that the Duke of Portland purchased the famous antique Portland Vase which is now the pride of the British Museum. He continued to go into society as before, and he was present at some of the great speeches delivered by Burke and Sheridan at the trial of Warren Hastings. In 1789, while painting, he was stricken with a disease of the eyes—the same malady which caused the blindness of Milton, and thereafter he could paint very little. But he bore his affliction with great serenity, comforted by the loving attentions of his "troops of friends," or in their absence amusing himself with his pet birds. He also made an exhibition of his valuable collection of old paintings and handed the proceeds to his servant. In 1792 he was found to be incurably ill from a disease of the liver, and on February 23d he died.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, close by the tomb of his fellow-townsman, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the great church, where his statue by Flaxman now occupies a conspicuous place. "Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people," writes Edmund Burke; and he adds: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of coloring, he was the equal of the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portraits he went beyond them. In these he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere."

This is lofty praise; but notwithstanding the stately periods of Burke the best summary of Sir Joshua's character and genius seems to be the facetious mock-epitaph which in a merry hour, years before the death of either, his dear friend Goldsmith wrote upon him:

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind,
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still
hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff!

As the train recedes from such cities as Cologne or Strassburg or Amiens, the observant passenger will have noticed that while the ordinary buildings of the city gradually sink down to a dim and inconspicuous level, the great cathedral looms up vaster and grander, until at last it seems to stand alone in its dignity and glory. It is so with some human lives; and it is so with the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE PLACE OF THE EXODUS IN THE HISTORY OF EGYPT.

By A. L. Lewis.



WHEN the hieroglyphic inscriptions and papyri of Egypt began to give up their long-guarded secrets to the zealous investigators of the nineteenth century, the first thought that occurred to the majority of those who watched the progress of their decipherment was that they were at last about to learn from the old Egyptians themselves their version of the history of Joseph, and of Moses, and of all the wonderful events which took place during the stay of the children of Israel in Egypt, and which accompanied their departure from it. The expectation was a natural one, but never perhaps was a natural expectation more signally disappointed, for although many attempts have been made to find in various inscriptions some possible reference to the Israelites, and for that purpose even to supply characters which cannot be proved to exist in the originals, it is not too much to say that the monuments and papyri of Egypt, so far as at present explored, are absolutely silent about the history of the Israelites while in Egypt and about the manner in which they left it.

A little reflection will show us that this silence is not so surprising as it at first appears. To the Israelites their exodus from Egypt was the beginning of their existence as an independent nation, an event to be commemorated and remembered in every detail, perhaps occasionally exaggerated; and we, who have derived our first impressions of it from their accounts, have assumed that it must have been equally important to the Egyptians, to whom in reality it was but one of a long series of struggles with more or less barbaric intruders. The relative importance accorded in the histories of England and of the United States to the American war of independence may serve as an explanation of the absence of any Egyptian account of the birth of the Hebrew nation; many an English boy has gone through his school course without learning anything about that great struggle, a thing which could not possibly happen to any American boy, and the position of the Israelite and the Egyptian were in this respect probably not unlike that of the American and the Englishman. In any endeavor, therefore, to ascertain the place of the exodus in the history of Egypt we are compelled, both by the silence of the Egyptians and by the probability that, apart from any question of inspiration, the Israelites would be the best authorities as to their own history, to accept the Hebrew accounts as a whole, and to endeavor to find that part of Egyptian history into which they will most easily fit.

The natural result of this condition of things is that at least half a dozen different kings have been fixed upon by as many different authors as the Pharaoh of the exodus, the most generally accepted theory being that Rameses the Second (commonly called the Great) was the Pharaoh of the oppression, and that his son and successor, Menepthah or Mer-en-ptah, was the Pharaoh of the exodus. Except in one particular this view is as destitute of any evidence to support it as are all the others; the point in question is, that we are told that the Israelites "built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and 'Raamses,'" and, as the foundation of these cities has been attributed to Rameses the Second, it has been regarded as a necessary consequence that he was the oppressor. It is, however, possible that both places existed before his time, although much building was done in them during his reign, and it is also possible that the names of these towns, coming as they do at the end of a sentence, may have been in the first place merely a

conjectural marginal note, which was afterward embodied in the text itself; and it must be observed in support of this view that Josephus does not claim these cities as works of the Israelites.

Lepsius and others who believed that Rameses the Second was the oppressor, claimed also to be supported by a story about an insurrection of certain lepers and others, which was said to be extracted from the history of Egypt written by Manetho, a history which, with the exception of its lists of dynasties and kings, has, unfortunately, been almost entirely lost. The leper story has been preserved in the controversy of Josephus against Apion, but it has evidently been so much distorted that nothing can be founded upon it, and Josephus very rightly refused to recognize in it any reference to the exodus; though, on the other hand, he was certainly wrong in identifying the Hyksos, who were driven out by the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, with his own nation.

Much has also been said of late about the discovery at Pithom of bricks made without straw and stamped with the name of Rameses the Second, but, as the bricks without straw belonged not to the oppressor but to the exodus king, these bricks, to be of any value as a confirmation of the current theory, should rather be stamped with the name of his son Mer-en-ptah. As those who consider that Thothmes the Third was king during both the oppression and the exodus have found strawless bricks stamped with his name at Heliopolis, it would seem probable that "jerry-building" was more common among the Egyptians than the excellence of so much of their work might have led us to expect, and, as a matter of fact, the careful researches of Mr. Flinders Petrie have unearthed numerous little frauds perpetrated four thousand years ago by various Egyptian artificers. Further, it does not appear that bricks without straw were accepted from the Israelites, but that they had to go into the fields to root up the long stubble left in reaping with the flint-edged sickle of the period, instead of having straw supplied to them, and that this was the extra labor laid upon them. Those who seek support for their views from the strawless bricks are, therefore, themselves making bricks with very little straw in them.

Although the monuments and papyri give us no direct information upon the subject of the exodus, they do indirectly indicate a certain period within which it must have taken place. Thothmes the Third, who was the most powerful king of that dynasty (the eighteenth) which finally drove the Hyksos invaders out of Egypt and reunited the whole country under one sceptre, extended his conquests as far as Mesopotamia, overrunning Palestine on his way; he left lists of the conquered nations, but does not mention the Israelites among them. Rameses the Second, of the nineteenth dynasty, the supposed oppressor, who reigned about two hundred years later, also subdued Palestine and left lists of the conquered peoples, but he, again, does not mention the Israelites among them. What is, perhaps, still more important, is that while the Israelites have left records of invasions by Mesopotamians, Moabites, Canaanites, Midianites, and Philistines, they do not mention any invasion by the Egyptians, and the conclusion is that the Israelites were not settled on the west side of the Jordan till after the wars raged by Rameses the Second at the commencement of his reign, which began not earlier than 1388 B.C., or, as some now say, 1266 B.C. It has been attempted to explain this difficulty away by suggesting that Rameses the Second kept close to the sea-coast on his march through Palestine and did not strike inland till he was some distance to the north of the Israelites, but it is inconceivable that he should not have secured his long line of communications by establishing posts so far inland that they must have been brought into contact with the Hebrews if the latter had at that time been settled in their own country.

The earliest date, therefore, at which the Egyptian history will permit the exodus to have taken place, even when full allowance is made for the time spent by the Jews in the wilderness and in conquering Palestine, would seem to be about 1430 B.C., while, if the shorter chronology be adopted, it could not

have been much earlier than 1300 B.C.; but if, in accordance with the generally received idea, we place the exodus in the reign of Mer-en-ptah, the limits between which it must have happened vary, according to the system of chronology adopted, from about 1310 to 1190 B.C., or from 386 to 228 years before the conquest of Jerusalem by Shishak, the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, which some writers place as late as 924 B.C. and others as early as 962 B.C.

On the other hand, we have, both in the Bible and in the works of Josephus, a circumstantial account of the various events of Jewish history, beginning with the exodus and going on through the governments of the Judges and the oppressions and invasions which occurred between them to the reigns of Saul, David, Solomon, and Rehoboam, in whose fifth year Jerusalem was taken, as I have already mentioned, by the Egyptians under Shishak. A number of years is assigned to nearly every one of these events, and when added together their total amounts to more than 700 years to the fifth year of Rehoboam, or about 660 to the building of the temple; but in the book of Kings these 660 years are reduced to 480, while Josephus puts them at 592, which is about the time the summary of Jewish history given by St. Paul in Acts xiii. would allow.

We find, then, that the Hebrew authorities assign to the period between the exodus and the invasion of Shishak not less than 500, and it may be more than 700 years, whereas the Egyptian history does not allow more than from 340 to 500 years to have passed between the two events, and the question arises how we are to reconcile the two accounts.

There are assigned to no less than eleven of the events between the exodus and Shishak, the duration of which is mentioned in the Bible, periods of forty years, eighty years, or twenty years, and it is generally admitted that the term forty years, when used in the Old Testament, may mean not necessarily forty years, but an unknown period of considerable length. The large number of forty-year periods found among those mentioned between the exodus and Shishak tends to show that some at least of them are not exact, and the smaller and varying totals given by the writer of the book of Kings, and by St. Paul, as well as by Josephus, show that a reduction of some of these periods is permissible. Still, compression has its limits, and if it be difficult to compress the wanderings in the wilderness, the conquest of the promised land, the governments of the Judges, the various oppressions which occurred between them, and the reigns of the first three kings of Israel into 386 years, it is absolutely impossible to compress them into 228 years; so that if it should be found that the reign of Rameses the Second must be postponed to 1266–1200 B.C., as those say who reckon by Sirius, the current idea that he was the oppressor, and that his successor was the Pharaoh of the exodus, would have to be abandoned without regard to any damage to existing theories or to the position of their supporters.

Perhaps it is on this account that many Egyptologists prefer to consider Thothmes the Third, who reigned about 200 years before Rameses the Second, as the king, both of the oppression and of the exodus, wherein they are clearly in opposition to the Hebrew writers, who unanimously declare these to have been two different kings. It appears to me that those who adopt this view would do better to assume Thothmes to have been the oppressor, and his successor Amenhotep (sometimes called Amunoph or Amenophis) the Second to have been the Pharaoh of the exodus, for the latter was succeeded by his brother, Thothmes the Fourth, who from one of his inscriptions would not seem to have had in his earlier years any expectation of attaining the throne. There is, moreover, no evidence in favor of the Thothmes theory, except certain chronological speculations, which, however learned and abstruse, rest on very slender and unstable foundations, and cannot outweigh the consideration already mentioned, that if the Israelites left Egypt either in the reign of Thothmes the Third or of his successor, Amenhotep the Second, they must have been in Palestine when Rameses the Second invaded it, and that neither he nor they record the presence of the other.

But where, within the possible limits of time as already indicated, is the most probable place for the exodus? Let us first look at the Jewish accounts of the events which led up to it, after that at the history of Egypt within those limits, and then try to fit them both together.

Taking the accounts given by the Bible and by Josephus as a whole, we find Egypt at the birth of Moses under the government of a tyrannical and superstitious, if not weak and vacillating, monarch, who was moved, on the one hand, by fear of the growing numbers of the Israelites, and by the prophecy of a priest regarding the approaching birth of their deliverer, to decree the destruction of every male infant of the obnoxious race ; but who was induced, on the other hand, by his daughter not only to spare the very child whom above all others he had sought to kill, but to allow him to be brought up as his own successor, and we find the other Egyptians, and even their priests, with full knowledge of the circumstances, reluctantly accepting Moses as the heir to the throne, because, as Josephus says, "there was no one, either akin or adopted, that had any oracle on his side for pretending to the crown of Egypt," or, in other words, because the royal family was dying out, and there was no one else whom circumstances seemed to point out as a suitable successor to the throne. Then we have the accounts of the subjugation of the country by the Ethiopians, and of its deliverance by Moses ; of the plots and intrigues against him by the priestly party, who suspected, as Josephus says, that he would "bring innovations into Egypt," and of the success with which his military achievements enabled them to work upon the fears of the king ; of the ultimate determination of the monarch to have Moses killed, and of the flight of the latter to Midian after an abortive attempt to rally his own race to his support before the appointed time.

Now, of all periods of Egyptian history the reigns of Thothmes the Third and Rameses the Second, one or other of which is usually selected as the era of the oppression, least resemble that depicted above from the Hebrew writers. Those two kings were the greatest and most powerful who ever reigned upon the banks of the Nile ; both were brave soldiers and more unlikely to be swayed by fear of the Israelites or by excessive belief in the soothsayers than any of their numerous predecessors or successors ; there does not seem to have been any great Ethiopian invasion in the reign of either of them ; and, what is perhaps conclusive, both had sufficiently large families to make the succession to the throne secure, and both were, as a matter of fact, succeeded by their own sons ; nor is there the least likelihood, notwithstanding the possibility that the succession *de jure* went by the daughter rather than by the son, that either of these kings would have allowed a daughter to bring up a foundling of a despised race as his heir and successor.

Is there, then, any part of the history of Egypt which tallies better with the state of things depicted by the Hebrew writers? Let us see.

Thothmes the Third was, as I have already said, succeeded by his son Amenhotep the Second, who was succeeded by his brother Thothmes the Fourth, and he by his son Amenhotep the Third, who married Tii or Tia, generally believed to have been a Semitic princess,* and to have brought with her the seeds of trouble in the matter of religion, since their son, Amenhotep the Fourth, renounced the Egyptian form of sun-worship, that of Amen, and adopted a more Semitic form, that of the Aten or disk of the sun ; he even erased the name of Amen from the temples and other monuments, and dropped it out of his own name, and called himself Khuenaten. Khuenaten built a new capital, called Khut-aten and Pa-aten-her, at the place now known as Tel-el-amarna, for the more convenient exercise of his new religion. He left no sons, but was succeeded by three of his numerous daughters and their respective husbands : Sa'anecht (Ra-saa-kha-kheper), husband of Meri Aten ; Tutanch Amen, husband of Anchnes Amen ; Ai, husband of Tia.

The monuments and inscriptions of these kings suffered considerably after

* Some are inclined to think, on the contrary, that Tia was a daughter of Thothmes. The intermarriage of brothers and sisters of the royal family continued to the time of Cleopatra and was, perhaps, a survival of descent by the female rather than the male.

the restoration of the worship of Amen, so their history is somewhat obscure; but there were many wars both on the north and on the south of Egypt during their reigns, and the great Asiatic conquests of Thothmes the Third were evidently lost in their time, if not before. Ai, the last of these three kings, had been fan-bearer, royal scribe, and master of horse to Khuenaten, but neither he nor his predecessors seem to have left any children, and his successor, Heru-em-Heb, or Horemhebi, appears to have been chosen by him as crown prince after some kind of contest. The wife of Horemhebi probably belonged to the royal family, but it is not clear that he himself did. He restored the worship of Amen, and more monumental remains have been left by him than by his three predecessors; one statue in the British Museum represents him in company with and under the protection of a larger figure of the god Khem or Amsi, a form of Amen-ra; and another represents him alone, while at Turin there is a group representing him and his queen Netem-mut. Although there was much fighting going on during his reign he seems to have been prosperous on the whole, but he was the last king of the eighteenth dynasty. Rameses the First, a successful military officer, founded the nineteenth dynasty after the death, or, as Dr. Birch thought, the deposition, of Horemhebi; and although he reigned only two years, he was able to leave the kingdom to his son Seti the First, a great king, and the father of the still greater Rameses the Second, who extended the borders of the empire almost as far as his predecessor, Thothmes the Third, had done, and who has generally, but, as I think, wrongly, been considered to have been the oppressor of the Israelites.*

Now, we have in the reigns of Khuenaten and of his sons-in-law a much more likely place for the events narrated by the Hebrew writers than any other. Whether Khuenaten were Amenhotep the Fourth under another name, or whether he were, as some say, a successor to that king, we have in him a sovereign harassed by revolt abroad and by disaffection—the result of his own actions—at home, and likely, therefore, to be a prey to all manner of fears; greatly concerned with religious matters, and no doubt ready to listen to prophecies, and to act upon them; having no sons, and, although some of his daughters were married, having no grandchildren, so that the succession to the throne was falling into the condition described by Josephus; executing such great public works that Osburn says it is evident that he and his successors had much forced labor at their command. In a word, we have in Khuenaten just the man for the oppressor.

Nor are we without a clue to the identity of "Pharaoh's daughter." That princess is called by Josephus Thermuthis, while another legend states that Merris, daughter of Palmanothes, and wife of Chenephres, king of Upper Egypt, adopted a little son of the Hebrews, as she herself was barren. Two of those daughters of Khuenaten who succeeded him were Meri Aten and Tia. Meri Aten might obviously be the original of Merris, and as she was princess first and queen afterward, the apparent discrepancy between the accounts becomes rather a confirmation than otherwise. Tia, who, with her husband Ai, was the last of Khuenaten's family who sat on the throne, might well be the Thermuthis of Josephus, for the syllable mut or mother, which is frequently added to the names of Egyptian princesses, and might have been assumed by Tia on the adoption of Moses, would convert Tia into Tia-mut, which is as much like Thermuthis as any name that has been found. The Greeks, indeed, seem to have been in the habit of adding s to foreign names. Herodotus (Clio cxxxix.) says that all the Persian names ended in s, but that the Persians themselves were not aware of that fact; nor is their ignorance very surprising, since, from a comparison of the cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions, Xerxes, Darius, and Cambyses appear to have been in their original form Ksharsha, Ntaryusha, and Kenbuta, and not to have ended in s at all. Although the Hebrew accounts speak of only one

*Horemhebi is often confounded with the Horus of Manetho, but this is a mistake; the Horus of Manetho was Khuenaten, after whom follow three or four other sovereigns (the daughters- and sons-in-law of Khuenaten), and then Armais or Harmais, by whom Manetho intends Horemhebi.

daughter of Pharaoh, little difficulty will, I imagine, be felt in admitting that two may have been concerned in the bringing up of Moses, though perhaps only one in his preservation. Some writers indeed say that Tia the wife of Ai was not the daughter of Khuenaten, but his nurse, and this, if true, would leave to Meri Aten the sole honor of being that daughter of Pharaoh who has for so many ages excited so much interest. In that case it might be assumed that Tia-mut, or Tia the nurse, had also been a friend and patroness of Moses, and that Josephus had thus been led into the mistake of giving her name as that of the princess.

During the reigns of the sons-in-law of Khuenaten there were many campaigns both in the north and in the south, in some of which Moses might have fought with success and distinction, and with the result, not uncommon in absolute monarchies, that the jealousy of the king was excited against him by the priestly party which had been hostile to him from his birth, and that Horemhebi was chosen by Ai as his successor in place of Moses, who thereupon found it necessary to leave the country.

The inscription of Horemhebi, now at Turin, as translated by Dr. Birch, although much damaged, clearly intimates that he was chosen by the reigning king as his successor in opposition to someone else :

(Line 6 where legible)—" his reign in face of the king, at rest in his property, rejoicing in his election, he placed him at the gate of the country to conduct the numerous laws of the country as Prince, Heir-apparent of this town like him, one alone without a second, the plans "—(break—then line 7 where legible)—" of men which came out of his mouth addressed before the Prince of the palace, he went along to the opposition against him ; he answered the King, that which came out of his mouth daily pleased him, the gracious one."

It would, therefore, seem that, while Moses may have been supported by the disk-worshippers and Semites, Horemhebi was supported by the priests of Amen and the native party generally, and that they, fearing, as Josephus says, further innovations, made use of the successes of Moses to bring about his disgrace with the king and the choice of Horemhebi in his place.

The latter part of the same inscription describes the coronation of Horemhebi and his restoration of the old worship and temples, and the satisfaction of the gods at his conduct. Horemhebi did in fact restore the worship of Amen, and caused his name to be recut in the inscriptions from which Khuenaten had had it erased ; the names of the disk-worshippers were in their turn erased, and their works destroyed, and the new city built under Khuenaten by, as I suppose, the labor of the Israelites, was deserted and ruined, so that, when their descendants in later years sought to identify the works of their forefathers, it was forgotten, and Pithom and Rameses were put down conjecturally by some, and the pyramids (which were built before Abraham was born) by others, as the result of those labors.

Horemhebi reigned at least twenty-one years, and was succeeded by Rameses the First, the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, whom I consider to have been the Pharaoh of the exodus, since Josephus expressly says that that monarch had only just received the government when Moses returned to Egypt. It is not unlikely that Moses and he might have fought side by side in previous years, but if Moses entertained any hopes of favor on that account, they were certainly very soon dissipated. Rameses reigned about two years, and that his death was unexpected by himself, if not actually sudden, is shown by the state of his tomb, which, according to Osburn, was intended to be large and magnificent, but was only just begun, the sarcophagus even being unfinished, and the name of Rameses roughly scrawled upon it. It is not stated in the book of Exodus that the Pharaoh himself perished with his army, though Psalm 136 shows that the general belief among the Jews was that he did so, and the apparently unexpected death of Rameses the First, as shown by the unfinished condition of his tomb, would also tend to favor that idea. But for the statement of Josephus that the Pharaoh of the exodus had only just received the

government I might not be indisposed to place that event at the end of Horemhebi's reign, as there seem to have been troubles on the northern frontier of Egypt during his life, and some uncertainty exists about his death, but, on the whole, Rameses the First seems to answer the requirements of the Hebrew accounts better. Neither the tomb nor the mummy of Horemhebi have yet been identified, but they may be discovered at some future time.

Rameses the First was succeeded by his son Seti the First, who is said in the lists of kings handed down from the otherwise lost history of Manetho to have reigned fifty years, but as his son and successor, Rameses the Second, certainly reigned sixty-six years, it is hardly possible that he could have reigned so long; and as, in addition to this, the large buildings begun by him were finished not by him, but by Rameses the Second, and as the latest of his years recorded on the monuments is the ninth, it is generally believed that his reign was not a very long one. The reign of Seti and the first years of that of Rameses the Second were largely occupied by wars against the Hittites and other Asiatics, episodes in which are not only depicted on their buildings, but have formed the subject of the celebrated poem by Pentaur. If the Israelites left Egypt at the end of the reign of Rameses the First they would have been in the wilderness and on the eastern side of the Jordan while Rameses the Second was fighting in Palestine; consequently they would not have encountered or been encountered by the Egyptians, and one of the great difficulties mentioned at the commencement of this article is thus avoided. The facility with which the Israelites conquered the promised land is also explained, inasmuch as the power of the Canaanites had been broken for them by Rameses the Second. In Exodus xxiii. 28 a promise was made to the Israelites—"I will send hornets before thee which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite from before thee," and from the parting address of Joshua to the Israelites (Joshua xxiv. 12) it would appear that this promise had been fulfilled, for Joshua, speaking in the name of Jehovah, said: "I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you—the two kings of the Amorites—not with thy sword nor with thy bow." The hornet appears above the cartouche which contains the throne name of every Egyptian king, and is the determining sign of his rank, and it has, therefore, been thought, with some probability, that by the hornets which attacked the Canaanites are intended not insects, but Egyptian kings, but whether this be so or not, if the most lasting result of the great wars of Rameses the Second were the easy installation of the despised and persecuted Israelites in the promised land, it gives us indeed a marvellous illustration of the mysterious ways of Providence.

But now it may occur to some of my readers that while the Hebrew writers only mention one oppressor, succeeded immediately by the Pharaoh of the exodus, I have produced a line of five oppressors, namely, Khuenaten, his three sons-in-law, and Horemhebi, and that the reign of the latter did not extend over forty years, which is the period usually assigned for the stay of Moses in Midian. My answer is, that if Moses were forty years old when he left Egypt, and eighty years old when he returned to it, and if the king in whose reign he was born did not die till just before his return, that king must have reigned more than eighty years, and could not have been less than one hundred and twenty years old when he died, since he must have been old enough to be Moses's grandfather, and that no such king existed; and that, although the Bible only mentions two kings, it does not say that there were no others. The remarks made in an earlier part of this article respecting the forty-year periods between the exodus and Shishak apply equally to the division of the life of Moses into three forty-year periods, and it is certain that we must either give up that division or admit that more than two Pharaohs reigned between the birth of Moses and the exodus. If one of these courses be a necessity neither is inadmissible, and I take both; and I think the account of the circumcision of Moses's son by his mother while on the way back to Egypt

tends to show that the son was at most a youth, and that the stay of Moses in Midian had, therefore, been much less than forty years.

The exact, or even the approximate, date of the exodus cannot be determined until the differences between long and short chronologies have been finally settled. If the reign of Rameses the Second began, as is generally thought, in 1388 B.C., the exodus would, on my hypothesis, have occurred about 1420 B.C., which would allow from 450 to 500 years for the Jewish history between it and Rehoboam; but if, as is not improbable, the accession of Rameses the Second did not take place till 1266 B.C., the exodus would, on my theory, have occurred between 1320 B.C. and 1300 B.C., according to the length of the reign of Seti the First, and this would allow nearly four hundred years for the events between it and the siege of Jerusalem by Shishak.

The question which lies at the root of these differences is the difficulty of deciding in what reign certain festivals were celebrated which were fixed upon an astronomical basis. In consequence of the ordinary Egyptian year having only 365 days and not admitting an intercalary day every fourth year, its first day coincided with the first appearance at Memphis of Sirius, or Sothis, as the morning star only once in 1,460 years. One of these coincidences is known to have taken place under the government of the Roman emperors, and the one before it is calculated to have occurred in 1322 B.C., and is known to have been celebrated under a king from whom the Greek astronomers called it the era of Menophres or Menepthes. But who was this king Menophres? It has generally been assumed that he was Mer-en-ptah, the son of Rameses the Second, and was the Pharaoh of the exodus, which on this same ground is commonly supposed to have occurred about 1314 B.C.; but others say that Menophres was Men-pe-hu-ra, or Ra Men Pehu, which was the throne name of Rameses the First, who was the great grandfather of Mer-en-ptah, and the king whom I have selected as the Pharaoh of the exodus. Other astronomical data are afforded by the lunar cycles of twenty-five years, by which it is shown that certain festivals mentioned in the inscriptions as having been celebrated in certain reigns, must have occurred within a range of about seven years; but as these seven-year periods came round every twenty-five years, it has not yet been found possible to fix with certainty any date from them, although many attempts have been made in that direction. Nor can any more certain date be obtained from the historical than from the astronomical facts which are as yet in our possession.

Although the order of the dynasties and the succession of the kings are found to be generally in agreement with the lists of Manetho, opinions vary as to whether some of the dynasties reigned over the whole kingdom, or only over a part of it contemporaneously with other dynasties reigning over other parts; nor do we know the lengths of all the reigns, nor to what extent one reign ran into another by means of the association of a son with his father. Thus, between Shishak, who was the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, and the nineteenth dynasty, which Rameses the First founded, but concerning the end of which there is some little obscurity, there were the twentieth and twenty-first dynasties. It might be thought that the addition of the regnal years of the kings composing those dynasties would show the time when the nineteenth dynasty began, but we do not know the lengths of all the reigns of those kings, and we are also met by the question whether, and if so, how far, the twenty-first dynasty was contemporary with the twentieth and twenty-second dynasties. The attacks of the Philistines on the Israelites are not noticed till the latter part of the governments of the Judges. During the earlier years of the Jews in the promised land the Philistines were kept under by Rameses the Third, the second king of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, and his immediate successors; and the oppressors of the Hebrews came from other quarters; but the uncertainty as to the number of years to be assigned to Samson, Eli, Samuel, and Saul renders this indication of little value in fixing a date. I shall, therefore, not at-

tempt to decide the question between the long and the short chronologies, nor do I consider that my views as to the place of the exodus would be affected by the victory of either. That one or other will be established sooner or later is most probable, for an inscription or papyrus may be discovered at any time, which will settle the matter beyond dispute.

An inscription or papyrus may also yet be discovered which will give us that certainty with regard to the kings of the oppression and the exodus which cannot be obtained from the materials now at our command. It may be that if any such discovery be made I may be proved to be wrong in fixing upon Khuenaten and his successors as the oppressors and upon Rameses the First as the king of the exodus, but it is at least as likely that I may be proved to be right, and until the contrary be shown, I hold that the theory I have brought forward must be admitted to be more probable than any other and for the following reasons:

Whatever system of chronology may be adopted my hypothesis allows at least a century more than is allowed by the theory that Mer-en-ptah was the Pharaoh of the exodus, and this century is, as we have seen, much needed, if not absolutely indispensable, to satisfy the requirements of the Jewish historians.

While it gives this extra century where it is so much wanted, my theory avoids the difficulty besetting those who hold that Thothmes the Third, or some earlier king, was the Pharaoh of the exodus, namely, that in that case the Israelites must have been in Palestine when Rameses the Second invaded it, but that neither do the Israelites mention the Egyptians nor they the Israelites.

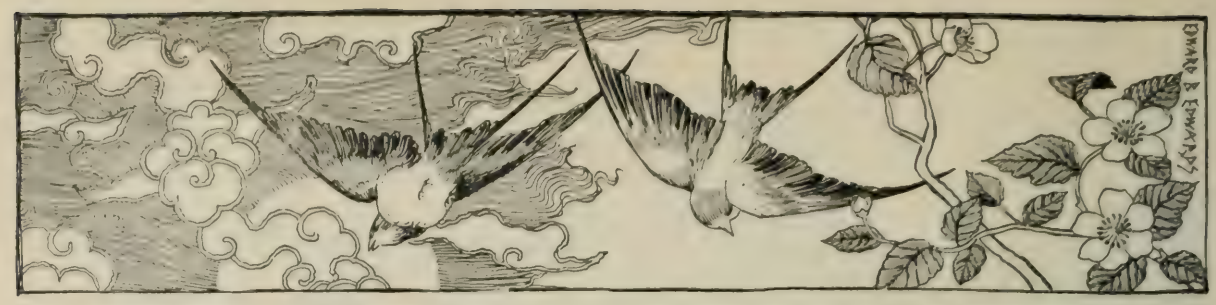
Further, the view here advocated shows how Josephus may have been perfectly accurate in describing that uncertain condition of the succession to the Egyptian throne which alone could have rendered possible the adoption of Moses as crown prince, and it identifies the princess or princesses who adopted him; and, finally, while removing so many of the difficulties which surround other theories it raises up no fresh ones.

Since the above article was corrected for the press, Dr. Flinders Petrie has returned to England from his exploration of Tel-el-Amarna, the site of the capital of Khuenaten. What he has found there will be described by him in due time, and will be of great interest; but it does not appear that he has made any discovery which in any way affects the views respecting the exodus set forth in the foregoing pages.

The reign of Khuenaten, which is said by Manetho to have lasted thirty-seven years, is almost certainly limited, by Dr. Petrie's investigations, to seventeen years; but the reigns of his three successors appear, from the number of objects found bearing their names, to have lasted for some time after his death, to have followed each other in the order usually assigned to them, and not to have been, as some recent writers have suggested, contemporary co-regencies; although it is possible that the first of them may have been associated in the government with Khuenaten during that king's later years.

The architecture and decoration of the palace of Khuenaten (in which, if my suggestions be correct, the youth of Moses was spent) are found to be in some points superior to Egyptian architecture and design generally, and Dr. Petrie thinks that the origin of some of the architecture and ornamentation of the Temple of Solomon may possibly be found in this palace. The space covered by the palace, the temples, and the city, is about as large as that now covered by Brighton (England).

The tomb of Khuenaten had unfortunately been discovered and plundered by the Arabs many months before Dr. Petrie's explorations were begun, but it is probable that the Arabs only found the *débris* left by destroyers in the time of Horemhebi, or a little later; even this *débris* has not been thoroughly examined, as the Ghizeh Museum authorities, then in power, would neither allow Dr. Petrie to examine it, nor do so themselves. Khuenaten's tomb was plastered, and the designs for the sculpture were cut through the plaster, but only partly carved on the rock. His second daughter, who died in his lifetime, unmarried, was buried in an adjoining chamber, the decoration of which represents him and his courtiers mourning for her.



WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE,

AND HIS GENERAL METHODS OF PREPARATION.

By Robert C. Winthrop.

IN May, 1877, more than sixteen years ago, I purchased of the late Mrs. Joseph Gales, at Washington, the volume which her husband had made up, not less than forty years previously, containing his own short-hand report of Webster's reply to Hayne in 1830, together with the manuscript copy—large parts of it in Webster's own handwriting—from which the speech was originally printed in the *National Intelligencer*, of which Mr. Gales was then the editor. The volume was paid for by many others besides myself, and was presented through me to the Boston Public Library, where it has since been open to examination. A communication in the *Boston Transcript*, dated July 10, 1882, evidently contained the results of a careful and critical investigation of its pages. That communication was published while I was in Europe. Soon after my return home, however, I prepared a brief memorandum in regard to some missing pages of the volume, and filed it between the fly-leaves, where it will still be found. I have nothing to add or alter as to the missing pages, but the facts which the *Transcript* communication stated, in reference to the original publication of the speech, led me to recall all that I had ever known or heard on the subject. I took occasion soon afterward to put upon paper the following account of Webster's methods—if, indeed, he had any methods—in the preparation and publication of some of his most remarkable efforts, and particularly of this reply to Hayne—the most important and remarkable effort of his life.

The account bears date January, 1883, and was thus written more than ten years ago. It was written without any definite purpose of publication, and was laid away for future consideration. Several persons — among whom I may mention my lamented friend the late Chief-Justice Waite, to whom I had communicated some of these reminiscences in familiar after-dinner conversation—have repeatedly urged me to publish them, and I have more than once been on the point of doing so. But some contentions on the subject, into which I was indisposed to be drawn, deterred me, and I have only consented to do so now that it may almost claim the immunity of a posthumous publication.

Webster's reply to Hayne was made in the Senate of the United States on January 26 and 27, 1830, occupying many hours of two successive days. It first appeared in print in the *National Intelligencer*, in three successive parts, on February 23d, 25th, and 27th. Nearly or quite a month thus intervened between the delivery and the publication of the speech. I was a law-student in Webster's office in Boston at that time, and I remember well the public and private impatience, I might almost call it vexation, at this long delay. There were no telegraphs or railroads at that period. The communication between Boston and Washington was slow, the mails taking two or three days. There were no professional letter-writers, or, certainly, no organized corps of reporters, at Washington then, as there are now. But the fact that a triumphant defence of the Constitution and of New England had been made by

Mr. Webster was soon widely circulated throughout the country, and some private letters, as well as many of the newspapers, gave glowing accounts of it. Everyone was thus eager to see and read the speech, and everyone was disappointed, as day after day they looked in vain for its appearance.

The volume of Mr. Gales, now in the Boston Public Library, helps to solve the mystery of this long delay; and the solution is in precise conformity with what I had repeatedly heard from Judge Peleg Sprague, from Governor John Davis, and from others who were associated with Webster in Congress at the time, and who were never weary of telling the story of this wonderful effort—for which, as well as for the transcendent abilities of its author, they all had the greatest admiration.

Indeed, no one from that day to this has ever questioned, or ever will question, that on those two days of January, 1830 — the 26th and 27th — Webster made the greatest and most important and successful effort of his life. The speech was magnificent and overpowering as delivered, and produced an impression on all who heard it never equalled or approached by any other speech delivered in Congress since Fisher Ames made his marvellous speech on the British Treaty in 1796—even if that is to be named in the same category.

But Mr. Webster felt, and all his friends felt with him, that something more was to be accomplished than any immediate impression on those who heard him. He felt, and they all felt, that the Constitution of the United States was at stake—not for the mere hour or year of that debate, but for all time and for the whole country. He had been forced or challenged into the discussion at short notice and under embarrassing circumstances. He had mustered all his resources and energies as by magic, and had come off triumphantly. The air of the whole land was vocal with his praises. But great expectations remained to be met, involving not merely his own fame, but the highest interests of his country. He perceived at a glance that the short-hand report of Mr. Gales, as written out by his wife, however faithfully and lovingly done, could not satisfy the general public expectation. He decided that his great argument and appeal for the Constitution and the Union must be made as impressive to readers in all time to come as it had been to hearers at the moment, and that for this end it must be carefully revised and written out by himself. Nobody else could do it; and accordingly it was so revised and much of it written out—as I have been told by the highest authority—with his own hand. Some of his friends, who were present at its delivery, were called into consultation on the subject, and parts of the speech, if not the whole, read over to them from time to time, with an occasional question: "Is that strong enough?" "Is that as strong as I put it in the Senate?" In the heat and fervor of these readings and consultations, different phrases and forms of expression were adopted or recalled, and quotations introduced; and the whole speech was thus worked over and perfected until it satisfied his friends and himself, and until it assumed the shape in which he was willing to give it to the press. He was resolved that no labor should be spared to render it as perfect and as impressive as it was in his power to make it.

This is the true history, as I have the best reason for believing, of the month's delay in its publication, and of the numerous differences which are discovered between the speech as reported in short-hand by Mr. Gales, and the speech as we have it in print. That delay and those differences, even if there were no positive testimony, could hardly be accounted for in any other way.

I remember well that Mr. Gales, proud of his own skill as a short-hand reporter, told me more than once, in showing me this very volume, that he did not think some parts of the speech were improved by all this labor. He alluded particularly to the famous peroration, which he thought more effective as delivered than as finally printed. He said that Webster had changed it a little "in order to avoid a mixed metaphor, or for some other cause." Mr. Gales would have been the last person in the world to detract a jot or tittle from the surpassing ability and power

of the speech in reply to Hayne, whether as delivered in the Senate or as printed in the *Intelligencer*. He had been a hearer of all the important debates in Congress from his youth upward, and was familiar with all the greatest efforts of our American statesmen for half a century. He was a man, too, of remarkable accomplishments, and might have been appealed to as an umpire of the comparative excellence of all that he had heard or read. And he never hesitated to pronounce this speech of Webster's as first without a second of all the great speeches of our country. It was his particular pride to have reported it. It was his last labor in that line, and he could never be persuaded to use his pen again, as a short-hand writer, after he had been privileged to report this consummate effort of Webster's.

I have said that Webster was called on to make this speech at short notice. A single night was, if I remember right, all that he had for immediate preparation for the first day's effort, and one other night for that of the second day. He could have made but few notes, and the Brief which has been published—a very short one—may have been all that he committed to writing. Before going to the Senate Chamber on the morning of the first day he told Mr. Everett that as to the defence of the Constitution he had no misgivings, that he was always ready for that; and that his only anxiety was in regard to the personal and sectional parts of Colonel Hayne's attack. As he entered the Senate Chamber, John M. Clayton, the senator from Delaware, said to him, "Webster, are you primed and loaded?" "Seven fingers," was his only reply, with a gesture as if pointing to a gun-barrel. He spoke under great excitement, and with almost an air of inspiration. Of his emotions he said himself, not long afterward, "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him."

There is little doubt that Webster had contemplated, some years before, that such an occasion would occur, and had considered how he should meet it. At a previous session of Congress a violent attack had been made on New England, in connection with the tariff and the Constitution, by Colonel Hayne or some other senator, and Webster resolved at once to reply to it. But a Presidential election was then approaching, John Quincy Adams being a candidate; and it was feared that a sectional controversy in the Senate at that time might impair the chances of Mr. Adams's success. Webster was accordingly persuaded to forbear, and to postpone any reply until another time. It may well be that he pondered the subject deeply in the meantime, and made the Constitution a fresh subject of study. But the occasion came at last unexpectedly, and upon a Resolution which would least be supposed likely to create it.

It is, indeed, among the curiosities of parliamentary eloquence, if not of general literature, that a Resolution, moved by Mr. Samuel A. Foote, a Democratic senator of no great distinction from Connecticut, on the subject of the public lands and the Surveyor-General—and which, I believe, was never disposed of or acted on at all—should have been the ostensible theme of that great debate. Webster had made an admirable speech on the Resolution six or seven days before, and might well have been thought to have exhausted the topic, so far as he and the public lands were concerned. But that speech had opened him to assault, when it may have been imagined that he had no more ammunition. The assault came, and roused him to the supreme effort of his life.

The account which I have thus given of the speech as delivered, and of the speech as we now have it in print, recalls the saying of some great English orator—I believe it was Charles James Fox—that for complete and permanent success in eloquence on a great occasion a man should have two speeches—one a speech for delivery, and another a speech for publication. When told that a speech read well, he always replied, "Then it was a bad speech." Webster may be said to have fulfilled Fox's idea—if it were Fox's—in the twofold triumph of his reply to Hayne. Upon the

spur of the moment and under the impulse of a great exigency, he made a speech which in its power and impressiveness, as delivered, was unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in Parliamentary or Congressional annals. And then, with the aid of Mr. Gales's short-hand notes and of his own memory, and of the memory and counsel of friends who heard it, he prepared the speech for publication in a manner to command the admiration of all who shall read it to the latest generations. Let me not seem to imply that the speech as delivered and the speech as printed were two speeches. They were substantially one and the same. The one great speech was made in the Senate, producing an overwhelming effect. The corrections of the report, and the changes of form or phraseology, by which it was perfected for the press, impair not a whit the unique grandeur of the effort. No such thing could ever happen in these days, because there are now stenographic reporters who take down every word which falls from the lips of a speaker, just as it falls and just when it falls, and the speech goes into the newspapers irrevocably without a day's delay.

It is a striking coincidence that a similar though much longer interval had once before occurred between the delivery and the formal publication of another of Webster's most celebrated efforts. His famous Plymouth oration, which was delivered on December 22, 1820, was not forthcoming in a pamphlet form, or, I believe, in any form, until the following autumn. Nearly a year, indeed, seems to have elapsed before it was in a condition to be sent to his friends and read by the public. The date of John Adams's note to him, acknowledging a copy of it with so memorable a compliment, was December 23, 1821; and that of Chancellor Kent bore date December 29, 1821.

I was too young to go to Plymouth in 1820. But though I did not hear that grand discourse, I was in the way of hearing of it, and I well remember the copy which Webster sent to my mother in the autumn or winter of 1821. Of course, as a schoolboy, I could have known nothing of the circumstances which prevented an earlier publication of this oration; nor do I remember having ever heard any explanation of the long delay. But I have conjectures of my own, long ago conceived, which I set down here for what they may be worth.

The Convention for amending the Constitution of Massachusetts was in session during the autumn and a part of the winter of 1820–21. I remember climbing up into the gallery and seeing John Adams on the platform with the President of the Convention. Webster was a member of this Convention, and took a leading part in its deliberations and debates. One of the subjects which he discussed with great power was the Property Basis, as it was called, of the Massachusetts Senate. His reply to Levi Lincoln on this question was almost as memorable as his reply to Hayne ten years afterward. The whole town rang with the eloquence of Webster on that occasion. Now, this speech was made on December 15, 1820, only one week before the great oration at Plymouth, and a considerable part of the speech was taken up with a discussion of precisely the same topic which formed one of the main staples of the Plymouth oration; namely, Property as the basis of Government. I have always thought that Webster, when he came to prepare the Plymouth oration for the press, found that he had discussed the same question substantially twice over, and that the speech in the Convention, which was soon published, contained so much of what he afterward said at Plymouth, that he could not do himself justice without a careful revision of the oration, and without allowing a sufficient interval to prevent the two efforts, as originally made, from being the subject of too close a comparison. I have never collated the two productions with a view of finding a corroboration of this theory. Indeed, Webster, in his revision, would have hardly left room for such a corroboration; but the fact of the long interval between the delivery and publication of the Plymouth oration remains to be accounted for in this or some other way. Perhaps his engagements at the bar or

in the forum, or the state of his health, may have occasioned the delay.

Before turning to some other illustrations of Webster's methods and habits as an orator, I am tempted to mention a somewhat striking circumstance in connection with his powerful speech (to which I have already alluded) against changing the Property basis of the Massachusetts Senate. Few triumphs of his were more notable. But less than twenty years afterward, while I was sitting in the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, Mr. Webster's card was brought in to me by the sergeant-at-arms, and he presently appeared personally, and took a seat at my side. He was then a senator in Congress, and had come to pay his respects to the Legislature which had elected him. It happened that Mr. Hinckley, of Barnstable, a very pronounced Democrat of that day, was making a violent speech against the Property Basis of the Senate, for the change of which an amendment to the Constitution was at that moment pending. Webster, it may be imagined, looked sterner and more solemn than ever, as he was obliged to sit and listen to the same arguments which he was thought to have demolished forever in the Convention of 1820. But the Barnstable Democrat was only moved to greater effort by the presence of Webster, and the amendment was actually adopted by a two-thirds vote before he had left the chamber!

I turn next to some other illustrations of Mr. Webster's habits of preparation and publication, which exhibit him in very different aspects.

On January 27, 1848, Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States on the Rhode Island government—a case arising out of what has been known as the Dorr Rebellion. It happened that Mr. Justice McLean dined with me on the day after this argument, and in the course of conversation he said to me: "Winthrop, your great friend Webster made one of his grandest efforts yesterday. I have never heard him when he was more powerful." "I am delighted to hear it," I replied, "but I do not quite understand it; for when I saw him the very day before, he had just arrived at Gadsby's Hotel, and seemed wearied and worried, and was evidently in very bad spirits about the argument he was to make the next day." "Well," said Judge McLean, "he has rarely, if ever, done a greater thing."

A day or two afterward I took pains to see Webster again and tell him what McLean had said, and I then added, "Do tell me the mystery of such a triumph under such discouragements." "Oh, sit down here," said Webster, "and I will tell you all about it. You remember that you called to see me just after I had arrived from Boston, and you may not have forgotten that I mentioned that I had been up to the Supreme Court, and had found, to my consternation, that the Rhode Island case was in progress, and indeed that the counsel to whom I was to reply was just finishing his argument. Fortunately, only a quarter of an hour was left before the court's regular hour of adjournment, and I succeeded in getting their Honors, out of regard to my detention by a storm on the road, to adjourn at once, and leave me to begin my reply the next day. Well, on coming back to the hotel here, some pleasant gentlemen persuaded me to dine with them and kept me a good while at the table. When I escaped from them you called, and as you went away Choate came in. He was associated with me in this Rhode Island case, and spent an hour with me, telling me all about the arguments of our opponents, and giving me a full idea of the case as it stood. And when Choate left me I was tired out, and went at once to bed." I could hardly help laughing, as I replied, "But all this does not explain the great speech which you made the next morning." "No," said Webster, "but before I went to sleep I ordered the servant to have a fire kindled in my parlor at two o'clock in the morning, and candles lighted on my table. Before half-past two I was at work, and before breakfast I was ready for anybody!"

That was the preparation for one of Webster's great arguments in the Supreme Court. The argument may be found in his published volumes, and it

justifies all that Judge McLean said of it. The preparation was very much like that for his reply to Hayne, as delivered. But Webster was now eighteen years older, and was within a few years of his death. It must have required no little courage and self-confidence in him to seat himself at his table at half-past two o'clock of a cold winter morning, to prepare for such an effort; and the result proves what great things he could accomplish under the spur of necessity, at the shortest notice.

The early morning, indeed, was his favorite time for hard work. Some of his most elaborate letters to Lord Ashburton, at the time of the Ashburton Treaty, were well known to have been written at a heat before breakfast.

But I turn to other illustrations of his habits as a speaker. Webster once said to me, not long after I entered Congress in 1840: "Winthrop, if I were as young as you are, and just beginning my Congressional career, I would adopt a different course from that which we are all pursuing in regard to speeches. I have lost my faith in long, labored efforts, to be printed a week after their delivery, and to be scattered over the country in pamphlets which nobody ever reads. I would speak short and often. I would take some part in every important discussion, and I would prepare every word which I proposed to say, and write it out beforehand, so as to give a copy to the reporters the moment I sat down. In this way the next morning's paper would let my constituents and the country see and read precisely what I had said."

Now, Webster had himself tried this mode of proceeding some years before his advice to me. During the protracted debates on the Removal of the Deposits in 1833 and 1834, he went up to the Senate Chamber morning after morning for several weeks together, with memorials, petitions, and protests on the subject, which had been sent to him from different parts of the country to be presented to Congress. Each memorial submitted its own view of the act of the Administration complained of, while the place from which it came suggested the peculiar interest which the signers had in the question. Webster was accustomed at this time to prepare short speeches for each memorial, and, after delivering them, to hand them at once to the reporters for the next morning's *Intelligencer*. One morning as he entered the Senate Chamber, with one of these memorials and one of these short speeches, John M. Clayton, the Delaware senator, said to him: "Webster, you ought to have been here earlier! You do not know what has been going on this morning. Isaac Hill has been making a violent harangue on what he calls 'the natural hatred of the poor for the rich.'" "What's that you say?" exclaimed Webster, "'the natural hatred of the poor for the rich!' Did he say so—those very words?" "Those very words," replied Clayton; and then Webster went to his seat. Soon it came to his turn to present his memorial; and in doing so, after a few words in regard to the place from which it came and the general subject to which it related, he launched out into a most impassioned and indignant rebuke of the attempt which had just been made to misrepresent the true relations of the rich and poor. He made the Senate Chamber ring with the scorn which he poured out upon the idea of there being any natural hatred between them. The vehemence and eloquence of his denunciation of this abhorrent doctrine resounded through the Capitol. Members of the other House crowded into the Senate Chamber to hear him, and the galleries, as well as the floor, were soon thronged. After he had concluded, the report that Webster had made one of his greatest speeches pervaded the city. Pennsylvania Avenue and the hotels were vocal with his reiterated exclamations of contempt for the doctrine and its author, and the *National Intelligencer* of the next morning was impatiently awaited for the detailed report of the speech.

But the *Intelligencer* of the next morning contained no such matter. It represented Mr. Webster as having presented a memorial, and as having accompanied it with some plain, sensible, forcible remarks on its subject and its source; but not a word or a syllable was there about the rich and the poor,

or about any hatred or any love between them. It seemed that Webster, on sitting down after this entirely impromptu effort, had handed to the reporter the little prepared speech, which, agreeably to his subsequent advice to me, he had written out beforehand to go into the newspapers with the memorial, and nothing but rumor remained of that memorable and masterly utterance. Most happily, however, with the aid of some short-hand notes which had been taken by others, and of his own memory and that of his friends, the speech was substantially recalled and forthcoming at an early day, and may now be read in his printed volumes. In the recently published single volume of "Webster's Great Speeches," it will be found at page 359, under the title of "The Natural Hatred of the Poor to the Rich," from a speech delivered on January 31, 1834.

The only occasion on which I remember hearing Webster deliver a speech fully written out, with the copy in his hand, was at Faneuil Hall, in 1832, at the meeting called to sustain the Nullification Proclamation of General Jackson The speech was not a long one, but the occasion was a critical one for Mr. Webster, who was a strong anti-Jackson man, and at the same time a stronger friend to the Constitution and the Union. He evidently had resolved to guard himself against being betrayed by the excitement of the moment into any equivocal expressions. He had carefully pondered words and phrases as well as thoughts and principles, and had resolved to stick to his text. This speech will be found in the Appendix to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's excellent "Life of Webster." It happened that Harrison Gray Otis made a speech on the same occasion, and said much about the famous Hartford Convention, greatly to Mr. Webster's annoyance, who told me, on returning to his office, where I was in the way of meeting him, that he would never again trust himself on the same platform with Otis, "who always insisted on lugging in that odious Convention." "Harrison Gray Otis and the Hartford Convention," he exclaimed, "are as inseparable as those Siamese twins which are now on exhibition at the Museum."

Webster was often, as we have seen, roused to great utterances on the spur of the instant by some immediate provocation, and no one could do grander things without preparation of any sort. He had really no methods or habits of preparation. Sometimes he wrote out before speaking. Sometimes he wrote out elaborately after speaking. Sometimes he had a long time for preparation; sometimes, as in the Hayne case, a very short time. One of his grandest orations—perhaps the grandest of all—was the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. They died in 1826, on the 4th of July. A week elapsed before he accepted the appointment to deliver the Eulogy. It was delivered on the 2d of August. Three weeks of midsummer heat was all he had for that magnificent discourse. But I have reason to believe that his habit was always to make preparation for his efforts when there was opportunity for doing so. Some one is said to have asked him once whether that splendid passage about the British power and her drumbeat, in his speech in the Senate on "The President's Protest," was an impromptu, struck out in the heat of debate. "An impromptu!" said he, almost scornfully, "why, that idea first occurred to me twenty years before, while I was standing on the Heights of Abraham, and I have been trying to work it into shape ever since. But I never succeeded to my satisfaction until now!"

I once happened to witness the working of Webster's mind under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It was in October, 1840, at the time of the great Harrison convention on Bunker Hill. I was the chairman of the Whig State Central Committee at that time, and Webster was to preside at the mass meeting. He was to open the proceedings with a prepared address to the people, to be signed and read by him as president of the Whig convention. Franklin Dexter, who was to be the chief marshal of the procession, and I as chairman of the committee, were made responsible for seeing that Web-

ster and the address were forthcoming. Webster was at Marshfield for some weeks previously, and we could get no satisfactory answers to our letters on the subject. Dexter was in despair, and I nearly so. I sent him down at last a rough draft of a brief address of my own, hoping that it would stimulate him to prepare something worthier of his signature. In return he sent us a few sheets of rather feeble matter, which he submitted to our consideration and emendation. I was obliged to write him that Mr. Dexter and I were not content, and to beg him to prepare a more vigorous paper. No answer came for some days, and then I received only a summons to meet him at the United States Hotel in Boston at one o'clock on the day before the convention was to be held. We were all excessively busy that day in receiving and entertaining the delegates from a distance, but I was punctually at the hotel, while some detention made Webster an hour late. "And now," said he, "I understand that you and Mr. Dexter do not think my address fit for the occasion to-morrow." "Well," I replied, "we have hardly put it so strong as that; but we do think that there will be great expectations, and that you can do something more spirited and striking to meet them." "Spirited and striking! If you think I am going to put my name to any mere caucus commonplaces or Faneuil Hall flourishes, you and Mr. Dexter are much mistaken." "Very well, sir, we are content, if you are; let it stand as it is. It will be known as yours, and yours will be the responsibility." "Where is my draft?" "I have it here with me." "Will you be good enough to read it aloud, that we may hear how it sounds and see what's the matter with it?" So I read the paper aloud, page by page, or rather paragraph after paragraph, while Webster began tramping the floor. I ventured from time to time to suggest changes, omissions, and additions, most of which he readily accepted. Now and then he became irritated, as when I criticised his use of the word "deprecate" in reference to a past event. "Why, what would you have?" "Is not 'deplore' more proper for what is past praying against?" "Well, deplore, deplore—proceed." But his increasing irritation made the sparks fly faster and thicker, and again and again he stopped short while he thought out and then dictated some glowing sentence. We came at length to a passage relating to the original incorporation of the United States Bank, when I reminded Webster of a then recent remark of President Van Buren, in one of his Messages, in regard to corrupt influences brought to bear upon Washington in securing his signature to the charter. At this he fired up at the instant: "Did Van Buren say that? Take your pen, if you please, and let me dictate a thought or two, while I walk the room." Accordingly I took the pen lying on the table, and wrote down for him the following words:

"There is yet another subject of complaint to which we feel bound to advert by our veneration for the illustrious dead, by our respect for truth, by our love for the honor of our country, and by our own wounded pride as American citizens. We feel that the country has been dishonored, and we desire to free ourselves from all imputation of acquiescence in the parricidal act. The late President, in a communication to Congress, more than intimates that some of the earliest and most important measures of Washington's administration were the offspring of personal motives and private interests. His successor has repeated and extended this accusation, and given to it, we are compelled to say, a greater degree of offensiveness and grossness. No man, with an American heart in his bosom, can endure this without feeling the deepest humiliation as well as the most burning scorn. The fame of Washington and his immediate associates is one of the richest treasures of the country. His is the name which an American may utter with pride in every part of the world, and which, wherever uttered, is shouted to the skies by the voices of all true lovers of human liberty. Imputations which assail his measures so rudely, while they are abominable violations of the truth of history, are an insult to the country and an offence against

the moral sentiments of civilized mankind. Miserable, miserable indeed, must be that cause which cannot support its party predominance, its ruinous schemes, and senseless experiments without thus attempting to poison the fountains of truth, and prove the government of our country disgracefully corrupt, even in its very cradle. Our hearts would sink within us, if we believed that such efforts could succeed; but they must be impotent. Neither the recent nor the present President was born to cast a shade on the character of WASHINGTON or his associates. The destiny of both has been rather to illustrate, by contrast, that wisdom and those virtues which they have not imitated, and to hurl blows which the affectionate veneration of American citizens, and the general justice of the civilized world, will render harmless to others and powerful only in their recoil upon themselves. If this language be strong, so also is that feeling of indignation which suggested it; and on an occasion like this we could not leave this consecrated spot without the consciousness of having omitted an indispensable duty had we not given utterance to the fulness of our hearts, and marked with our severest rebuke and most thorough reprobation and scorn a labored effort to fix a deep and enduring stain on the early history of the government."

Webster paced the room and poured out these memorable words just as I have written them now, and as fast as I could write them then. Indeed, I could hardly hold my pen steady, as they came blazing from his lips under the immediate excitement of the moment. He was thoroughly roused and inflamed, and I had the full impression of the action of his mind when at a white heat. That passage was the making of the address. "Will that do?" said he. "Will the address do now?" I need hardly say that I assured him that I was perfectly satisfied. Mr. Healy, his office assistant or partner, then came in and copied other parts of the address after I had left him.

But before I had reached the door, he called on me to stop a few minutes longer. "Read me now the last page or two of the little draft of your own which you sent to me at Marshfield, for I think that will be the best conclusion of the whole matter." I read it to him accordingly, and he adopted all of it except one paragraph, and "thereby hangs a tale."

The paragraph to which he objected was one complimentary to John Tyler, of Virginia, the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Harrison. When I came to that he said at once, "Stop there! not a word about John Tyler — not a word! The nomination ought never to have been made. I have no confidence in him, and I will not sign any address which expresses confidence in him." "But he is our candidate, sir," I replied; "the song runs 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' you know." "I don't care what the song says, or what anybody may say. I shall not indorse John Tyler. Strike out every word, every word relating to him!" "But, sir, an entire omission of the name of one of the Whig candidates will occasion great remark. Let me at least put it in parenthetically, coupling it with Harrison as the two candidates to be supported." "Well, if you can put his name in, so as to imply no confidence in its owner, you may do so; but I shall sign nothing which approves that nomination." And so I arranged the paragraph accordingly, as it is printed.

The subsequent relations of Webster with Tyler, after Harrison's death and Tyler's becoming President, render this incident somewhat amusing, to say the least. It was as Tyler's Secretary of State that he won the proud distinction of negotiating the Ashburton Treaty, and settling the long-vexed question of our Northeastern boundary. He remained in Tyler's Cabinet when all his colleagues left him, and the country had reason to rejoice in his doing so.

A word, before closing this paper, on Webster's style and delivery. I have heard him often, and speak from personal impressions. I was at Bunker Hill in 1825 when he delivered the Oration on the laying of the Corner-stone of the Monument. I heard his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in 1826. I

drove to Salem, and heard his famous argument in the Knapp Case. I heard him in the Tuttle Hubbard Case before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts against the celebrated orator William Wirt, of Baltimore; and in the Supreme Court of the United States against the no less celebrated counsellor of Philadelphia, Horace Binney, in the Girard College Case. I heard most of his speeches in the United States Senate while I was in Congress with him, including his famous 7th of March speech in 1850; and I have heard him, and spoken after him, on numerous occasions at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere. My testimony, therefore, such as it is, may well be called personal.

I may say at the outset that he had none of the arts or tricks of rhetoric. He never studied gesticulation, and did not use much of it. There was a pose about him when he rose to speak, like that of the incomparable statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican, or like that of Paul on Mars Hill in the celebrated cartoon of Raphael. His grand presence and noble voice rendered everything he said impressive. But his eloquence had nothing of the florid sort. It was the eloquence of clear, cogent argument and of occasional deep emotion, expressed in pure, forcible, Saxon words — sometimes adorned by most felicitous quotations, and sometimes by magnificent and matchless metaphors. In almost all these respects he was very unlike Everett, and still more unlike Choate.

Of Edward Everett's eloquence — consummate of its kind — delivery, description, narration and illustration, historical incident and classical allusion, were the most notable and noteworthy features. "It is hardly too much to say of him"—if I may borrow from my own tribute to him at Faneuil Hall a day or two after his death — "it is hardly too much to say of him that he established a new standard of American eloquence; that he was the founder of a new school of occasional oratory, of which he was at once the acknowledged master and the best pupil, and in which we were all proud to sit at his feet as disciples." Delivering his principal orations avowedly from memory, every sentence and every gesture were studied to produce the most striking effect. And they did produce it. He was as dramatic at times as Kean or Macready, and his audiences hung with rapture on his lips.

Rufus Choate, on the other hand, was all impetuosity—pouring out torrents of exquisite thought and brilliant language in utter disregard of the length of his sentences or the vehemence of his gesticulation. One might say of him, as Cicero said of Scævola, "Jurisperitorum eloquentissimus, eloquentium jurisperitissimus." He was certainly the most eloquent of our jurists, and the greatest jurist of our orators.

Daniel Webster, unlike both, was all deliberation, both in matter and in manner. I do not believe that it ever occurred to him what gestures he should make, or that he ever remembered what gestures he had made. His words seemed to flow spontaneously and often slowly, whether from his lips or his pen, as from a profound and exhaustless reservoir of thought. Of him it might be, and perhaps often has been, said —

> "Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care.
> . . . . . His look
> Drew audience and attention still as night."

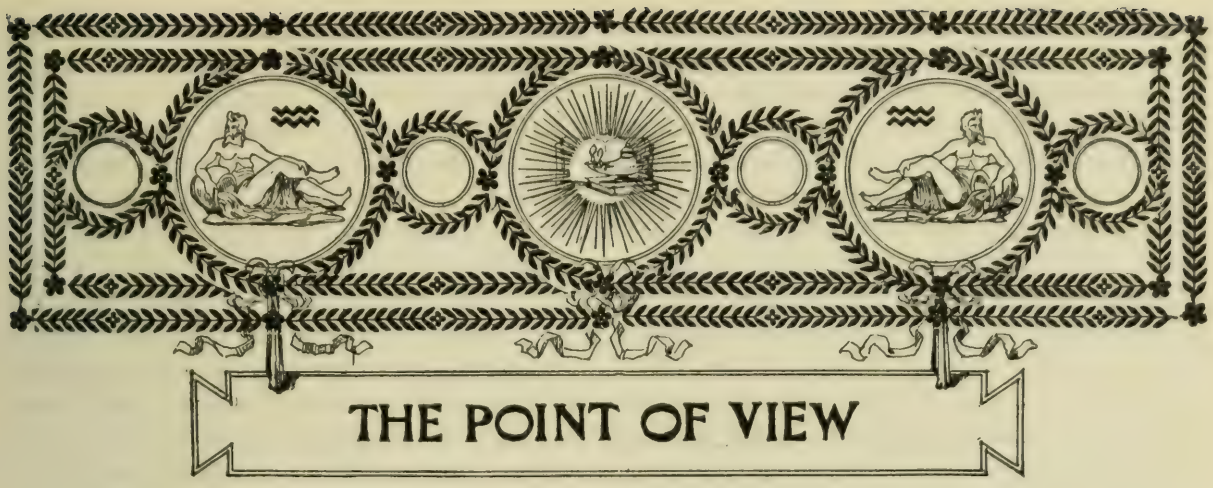
I may be permitted to conclude and sum up my description of him with the words I used at the dedication of his statue in Central Park, New York, in 1876: "Among those who have been celebrated as orators or public speakers, in our own day or in other days, there have been many diversities of gifts and many diversities of operations. There have been those who were listened to wholly for their intellectual qualities, for the wit or the wisdom, the learning or the philosophy, which characterized their efforts. There have been those whose main attraction was a curious felicity and facility of illustration and description, adorned by the richest gems which could be gathered by historical research or classical study. There have been those to whom the charms of manner and the graces of elocution and the melody of voice were the all-sufficient recommendations to

attention and applause. And there have been those who owed their success more to opportunity and occasion, to some stirring theme or some exciting emergency, than to any peculiar attributes of their own. But Webster combined everything. No thoughts more profound and weighty. No style more terse and telling. No illustrations more vivid and clear-cut. No occasions more august and momentous. No voice more deep and thrilling. No manner more impressive and admirable. No presence so grand and majestic as his."

ENDYMION.

By Sara King Wiley.

Across the deep blue of the summer sky
  Slow sweeps the silver moon, the night has flown
Beneath the forest branches, shadows lie
  Black, in the hollows where the leaves have blown.
Sudden a twig snaps; from the wood's dark side
  Darts forth the huntress, heaving is her breast,
But closed her firm lips, though her nostrils wide
  Swell with her panting breath. Her eye's unrest
Notes a prone form—the wearied stag, perchance!
  She plunges through the grass and as she creeps
Grasps close her spear, when her amazéd glance
  Falls on Endymion, sighing as he sleeps.
His bright head pillowed on his bended arm,
  His chin tipped high that she may mark the curve
Of red lips and long lashes, and the warm
  Glow on his cheek and the relaxéd nerve
Of that brown hand dropped on his moving chest.
  She stands as in a trance, and first that night
Forgets to heed the sport she loves the best,
  With all her senses shrunken into sight.
Unconsciously her hand pressed on her heart,
  As flower petals quiver in the wind
Her sweet lips tremble, fallen just apart.
  She bendeth down and her long locks unbind
And dropping almost sweep the sleeper's face;
  Close in one hand the soft dark mass compressed
She clutches carelessly and holds in place.
  Her white arms crossing then upon her breast
Lower she stoops, and on his brow there falls
  A touch like brushing leaves. Wide snap his eyes,
And in the stillness hark! the chirping calls
  Of insects in the grass. Endymion lies
Deeming the whole a dream; his fixed stare
  Brings her to consciousness, she starts, to fly
Into the forest shade, and leaves him there
  In half waked wonder gazing at the sky.



THE POINT OF VIEW

Mr. Lowell seems to me in many ways the finest personality among American men of letters. Not the greatest genius (it is an old platitude that the man who consists entirely in his genius does not always make the finest personality), but the one that is ripest without loss of strength, best rounded without loss of individuality, most really vigorous without noise or gymnastics. There is a passage in his recently published letters where he speaks of the power of the "quiet old giants"—"Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe"—"patent unshiftable ballast that keeps earth and human thought trimmed and true on an even keel." Lowell trimmed his ship with this kind of ballast, but used it as a means to make her seaworthy in really vigorous voyages, not to keep her pleasurably tranquil on the quiet waters of dilettanteism. Indeed, perhaps his finest aspect in our literary history is not his innate literary power or his scholarship, great as they were, but the manner of his application of them. His traditions and surroundings — and a part of his temperament—made the usual temptation of the scholar peculiarly great, to be a looker-on in the present and do his living in the past; but he never treated even the best traditions of literature as a sufficient substitute for having convictions of one's own, or accepted a full knowledge of past human progress as a plenary indulgence for standing still in the battles of his own time. As he himself said a poet should, he "kept measure with his people;" and from the Biglow Papers to his English addresses, if he served literature first he served hardly less the ideal of free and high national aims and public policy which he more than once formulated in very noble words.

When to all this was added the personal charm of the man, which no one ever failed to feel who knew him ever so little, there was no one to whose published letters we had the right to look forward with more interest. So that it seems almost like an audacity—and if it had anything to do with one's estimate of Mr. Lowell it would be an ungracious task—to express even a shade of disappointment with the two volumes that have been given us. Yet this is what I confess I have felt, and what it seems to me more loyal to our belief about the man —if I have any fellows in the feeling—to express than to set down as of necessity a mistake. The personal charm is there, in the highest degree; and in so far the volumes would be a welcome addition to literature in any case. It is impossible to know, too, just what material existed; and criticism might go far wrong if it attributed to the editor the mistake in selection of implying that a man shows most of himself in those letters in which he says most *about* himself; but I, at least, cannot leave the book without the impression that Mr. Lowell must often have expressed himself more deeply and fully in his correspondence than these letters—with perhaps a dozen fine exceptions—permit us to see; or that (quite as probably) he was a man who let his work alone show his depths, and in his letters allowed himself, even with his closest intimates, to dwell only on the surface of his life. In non-essentials these letters are, of course, unreserved indeed, and those who could read the full man into them would wonder at any sense of lack; but in essen-

tials—with the exceptions noticed—they do not carry the outside reader deep—certainly not as deep as any of those of his works in which, as Mr. Norton well says, he "made to the public . . . such revelation of his inward experiences and emotions as he alone had the right to make, and such as may well suffice to satisfy all legitimate interest in the spiritual development of the poet and in the nature of his most intimate and sacred human relations." It is needless to say that not the least of depths like these is for the reader of published letters; but there is a plane upon which we may meet, with no feeling of sacrilege, with a writer whose work has grown to be a part of our possession and who has passed to that time when publication of his literary legacy is justified at all—and it is upon this plane that his correspondence sometimes places us. It is no one's fault, doubtless, if these two volumes of Mr. Lowell's letters do not quite do this, as it seems to me they do not. We must be content with what we have in this addition to his legacy; the legacy itself is enough.

At one of its public entertainments, a few months since, a New York club that has literature for its foremost interest, subdued the men of letters for the nonce all into listeners and gave the entertaining over solely to musicians. One of these, a well-known critic, exercising a journalist's dexterity in seizing an opportunity, made the brief address that he was appointed to deliver, a reproof to the men of letters for their indifference to music. He recited that a few evenings before, in talk with a well-known author, there fell some mention of this very entertainment, when the author said, "Oh, yes, a musical entertainment. That lets me out." This remark, the speaker contended, aptly illustrated the attitude toward music of authors in general.

It will scarcely be denied that the contention was sound. There are too many instances in proof to successfully gainsay it. The brothers Goncourt relate that, having once confessed to Gautier their own complete musical infirmity, which rendered them unable to relish any but military music, Gautier cried out, "Ah, that gives me great pleasure, what you say. I am like you. I prefer silence to music. I am simply a pretender, having once lived a part of my life with a cantatrice, in order to discriminate good and bad music; but they are absolutely equal to me." And he added: "It is curious likewise that all the writers of the time are so. Balzac execrated it. Hugo cannot suffer it. Lamartine . . . holds it in horror."

Here is a pretty wide departure from the days when literature was yet all poetry, and poetry was only minstrelsy. Then the literary and the musical office united in one person. And even later, when the poet's verses had come to be recited instead of chanted or sung, the poet still trained himself carefully in music, as in all the other graceful arts of his time. But neither then nor ever was the man of letters more considerate of self-culture than in most directions he is just now. He travels into the farthest parts of the earth; he studies languages, history, science, architecture, sculpture, painting; he pursues his art with the utmost nicety, liberality, industry. It is grown his dogma that he cannot have too diverse sympathies, too various a knowledge; that he must know, must feel, life in all its phases. He cannot at will command the musician's ear. But, then, neither can he at will command the sculptor's or the painter's eye; and, when he finds this wanting to him, he strives to remove or conceal the defect by study. While confessing his ignorance of music almost proudly, you will rarely hear him confess to having no relish or judgment in pictures or statuary. In them, if he does not, he will very often at least affect to know.

It can hardly be that the followers of an art whereof the end is to analyze and portray human life, especially in its inner aspects of motive and aspiration, have disregarded so potent a spiritual influence as music unquestionably is, without serious loss. Such a loss, of course, there are no means of measuring; but one may get a hint of its nature, if not of its extent, by considering the few instances of men of letters endowed with a musical talent. The most notable of these is Milton; and I cannot but think that his skill in music much more than that "practice in prose, especially in the long involutions of Latin periods," noted by Lowell, "helped him to give that variety of pause and that majes-

tic harmony to his blank verse which have made it so unapproachably his own." For even in the prose of the Latin periods he has attained, amidst many barbarities, to strains of a harmony scarcely less majestic than that of his verse. Then, to what new and noble similitudes his knowledge of music has helped! But beyond these opener and more technical profits, I am sure, if the whole truth could be come at, it would be found that music contributed in no small measure to the maintenance of that rare exaltation which is the informing spirit of the whole of Milton's work. We find the like exaltation in one who called Milton her demigod, George Eliot. She also was a musician, and her writings give clear proof of profiting by the talent. That conversation, for example, between Gwendolen and Klesmer, on which every admirer puts his finger as one of George Eliot's supreme achievements, would have been impossible to her, had she shared Balzac's execration of music.

What music seems in an eminent degree fitted to do, is to foster the mystical quality; and without somewhat of the mystical quality, though only hard-headedness seems to be its study at present, literature has never yet gone far.

It is worth noting that the question of the chaperon is just now attracting much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, with this important difference that the Americans are discussing the adoption, and the English the abolition, of that functionary and her functions, and on each side the example of the other is gravely cited in support of the change. In England the agitation seems to come chiefly from the more courageous of the young women, who, having shown their ability to keep up with their brothers, and sometimes to pass them, in the schools, advance the proposition that they are perfectly able to take care of themselves under circumstances which have heretofore required them to have a more or less effective guardianship; and they point to the liberty enjoyed by American girls, with apparent safety, to an extent which certainly does not obtain in England. On the other hand, the custom—perhaps it would be better to call it the fashion—of chaperoning is advocated on our happier shores, on the ground that it tends to cultivate among our young women the freshness, the modesty, the calm innocence of mind and manner that are attributed in English girls to the strictness with which their associations are regulated by the presence of an older and more experienced companion. It is clearly a complex and delicate question, on which a definitive conclusion is extremely difficult.

So far as our own experience goes I think the chaperon is getting more and more a *raison d'être*. Apart from the influence of the silly desire to ape the customs of a society where rank and standing are sharply defined, and so to create the impression that they are sharply defined among the imitators, there are very good arguments for restricting the liberty, formerly so general and so extended, of young unmarried women. That liberty was natural and safe when our cities were small, when the leisure class hardly existed, when the character of associates was well known or easily ascertained, and when social occupation was relatively simple. Those conditions have greatly changed, and though the change has been inevitable, it has not been altogether for the better. There are still, happily, thousands of families in which the duties of a chaperon, so far as they arise, are performed easily, affectionately, and wisely, by mothers and elder sisters, and where the standard of life is pure and high enough to exclude the risks that call for any especial protection. But there is also a class, with wealth and leisure and social ambitions, whose example has a strong influence, and over a wide range, in which it seems to me the chaperon has a distinct place. If the class were, in some respects, better, she might not be needed; but being what it is, a class with many idle hands and heads, for which the great purveyor of "mischief still" is always on the watch, it might be much worse if the chaperon were not provided. Doubtless it is a matter that will take care of itself after a fashion; but it is just as well for those among us who may be exempt from the rather humiliating conditions that suggest this institution to recognize that it is not a mere fad, but has considerable and various uses.

It is complained of the times that they make too many specialists. The economical division of labor seems to demand that workers shall confine themselves to a particular detail of a job, which passes out of their hands to be completed. Editors no longer set type and write up local occurrences. Physicians, in increasing numbers, confine their ministrations to the eye, or the ear, or the throat, or the vermiform appendix. Among artisans it is the exception when a single tailor completes a coat, or one machinist makes a complete machine. Consequently specialists abound and all-around men are scarce.

Now, it is economical and profitable on various accounts to be a specialist, but there are charms and even a measure of advantage about being an all-around man; and means that tend to preserve the capacity to deal with things in general without sacrificing the mastery of something in particular, are worth cultivating in the interest of general development. That must be the developing specialist's justification in cultivating the branch of domestic industry known as "chores." It is apparently wasteful for a man who can earn several dollars an hour at the work which is his specialty, to spend any of his time in labor which can be better performed for him by the man whose time is worth very much less. If the better paid man lets his chores encroach upon the hours that belong to his special work, he certainly is wasteful, but it does not prove that it is wiser for him to forego chores altogether. In moderation and at proper times, they are good for him. As a rule, the better he is paid for the hours he spends on his regular job, the fewer hours he works at it. That is not because he is satisfied with less than he can earn, but because high-priced work is usually exhausting, and cannot be long kept up without loss of quality. So the best-paid men commonly have some leisure, part of which they should devote to culture and various supplementary duties, and part, I maintain, to chores which cannot be left out without appreciable detriment.

We are used to being told that it is not enough to give mere money to charity, and that our benefactions, if they are to do the most good to us and to those whom they help, must include personal service. We seem to owe a measure of personal service to domestic life as well as to charity, and if we do not pay it, domestic life does not yield to us all that we might get out of it. The ability to do things depends partly upon our willingness to do them now and then. But the ability to do things is power, and power is very sweet to have and to exercise, and that not only in great things but in small. The man who cannot do the ordinary small tinkering that has to be done from week to week in an ordinary modern house, denies himself a consciousness of power which is very cheap at the price it costs. Not to be able to put washers on a leaking water-faucet, to take off or put on gas-burners, and to remedy the simpler maladies of plumbing, is to admit one's self to be the mere occupant, but not the master, of the modern house. To put in glass takes too much time, and altogether it is not as necessary to the modern as it was to his grandfather, that he should know how to be his own glazier. So with most carpenter work. It takes too long to do well any job of consequence; better have in the adept from his shop. And yet some tools and the ability to use them seem to be indispensable to the house-holder's self-respect. Not to be able to plane the top of a door or the edge of a drawer when it sticks; or to drive a nail straight, or send home a screw without splitting the wood, or fit a key, or mend a child's toy, must involve a humiliating consciousness of inefficiency. Yet there are men who strive to reconcile with self-esteem all these incompetencies, and another more inexcusable than either of them—the inability to run a furnace and raise or lower the temperature of one's habitation at will.

Tuning pianos and mending dormant clocks are accomplishments, and do not come under the head of ordinary chores. Moreover, they are occupations of elegant leisure, and not for the odd moments of a busy life. But with true chores it is different. There is a flavor about them which is too valuable to be lost out of life. A house-holder who has none that he recognizes might almost as well live in a hotel. He is the sort of man who rings for a servant when the open fire falls down. Poor helpless one, who misses so much of the luxury of doing things for himself!



JEAN GEOFFROY'S

THE PRAYER OF THE HUMBLE.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 248.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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Study for the Masque of Cupid.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

By Cosmo Monkhouse.

I.

THE questions "What is art?" and "What is poetry?" will still probably employ the intellects of mankind for a good many years to come, but meanwhile it is safe to affirm that Edward Burne-Jones is both an artist and a poet. Perhaps the gentleman who is credited with the saying, that Rembrandt might have been a great artist if he had not been cursed with an imagination, would set little store by such highly imaginative designs as those of Burne-Jones; but fortunately one extreme produces another, and the latest (or a few days ago the latest) of art-aphorisms is (or was), that Velasquez was "the commencement of photography." Extremes are said to meet, and if they do not meet, they help to level the ground to a platform of common sense, and when this is accomplished there will probably be found room among the artists for Rembrandt and Velasquez, and Burne-Jones also.

Yet there are some even of his admirers who regard him as an anachronism, because he works in the spirit and style of the "Old Masters." But these forget that he lives in an age which is as fond of retrospect as of progress, of pleasure as of business, and takes a romance to read in an express train. The greater the crush, the greater the need for some cool and quiet anteroom; the ruder the pressure of mundane realities, the stronger the desire to escape

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to the land of dreams, where there is no time, or care, or worldly strife. It is true that some prefer the novel to the romance, and the men who enjoy pictures may be divided into two classes: those who seek them for the pleasure of repeating familiar sights, and those who desire to behold what they can never see with their mortal eyes. Constable and Millais delight the former, Turner and Burne-Jones the latter.

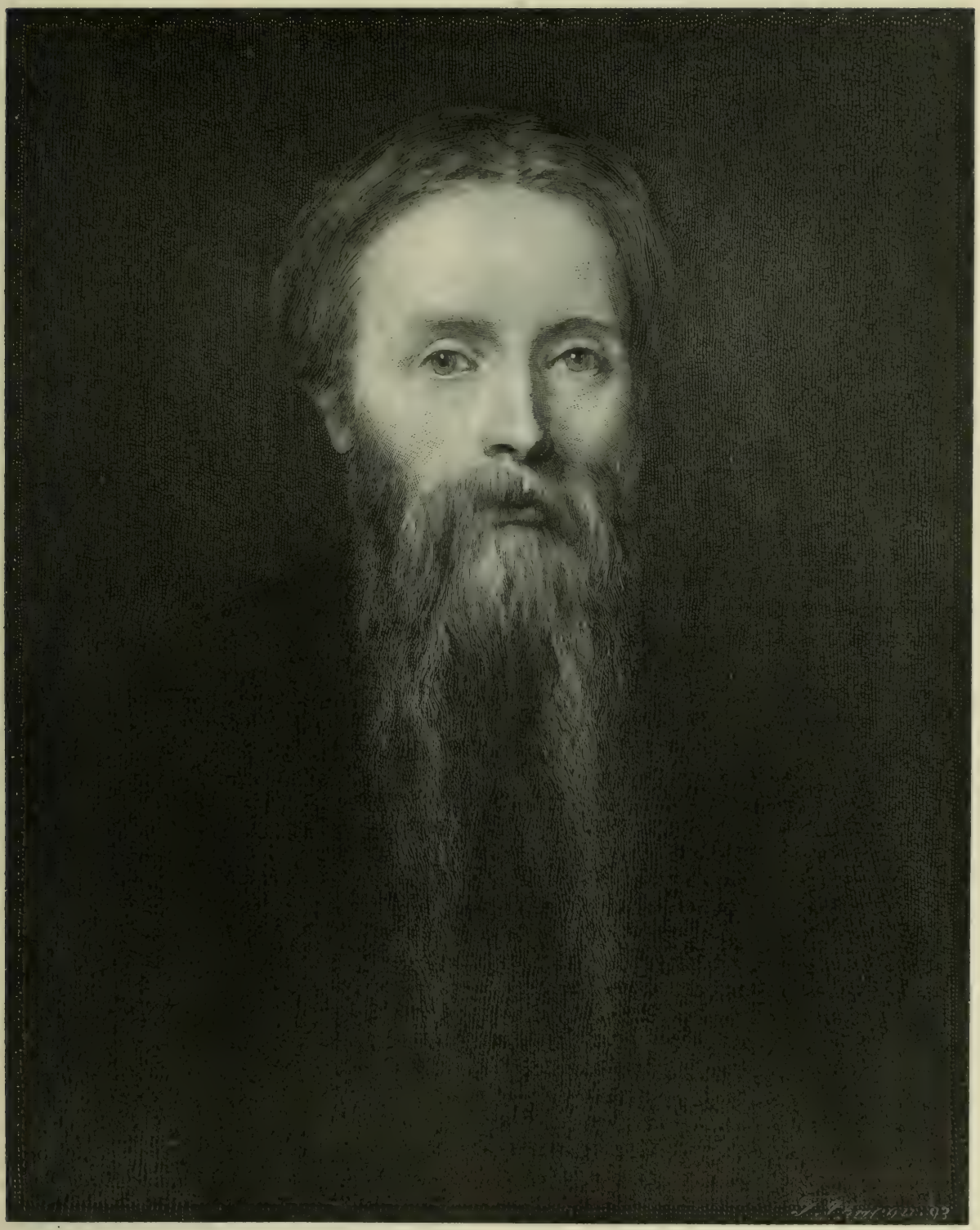
Is this world of imagination more beautiful than that of nature? Who shall say? It is not all who have the *entrée* there. But those at least who have, think that it is so, or they would not visit it so often or stay there so long.

It is the fashion to be surprised at nothing, but the sense of wonder is still with us. No poet of words or paint ever appeals to it in vain, and no one has appealed to it with greater success than Burne-Jones. King Cophetua tranced at the beauty of the Beggar Maid—the Beggar Maid wondering at the love of King Cophetua; the Virgin Mary trembling with reverent awe in the presence of the Announcing Angel; the two primeval lovers, seated closely side by side in the green woodland, their souls entranced by the weird, wild figure of Pan, and the shrill, sweet sounds of his pipe; Pygmalion scarcely believing that his impossible prayer has been answered, and that his own marble statue is filled with life and yielding itself warm and loving to his arms; the "Merciful Knight" at the foot of the Crucifix from which the huge wooden image bends to bless him;—it does not matter whether the theme be Christian or pagan, it is the wonder of it that takes the artist's imagination, and gives real life to the beauty of his design. So special a quality is this feeling of wonder (reverential wonder or awe) in Mr. Burne-Jones's work, that it may be stated as perhaps his greatest claim to distinction among all artists past or present. The germ was innate, but it was nursed and developed by the great mystic — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is unnecessary here to inquire very minutely into the exact tenets of the brotherhood. Sincerity was their real watchword, and their motto may be roughly phrased as "Take care of the facts and the beauty will take care of itself." To reject nothing, to select nothing, to scorn nothing, in nature, was the duty set before them by Mr. Ruskin; and with regard to historical pictures they were to rep-



Study of Figure for Venus's Looking-glass.

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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Portrait of E. Burne-Jones, after Watts's Picture.



Portrait of a Nestorian Priest.*

(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)

resent events as they did happen, and not as they might be picturesquely supposed to have happened.

The dictum as to selection was difficult enough even in the most realistic art, but what about art which was not realistic at all? What about landscapes that were never seen, and events which never did happen? How to treat those visions of the poets which, as long as man exists will demand some attempt of the poetic artist to realize in form? Millais could buy his strawberries in Covent Garden Market, but even in that emporium of the fruit of the world, where could he find an apple from the gardens of Eden, or the Hesperides? Rossetti might find in Wardour Street furniture and armor of any century he chose, but where could he get the helmet of Perseus or the greaves of Mars? Where does the great principle of sincerity come in here? The answer is comparatively easy—be sincere to your imagination, realize as far as possible the vision of your mind, careful that your design is the expression of your true self, not an imitation of what someone else has done, or what you think he would have done in your place. In imaginative art such sincerity as this is the only way to salvation, and Burne-Jones found it.

* This is a portrait of a Priest of a Nestorian Monastery in Babylonia, which was burnt down a few years ago. The priest, who could not speak a word of any European language, set out to travel the world, in order to obtain subscriptions to rebuild his monastery, and found his way to the house of Mr. Burne-Jones, who took his portrait. Scarcely less remarkable than his grand face was his jet-black hair, so close and wiry that it looked as though it were carved out of black basalt.

II.

Edward Burne-Jones was educated at King Edward's School, in Birmingham, where he was born in 1833. He was intended for the Church, and had among his schoolfellows two boys who were hereafter to be greatly distinguished in that profession. One of these was the late Bishop Lightfoot; the other, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1852 he gained an Exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford, and it was at this chosen seat of learning, of all places in the world, that he was diverted from letters to art, from the preaching of sermons to the painting of pictures. It was at Mr. Combe's, of the Clarendon Press, that he first saw works of the Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" among them; but he was even more attracted by Rossetti's drawing of "Dante Preparing to Paint Beatrice," and a little woodcut after the same artist, called "Elfinmere," which illustrated a volume of William Allingham's poems. The romance, the mysticism, and unearthly beauty of Rossetti's creations exercised



Study for "Pan," in the Picture of "The Garden of Pan."

(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)



Study for Head of the Virgin in "The Annunciation."
(Reproduced for the first time by permission of Mr. Burne-Jones.)

an immediate fascination over him, and, as if to complete the spell, it was at college that he met William Morris, the future decorative poet and poetical decorator, with whom he was to enter into a lifelong partnership of the imagination.

When Burne-Jones came up to London, in 1855, with a burning desire to meet Rossetti, he was already two-and-twenty. For once the hero of the imagination answered to the ideal, and as the attraction was mutual, it was not long before the two assumed intimate relations as guide and follower. Rossetti persuaded him to leave the Univer-

sity without taking his degree, and the year 1856 saw him established at 17 Red Lion Square, with Rossetti as his master and William Morris as his friend and fellow-lodger.

It is interesting, if idle, to speculate whether the advice and influence of Rossetti were the best he could have had. Rossetti ran a great risk in bidding him forego all academic training. He had never had the patience to go through a thorough discipline himself, and his want of craftsmanship is painfully visible in much of his work. It seems something like the advice of the fox who had cut off his tail, but there is no question of Rossetti's sincerity. He feared that the enforced drudgery of copying from the antique would blunt, if not destroy, the fine sensitive imagination of his young friend; and he himself was fitted, as no other man was, to stimulate and direct that teeming fancy, that fine sense of decorative beauty which Burne-Jones possessed. By strenuous efforts Burne-Jones has fairly made up for the deficiencies of his early training. He is now one of the most subtle and exquisite of draughtsmen, and if some imperfections still remain they are not of a kind to impair either the expression of his feeling or the beauty of his conceptions.



Study of Drapery.

In 1858 he went to Oxford to aid in the decoration of the Oxford "Union," a literary and debating club of the undergraduates. Alas! all these designs by the enthusiastic band of young artists under the leadership of Rossetti have blackened or peeled from the walls. Burne-Jones's subject was "Merlin and Nimue" (Vivien), which he afterward chose for one of his most celebrated pictures. With him were Arthur Hughes and Val Prinsep, and not least, William Morris, who, about this time, published his first volume of poems, "The Defence of Guenevere," to be followed (though not till 1865) by the "Life and Death of Jason." Never were poetry and painting more closely allied than in the works of William Morris and Burne-Jones. Morris seems to have been made to furnish subjects for Burne-Jones's pencil, and he himself depicted them in words which have almost the effect of paint. They both lived in the same honeyed world of romance to which Rossetti had introduced them. Many others had reached it before, among whom Chaucer in the past and Tennyson in the then present must not be forgotten; but of the younger living men these two penetrated alone into its sweeter and more silent places, sheltered from the fiercer gusts of passion in which Swinburne revelled.

No doubt one of their greatest ties was the remarkable feeling for decorative beauty which both possessed. In the year 1856 Burne-Jones made a great many designs for stained glass, some of which were carried out by Messrs. Powell, the celebrated glass-makers in Whitefriars, London; but since 1860 all his windows have



ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

The God-head Fires.

(From a drawing for a picture in the Pygmalion Series.)



The Doom Fulfilled.

(From a cartoon for a picture in the Perseus Series.)

been executed by the well-known firm of which Mr. William Morris is still the head. To these days belong those early water-colors some of which, exhibited at the old (now Royal) Water-color Society, first drew public attention to his strange imagination. The designs of this period were mainly romantic, but mixed with such themes as the legends of Sir Degrevant and Sir Galahad, of Morgan Le Fay and Childe Rolande, were others drawn from the Bible, as the "Annunciation" and the "Nativity," and from the semi-legendary history of Italy and Provence, like "King René's Honeymoon" and "The Wedding of Buondelmonte." Many were from Chaucer, two from the wonderful modern romance of "Sidonia the Sorceress," and a few from classical lore, like "Theseus and Ariadne," "The Wine of Circe," and "Cupid and Psyche;" others again were pictures of his own fancy, as "Laus Veneris," and "The Backgammon Players" (often called the chess players). Whatever his subject, it was nearly always one of mystery and wonder, and was always treated in the

same visionary manner. None of his drawings at the Water-color Society, of which he was elected an associate in 1863, produced a greater impression than that of "The Merciful Knight" (1863), already mentioned. It is said that the figure of the Knight was drawn from a woman, and the work is in many ways immature, but nothing interferes with the profound sense of the supernatural with which the whole composition is suffused. The spectator feels that he is the witness of a miracle.

He had now (1865) followed the profession of an artist for ten years, and had achieved a certain and distinct position as a painter in water-colors, and a designer for stained glass. He had been to Italy, where his genius had been fed with the spiritual beauty of the real Pre-Raphaelites, and the germs of some of his most famous pictures—the "Laus Veneris," the "Beguiling of Merlin," "The Annunciation," the "Wine of Circe," the "Chant d'Amour"—had taken root. For another twelve years the same steady progress, the same unresting labor was to continue, before he can be said to have become really famous. For part of these years the public had little opportunity of watching his development, for in 1870 an unfortunate dispute ended for eighteen years his connection with the Water-color Society, and except at the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall), in 1873, he seldom if ever exhibited in London. The public were, therefore, scarcely prepared for the wonderful apparition which was in store for them when the Grosvenor Gallery opened its doors for the first time in 1877. The imaginative feeling of the strange pictures which met their view, was indeed akin to that of the poems of Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne, but the presentation of it in pictorial form was comparatively new, for it must be remembered that Rossetti, as a



The Depths of the Sea.

(Photographed by Henry Dixon after the oil picture. By permission of the owner, R. H. Brown, Esq.)



Study of a Head.

painter, was known to them only by rumor. The revelation of Burne-Jones's genius was almost as complete as it was sudden. "The Six Days of Creation," in lofty allegory, "The Beguiling of Merlin," in its weird glamour; the "Mirror of Venus," in its childlike beauty, have scarcely been surpassed by any later work. They showed also the main sources of his inspiration; the Bible, romantic legend, and classical poetry; those three chief districts of the world of wonder in which he lived. One thing to be noted, of these as of all other pictures by Burne-Jones, is that the persons pictured have no concern with you, they are all wrapt in the trance of their own thoughts. The angels of Creation look through you; sight is suspended in the eyes of Merlin; the maidens look at themselves. You look at them all as you might peer into Doctor Dee's shewstone, or into one of those wondrous crystal globes which the angels of the Creation hold in their hand, each reflecting a vision of the day's divine handiwork. Criticism might have much to say about the stature of Vivien, and the solidity of the reflections in the "Mirror," and other matters, but Burne-Jones, as the French say, "had arrived." No criticism nor ridicule (and there was naturally plenty of the latter) could disguise the fact that there was a strong and original art-personality suddenly revealed, whose shortcomings were but a featherweight in comparison with the subtlety of imagination, the fertility of design, the exquisite and intricate beauty of color, which, to all who were open to their influences, made these pictures like the birth of a new joy into the world.

Next year came the wonderful "Laus Veneris," which had been begun seventeen years before. On the right a pale queen, weary of loveless sovereignty, sits languidly with her crown on her knees, her rich orange dress relieved against a greenish tapestry on which are depicted scenes of romantic love; to the left are seated four beautiful maidens in costumes of bright colors, solacing their mistress by reciting the praises of love; while through the window are seen knights in armor keenly seeking glimpses of the beauty within. Some shook their heads at this picture, they could not understand it, they saw no "moral" in it, the title of it frightened them, and there was a feeling that there must be some mysterious wickedness at the bottom of it all. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more innocently lovely. The picture still remains almost unique among Burne-Jones's works; he has never tried to rival its brilliant patchwork of color. In the "Angels of Creation" the colors shift and play into one another, now



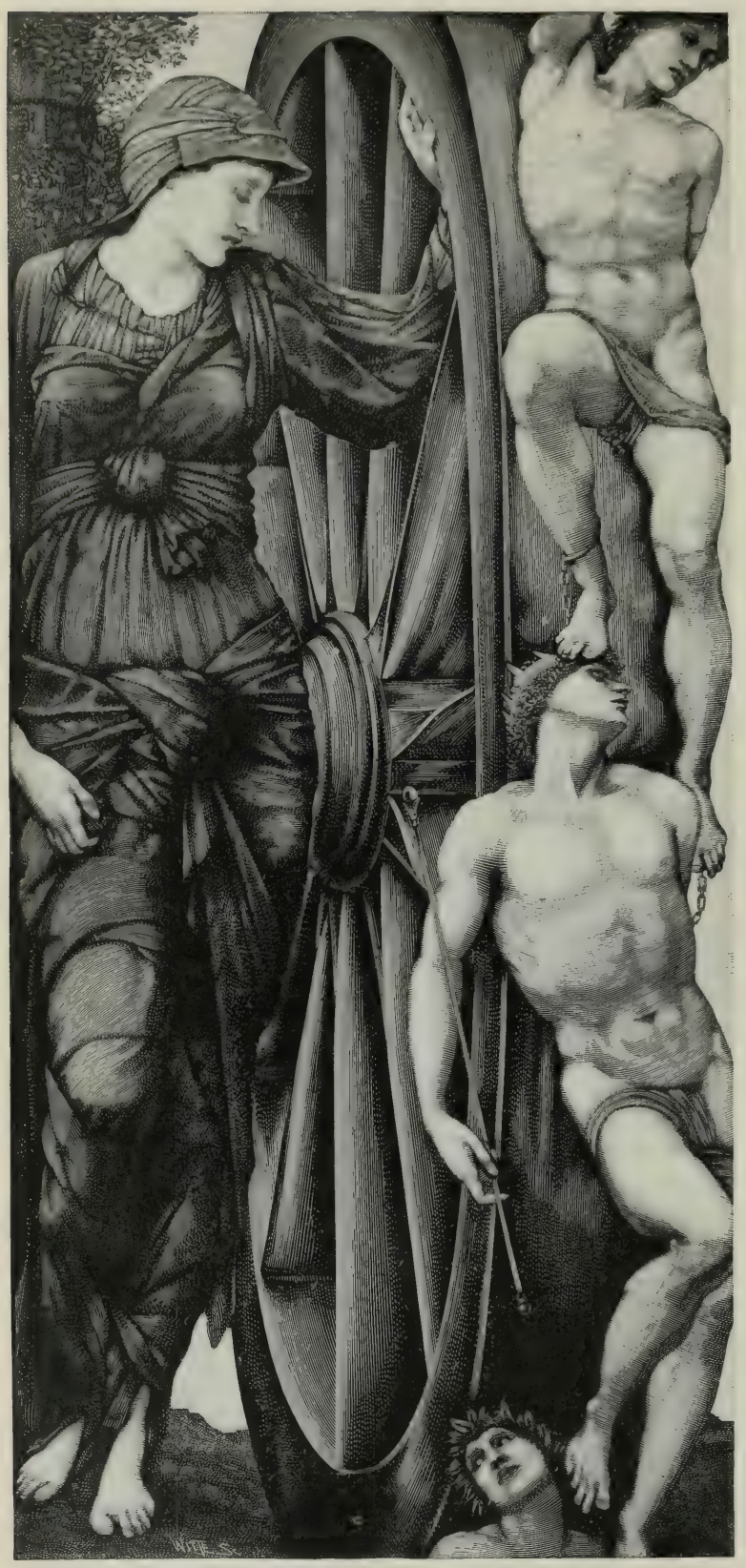
Study of a Head Sleeping.

like the feathers on a dove's neck, and now like the reflections in a stream. In the "Chant d'Amour" and "King Cophetua" the colors are more richly blended and diffused, in the manner of the Venetians, but in this picture the strong, pure spaces of color in dress and cap stand detached as in stained glass, or in the earlier pictures of the Italian school, which inherited their system of colors from mosaics and frescoes. This, 1878, was also the year of "Le Chant d'Amour" and "Pan and Psyche;" of panels of "Day" and "Night," and the four "Seasons," and a curious decorative panel of "Perseus and the Graiae"—an experiment in wood and metal, which was much criticised and has not been repeated. In 1879 appeared the celebrated "Annunciation;" in 1880, the "Golden Stairs," in which a decorative motive was elaborated into a picture almost as sweet and delicate in its color as a white lily. The "Wheel of Fortune," the finest of his allegorical conceptions, marks the year 1883. The "Cophetua," at the Grosvenor of 1884, the "Depths of the Sea," at the Royal Academy, in 1886 (his first and last contribution to Burlington House); the "Garden of Pan," at the Grosvenor in 1887, were the most important works exhibited in these years.

The opening of the new gallery in 1888, was made memorable by the contributions of Burne-Jones, which comprised three large and very characteristic pictures. One represented "Danaë" watching the building of the brazen tower in which she is to be immured, and two were part of the series from the Perseus legend. In the latter, the figure of Andromeda is seen full-length back and front, and it is probably the most perfect example of the author's draughtsmanship of the nude. A drawing in the gallery from the far robuster model, showed at once the artist's mastery of drawing, and the process through which nature had to go in its translation to the Burne-Jones's ideal. In the "Rock of Doom" we see Perseus in his flashing armor, arrested, as he flies by on his san-



Flamma Vestalis.
(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, Sir Horace Davey.)



The Wheel of Fortune.

(Photographed by Henry Dixon, from the oil picture. By permission of the owner, R. H. Benson, Esq.)

dals of swiftness, by the sight of the doomed maid chained to the rock; in the "Doom Fulfilled" we see the combat itself, the monster ineffectually endeavoring to entrap Perseus in its huge scaleless coils, while he seizes the opportunity to plunge his sword into some vital part. In these pictures one is perhaps more struck than usual by the deliberately decorative character of the work, and the stillness of a visionary world in which the fiercest conflicts happen, as it were, to slow music.

We cannot follow Mr. Burne-Jones step by step through later years. It must suffice to notice his grand series of pictures on the legend of "The Briar Rose," or "Sleeping Beauty," the masterpiece of his lighter fancy. The subject had always been a favorite with him. It had formed the theme of a series of tiles for Mr. Birket Foster's house at Whitby, of a set of small oil pictures in 1871, of a larger set in 1873–74, and in 1890 the four still larger pictures were exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, and have drawn there and elsewhere their thousands of admirers. This subject seems to be one peculiarly congenial to the genius of the artist. The trance-like suspense which characterizes all his conceptions here becomes the positive subject. In this mysterious wood all animate things sleep, as though their motion had been arrested by a flood of honeyed amber. The spell seems even to smite the young knight, as in the first picture he enters the wood strewn with the bodies of his ill-fated predecessors. In the next picture we are shown the aged king, his white beard flowing to the ground, surrounded by his sleeping

counsellors; in the next, the Garden Court, where the serving maidens in various positions of elegance sleep their long sleep; and last, the bower of the princess herself who is just awakening to the kiss of her brave lover; from beginning to end it is not only a dream, but a dream of dreams. Could any subject be more suited to the arch-dreamer of the nineteenth century?

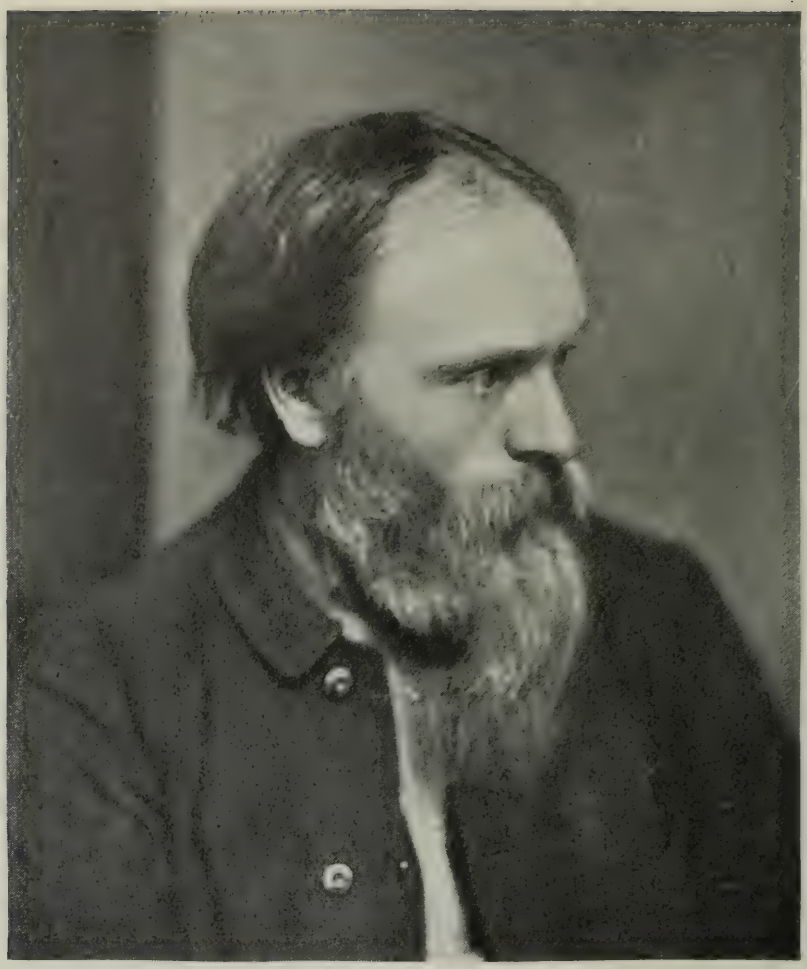
III.

As we have already seen, the more realistic tenets of the modern Pre-Raphaelites are incompatible with the art of Burne-Jones. The doctrines of non-selection and contempt of composition are both utterly contrary to his artistic nature, for there never was a more fastidious selector in this world, and all his designs show the utmost care, and often great ingenuity, in composition. On the other hand, no artist has been more impressed with the work of the real precursors of Raphael; with their *naïveté* of conception, their directness of suggestion, their spiritual feeling, and their refined sense of decorative beauty. There is a fascination and a romance about the work of such artists as Botticelli and Piero de Cosimo, Piero della Francesca and Matteo da Siena, in spite of, and perhaps partly in consequence of, the imperfection of their ideals, and the tentative nature of their efforts—a fascination which is altogether lost in the triumphant mastery of Raphael and Michel Angelo.

But Mr. Burne-Jones has not only studied one period of art nor the art of only one country. If his draperies sometimes swell like those of Botticelli, they are at others rigid as the Byzantines; he makes them as broad as Giotto's or as crinkly as Mantegna's, whichever style may be most suited to the idea of his design. The rich reflections of many-colored garments in brimming water which we see in the "Baptism of Christ" in Piero della Francesca's picture in the National Gallery, may have suggested the very different picture of the "Mirror of Venus." Piero de Cosimo's pathetic "Cephalus and Procris," in the same gallery, is a relation, but a very distant one, to his "Pan and Daphne." But his debts do not end with the Pre-Raphaelites: "Le Chant d'Amour" speaks of the gorgeous palette of Titian, and the



Memorial Tablet to Lady Lyttleton, in colored glass.
(In the American Protestant Church at Rome.)

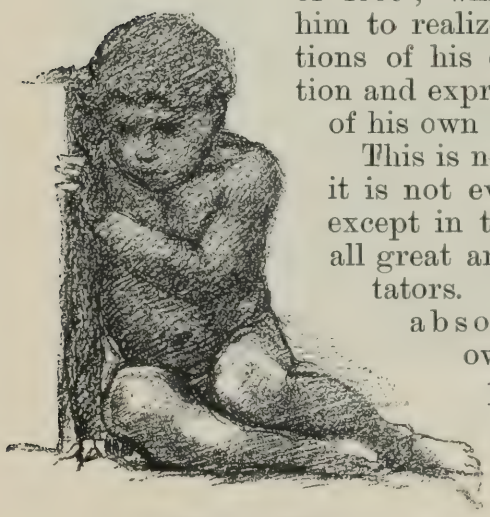


Portrait of Burne-Jones.
(Photographed from life, about 1885, by F. Hollyer.)

spirit of Giorgione seems to hover round the lovers in the "Garden of Pan." Luini and Leonardo rise to one's mind as one looks at the "Depths of the Sea," and the "Wheel of Fortune" cannot be passed without a thought of Michel Angelo. Everywhere he has found something akin to himself; some music of color, or rhythm of line; some fall of robe or lift of foot; which will help him to realize the conceptions of his own imagination and express the desire of his own soul.

This is not plagiarism, it is not even imitation, except in the sense that all great artists are imitators. As Raphael absorbed in his own developed personality all the virtue his genius could assimilate of Giotto and Perugino, of Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, of Masaccio and Michel Angelo; as Turner absorbed Claude and Vandevelde, Cozens and Girtin; so Burne-Jones has drunk from all the sources which could feed his artistic nature, from the mosaics of Ravenna to the designs of Rossetti; and now in his maturity he stands out as distinct in his personality, if not as great, as any of his precursors.

There is indeed an eclecticism which kills. This kind, unconfined and uncontrolled by any strong personal passion, seeks to fabricate beauty by piecing together fragments of the dead ideals of other minds. But there is also an eclecticism which nourishes, and this is the eclecticism of Burne-Jones, who, from his first sketch to the pictures now upon his easel, has been absorbed by the desire to present in perfect form the children of his own



Study of a Child.



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

The Backgammon Players.

(From a water-color drawing. By permission of Lord Battersea.)



ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

The Annunciation.

(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, the Earl of Carlisle.)



ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

The Golden Stairs.

(From the oil picture. By permission of the owner, Lord Battersea.)

imagination, and to clothe them with the most lovely raiment he could devise. For this he has had to wait and watch and work, for this he has ransacked not only nature but art, and the result is that he has created a new world with the breath of his own genius, a world wondrously beautiful and beautifully wondrous.



Uriel.

(From a cartoon for a mosaic in the American Protestant Church at Rome.)

Like the lives of all artists devoted to their work, that of Burne-Jones is marked by few stirring incidents. He has not been without honor in his own or other countries, though it has been slow, fitful, and inadequate. One of the earliest and most grateful recognitions of his genius was from the college which he had left to answer the call of

Art. His fellowship at Exeter was followed in 1881 by the honorary degree of D.C.L. "The Beguiling of Merlin" had been sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and his reputation was so great in France in 1882, that he was asked by the French Government to represent Great Britain at the International Exhibition of Contemporary Art, Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, as his sole colleague. This honor he was unable to accept. In 1889 he was awarded a first-class medal at the Paris International Exhibition, and in 1890 was decorated with the Legion of Honor. In America he is perhaps more appreciated than any other living English artist. Some of his finest stained-glass windows are those at Boston, Longwood, Mass., and Newport, and the grand designs for the mosaics in the apse of the American Protestant Church at Rome must rank among his most remarkable achievements. In England he is widely known and greatly honored, and the recent exhibition of his works at the New Gallery was a triumph such as only is allowed to few artists in their lifetime. A low, perhaps, but sound, test of his appreciation by his countrymen is the large prices which his works fetch whenever they appear in a public auction-room. At the Leyland and Graham sales the large "Mirror of Venus," the "Beguiling of Merlin," and "Le Chant d'Amour" were sold at sums ranging between three and four thousand pounds; and the "Laus Veneris" would not be parted with by its present owner for a much larger sum, if for any. It is a general theme for regret that Burne-Jones has not received the highest honors of the Royal Academy.



He accepted the offer of an Associateship in 1885, but has only once exhibited at Burlington House, and has recently resigned his associateship. We need not inquire here where the fault, if any, lies, but it is certain that the loss is to the Academy rather than to the artist.



Studies of Children.

For many years Burne-Jones has lived in an old-fashioned house in North End Road, once inhabited by Samuel Richardson, the novelist. It lies between Old Kensington and Hammersmith, a district till recently occupied by few houses and many gardens. A large, flat, green tract it was, where the dweller in the metropolis could take a walk and think that he was in something like the country. Now the whole aspect of the neighborhood is changed, and the creation of the populous suburb of West Kensington has gradually hemmed in Richardson's old house, until the present occupant, instead of fair open space of field and sky, has only his own and the garden of his neighbor as a barrier between him and the endless rows of "jerry-built" houses. If he has any pleasure in the view from his own windows, it is chiefly one of good-humored malice as he thinks of the baffled contractors who covet the space occupied by his green garden. But the alteration in its surroundings does not affect the work that goes on within, or dull the imagination of the dreamer who dwells there; and day by day, almost hour by hour, adds something to his life's achievement, something to the poetic endowment of the world.



JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

VIII.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUNSHINE.

POETS and painters make darkness stand for oblivion. But for evil things or sad there is no oblivion like sunshine.

The next day was hot, blue, and fragrant. John rose so late that he had to sit up in front of his breakfast alone. He asked the maid near by if she thought his father would be home soon. She reckoned so.

"I wish he would be home in a hour," he mused, aloud. "I wish he would be on the mountain road right now."

When he stepped down and started away she crouched before him.

"Whah you bound fuh, ole gen'leman, lookin' so sawt o' funny-sad?"

"I dunno."

"W'at you gwine do, boss?"

"I dunno."

"Well, cayn't you kiss me, Mis't I-dunno?"

He paid the toll and passed out to his play. With an old bayonet fixed on a stick he fell to killing Yankees—colored troops. Pressing them into the woods he charged, yelling, and came out upon the mountain road that led far down to the pike. Here a new impulse took him and he moved down this road to form a junction with his father. For some time the way was comparatively level. By and by he came to heavier timber and deeper and steeper descents. He went ever more and more loiteringly, for his father did not appear. He thought of turning back, yet his longing carried him forward. He was tired, but his mother did not like him to walk long distances when he was tired, so it wouldn't be right to turn back. He decided to wait for his father and ride home.

Meantime he would go to the next turn in the road and look. He looked in vain. And so at the next—the next—the next. He went slowly, for his feet were growing tender. Sometimes he almost caught a butterfly. Sometimes he slew more Yankees. Always he talked to himself with a soft bumbling like a bee's.

But at last he ceased even this and sat down at the edge of the stony road ready to cry. His bosom had indeed begun to heave, when in an instant all was changed. Legs forgot their weariness, the heart its dismay, for just across the road, motionless beside a hollow log, what should he see but a cotton-tail rabbit. As he stealthily reached for his weapon the cotton-tail took two slow hops and went into the log. Charge bayonets!—pat-pat-pat—slam! and the stick rattled in the hole, the deadly iron at one end and the deadly boy at the other.

And yet nothing was impaled. Singular! He got his eyes to the hole and glared in, but although it was full of daylight from a larger hole at the other

end, he could see no sign of life. It baffled comprehension. But so did it defy contradiction. There was but one resource: to play the rabbit was still there and only to be got out by rattling the bayonet every other moment and repeating, in a sepulchral voice, "I—I—I'm gwine to have yo' meat fo' dinneh!"

He had been doing this for some time when all at once his blood froze as another voice, fifteen times as big as his, said, in his very ear—

"I—I—I'm gwine to have yo' meat fo' dinneh."

He dropped half over, speechless, and beheld standing above him, nineteen feet high as well as he could estimate hastily, a Yankee captain mounted and in full uniform. John leaped up and remembered he was in gray.

"What are you doing here all alone, Shorty?"

"I dunno."

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"I dunno."

The Captain moved as if to draw his revolver, but brought forth instead a large yellow apple. Then did John confess who he was and why there. The Captain did as much on his part.

He had risen with the morning star to do an errand beyond Widewood, and was now getting back to Suez. This very dawn he had made Judge March's acquaintance beside his broken wagon, and had seen him ride toward Suez to begin again the repair of his disasters. Would the small Confederate like to ride behind him?

Very quickly John gave an arm and was struggling up behind the saddle. The Captain touched the child's back.

"Owch!"

"Why, what's the matter? did I hurt you?"

"No, sir."

The horse took his new burden unkindly, plunged and danced.

"Afraid?" asked the Captain. John's eyes sparkled merrily and he shook his head.

"You're a pretty brave boy, aren't you?" said the stranger, but John shook his head again.

"I'll bet you are, and a tol'able good boy, too, aren't you?"

"No, sir, I'm not a good boy, I'm bad. I'm a very bad boy, indeed."

The horseman laughed. "I don't mistrust but you're good enough."

"Oh, no. I'm not good. I'm wicked! I'm noisy! I make my ma's head ache, every day! I usen't to be so wicked when I was a little shaver. I used to be a shaver, did you know that? But now I'm a boy. That's because I'm eight. I'm a boy and I'm wicked. I'm awful wicked, and I'm getting worse. I whistle. Did you think I could whistle? Well, I can. . . . There! did you hear that? It's wicked to whistle in the house—to whistle loud—in the house—it's sinful. Sometimes I whistle in the house—sometimes." He grew still and fell to thinking of his mother, and how her cheek would redden with something she called sorrow at his shameless companioning with the wearer of a blue uniform. But he continued to like his new friend; he was so companionably "low flung."

"Do you know Jeff-Jack?" he asked. But the Captain had not the honor.

"Well, he captures things. He's brave. He's dreadful brave."

"No! Aw! you just want to scare me!"

"So is Major Garnet. Did you ever see Major Garnet? Well, if you see him you mustn't make him mad. I'd be afraid for you to make him mad."

"Why, how's that?"

"I dunno," said Johnnie, very abstractedly.

As they went various questions came up, and by and by John discoursed on the natural badness of "black folks"—especially the yellow variety—with imperfections of reasoning almost as droll as the soft dragging of his vowels. Time passed so pleasantly that when they came into the turnpike and saw his father coming across the battle-field with two other horsemen, his good spirits hardly had room to rise any higher. They rather fell. The Judge had again chanced upon the company of Major Garnet and Jeff-Jack Ravenel, and it disturbed John perceptibly for three such men to find him riding behind a Yankee.

It was a double surprise for him to see, first, with what courtesy they

treated the blue-coat, and then how soon they bade him good-day. The Federal had smilingly shown a flask.

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would you?"

"I never drink," said Garnet.

"And I always take too much," responded Jeff-Jack.

I think we have spoken of John's slumbers being dreamless. A child can afford to sleep without dreaming, he has plenty of dreams without sleeping. No need to tell what days, weeks, months, of sunlit, forest-shaded, bird-serenaded, wide-awake dreaming passed over this one's wind-tossed locks between the ages of eight and fifteen.

Small wonder that he dreamed. Much of the stuff that fables and fairy tales are made of was the actual furnishment of his visible world — unbroken leagues of lofty timber that had never heard the ring of an axe; sylvan labyrinths where the buck and doe were only half afraid; copses alive with small game; rare openings where the squatter's wooden ploughshare lay forgotten; dark chasms scintillant with the treasures of the chemist, if not of the lapidary; outlooks that opened upon great seas of billowing forest, whence blue mountains peered up, sank and rose again like ocean monsters at play; glens where the she-bear suckled her drowsing cubs to the plash of yeasty waterfalls that leapt and whimpered to be in human service, but wherein the otter played all day unscared; crags where the eagle nested; defiles that echoed the howls of wolves unhunted, though the very stones cried out their open secret of immeasurable wealth; narrow vales where the mountain cabin sent up its blue thread of smoke, and in its lonely patch strong weeds and emaciated corn and cotton pushed one another down among the big clods; and vast cliffs from whose bushy brows the armed moonshiner watched the bridle-path below.

These dreams of other children's story books were John's realities. And these were books to him, as well, while Chesterfield went unread, and other things and conditions, not of nature and her seclusions, but vibrant with human energies and strifes, were making, unheeded of him, his world and his fate. A little boy's life does right to loiter. But if we loiter with him here, we are likely to find our eyes held ever by the one picture: John's gifted mother, in family group, book in her lap — husband's hand on her right shoulder — John leaning against her left side. Let us try leaving him for a time. And indeed, we may do the same as to Jeff-Jack Ravenel.

As he had told Barbara he would, he made his residence in Suez.

A mess-mate, a graceless, gallant fellow, who at the war's end had fallen, dying, into his arms, had sent by him a last word of penitent love to his mother, an aged widow. She lived in Suez, and when Ravenel brought this message to her—from whom marriage had torn all her daughters and death her only son—she accepted his offer, based on a generous price, to take her son's room as her sole boarder and lodger. Thus, without further effort, he became the stay of her home and the heir of her simple affections.

IX.

LAUNCELOT HALLIDAY.

General Halliday was a distant cousin of Mrs. Garnet. He had commanded the brigade which included Garnet's battalion; and had won fame. Garnet, who felt himself undervalued by Halliday, said this fame had been won by show rather than by merit. And in truth, Halliday was not so much a man of genuine successes as of an audacity that stopped just short of the fantastical, and kept him perpetually interesting.

"Launcelot's failures," said Garnet, "make a finer show than most men's successes. He'd rather shine without succeeding, than succeed without shining."

The moment the war ended, Halliday hurried back to his plantation, the largest in Blackland. This county's sole crop was cotton, and negroes two-thirds of its population. His large family—much looked up to—had called

it home, though often away from it, seeking social stir at the State capital and elsewhere. On his return from the war, the General brought with him a Northerner, an officer in the very command to which he had surrendered. Just then, you may remember, when Southerners saw only ruin in their vast agricultural system, many Northerners thought they saw a new birth. They felt the poetry of Dixie's long summers, the plantation life—Uncle Tom's Cabin—and fancied that with Uncle Tom's good-will and Northern money and methods, there was quick fortune for them. Halliday echoed these bright predictions with brave buoyancy and perfect sincerity, and sold the conqueror his entire estate. Then he moved his family to New Orleans, and issued his card to his many friends, announcing himself prepared to receive and sell any shipments of cotton, and fill any orders for supplies, with which they might entrust him. The Government's pardon, on which this fine rapidity was hypothecated, came promptly—"through a pardon broker," said Garnet.

But the General's celerity was resented. He boarded at the St. Charles, and, famous, sociable, and fond of politics, came at once into personal contact with the highest Federal authorities in New Orleans. The happy dead earnest with which he "accepted the situation" and "harmonized" with these men, sorely offended his old friends and drew the fire of the newspapers. Even Judge March demurred.

"President Garnet," John heard the beloved voice in front of him say, "gentlemen may cry Peace, Peace, but there can be too much peace, sir!"

The General came out in an open letter, probably not so sententiously as we condense it here, but in substance to this effect: "The king never dies; citizenship never ceases; a bereaved citizenship has no right to put on expensive mourning, and linger through a dressy widowhood before it marries again. . . . There are men who, when their tree has been cut down even with the ground, will try to sit in the shade of the stump. . . . Such men are those who, now that slavery is gone, still cling to a civil order based on the old plantation system. . . . They are like a wood-sawyer robbed of his saw-horse and trying to saw wood in his lap."

All these darts struck and stung, but a little soft mud, such as any editor could supply, would soon have drawn out the sting—but for an additional line or two, which gave poisonous and mortal offence. Blackland and Clearwater replied in a storm of indignation. The *Suez Courier* bade him keep out of Dixie on peril of his life. He came, nevertheless, canvassing for business, and was not molested, but got very few shipments. What he mainly secured were the flippant pledges of such as required the largest possible advances indefinitely ahead of the least possible cotton. Also a few Yankees shipped to him.

"Gen'l Halliday, howdy, sah?" It was dusk of the last day of this tour. The voice came from a dark place on the sidewalk in Suez. "Don't you know me, Gen'l? You often used to see me an' Majo' Gyarnet togetheh; yass, sah. My name's Cornelius Leggett, sah."

"Why, Cornelius, to be sure! I thought I smelt whiskey. What can I do for you?"

"Gen'l, I has the honor to espress to you, sah, my thanks faw the way you espress yo'seff in yo' letteh on the concerns an' prospec's o' we colo'ed people, sah. An' likewise, they's thousands would like to espress the same espressions, sah."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Gen'l, I represents a quantity of ow people what's move' down into Blackland fum Rosemont and other hill places. They espress theyse'ves to me as they agent that they like to confawm some prearrangement with you, sah."

"Are you all on one plantation?"

"Oh, no, sah, they ain't ezac'ly on no plantation. Me? Oh, I been a-goin' to the Freedman' Bureau school in Pulaski City as they agent.

"Sah? Yass, sah, at they espenses—p-he!

"They? They mos'ly strowed round in de woods in pole cabins an' bresh arbors.—Sah?

"Yass, sah, livin' on game an' fish.—Sah?

"Yass, sah.

"But they espress they doubts that de Gove'ment ain't goin' to give 'em no fahms, an' they like to comprise with you, Gen'l, ef you please, sah, to git holt o' some fahms o' they own, you know; sawt o' payin' faw'm bes' way they kin; yass, sah. As you say in yo' letteh, betteh give 'm lan's than keep 'em vagabones; yass, sah. Betteh no terms than none at all; yass, sah." And so on.

From this colloquy resulted the Negro farm-village of Leggettstown. In 1866–68 it grew up on the old Halliday place, which had reverted to the General by mortgage. Neatest among its whitewashed cabins, greenest with gourd-vines, and always the nearest paid for, was that of the Reverend Leviticus Wisdom, his wife, Virginia, and her step-daughter, Johanna.

In the fall of 1869 General Halliday came back to Suez to live. His wife, a son, and daughter had died, two daughters had married and gone to the Northwest, others were here and there. A daughter of sixteen was with him—they two alone. The ebb-tide of war values had left him among the shoals; his black curls were full of frost, his bank box was stuffed with plantation mortgages, his notes were protested. He had come to operate, from Suez as a base, several estates surrendered to him by debtors and entrusted to his management by his creditors. This he wished to do on what seemed to him an original plan, of which Leggettstown was only a clumsy sketch, a plan based on his belief in the profound economic value of—"villages of small freeholding farmers, my dear sir!"

"It's the natural crystal of free conditions!" John heard him say in the post-office corner of Weed & Usher's drug-store.

Empty words to John: He noted only the noble air of the speaker and his hearers. Every man of the group had been a soldier. The General showed much more polish than the others, but they all had the strong graces of horsemen and masters, and many a subtle sign of civilization and cult heated and hammered through centuries of search for good government and honorable fortune. John stopped and gazed.

"Come on, son," said Judge March, almost sharply. John began to back away. "There!" exclaimed the father as his son sat down suddenly in a box of sawdust and cigar-stumps. He led him away to clean him off, adding, "You hadn't ought to stare at people as you walk away fum them, son."

With rare exceptions, the General's daily hearers were silent, but resolute. They did not analyze. Their motives were their feelings; their feelings were their traditions, and their traditions were back in the old entrenchments. The time for large changes had slipped by. Haggard, of the *Courier*, thought it "equally just and damning" to reprint from the General's odiously remembered letter of four years earlier. "If we can't make our Negroes white, let us make them as white as we can," and sign it "Social Equality Launcelot." Parson Tombs, sweet, aged, and beloved, prayed from his pulpit—with the preface, "Thou knowest thy servant has never mixed up politics and religion"—that "the machinations of them who seek to join together what God hath put asunder may come to naught."

Halliday laughed. "Why, I'm only a private citizen trying to retrieve my private fortunes." But—

"These are times when a man can't choose whether he'll be public or private!" said Garnet, and the *Courier* made the bankrupt cotton factor public every day. It quoted constantly from the unpardonable letter, and charged him with "inflaming the basest cupidity of our Helots," and so on, and on. But the General, with his silver-shot curls dancing half-way down his shoulders, a six-shooter under each skirt of his black velvet coat, and a knife down the back of his neck, went on pushing his private enterprise.

"Private enterprise!" cried Garnet. "His jackals will run him for Congress." And they did—against Garnet.

The times were seething. Halliday, viewing matters impartially in the clear, calm light of petroleum torches,

justified Congress in acts which Garnet termed "the spume of an insane revenge;" while Garnet, with equal calmness of judgment, under other petroleum torches, gloried in the "masterly inactivity" of Dixie's whitest and best —which Launcelot denounced as a foolish and wicked political strike. All the corruptions bred by both sides in a gigantic war—and before it in all the crudeness of the country's first century —were pouring down and spouting up upon Dixie their rain of pitch and ashes. Negroes swarmed about the polls, elbowed their masters, and challenged their votes. Ragged negresses talked loudly along the sidewalks, of one another as "ladies," and of their mistresses as "women." White men of fortune and station were masking, night-riding, whipping, and killing; and blue cavalry rattled again through the rocky streets of Suez.

Such was life when dashing Fannie Halliday joined the choir in Parson Tombs's church, becoming at once its leading spirit, and John March suddenly showed a deep interest in the Scriptures. He joined her Sunday-school class.

X.

FANNIE

Was sixteen—she said; had black eyes —the dilating kind—was pretty, and seductively subtle. Jeff-Jack liked her much. They met at Rosemont, where he found her spending two or three days, on perfect terms with Barbara, and treated with noticeable gravity, though with full kindness, by Mrs. Garnet, whom she called, warmly, "Cousin Rose."

Ravenel had pushed forward only two or three pawns of conversation when she moved at one step from news to politics. She played with the ugly subject girlishly, even frivolously, though not insipidly—at least to a young man's notion—riding its winds and waves like a sea-bird. Politics, she said, seemed to her a kind of human weather, no more her business and no less than any other kind. She never blamed the public, or any party for this or that; did he? And when he said he did not, her eyes danced and she declared she disliked him less.

"Why, we might as well scold the rain or the wind as the public," she insisted. "What publics do, or think, or say, or want—are merely—I don't know —sort o' chemical values. What makes you smile that way?"

"Did I smile? You're deep," he said.

"You're smiling again," she replied, and, turning, asked Garnet a guileless question on a certain fierce matter of the hour. He answered it with rash confidence, and her next question was a checkmate.

"Oh, understand," he cried, in reply; "we don't excuse these dreadful practices."

"Yes, you do. You-all don't do anything else—except Mr. Ravenel; he approves them barefaced."

Garnet tried to retort, but she laughed him down. When she was gone, "She's as rude as a roustabout," he said to his wife.

For all this she was presently the belle of Suez. She invaded its small and ill-assorted society and held it, a restless, but conquered province. John's father marked with joy his son's sudden regularity in Sunday-school. If his wife was less pleased it was because to her all punctuality was a personal affront; it was some time before she discovered the cause to be Miss Fannie Halliday. By that time half the young men in town were in love with Fannie, and three-fourths of them in abject fear of her wit; yet, in true Southern fashion, casting themselves in its way with Hindoo abandon.

Her father and she had apartments in Tom Hersey's Swanee Hotel. Mr. Ravenel called often. She entered Montrose Academy "in order to remain sixteen," she told him. This institution was but a year or two old. It had been founded, at Ravenel's suggestion, "as a sort o' little sister to Rosemont." Its principal, Miss Kinsington, with her sister, belonged to one of Dixie's best and most unfortunate families.

"You don't bow down to Miss Grundy," something prompted Ravenel to

say, as he and Fannie came slowly back from a gallop in the hills.

"Yes, I do. I only love to tease her now and then. I go to the races, play cards, waltz, talk slang, and read novels. But when I do bow down to her I bow away down. Why, at Montrose, I actually talk on serious subjects!"

"Do you touch often on religion? You never do to the gentlemen I bring to see you."

"Why, Mr. Ravenel, I don't understand you. What should I know about religion? You seem to forget that I belong to the choir."

"Well, politics, then. Don't you ever try to make a convert even in that?"

"I talk politics for fun only." She toyed with her whip. "I'd tell you something if I thought you'd never tell. It's this: Women have no conscience in their intellects. No, and the young gentlemen you bring to see me take after their mothers."

"I'll try to bring some other kind."

"Oh, no! They suit me. They're so easily pleased. I tell them they have a great insight into female character. Don't you tell them I told you!"

"Do you remember having told me the same thing?"

She dropped two wicked eyes and said, with sweet gravity, "I wish it were not so true of you. How did you like the sermon last evening?"

"The cunning flirt!" thought he that night, as his kneeling black boy drew off his boots.

Not so thought John that same hour. Servants' delinquencies had kept him from Sunday-school that morning and made him late at church. His mother had stayed at home with her headache and her husband. Her son was hesitating at the church-yard gate, alone and heavy-hearted, when suddenly he saw a thing that brought his heart into his throat and made a certain old mortification start from its long sleep with a great inward cry. Two shabby black men passed by on plough-mules, and between them, on a poor, smart horse, all store clothes, watch-chain, and shoe-blacking, rode the president of the Zion Freedom Homestead League, Mr. Cornelius Leggett, of Leggettstown. John went in. Fannie, seemingly fresh from heaven, stood behind the melodeon and sang the repentant prodigal's resolve; and he, in raging shame for the stripes once dealt him and the lie they had scared from him at the time, and the many he had told since to cover that one, shed such tears that he had to steal out, and, behind a tree in the rear of the church, being again without a handkerchief, dry his cheeks on his sleeves.

And now, in his lowly bed, his eyes swam once more as the girl's voice returned to his remembrance: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

He left his bed and stood beside the higher one. But the father slept. Even if he should waken him, he felt that he could only weep and tell nothing, and so he went back and lay down again. With the morning, confession was impossible. He thought rather of revenge, and was hot with the ferocious plans of a boy's helplessness.

XI.

A BLEEDING HEART.

One night early in November, when nearly all Rosemont's lights were out and a brisk wet wind was flirting and tearing the yellowed leaves of the oaks, the windows of Mrs. Garnet's room were still bright. She sat by a small fire with Barbara at her knee. It had been election-day and the college was silent with chagrin.

"Is pop a-going to get elected, mom-a?"

"I don't think he is, my child."

"But you hope he is, don't you?"

"Listen," murmured the mother.

Barbara heard a horse's feet. Presently her father's step was in the hall and on the stairs. He entered, kissed wife and child, and sat down with a look first of care and fatigue, and then a proud smile.

"Well, Launcelot's elected."

A solemn defiance came about his mouth, but on his brow was dejection and distress.

"You know, Rose," he said, "that for myself, I don't care."

She made no reply.

He leaned on the mantelpiece. "My heart bleeds for our people! All they ask is the God-given right to a pure government. Their petition is spurned! Rose"—tears shone in his eyes—"I this day saw the sabres and bayonets of the government of which Washington was once the head, shielding the scum of the earth while it swarmed up and voted honor and virtue out of office!" The handkerchief he snatched from his pocket brought out three or four written papers. He cast them upon the fire. One, under a chair, he overlooked. Barbara got it later—just the thing to carry in her reticule when she went calling on herself. She could not read its bad writing, but it served all the better for that.

Next evening, at tea—back again from Suez—"Wife, did you see a letter in blue ink in your room this morning, with some pencil figures of my own across the face? If it was with those papers I burned it's all right, but I'd like to know." His unconcern was overdone.

Barbara was silent. She had battered the reticule's inner latch with a stone. To get the paper out, the latch would have to be broken. Silence saved it.

The election was over, but the turmoil only grew. Mere chemicals, did Fannie call these incidents and conditions? But they were corrosives and caustics dropped blazing hot upon white men's bare hands and black men's bare feet. The ex-master spurned political fellowship with his slave, at every cost; the ex-slave laid taxes, stole them, and was murdered.

"Make way for robbery, he cries," drawled Ravenel; "makes way for robbery and dies."

"Mr. Ravenel," said Judge March, "I find no place for me, sir. I lament one policy and loathe the other. I need not say what distress of mind I suffer. I doubt not we are all doing that, sir."

"No," said Jeff-Jack, whittling a straw.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Ravenel," said Fannie Halliday; "it's a war between decency in the wrong, and vulgarity in the right."

Cornelius's explanation in the House was more elaborate.

"This, Mr. Speaker, are that great warfare predicated in the New Testament, betwix the Republicans an' sinnehs on one side an' the Phair-i-sees on the other. The white-liners, they is the Phair-i-sees! They is the whited sculptors befo' which, notinstan'in' all they chiselin', the Republicans an' sinnehs enters fust into the kingdom!"

So, for two more years, and John was fifteen. Then the Judge decided to explain to him, confidentially, their long poverty.

"Daphne, dear"—he was going down into Blackland—"if you see no objection I'll take son with me.—Why, no, dear, not both on one hoss, you're quite right; that wouldn't be kind to son."

"A merciful man, Powhatan, is merciful to——"

"Yass, deah; Oh, I had the hoss in mind too; indeed I had! Do you know, my deah, I can tend to business betteh when I have ow son along? I'm gett'n' to feel like as if I'd left myself behine when he's not with me."

"You've always been so, Judge March." Her smile was sad. "Oh! no, I mustn't advise. Take him along if you're determined to."

XII.

JOHN THINKS HE IS NOT AFRAID.

"Son," said the father as they rode, "I reckon you've often wondered why, owning ow hund'ed thousand an' sixty acres, we should appeah so sawt o' reduced; haven't you?"

"Sir?"

The father repeated the question, and John said, dreamily:

"No, sir."

"Well, son, I'll tell you, though I'd rather you'd not mention it—in school, faw instance—if we can eveh raise money to send you to school.

"It's because, in a sense, we a-*got* so much lan'. Many's the time I could a-sole pahts of it, an' refused, only because that particulah sale wouldn't a-met the object fo' which the whole tract has always been held. It was yo'

dear grandfather's ambition, an' his father's befo' him, to fill these lan's with a great population, p'osp'ous an' happy. We neveh sole an acre, but we neveh hel' one back in a spirit o' lan' speculation, you understan'?"

"Sir?—I—yes, sir."

"The plan wa'n't adapted to a slave State. I see that now. I don't say slavery was wrong, but slave an' free labor couldn't thrive side by side. But, now, son, you know, all labor's free an' the time's come faw a change.

"You see, son, that's where Gen'l Halliday's village projec' is bad. His villages are boun' han' an' foot to cotton fahmin' an' can't bring forth the industries; but now, without concealin' anything fum him or anybody—of co'se we don't want to do that—if we can get enough of his best village residenters fum Leggettstown an' Libbetyville to come up an' take lan' in Widewood—faw we can give it to 'em an' gain by it, you know; an' a site or two faw a church aw school — why, then, you know, when capitalists come up an' look at ow minin' lan's—why, first thing you know, we'll have mines an' mills an' sto'es ev'y *which* away!"

They met and passed three horsemen armed to the teeth and very tipsy.

"Why, if to-morrow ain't election-day ag'in! Why, I quite fo' gotten that!"

At the edge of the town two more armed riders met them.

"Judge March, good-mawnin', seh." All stopped. "Goin' to Suez?"

"We goin' on through into Blackland."

"I don't think you can, seh. Ow pickets hold Swanee River bridge. Yes, sah, ow pickets. Why, *ow* pickets, they're there. 'Twould be strange if they wa'n't—three hund'ed Blackland county niggehs marchin' on the town to burn it."

"Is that really the news?"

"That's the latest, seh. We after reinfo'cements." They moved on.

Judge March rode slowly toward Suez. John rode beside him. In a moment the Judge halted again, lifted his head, and listened. A long cheer floated to them, attenuated by the distance.

"I thought it was a charge, but I reckon it's on'y a meet'n' of ow people in the square." He glanced at his son, who was listening, ashy pale.

"Son, we ain't goin' into town. I'm going, but you needn't. You can ride back a piece an' wait faw me, aw faw further news which'll show you what to do. On'y don't in any case come into town. This ain't yo' fight, son, an' you no need to get mixed in with it. You hear, son?"

"I"—the lad tried twice before he could speak—"I want to go with you."

"Why, no, son, you no need to go. You ain't fitt'n' to go. Yo' too young. You a-trembling now fum head to foot. Ain't you got a chill?"

"N-no, sir." The boy shivered visibly. "I've got a pain in my side, but it don't—don't hurt. I want to go with you."

"But, son, there's goin' to be fight'n'. I'm goin' to try to p'vent it, but I shan't be able to. Why, if you was to get hurt, who'd eveh tell yo' poor deah mother? I couldn't. I jest couldn't! You betteh go 'long home, son."

"I c-c-can't do it, father."

"Why, air you that sick, son?"

"No, sir, but I don't feel well enough to go home—Father—I—I—t-t-told—I told—an awful lie, one time, about you, and——"

"Why, son!"

"Yes, sir. I've been tryin' for seven years to—k—own up, and——"

"Sev—O Law, son, I don't believe you eveh done it at all. You neveh so much as told a fib in yo' life. You jest imagine you done it."

"Yes, I have, father, often. I can't explain, now, but please lemme go with you."

"Why, son, I jest can't. Lawd knows I would if I could."

"Yes, you can, father, I won't be in the way. And I won't be af-raid. You don't think I would eveh be a-scared of a nigger, do you? But if the niggers should kill you, and me not there, I wouldn't ever be any account no more! I haven't ever been any yet, but I will be, father, if you'll——"

Three pistol shots came from the town, and two townward-bound horsemen broke their trot and passed at a

gallop. "Come on, Judge," laughed one.

"I declare, son, I don't know what *toe* do. You betteh go 'long back."

"Oh, father, don't send me back! Lemme go 'long with you. Please don't send me back! I couldn't go. I'd just haf to turn round again an' follow you. Lemme go with you, father. I want to go 'long with you. Oh—thank you, sah!" They trotted down into the town. "D' you reckon C'nelius 'll be there, father?—I—hope he will." The pallor was gone.

As the turnpike became a tree-shaded street, they passed briskly by its old-fashioned houses set deep in grove gardens. Two or three weedy lanes at right and left showed the poor cabins of the town's darker life shut and silent. But presently,

"Father, look there!"

The Judge and his son turned quickly to a turfy bank where a ragged negro lay at the base of a large tree. He was moaning, rocking his head, and holding a hand against his side. His rags were drenched with blood. The white eyes rolled up to the face of the Judge, as he tossed his bridle to his son.

"Wateh," whispered the big lips, "wateh."

John threw his father's bridle back, galloped through a gate, and came with a gourd full.

"Gimme quick, son, he's swoonin' away." The draught brought back some life.

"Shan't I get a doctor, father?"

"Tain't a bit of use son."

"No," moaned the negro, "I'm gwine fasteh dan docto's kin come. I'm in de deep watehs. Gwine to meet my Lawd Jesus. Good-by, wife; good-by, chillun. Oh, Jedge March, dey shot me in pyo devilment. I was jist lookin' out fo' my boy. Dey was comin' in to town an' dey sees me, an' awdehs me to halt, an' 'stid o' dat I runs, thinkin' that'd suit 'em jist as well. Oh, Lawd!—Oh, Lawd! Oh!" He stared into the Judge's face, a great pain heaved him slowly, his eyes set, and all was over. A single sob burst from the boy as he gazed on the dark, dead features. The Judge hasted to mount.

"Now, son, I got to get right into town. But you see now, you betteh go 'long back to yo' motheh, don't you?"

"I'm goin' with you."

XIII.

FOR FANNIE.

They came where two men sat on horses in the way. "Sorry, Jedge, but them's orders, sah; only enrolled men can pass."

But the speakers presently concluded that it could never have been intended to shut out such a personage as Judge March, and on pledge to report to Captain Shotwell, at the Swanee Hotel, or else to Captain Champion at the courthouse, father and son proceeded. Montrose Academy showed no sign of life as they went by.

Yet John had never seen the town so populous. Saddled horses were tied everywhere. Men rode here or there in the yellow dust, idly or importantly, mounted, dismounted, or stood on the broken sidewalks in groups, some sober, some not, all armed and spurred, and more arriving from all directions. Handsome Captain Shotwell, sitting in civil dress, a sword belted on him and lying across his lap, explained to the Judge.

"Why, you know, Judge, how ow young men ah always up to some ridiculous pra-ank, jest in mere pla-ay, you know, seh. Yeste'd'y some of 'em taken a boyish notion to put some ma-asks on an' ride through Leggettstown in 'slo-ow p'ocession, with a sawt o' banneh marked, 'See You again Tonight.' They had guns—mo' f'om fo'ce o' habit, I reckon, than anything else—you know how ow young men ah, seh—one of 'em carry a gun a yeah, an' neveh so much as hahm a floweh, you know. Well, seh, unfawtunately, the niggehs had no mo' sense than to take it all in dead earnest. They put they women an' child'en into the church an' ahmed theyse'ves, some thirty of 'em, with shotguns an' old muskets—yondeh's some of 'em in the cawneh. Then they taken up a position in the road just this side the village, an' sent to

Sherman an' Libbetyville fo' reinfo'cements.

"Well, of co'se, you know, seh, what was jes' boun' to happm. Some of ow ve'y best young men mounted an' moved to dislodge an' scatteh them befo' they could gatheh numbehs enough to take the offensive an' begin they feindish work. Well, seh, about da-ay-break, while sawt o' reconnoiterin' in fo'ce, they come suddenly upon the niggehs' position, an' the niggehs, without the slightes' p'ovocation, up an' fi-ud! P'ovidentially, they shot too high, an' only one man was inju'ed—by fallin' f'om his hawss. Well, seh, ow boys fi-ud an' cha'ged, an' the niggehs, of co'se, run, leavin' three dead an' fo' wounded, aw, accawdin' to latest accounts, seven dead an' no wounded. The niggehs taken shelteh in the church, ow boys fallen back fo' reinfo'cements, an' about a' hour by sun comes word that the niggehs, frenzied with ra-age an' liquo', a-comin' this way to the numbeh o' three hund'ed, an' increasin' as they come. No, seh, I don't know that it *is* unfawtunate. It's just as well faw this thing to happm an' to happm now. It'll teach both sides, as Garnet said awhile ago addressin' the crowd, that the gov'ment o' Dixie's simply got to pa-ass, this time, away f'om a ra-ace that can't p'eserve awdeh, an' be undividedly transfehed oveh to the ra-ace God-A'mighty appointed to gov'n!"

Judge March's voice was full of meek distress. "Captain Shotwell, where is Major Garnet, sir?"

"Garnet? Oh, he's over in the *Courier* office, consultin' with Haggard an' Jeff-Jack."

"Do you know whether Gen'l Halliday's in town, sir?"

The Captain smiled. "He's in the next room, seh. He's been undeh my —p'otection, as you might say, since daylight."

"Gen'l Halliday could stop all this, Captain."

"Stop it? He could stop it in two hours, seh! If he'd just consent to go under parole to Leggettstown an' tell them niggehs that if they'll simply lay down they ahms an' stay quietly at home—jest faw a day aw two—all'll be freely fo'givm an' fo'gotten, seh! Instead o' that, he sits there, ca'mly smilin'—you know his way—an' threatenin' us with the ahm of the United States Gove'ment. He fo'gets that by a wise p'ovision o' that Gove'ment's foundeh's it's got sev'l ahms, an' one holds down anotheh. The S'preme Cote—Judge March, you go in an' see him; you jest the man to do it, seh!"

John waited without. Presently father and son were seen to leave Captain Shotwell's head-quarters and cross the square to the *Courier* office. There a crowd was reading a bulletin which stated that scouting parties reported no negro force massed anywhere. At the top of a narrow staircase the judge and his son were let into the presence of Major Garnet and his advisers.

Here John had one more good gaze at Ravenel. He was in the physical perfection of twenty-six, his eyes less playful than once, but his smile less cynical. His dress was faultlessly neat. Haggard was almost as noticeable, though less interesting; a slender, high-strung man, with a pale face seamed by a long scar got in a duel. One could see that he had been trying to offset the fatigues of the night with a popular remedy. Garnet was dictating, Haggard writing.

"Captains Shotwell and Champion will move their forces at once in opposite circuits, through the disturbed villages—and assure all persons—of whatever race or party—that the right of the people peaceably to bear arms—is vindicated—and that order is restored—and will be maintained." A courier waited.

"At the same time," said Ravenel, indolently, "they can ask if the rumor is true that Mr. Leggett and about ten others are going to be absent from this part of the country until after the election, and say we hope it's so."

Haggard cast a glance at Garnet, Garnet looked away, the postscript was made, and the missive sent.

"Brother March, good-morning, sir." The Major kept the Judge's hand as they moved aside. But presently the whole room could hear—"Why, Brother March, the trouble's all over!—Oh, of course, if Halliday feels any real *need* to confer with us he can do so; we'll be right here.—Oh—Haggard!"

The editor, in the doorway, said he would be back, and went out. He was evidently avoiding Halliday. Judge March felt belittled and began to go.

"If you're bound for home, Brother March, I'll be riding that way myself, presently. You see, in a few minutes Suez'll be as quiet as it ever was, and I sent word to General Halliday just before you came in, that no one designs, or has designed, to abridge any personal liberty of his he may think safe to exercise." The speaker suddenly ceased.

Both men stood hearkening. Loud words came up the stairs.

"Your son stepped down into the street, Judge," said Ravenel. The next instant the three rushed after him.

John had gone down to see the two armed bands move away. They had been gone but a few minutes when he noticed General Halliday, finely mounted, come from a stable behind the hotel and trot smartly toward him. The few store-keepers left in town stared in contemptuous expectation, but to John this was Fannie's father, and the boy longed for something to occur which might enable him to serve that father in a signal way that would make her forever tenderly grateful. The telegraph office was up these same stairs on the other side of the landing opposite the *Courier* office; most likely the General was going to send despatches. John's gaze followed the gallant figure till it disappeared in the doorway at the foot of the staircase.

Near the bottom the General and the editor met and passed. The editor stopped and cursed the General. "You jostled me purposely, sir!"

Halliday turned and smiled. "Jim Haggard, why should you shove me and then lie about it? can't you pick a fight for the truth?"

"Don't speak to me, you white nigger! Are you armed?"

"Yes!"

"Then, Launcelot Halliday," yelled the editor, backing out upon the sidewalk and drawing his repeater, "I denounce you as a traitor, a poltroon, and a coward!" Men darted away, dodged, peeped, and cried.

"Look out! Don't shoot!" But John ran forward to the rescue.

"Put that thing up!" he called to the editor, in boyish treble. "Put it up!"

"Jim Haggard, hold on!" cried Halliday, following down and out with his weapon pointed earthward. "Let me speak, you drunken fool, get that boy——"

"Bang!" went the editor's pistol before he had half lifted it.

"Bang!" replied Halliday's.

The editor's weapon dropped. He threw both hands against his breast, looked to heaven, wheeled half round, and fell upon his face as dead as a stone.

Halliday leaped into the saddle, answered one shot that came from the crowd, and clattered away on the turnpike.

John was standing with arms held out; he turned blindly to find the doorway of the stairs and cried, "Father! father!"

"Son!"

He started for the sound, groped against the wall, sank to his knees, and fell backward.

"Room, here, room!" "Give him air!" "By George, sir, he rushed right in bare-handed between 'em, orderin' Haggard"—"Stand back, you-all, and make way for Judge March!"

"Oh, son, son!" The father knelt, caught the limp hands and gazed with streaming eyes. "Oh, son, my son! air you gone fum me, son? Air you gone? Air you gone?"

A young doctor took the passive wrist. "No, Judge, he's not gone yet."

Ravenel and the physician assumed control. "Just consider him in my care, doctor, will you? Shall we take him to the hotel?"

Garnet supported Judge March's steps. "Cast your burden on the Lord, Brother March. Bear up—for Sister March's sake, as she would for yours!"

Near the top stair of the Ladies' Entrance Ravenel met Fannie.

"I saw it all, Mr. Ravenel; he saved my father's life. I must have the care of him. You can get it arranged so, Mr. Ravenel. You can even manage his mother."

"I will," he said, with a light smile.

Election-day passed like a Sabbath. General Halliday returned, voted, and stayed undisturbed. His opponent, not Garnet this time, was overwhelmingly elected. On the following day Haggard was buried "with great éclat," as his newspaper described it. Concerning John, the doctor said:

"Judge March, your wife should go back home. There's no danger, and a sick-room to a person of her——"

"Ecstatic spirit—" said the Judge.

"Exactly—would be only——"

"Yes," said the Judge, and Mrs. March went. To Fannie the doctor said,

"If he were a man I would have no hope, but a boy hangs to life like a cat, and I think he'll get well, entirely well. Move him home? Oh, not for a month!"

Maugre many pains, it was a month of heaven to John, a heaven all to himself, with only one angel and no church. As long as there was danger she was merely cheerful—cheerful and beautiful. But when the danger passed she grew merry, the play of her mirth rising as he gained strength to bear it. He loved mirth, when others made it, and would have always laughed louder and longer than he did but for wondering how they made it. A great many things he said made others laugh, too, but he could never tell beforehand what would or wouldn't. He got so full of happiness at times that Fannie would go out for a few moments to let him come back to his ordinary self.

Two or three times, when she lingered long outside the door, she explained on her return that Mr. Ravenel had come to ask how he was.

Once Halliday met this visitor in the Ladies' Entrance, departing, and with a suppressed smile, asked, "Been to see how 'poor Johnnie' is?"

"Ostensibly," said the young man, and offered a cigar.

The General overtook Fannie in the hallway. He shook his head roguishly. "Cruel sport, Fan. He'll make the even dozen, won't he?"

"Oh, no, he'd like to make me his even two dozen, that's all."

When the day came for the convalescent to go home, he was not glad, although he had laughed much that morning. As he lay on the bed dressed and waiting, he was unusually pale. Only Fannie stood by him. Her hand was in both his. He shut his eyes, and in a desperate earnest said, under his breath, "Good-by!" And again, lower still,—"Good-by!"

"Good-by, Johnnie."

He looked up into her laughing eyes. His color came hot, his heart pounded, and he gasped, "S-say m-my John! Won't you?"

"Why, certainly. Good-by, my Johnnie." She smiled yet more.

"Will—will"—he choked—"will you b-be my—k—Fannie—when I g-get old enough?"

"Yes," she said, with great show of gravity, "if you'll not tell anybody." She held him down by gently stroking his brow. "And you must promise to grow up such a perfect gentleman that I'll be proud of my Johnnie when"—She smiled broadly again.

—"Wh-when—k— the time comes?"

"I reckon so—yes."

He sprang to his knees and cast his arms about her neck, but she was too quick, and his kiss was lost in air. He flashed a resentful surprise, but she shook her head, holding his wasted wrists, and said, "N-no, no, my Johnnie, not even you, not Fannie Halliday, o-oh no!" She laughed.

"Some one's coming!" she whispered. It was Judge March. His adieus were very grateful. He called her a blessing.

She waved a last good-by to John from the window. Then she went to her own room, threw arms and face into a cushioned seat and moaned, so softly her own ear could not catch it—a name that was not John's.

XIV.

A MORTGAGE ON JOHN.

As John grew sound and strong he grew busy as well. The frown of purpose creased at times his brow. There was a "perfect gentleman" to make, and only a few years left for his making if he was to be completed in the stipulated time. Once in a while he contrived

an errand to Fannie, but it was always in broad day when the flower of love is never more than half open. The perfect transport of its first blossoming could not quite return; the pronoun my was not again paraded. Only at good-by, her eyes, dancing the while, would say, "It's all right, my Johnnie."

On Sundays he had to share her with other boys whom she asked promiscuously.

"What new commandment was laid on the disciples?"—and——

"Ought not we also to keep this commandment?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!" said his heart, but his slow lips let some other voice answer for him.

When she asked from the catechism, "What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?" Ah! how he longed to confess certain modifications in his own case. And yet Sunday was his "Day of all the week the best." Her voice in speech and song, the smell of her garments, the flowers in her hat, the gladness of her eyes, the wild blossoms at her belt, sometimes his own forest anemones dying of joy on her bosom—sense and soul feasted on these and took a new life, so that going from Sabbath to Sabbath he went from strength to strength, on each Lord's day appearing punctually in Zion.

One week-day when the mountain-air of Widewood was sweet with wild grapes, some six persons were scatteringly grouped in and about the narrow road near the March residence. One was Garnet, one was Ravenel, two others John and his father, and two were strangers in Dixie. One of these was a very refined-looking man, gray, slender, and with a reticent, purposeful mouth. His travelling suit was too warm for the latitude, and his silk hat slightly neglected. The other was fat and large, and stayed in the carryall in which Garnet had driven them and Ravenel up from Rosemont. He was of looser stuff than his senior. He called the West his home, but with a New England accent. He "didn't know's 'twas," and "presumed likely" so often that John eyed him with mild surprise. Ravenel sat and whittled. The day was hot, yet in his suit of gray summer stuffs he looked as fresh as sprinkled ferns. In a pause Major Garnet, with bright suddenness, asked,

"Brother March, where's John been going to school?"

The Judge glanced round upon the group as if they were firing upon him from ambush, hemmed, looked at John, and said:

"Why,—eh—what, son? —Why,—eh—to—to his mother, sir; yes, sir."

"Ah, Brother March, a mother's the best of teachers, and Sister March one of the most unselfish of mothers!" said Garnet, avoiding Ravenel's glance.

The Judge expanded. "Sir, she's too unselfish. I admit it, sir."

"And yet, Brother March, I reckon John gets right smart schooling from you."

"Ah! no, sir. We're only schoolmates togetheh, sir — in the school of Nature, sir. You know, Mr. Ravenel, all these things about us here are a sort of books, sir."

Ravenel smiled and answered very slowly, "Ye-es, sir. Very good reading; worth thirty cents an acre simply as literature."

Thirty cents was really so high a price that the fat stranger gave a burst of laughter, but Garnet — "It'll soon be worth thirty dollars an acre, now we've got a good government. Brother March, we'd like to see that superb view of yours from the old field on to the ridge."

Ravenel stayed behind with the Judge. John went as guide.

"Judge," Ravenel said, as soon as they were alone, "how about John? I believe in your school of nature a little. Solitude for principles, society for character, somebody says. Now, my only school was men, and hence the ruin you see——"

"Mr. Ravenel, sir! I see no ruin; I——"

"Don't you? Well, then, the ruin you don't see."

"Oh, sir, you speak in irony! I see a character——"

"Yes"—the speaker dug idly in the sand—"all character and no principles. But you don't want John to be all principles and no character? He ought to be going to school, Judge."

The father dropped his eyes in pain, but the young man spoke on. "Going to school is a sort of first lesson in citizenship, ain't it?—'specially if it's a free school. Maybe I'm wrong, but I wish Dixie was full of good, strong free schools."

"You're not wrong, Mr. Ravenel! You're eminently right, sir."

Mr. Ravenel only smiled, was silent for a while, and then said, "But even if it were—I had an impression that you thought you'd sort o' promised John to Rosemont?"

The Judge straightened up, distressed. "Mr. Ravenel, I have! I have, sir! It's true; it's true!"

"I don't think you did, Judge, you only expressed an intention."

But the Judge waived away the distinction with a gesture.

"Judge," said the young man, slowly and gently, "wouldn't you probably be sending John to Rosemont if Rosemont were free?"

The Judge did not speak or look up. He hunted on the ground for chips.

"Why don't you sell some land and send him?"

"Oh, Mr. Ravenel, we can't. We just can't! It's the strangest thing in the world, sir! Nobody wants it but lumbermen, and to let them, faw a few cents an acre, sweep ove' it like worms ove' a cotton field—we just can't do it! Mr. Ravenel, what *is* the reason such a land as this can't be settled up? We'll sell it to any real settlehs! But, good Lawd! sir, where air they? Son an' me ain't got no money to impote 'em, sir. The darkies don't know anything but cotton fahmin'—they won't come. Let me tell you, sir, we've made the most flattering offers to capitalists to start this and that. But they all want to wait till we've got a good gove'ment. An' now, here we've got it—in Clearwateh, at least—an' you can see that these two men ain't satisfied!"

"What do you reckon's the reason?"

"Mr. Ravenel, my deah sir, they can't tell! The fat one can't and the lean one won't! But politics is at the bottom of it, sir! Politics keeps crowdin' in an' capital a-hangin' back, an'——"

"Johnnie doesn't get his schooling," said Ravenel.

The response was a silent gesture, downcast eyes, and the betrayal of an emotion, not of the moment, but of months and years of physical want and mental distress.

"We all get lots of politics," said Ravenel.

"Not son! not fum me, sir. Oh, my Lawd, sir, that's one of the worst parts of it. I don't dare teach him mine, much less unteach him his mother's. She's as spirited as she's gentle, seh."

"Whatever was is wrong," drawled the young man. "That's the new creed."

"Oh, seh, a new creed's too painful a thing fo' jest. Ow South'n press, Mr. Ravenel, is gett'n' a sad facility fo' recantin'. I don't say it's not sincere, seh—least of all ow *Courier* since it's come into the hands of you an' President Garnet!"

"Garnet! Oh, gracious!" laughed Jeff-Jack. "Sincere—Judge, if you won't say anything about sincerity, I'll tell you what I'd like to do for John, sir. I'll take your note, secured by land, for the money you need to put John through Rosemont, and you needn't pay it till you get ready. If you never get ready, I reckon John 'll pay it some day."

The moment the offer began to be intelligible, Judge March tried to straighten up and look Jeff-Jack squarely in the face, but when it was completed his elbows were on his knees and his face in his slender brown hands.

Up in the old field Garnet had talked himself dizzy. Northern travellers are by every impulse inquirers, and Southern hosts expounders; they fit like tongue and groove. On the ridge he had said:

"Now, Mr. Fair, here it is. I don't believe there's a finer view in the world."

"Hm!" said the slender visitor.

The two guests had been shown the usual Sleeping Giant, Saddle Mountain, Sugar Loaf, etc., that go with such views. John had set Garnet right when he got Lover's Leap and Bridal Veil tangled in the bristling pines of Table Rock and Devil's Garden, and all were charmed with the majestic beauty of the scene.

On the way back, while Garnet explained to Mr. Gamble, the heavier guest, why negroes had to be treated not as

individuals but as a class, John had been telling Mr. Fair why it was wise to treat chickens not as a class but as individuals, and had mentioned the names and personal idiosyncrasies of the favorites of his own flock; Mr. Fair, in turn, had confessed to having a son about John's age, and wished they knew each other. Before John could reply, the party gayly halted again beside his father and Mr. Ravenel. As they did so Mr. Fair saw Ravenel give a little nod to Garnet that said, "It's all arranged."

XV.

POWHATAN TEARS MOTHER AND CHILD ASUNDER.

Mrs. March, beside the evening lamp, read "The Land We Love." She had declined with firm dejection to condemn the plan for John's schooling. She laid aside the magazine and lifted her gaze upon the portrait of herself painted in her bridal year—at the hair smoothly parted above the low, fair brow, and covering half the ear in its soft abundance; the neck bent to one side and the head to another, the bare shoulders curving in faultless passivity, the eyes drooping, and the whole frame in faint recoil from a boisterous world. She looked away again, musing on woman's sacrificial helplessness and her unlimited capacity for the consolations of religion.

"What difference, Powhatan, can my opinion make to your iron will? I forgive the cruel implication of my incapacity. I even hope to forget, in time, by the power of prayer. I wish, Judge March, that you believed in the power of prayer."

"Why, Daphne, dear, I do!"

"Oh! not in my way, Judge March." She gave him a look of careworn solicitude. "You can't have a woman's belief in prayer."

"No," she presently sighed, "the scheme is not of my concocting. If it succeeds the credit shall be yours, and I promise, dear love, to pay it the tribute of my amazement. Oh, be merciful, Powhatan! do not ask too much of me. I withhold my disapproval."

She turned her head away. "You know, Judge March, your wife is no prattler. My *choice* has been never to glitter, socially, nor even to twinkle and dance in fire-fly fashion; I am only the passive glow-worm. I have confessed this, in verse."

Judge March dropped the subject. But an evening or two later a word from his wife seemed to court its revival, although her smile betrayed weariness the moment he broached it.

"You can't understand, Powhatan, the yearnings and panics of a mother's heart. I don't blame you. But why do you blame me for sometimes failing to understand you?"

"Surely I don't, Daphne, dear. Why, you always understand me."

"Not this time. I don't understand your doting on Mr. Ravenel's generosity. Doesn't he hold your note?" she asked, and when the husband tried to explain she mused aloud:

"Charity thinketh no evil. I only know Mr. Ravenel and Major Garnet are men of foresight, interested in politics, and that Rosemont is far from crowded."

Later in the evening—"Why, Daphne, dear, the *Courier*—this is—this is ve'y singulah — they've left yo' poem out again!"

"Ah! Judge March, if Rosemont finds room for your son, my poor verses can afford to wait. Generosity has its limitations—please don't rock."

On another evening, shortly after this, father and son coming to supper belated, John brought his mother a bit of cross-road news. The "Rads" had given a barbecue down in Blackland, just two days before the visit of Jeff-Jack and those others to Widewood—and what did she reckon! Cornelius Leggett had there made a speech, declaring that he was at the bottom of a patriotic project to open a free white school in Suez, and "bu'st Rosemont wide open."

"Judge March," said the wife, affectionately, "I wonder why Mr. Ravenel avoided mentioning that to you. He needn't have feared your sense of humor. Ah! if you only had a woman's instincts!"

John said good-night and withdrew. He wished his mother loved his father a

little less. They would all have a so much better time.

"No," Mrs. March was presently saying, "Mr. Ravenel's motives are not those that concern me most. Rosemont, to me, must always signify Rose Montgomery. It is to her presence—her spell—you would expose my child; she, who has hated me all her life. Ah! no, it's too late now to draw back, he shall go. Yes, without my consent. Oh! my consent! Judge March, you're jesting again!" She lifted upon him the smile of a heart really all but broken under its imaginary wrongs.

There was no drawing back. The mother suffered, but the wife sewed, and when Rosemont had got well into its season's work and November was nearly gone, John was ready for "college." One morning, when the wind was bitter and the ground frozen, father and son rode side by side down their mountain road. A thin mantle of snow made the woods gray, and mottled the shivering ranks of dry cornstalks. At each rider's saddle swung an old carpet-bag stuffed with John's clothes. His best were on him.

"Maybe they're not the latest cut, son, or the finest fit, but you won't mind; you're not a girl. A man's dress is on'y a sort o' skin, anyhow; a woman's is her plumage. And, anyhow, at Rosemont you'll wear soldier clothes. Look out, son, I asked yo' dear motheh to mend——"

The warning came too late; a rope handle of one of the carpet bags broke. The swollen budget struck the unyielding ground and burst like a squash. John sprang nimbly from his saddle, but the Judge caught his leg on the other carpet-bag and reached the ground in such a shape that his horse lost all confidence and began to back wildly, putting first one foot and then another into the scattered baggage.

One, or even two, can rarely get as much into a bursted carpet-bag, repacking it in a public road and perspiring with the fear that somebody is coming, as they can into a sound one at a time and place of their own choice. There's no place like home—for this sort of task; albeit the Judge's home may have been an exception. Time flew past while they contrived and labored, and even when they seemed to have solved their problem one pocket of John's trousers contained a shirt and the other was full of socks, and the Judge's heart still retained an anxiety which he dared neither wholly confess nor entirely conceal.

"Well, son, it's a comfort to think yo' precious motheh will neveh have the mawtification of knowin' anything about this."

"Yass, sir," drawled John, "that's the first thing I thought of."

(To be continued.)

"THERE IS NO OTHER LIFE BUT THE ETERNAL."

(Last written words of Phillips Brooks.)

By Annie Fields.

We met and passed, two friends of long ago!
Between his path and mine the waves of time
Have swept, and buried in their silent flow
Our youth, our prime.

But what was ours, is ours, and shall remain;
And what was then a dream flits on in dream;
And what was wrong alas! is seen a stain;
And what we are, we seem.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

By James Baldwin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.



THE title of school-master has become almost obsolete in this country. It is an expressive appellation, carrying with it certain indefinable hints of authority and dignity that are scarcely implied in any of its later substitutes. It has no exact synonym. Teacher, instructor, tutor, educator, professor, pedagogue—with none of these terms is its meaning identical, and yet it comprehends them all. Its mention provokes reminiscences of a type that has well-nigh passed away from American educational life. The bearer of it, whatever his virtues or his idiosyncrasies, is not regarded usually as an attractive figure in literature; and yet I am persuaded that the story of his evolution into the modern teacher, and especially into the school-superintendent, may not be without some features of popular interest. That evolution began perhaps somewhat later in certain sections of the West than elsewhere, but if so, the processes were the same and the results have been all the more radical and complete. I trust, therefore, that the sketches which I shall present of the school-master as he was known to me at different stages of his transformation will be found to possess a more than merely local truthfulness.

Among the school-masters whom I remember no farther back than the early fifties, there were some of the true old-fashioned sort—stern embodiments of wisdom, whims, and crotchets—whom we children looked upon with mixed feelings of awe and odium, and our elders tolerated with mingled condescension and contempt. But these were only the survivals, though not the latest, of a fast diminishing class. For even then the change to a new and better order of things had set in, and people were slowly awakening to an understanding of what was meant by a system of free schools. In our State, even before its admission into the Union, more than half a million acres of land had been set aside for the endowment of such a system. But nearly fifty years elapsed before the lands were sold and the endowment began to be available; and during that long period there were no funds in the State treasury with which to defray the expenses of popular instruction. In the meanwhile the schools, such as they were, had to be supported in large part by private subscriptions, and those persons only who were willing and able to help pay the master were entitled to share in their benefits. As the people were poor, and many of them indifferent to book-learning, the cause of education was naturally allowed to languish. The era of the early settlements was distinguished by a good deal of ignorance, not unmingled with mild ruffianism, and the State acquired an unenviable reputation which, despite her subsequent career of unexampled prosperity, she has not yet entirely lived down. This was the period of the log school-house, a peculiar public institution that flourished while yet the public schools were unorganized, and disappeared at about the time of their general establishment. For although the State had no money with which to pay school-masters for their services, it had the power to provide free shelter for them and their pupils. In every district where such accommodations did not already exist, the citizens were required to erect a school-building "eight feet in height from floor to ceiling, and furnished with everything necessary for the convenience of a school, the same to be forever open for the education of all children within the district without distinction." Every man had to do his part. He might work upon the building one day in each week until it was finished, or he might give a certain

number of boards, or so many pounds of nails or panes of glass; but failing to do either the one or the other, he was to be fined three "levies" (thirty-seven and a half cents) for each day's neglect. Of course many districts evaded the law, and many others claimed exemption; yet numerous wonderful examples of pioneer architecture sprang into being. I have been told that in many cases a single day was sufficient for the building and complete equipment of one of these houses from foundation-sill to ridge-pole. The walls were of logs, sometimes hewn but oftener unhewn, with clay "chinked" in between; the floor was of rough puncheons, or split slabs, laid side by side a few inches from the ground; the roof was of rough clapboards held firmly in place by stones and long poles. A four-legged stool and a table for the master, and slab benches, without backs, for the pupils—these comprised the necessary furniture. Instead of desks there was a single board supported by pegs driven into the wall, where the "writing-scholars" stood by turns and practised penmanship. Instead of a stove there was a huge fireplace of stones and mortar, with a stick-and-clay chimney protruding from one end of the room. Sometimes there was not a nail or other piece of iron used in the construction of the entire building.

I doubt if any of these primitive structures have survived to the present day. Even forty years ago they had quite generally given place to neat frame or brick buildings, and at the time of my earliest recollection the era of the log school-house was nearing its end. But it was in such a structure, mossy with age, and showing symptoms of decay, that I made my first, although very brief, acquaintance with schools and school-masters; and it was amid surroundings of this sort that the pioneer educators of the middle West labored to subdue the instincts of uncultured youth. Like Lord Brougham's famous pedagogue, these masters were literally abroad in the land; and armed with hickory withe and spelling-book some of them succeeded in doing more than yeoman's service for their country.

A typical man of this class, and one of the last of his race, was a one-legged Quaker named Jason Hicks—a famous master in his day, but now long gone the way of the earth. Although I was his pupil for only one short week, I have a clearer remembrance of his appearance and methods than of those of many of my later masters—perhaps because he was the first. Even as I write, his smooth, round face, his severe eyebrows and bald pate, seem actually present to my vision. To the imagination of us small boys he was at once something more and something less than human. We never thought of him as a creature of flesh and blood and appetites and affections like other men. The iron-shod wooden peg which he used as a substitute for a leg was to us an object of ceaseless awe, sometimes of absolute terror. It was never mentioned save with the greatest secrecy, and many were the deeds of prowess which the master, according to boyish tradition, had accomplished with its aid. I am inclined to believe that very much of his success in taming the rebellious spirits under his charge was due to the moral potency of that mysterious member. Despite his lameness and a certain air of meekness which he assumed as becoming to a consistent member of the Society of Friends, he moved in the circle of his small kingdom with a dignity that compelled admiration. He was indeed a man of many parts, full of expedients and skilled in all the old-time methods of "keeping school." Always in more or less active antagonism with the big boys of his district, he was respected in exact proportion to his skill in maintaining his mastery over them. No matter where his lot was temporarily cast, he made himself felt in more ways than one, and left behind him impressions that were not to be effaced during his own generation. His physical infirmity gave him an advantage with his patrons also; for it was plain to everybody that, with only one sound leg, he was fit for nothing but a school-master. Hence, while his able-bodied compeers were seldom permitted to occupy the same place for more than a single winter, Jason Hicks had been known to tarry two and sometimes three whole

years in one district. Other masters had taken up the calling as a kind of temporary makeshift. Smart young farmers who wanted something to do during the cold winter months; country preachers whose salaries were uncertain quantities; young men who were working their way through college — these were school-masters by courtesy and for the time being, only. But to him, keeping school was the business of life, and he made the most of it.

The thing which oftenest proved fatal to his prosperity was the short term of school in the summer. In a farming community where industry was the first commandment, it was only the very little children that could be spared in the busy season; and, since many of these were not strong enough to face the storms and trudge through the snow to the winter school, it became customary in certain well-to-do districts to employ some one to teach them "their a-b, abs" during the warm weather. Such teachers were usually either intelligent elderly women who stood in need of the pittance thus to be earned, or the ambitious daughters of neighboring farmers who took this means of escaping the drudgery at home. That any able-bodied man should consent to spend his time at such paltry business was an evidence of laziness so abominable as scarcely to be tolerated. But Jason's infirmity and his well-known reputation as a professional school-master made him, in some degree, an exception to the rule; and, tempted by the prospect of a few extra dollars which he sorely needed, he would sometimes contrive to supplement his winter's work with a ten weeks' term in the summer. Then it was that his star began surely to wane. He who had posed as a frowning terror to stout farmer-lads felt himself strangely humbled in the midst of the wee tots and timid maidens who came one by one to his knee to "say" their brief lessons or to ask some childish favor. There was no field for the masterly activity with which he had formerly won the admiration of his patrons and compelled the unwilling homage of his pupils. The master had lapsed into the teacher, and he was utterly unable to adapt himself to the changed conditions. His decline in the public estimation was rapid and unmistakable. Men who had formerly looked up to him for counsel and advice, shunned him; the rude lads whose esteem he had won in many a hard contest, passed him by in disdain; his presence at log-rollings and quiltings and other neighborhood diversions was no longer solicited. If he persevered until the end of his ten weeks' term, the last days were spent with empty benches before him and the consciousness that what insubordination had always failed to do, the lack of it had finally accomplished. But he was not the man to sink under discouragements. With a renewed accession of dignity, he forthwith went about collecting his small bills, and when winter again approached, he blossomed forth in some neighboring district, with other friends to admire and other foes to oppose, and another brief reign of authority before him.

The school-meeting, commonly held in the fall of the year, was one of the great events in our district. Some of the leading men, who were opposed to certain provisions of the school-law never attended it; but to the majority it was an occasion dearly prized, because it gave them an opportunity to exercise the sovereign rights of American citizens without the intervention of representatives and legislative bodies. At first the powers vested in the meeting were considerable, and the questions submitted to the decision of the assembled freeholders were of no little importance to the community. Were the people willing to be taxed for the support of a public school that year, and, if so, to what extent? Should the taxes be paid in money or in farm produce? Should the school-master "board around," and, if so, how many days should each of his patrons entertain him? What wages was the district willing to pay? Who should the master be? Most frequently it was decided that no taxes should be levied, and the use of the school-house was voted to the man who could secure the largest number of "signers" for his subscription school. Of course,

there was room for a vast deal of oratory at these meetings. Young farmers who were looking forward to a possible term in the State Legislature, made the most of the opportunities thus afforded them for practice in debate; and if the candle on the director's table held out to burn, the flow of reason and tobacco-juice would sometimes continue until a late hour. When the successful candidate for the mastership happened to be present it was customary for him to outline his policy in a speech, and the manner in which he acquitted himself was regarded as an augury of his future career in the school-room. If he quoted freely from Patrick Henry, abused the British roundly, touched lightly upon the Mexican War, and deftly avoided all reference to current politics, his hearers listened with interest and privately remarked that he was a learned man and a patriot, but——. If, however, he talked about crops, and the nobility of labor, and the persuasive power of the rod in school government, he touched a more sympathetic chord and was voted a born school-master, who knew the difference between sense and nonsense. Within twenty-four hours every boy in the district had taken a pretty accurate measure of the new master and had mentally outlined his own course of conduct for the winter.

The school-meeting, if I mistake not, is still held annually in the country districts; but it is a tame affair, devoid of public interest. The citizens no longer assemble to decide whether they will or will not maintain a public school; even the right of selecting a teacher has been delegated to officers whom they have chosen to manage the public affairs; and embryo statesmen and politicians get their training in debate and oratory outside of the walls of the district school-house. It is perhaps very well that this survival of pure democracy has been shorn of its old-time prerogatives and exists now only for the election of a petty school-officer.

At the time of which I am writing, no elaborate system of examination for testing the qualifications of school-masters had been devised. True, there was a county examiner whose duty it was to grant a form of license to those who had been elected to the charge of public schools. But the questions which he put to candidates were few and very simple, and he had more regard for his fees than for the elevation of humanity.

"What special preparation have you made for teaching?" asked an examiner of a young farmer who came to him in shirt-sleeves and cowhide boots.

"Well, I guess I've got all my corn shucked and in the crib, and I've chopped the winter's wood, and the deestrict has elected me," was the answer.

"Good," responded the examiner. "You shall have your license. One dollar, please."

The applicant for a subscription school was not required to hold a license, and his qualifications were usually set forth in his own words in the "article" which he presented for the inspection and signatures of his desired patrons. I have before me now a copy of one of these documents. It is a model of brevity and modesty, and I reproduce it:

"This certifies that I, Martin Foxworthy, do agree to teach a school in the school-house at Johnson's Creek, beginning on the 24th day of the tenth month (October), 185—, and continuing thirteen weeks of five days in each week, Provided that twenty scholars at two dollars each be subscribed. I am qualified and will undertake to teach Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic (to Practice), Geography, and Good Behavior. The subscribers to furnish necessary fuel.

"Martin Foxworthy."

Then follows the second part of the agreement:

"We, the undersigned, agree to pay Martin Foxworthy two dollars for each scholar subscribed or sent to his school as above stated, and also to furnish our quota of wood for use in said school."

Generally each person to whom such article was presented would feel it his

bounden duty to ask, "Do you think you can manage our bad boys?" and if Mr. Foxworthy answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, no further inquiries concerning his attainments were deemed necessary.

But there were plenty of tests in reserve. To the big boys of the district there was no greater glory than that which awaited those who could "beat the master." Hence, the chief thought of these rude young fellows was to devise ways and means whereby life should be made wearisome to him. But happily they seldom acted in concord, and when one of them received a set-back the others, while discouraged at his defeat, would lend him no aid. Many masters maintained their authority almost entirely by the unsparing use of the rod. In the older school-houses two long pegs were driven into the wall above the teacher's desk, and upon them was laid an assortment of switches ingeniously adapted to every grade of offence that could be committed. There were the little ticklers for the hands of the children who only forgot their lessons; the supple withes for the legs of idlers, mischief-makers, and truants; and the long hickories for the backs of confirmed reprobates. Never a day passed, often never an hour, without the use of one or another of these instruments of torture. One master whom I knew prided himself on his skill in throwing the ferule. He would single out some unsuspecting victim at the farther end of the room, and with an aim that never faltered, send the missile skimming through the air straight to the culprit's luckless pate. The stroke of the instrument, which was a light one, was seldom painful; but the necessity of picking it up and fetching it to the master, to be perhaps rapped over the knuckles, was a source of the sorest humiliation.

The successful master had more than one accomplishment in which he took silent pride. For example, he was skilled in the difficult and now lost art of making and mending goose-quill pens—for steel pens had but just come into vogue, and none but the rich could afford to use them. Every morning we scholars carried our pens to the master's desk to have them sharpened betimes for the writing-lesson; or, if they would not admit of mending, the master would select some choice quills from those which he had in stock, and with a few deft strokes of his pen-knife convert them into instruments such as the skill of a Gillott has never yet surpassed. And then he was as expert in the use of the pen as in the making of it. The copies which he "set" daily for the children's imitation—for printed copy-books had not then been thought of—were often executed with the delicate exactness and beauty of copper-plate. Sometimes he turned his skill to further account by teaching writing-schools during the winter evenings, in which he was sure to be well patronized by the older young people, who fancied themselves too far advanced in age to attend the day school. The master was also an accomplished speller, and was expected to keep order and give out the words at the evening spelling-schools, several of which were held in his school-house during the sleighing season. If he could "sing geography" he added something to his popularity by inviting the people to an occasional geography-school, wherein the exercises consisted of repeating in concert, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the names of the principal rivers, cities, capes, and mountains on the globe. His skill in mathematics was daily brought to the test. The farmers often called upon him to calculate the interest that had accrued on their notes, to verify the figures of the tax-collector, or to estimate the value of their produce. Then, more for the sake of annoyance than otherwise, the scholars were constantly asking him to solve some useless puzzle or impossible problem, of which they had collected a great variety especially for his worriment. He knew very well that any hesitation or sign of ignorance on his part might be the entering wedge that would finally topple down his authority, and hence he was seldom caught napping when such snares were laid in his way. There might be a question which he was unable to answer, but he could cover it over with a mass of verbiage which impressed his tormentors with an exalted idea of his

wisdom and effectually barred their criticisms.

But it was generally unsafe for the master to try to "show off" his learning unnecessarily. New-fangled notions were looked upon with suspicion, and any radical deviation from time-honored usage when not supported by a strong background of common sense was pretty sure to end in disaster. I remember poor Thomas Underwood—"Old Tommy," as the boys nicknamed him from the first — how he came to grief through an honest effort to familiarize his pupils with the vowel sounds. He had spent the summer months somewhere in the East, and I suppose had imbibed some crude ideas concerning those subjects which afterward swept the country under the grand designation of vocal gymnastics. At any rate he was determined to introduce some novel features into his school, and on the very first day he wrote in glaring letters of chalk at the top of the blackboard these meaningless sentences:

"*They are all that see her yet.*
I sit so soon down on wood."

Three times every day — morning, noon, and evening—he required each one of us to repeat these lines, and then the whole school had to pronounce them in concert. Then he would ask: "How many sounds has the vowel *a*?"

And we were expected to answer:

"Four, as in 'they are all that.'"

"How many sounds has *e*?"

"Three, as in 'see her yet.'"

"How many sounds has *i*?"

"Two, as in 'I sit.'"

"How many sounds has *o*?"

"Five, as in 'so soon down on wood.'"

I suppose that, had he been permitted to carry out his plan, he would have made some equally astonishing revelations concerning the other vowels, which he informed us were "*u* and sometimes *w* and *y*." When, however, he had persevered in his new departure for three or four weeks, and the absurd formula had been forever fixed in the brain of even the dullest pupil, he met with a sudden check. One evening when he was in the very midst of the performance a deputation of his patrons quietly filed into the school-room, and, after listening attentively to the end, wanted to know "what good there was in all that stuff anyhow." I am not clear as to what the master said by way of answer, but they pointedly told him that, while such new-fangled nonsense might do well enough down East where the people had nothing better to think about, it was an accomplishment which plain Western people, who had their own living to earn, could well afford to do without. And they closed by saying that for the rest of the term they expected him to teach nothing except the common branches of learning designated in his "article." Of course, the master was obliged to acquiesce, and although he scored some triumphs during the remainder of his stay, it was only in the face of many difficulties that he persevered. And when at length he closed the school-house door for the last time, and bade farewell to the scene of his disappointments, it was amid a chorus of shouts of "They are all that see her yet!"

Poor friend Underwood! It is with the kindliest feelings that I shall always cherish his memory, for it was he that gave me my first introduction to the immortal classics of our literature. I had been at great pains to borrow a two-penny book of nursery rhymes from a neighbor and was slyly reading it behind my slate when the master surprised me by suddenly looking over my shoulder. I hastily crammed the little pamphlet into my pocket, and for the rest of the day lived in momentary expectation of the hickory. In the evening my name was called, and in an ague of fear I went and stood beside the master's chair.

"I see," said he, kindly, "that thee is somewhat inclined to books and reading. Here is a little work which thee may take home and keep till thee has read it through. It may not be altogether understandable to a young lad of thy age, but I am sure it will give thee pleasure."

The little work was a thin copy of "Paradise Lost," thumb-worn and yellow with age, and although it was certainly not wholly "understandable," it opened an entirely new world to my imagination, and I derived more en-



Jason Hicks.

joyment from the reading of it by the light of a flickering wood-fire than I have ever since gotten from any book. When I returned it and told the master how well I liked it, he took me into his confidence and showed me his library—fewer than a dozen volumes, but noble books, every one of them. And then he lent me, in succession, "Thomson's Seasons," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Franklin's Autobiography." They were all read with the zest which first acquaintance inspires, but the ecstatic thrill of delight that was aroused by Milton's sublime poem was never again experienced.

There were many among the early school-masters who deserved better



Boarding 'Round.

than they received at the hands of their patrons — men of intelligence, refinement, and scholarship, whom misfortune, or the love of adventure, or perhaps the missionary spirit had brought to the West. The Scotch school-masters who, some thirty years earlier, had come to the country in the wake of Robert Owen and his New Harmonists were of this class. These men had in an unobtrusive way sown the seeds of culture and diffused a spirit of inquiry and enterprise in many communities. In matters of discipline they had been as severe, perhaps even severer, than the native school-masters, and I have been told that they wielded the leathern taws with as much dexterity as their compeers plied the hickory withe. But they carried new ideas into the clearings and prairies, and introduced a leaven of assertive intellectual progress that continued working for the betterment of the people long after they had passed away. Their names have in most cases been forgotten, for their stay in a community was generally brief, and there are no public records to perpetuate their memory. They scattered here a little and there a little, and trusted to the fulness of time to gather in the sheaves which their sowing would produce. They had pretty well disappeared before my day, and I do not know that any of them ever made more than a brief, temporary stay in our part of the State ; but their doctrines and methods were much talked of, and some of our own schoolmasters derived not a little inspiration from them. One of the followers of Owen had been an assistant of the cel-



"One dollar, please."—Page 174.

ebrated Swiss teacher, Pestalozzi, and he made an attempt to introduce into the Wabash Valley the enlightened methods of primary instruction which that great reformer had perfected, and which are now so generally employed in the best schools of the country. Another made a determined effort to inaugurate a system of manual-labor schools on lines somewhat similar to the methods of industrial education that have recently become so popular. Of course, these premature movements in the direction of educational reform were failures as failures are commonly reckoned. But who can compute the measure of their influence? They were talked about all over the State, and many young men took pains to acquaint themselves with the new methods that were advocated and to carry the knowledge of them into the country districts where they were employed as school-masters.

If I remember rightly the first invasion of our part of the country by New England school-teachers occurred soon after the general establishment of the free-school system. Most of these teachers, if not all, had been trained especially for the occupation, and they assumed its duties with an enlightened zeal and a consciousness of its responsibilities which could but give a wonderful impetus to the educational reformation that had already set in. Of course, not all portions of the State were equally favored by their presence —they were too few for that—but in whatever community they were em-

ployed their enthusiasm wrought great effects and became contagious. Their influence was particularly manifest in a broadening of human sympathies which led people to look beyond the narrow horizon that had hitherto limited their vision and become acquainted with the manifold activities of the great world about them. The Yankee school-mistress was a seven weeks' wonder to many of her Hoosier patrons, to whom she was as a being dropped down from another sphere—not because of anything heavenly in her appearance and manners, but because she had come such a mighty distance from home. She had her own ideas of propriety and good-breeding, which did not always harmonize with theirs, and at these they were inclined to sneer and scoff. But if she knew how to adapt herself to their modes of doing, and could gradually and without ostentation introduce what she believed to be better, she was not long in gaining their confidence. If, however, she failed to appreciate the prejudices and deprivations of those among whom she had come, her career of usefulness in that locality was not likely to be a long one.

"They didn't like the Yankee school-missus they hired over to the Grassy Ridge deestrict," I overheard one farmer casually remark to another.

"Why so? Wasn't she a good teacher?"

"Well, I reckon she did know a thing or two, and she could manage the young fellers admirable. But she couldn't rest content with book-teachin', and wanted to change everybody's manner of livin' right off. The Grassy folks just naturally couldn't put up with her way of learnin' the children compliments, anyhow."



The Unruly Big Boy.

"Compliments! What's them?"

"Why, bein' polite, you know. She tried to learn 'em to say 'If you please, mum,' and 'Thank ye, sir,' and 'I beg your pardon,' and all that kind of stuff. And she was so blamed finicky that she didn't like for the girls to come to school barefooted, and she wanted the boys to yank off their hats at her whenever they met her on the road. It was too much style for the Grassy folks, I reckon."

The reign of the New England school-mistresses of this earliest importation was, according to my recollection, as brief as it was brilliant. Many of them speedily found husbands among the village merchants, the lawyers, or the well-to-do young farmers, and became the honored mistresses of prosperous and cultured households. Others, after a year or two, returned to the East, where probably a similar happy fate awaited them. Only a few continued to wield an influence in the educational field which they had entered with so much enthusiasm and success. The two most important lessons which they had taught were, first, that some women are better qualified to manage schools—even winter schools—than some men; and, second, that the home teachers must look to their laurels if they would not be supplanted by foreign talent. Our people were not slow to profit by both of these lessons, and when the next detachment from the normal schools of Massachusetts arrived among us it attracted but small attention. The Yankee school-mistress had lost her prestige, for it had been demonstrated that her Western kinswomen, although lacking some of her opportunities for self-culture, were not one whit her inferiors in energy and native abilities.

It was about this time, I think, that the title of school-master gave place to the gentler but less comprehensive appellation of teacher. The occupation of school-keeping was no longer monopolized by men. Every year there were fewer masters and more mistresses, and, as both performed the same kind of duties, it was found convenient to drop the designation of sex and adopt a title that would be applicable alike to male and female. Moreover, people were beginning to understand that the mere mastering of a school, far from being an all-important end in itself, was only a means whereby the teaching of that school might be the better performed. And so the teacher came to the front, and the title of school-master gradually gave place to other designations that were deemed more modern or more exactly descriptive of the duties to be performed by those who held them.



Making Pens.

When I first engaged in the occupation of school-mastering, the idea of graded schools was comparatively new. That all the schools of a city, town, or county should be united under the



"They are all that see her yet."—Page 176.

mastership of a single superintendent, who should be in a manner responsible both for their management and for the quality of the instruction therein imparted, was a plan which commended itself to the leading educators of our State as at once practicable and desirable. The general adoption of such a plan, occurring, I think, almost simultaneously all over the country, marked a new era in school management. As city, town, or county superintendent, the school-master—now truly a master of schools—was placed at the head of a "system" and was invested with a dignity and responsibilities unknown to his humbler predecessors. But school-keeping had not then been reduced to anything like the science which it has since become, and I am forced to say that in many places there was really but little system about it. It was not an occupation to be entered into for life; the salaries were too meagre and the tenure of office was too uncertain. Hence there were very few professional teachers; and I have reasons to believe that a good many superintendents drifted into the work accidentally and without special preparation for it. Had I foreseen when I applied for the principalship of the so-called seminary in our county-seat that the step which I was taking was the preliminary to a

quarter of a century's service in the management of schools, I would at least have given the matter a more serious consideration than I did. It was a very common thing, however, for young men with a profession in view to teach four or five terms of school before entering upon what was considered the more active work of life. There was hardly a physician or lawyer in the circle of my acquaintance who did not boast of a brief but glorious experience as an educator of youth. Indeed, it was asserted that, as a means of acquiring a serviceable knowledge of human nature, there was nothing so valuable as a few months' practice in the school-room. I had already taught a brief term or two in the country, and had found the occupation a pleasant and congenial one; and hence, when a vacancy was announced in the most famous institution in our county, I was persuaded to present myself as a candidate for the place. The "seminary" had originally been one of a system of county schools established by law as feeders for the State university. But it had never prospered, and had finally degenerated into a third-rate high-school controlled by the town board of education, and taught by a single teacher, who continued to retain the title of principal. A few days after placing my application I was notified to meet with the school board in the office of its president. Much to my surprise I found there a young attorney of the town, my most intimate friend, who I learned was also a candidate for the vacant "principalship." The president of the board addressed us in a speech which was equally a delight and an astonishment to us both. They had determined, he said, to reorganize the schools of the town and to introduce the graded system of instruction that had proved so successful and popular in some of the larger places in the State. In order to carry out this plan they had abolished the seminary and with it the principalship for which we had made application. They had, however, unanimously elected us "joint superintendents" of the town schools, and, should we accept the appointment, they would intrust to us the entire work of gradation and would allow us to nominate our own corps of assistants. They understood perfectly well, he said, that the experiment would be a difficult and hazardous one, and hence they thought that two young men at the helm would succeed better than one alone. My friend and I were thoroughly taken aback by this unexpected turn of affairs, and hesitated before agreeing to assume the responsibilities that would be ours. We had read and heard a good deal about graded schools, but neither of us had ever seen one in operation. The powers which the board had offered to confer upon us, as well as the compensation, exceeded



The Yankee School-ma'am



A Type.

anything that we had dared hope for. The title of superintendent, however, was new and seemed to us then rather commonplace ; we would have preferred being styled joint principals, for that was a term which everybody in the country would have understood. Nevertheless, we both felt highly complimented by the action of the board, and finally entered upon the duties of our somewhat novel position with a determination to do our best, and if possible merit the confidence which they had placed in us. We neglected no opportunity to inform ourselves concerning what was being done elsewhere, and while one remained in charge of the "system" which we were trying to evolve from chaos, the other would frequently make excursions to the neighboring towns and take note of whatever was most admirable in the management of their schools. That first winter was full of hard work and rich experiences for us both. The old seminary building was the only respectable school-house in the town, and it was large enough for two departments only. The rest of the schools were taught in the basements of churches, in narrow rooms on the second or third floors of business houses, and in all manner of cheap and uncomfortable places. But not only the "joint superintendents," but the teachers and the pupils, succeeded in living cheerfully through the whole of it ; and when finally my colleague returned to his law practice, and all the schools were happily domiciled, at the beginning of the third year, in a new and beautiful and very commodious building, the "graded system" in our town had been fairly well perfected—at least so far as the new methods of school management were understood in those days.

As a matter of course there was then a good deal of experimentation in nearly all the schools, as there must necessarily be at the inception of any important movement. Every superintendent, un-



Building the Log School-house.

less he followed blindly in the lead of another, affected to have his own notions concerning the classification of pupils, the qualifications of teachers, and the courses of study to be pursued. Some of the experiments would be laughable if the possibly serious results which followed could be forgotten. Great prominence was given to system. The word was seared upon the brain of every superintendent, and was the shibboleth of every progressive teacher. It represented the natural reaction from the go-as-you-please methods of former days, and there was no checking the reverse swinging of the pendulum until it had reached the farthest limits of its arc. System, system, system! The superintendent sat in his office and prescribed doses of system to both teachers and pupils. He insisted that not only should all the members of a grade learn the same thing at the same time, but that they should assimilate it in exactly the same manner. Every movement in the school-room should be made with the precision of clock-work, and every pulsation of a child's brain should record the acquisition of an exact and predetermined amount of knowledge.

My friend, Professor Maladroit, was at that time a devoted apostle of system. He had charge of not quite twenty schools in the town of X——, all under the roof of one elegant building, and these, when regarded as a single institution, illustrated the perfect application of the graded-school idea. In the professor's office was an ingenious arrangement of electric buttons, with the aid of which he telegraphed to every department the precise moment that each recitation was to begin or end. He could tell the exact number of pupils in any given room at any minute of the day, and he knew just what lesson each child was studying or reciting at that time. With the beating of a drum he regulated the number of steps which the scholars should take in entering or leaving the building. He was wont to visit the various rooms unannounced, if by chance he might find some teacher relaxing her vigilance, or some pupil not in line with the rest. On such occasions he had a playful habit of throwing paper wads at the boys, or of making grimaces at the teacher; and if by such means he failed to distract attention from the lesson of the hour, he scored a point for the triumph of system. There was never anything out of place in his schools. The floors were oiled and polished until they shone like glass; the furniture was the handsomest and most comfortable that could be devised; every useful appliance needed in a thoroughly equipped modern school seemed to be at hand. There was nowhere any unnecessary noise; there was seldom an occasion for severity. And yet when I, at the professor's invitation, visited his model establishment, it did not appear that either the teachers or the pupils were revelling in happiness. Ten years later, however, I found everything changed. The institution did not show off so grandly, but my friend had discovered the golden mean between system and no system, and he had learned that the schools existed for the children and not the children for the schools.

This is, of course, an extreme case, but it illustrates the tendency to mechanical methods which distinguished many of the graded schools in their earlier experimental stages. This tendency induced more than one superintendent to imagine himself the engineer of a complicated educational machine that would take in all kinds and conditions of children and by a supernatural process turn them out at the end of the prescribed "course," all rounded to the same proportions and trimmed to the same perfect pattern. It was a beautiful theory, in this age of machinery, and yet somehow or other the children failed to adapt themselves to it.

Nevertheless, the most of us schoolmasters learned better by and by, although it is sad to remember that we did not know better at the start. Little by little we were able to leave off experimenting and to adapt our methods to the needs and capabilities of those for whom the schools were maintained. Every year there was a marked advancement both in methods of teaching and in methods of management. Throughout the middle West the march of progress was unparalleled, and it was not long until, instead of looking to the East for models and guidance, the people of the Mississippi Valley were able to point

to their own schools as the best in America.

School-mastering, as I found it, was not the uneventful, humdrum business that it is generally thought to be. In its purely pedagogical aspects it is, I doubt not, always dry enough and utterly unattractive to most people. But in my experience it had other features, entirely distinct from "methods" and "systems," that relieved its monotony, imparted to it many amenities, and invested it with a halo of romance. To have seen a whole generation of children pass successively through the various stages of instruction from the kindergarten to the last lessons in the high-school, to have known hundreds of them by name, to have possessed their confidence and to have felt measurably responsible for their attainments, were experiences well worth having and which I shall always look back to with pleasure. The daily routine of duty, which no doubt seemed exceedingly prosaic to mere lookers-on, was relieved by many an unforeseen and interesting incident. It had its comedies not a few; and, alas, it had now and then that which bordered nigh upon tragedy. Twice every year—when the six-year-old tots, big-eyed with wonder and innocence, entered the primary grades, and when the white-dressed girl graduates read their "orations" in the great hall—it had its poetry. And finally, entirely outside of the school-room and yet inseparably connected with the management of the schools, there was frequently a parallel current of events which, stranger sometimes than fiction, might have furnished the materials for more than one entertaining romance.

The writing of these brief reminiscences has recalled the memory of many such happenings; but this is not the time nor the place for recording their history.

MR. LOWELL ON ART-PRINCIPLES.

By Ferris Lockwood.

MR. LOWELL'S pupils are to be numbered not merely by the college students who were privileged to attend his course of lectures on belle-lettres. They include, also, that much larger body of learners who studied his published critical essays. This latter company of students he addressed in a series of practically unconnected essays dealing — according to their titles, at least—with the work of individual authors: "Dante," "Chaucer," "Spenser," "Shakespeare Once More," "Pope," etc. He did not, that is to say, deal especially —in a separate essay devoted to the subject—with "Art" in the abstract, as M. Taine, for instance, has done; and that he did not do so is perhaps conclusive that Mr. Lowell was convinced that what he had to say concerning art in general could be more satisfactorily set forth in his treatment of concrete examples than in any attempt to deal with the subject in the abstract.

It is quite possible, nevertheless, to gather from Mr. Lowell's essays a sufficiently full and clear notion of his *general* beliefs concerning art as a whole; just as one may gain, from his separate essays on the English poets, a correct knowledge of the historical development of English poetry from Chaucer to Keats. To set forth the more general art-principles upon which the noble structure of Mr. Lowell's criticism rests is the purpose of this article. If, as is true, the value of critical work depends most largely upon the soundness of the critic's views concerning these broad and fundamental principles, we may be sure that it will be profitable to learn something about the general ideas of art underlying his criticism.

NOTE.—Quotations from Mr. Lowell's writings are indicated by *single* quotation marks (' ').

Probably no single, condensed statement on the subject is better fitted to strike the key-note of Mr. Lowell's deliverances upon art than the sentence: 'Art, or nature as it is ideally reproduced through the imagination.' Whenever he touches upon art as a whole, or where he speaks more particularly about that form of art he had made peculiarly his own, poetry, Mr. Lowell is strenuous in insisting that what man produces is saved to art only so far as it is inspired and moulded by the imagination. 'As in the old fairy tales,' he says, 'the task which the age imposes on its poet is to weave its straw into a golden tissue; and when every device has failed, in comes the witch Imagination, and with a touch the miracle is achieved.' In another place he tells us that 'if poems die, it is because there never was true life in them, that is, that true poetic vitality . . . which leaps throbbing at the touch of that shaping faculty, the imagination.' And twice at least in his essays he characterizes poetry as 'that aëration of the understanding by the imagination.'

These statements, as I have said, give the key-note to Mr. Lowell's notion of art—that 'ideal representation of life.' They do not, of course, taken by themselves, constitute an adequate or complete definition of art.

What, we are immediately prompted to ask, is the office performed by the imagination in the creation of art-products? and Mr. Lowell's answer to the question is in keeping with his profound view of things. It is given to the imagination in its supreme moments, he held, to feel and to utter 'the immanent life of things;' the great artist 'utters wisdom from the central deep.' And again: 'Imagination, where it is truly creative, is a faculty, and not a quality; it looks before and after; it gives the form that makes all the parts work together harmoniously toward a given end, its seat is in the higher reason.' In other words, the great artist is the seer.

If we ask further, what is the peculiar quality of the revelation given in art by the imagination, the answer usually is that art reveals *beauty*. Those familiar with his writings need not be told that Mr. Lowell recognizes beauty to be, in a sense, *the* aim of the artist. At the same time it is apparent that he, in common with other thoughtful writers, finds in art certain qualities that can hardly be included in the term beauty "without stretching it until it becomes meaningless." For we have come to use the word too much as if it meant solely what Mr. Lowell calls the 'pictorial.' He is particular to distinguish between an imagination which is 'passive' and 'pictorial,' and one which is 'intuitive' and 'creative.' The higher imagination, the 'truly ideal imagination,' is to be thought of, he says, 'not as a passive mould into which the thought is poured, but as the conceptive energy which finds all material plastic to its preconceived design.'

In his "Philosophy of Art," M. Taine writes: "The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential, salient character, consequently some important idea, more clearly than is attainable from real objects." So, too, Mr. Lowell speaks of the manifestation of '*imaginative truth*' as the aim of art. If we supplement the idea of beauty (in its narrower meaning, at least) as the essential quality of art, with this further notion of *significance*, we shall avoid a view of art which at times seems cramped. But that which is significant, in the true art-sense, we must remember is a significance *apprehended by the imagination*, and for this reason it will always be at the same time, and in the higher sense of the word, beautiful. In other words, the imaginatively significant is in the highest sense the artistically beautiful, and its revelation is truly *creative* art.

This, I think, is Mr. Lowell's view so far as we may read it in his writings. It is with this broader, more comprehensive meaning in his mind that he says, 'With the artist beauty is use, good in and for itself,' and speaks of 'that apprehension of beauty which gives energy of will to imagination,' and at the same time teaches that the highest beauty often results simply from the artist's feeling and revealing, through his imagination, the true meaning of things. 'The true ideal . . .

is the *mens divinior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter-of-fact into matter-of-meaning for him who has the gift of second sight.'

It follows from this view that true art will always give a certain degree of pleasure. Mr. Lowell, indeed, believes so strongly in this function of art that he insists that the artist shall make it the aim of his efforts to delight. 'The first duty of the muse,' he says, 'is to be delightful.' 'To be delightful is to be classic.' But the phrase, "Art is always delightful," hardly expresses by itself the vital connection which Mr. Lowell taught exists between art and the emotions.

The late Principal Shairp, in one of his essays, suggests that the imagination seems to be a power that lies intermediate between intellect and emotion, looking both ways and partaking of the nature of each; deep emotion kindling imagination, and imaginative insight kindling a deepening emotion. "Emotion, from first to last," he says, "inseparably attends the exercise of imagination."

Something very similar to the theory of the emotional influence of art involved in these sentences, one can read in Mr. Lowell's essays. No one was more careful than he to point out the necessity for a true intellectual basis of art; but everywhere, also, does he take pains to impress upon his readers that it is the *emotional* form of value that is essential to art as art. So, in the sentence already quoted the true art-vitality "leaps *throbbing*" at the touch of imagination. Elsewhere he tells of one who '*warmed* reason until it had well-nigh the illuminating property of intuition,' and in another place he says that the aim and end of the highest art —such as Shakespeare's—is the 'ideal representation of the great passions.' Always, however, with the broad sympathy that marked his criticism, did he recognize the widely differing emotions —from the lowly and simple to the highest and most complex—to which art may make its appeal.

In its art-creating activity the imagination, according to Mr. Lowell, has a two-fold office. Of its higher office something has already been said. In this higher form, 'it is the faculty that shapes, gives unity of design, and balanced gravitation of parts.' Throughout his critical essays Mr. Lowell gives with more detail his idea concerning this higher action of the imagination. The poet or artist 'with a real eye in his head does not give us everything, but only the *best* of everything. He selects, he combines, or else gives what is characteristic only.' 'It is only where it (the imagination) combines and organizes, where it eludes observation in particulars to give the rarer delight of perfection as a whole, that it belongs to art. Then it is truly ideal.' The true artistic imagination, he affirms, is always 'subject to those laws of grace, of proportion, of design, in whose free service, and in that alone, it can become art.' In these sentences Mr. Lowell mentions the principal characteristics that mark the truly imaginative grasp of a subject. In other words, he specifies the fundamental principles of all art; viz., unity, proportion, grace, character, form.

Indeed, I know of few better dissertations on the art of "composition" than the latter half of the Shakespeare essay. How much of the essence of dramatic composition—the most delicate and subtle of all—is to be found in these two extracts: 'The first demand we make upon whatever claims to be a work of art (and we have a right to make it) is that it shall be *in keeping*. Now this propriety is of two kinds, either extrinsic or intrinsic. In the first I should class whatever relates rather to the body than the soul of the work, such as fidelity to the facts of history (wherever that is important), congruity of costume, and the like—in short, whatever might come under the head of *picturesque* truth. . . . In the second and more important category, I should put first, co-ordination of character, that is, a certain variety in harmony of the personages of a drama, as in the attitudes and coloring of the figures in a pictorial composition, so that, while mutually relieving and setting off each other, they shall combine in the total impression; second, that subordinate truth to nature which makes each character coherent in itself; and third, such

propriety of costume and the like as shall satisfy the superhistoric sense, to which, and to which alone, the higher drama appeals.'

Mr. Lowell gives a concrete illustration of this principle later in the essay. 'The old painters had a rule,' he says, 'that all compositions should be pyramidal in form — a central figure, from which the others slope gradually away on the two sides. Shakespeare probably had never heard of this rule, . . . but he understood perfectly the artistic advantages of gradation, contrast, and relief. Taking Hamlet as the key-note, we find in him weakness of character, which on one hand is contrasted with the feebleness that springs from overweening conceit in Polonius and with frailty of temperament in Ophelia; while, on the other hand, it is brought into fuller relief by the steady force of Horatio and the impulsive violence of Laertes, who is resolute from thoughtlessness, just as Hamlet is irresolute from overplus of thought.'

In its *secondary* office the imagination, according to Mr. Lowell, 'serves the artist, not as the reason that shapes, but as the interpreter of his conceptions.' In the Dante essay there is this striking sentence dealing with the subject of expression: 'In the fine arts the vehicle makes part of the thought, coalesces with it. The living conception shapes itself a body in marble, color, or modulated sound, and henceforth the two are inseparable.' That is to say, in the *perfect* work of art the imagination acts in both these ways, and in the performance of its higher office (which alone 'can unimpeachably assure to any work the dignity and permanence of a classic') there results 'that exquisite something called Style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness.'

A few words in regard to Mr. Lowell's belief concerning the relation of the Ideal to nature, cannot but be of interest at present. He was careful to state his belief on this subject distinctly. 'The true ideal,' he says, 'is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies *in* it, and blessed are the eyes that find it.' 'Surely the highest office of a great poet is to show us how much variety, freshness, and opportunity abides in the obvious and familiar. He invents nothing, but seems rather to rediscover the world about him, and his penetrating vision gives to things of daily encounter something of the strangeness of new creation.' And again: 'All great poetry must smack of the soil, for it must be rooted in it, must suck life and substance from it, but it must do so with the aspiring instinct of the pine that climbs forever toward diviner air, and not in the grovelling fashion of the potato.' The warning contained in the last sentence Mr. Lowell repeats in other places. Art that is worthy the name must, he insists, escape from 'the realism of daily life,' and from 'the tyranny of the Commonplace.'

I have tried to present as briefly as possible the more fundamental art-principles which are enunciated in Mr. Lowell's essays, and which underlie his critical work. Being fundamental, they are necessarily abstract and, in a sense, elementary. For this reason it is not unlikely that to many the presentation of them will seem to have small interest and less value; but as underlying all judgment that is quick to discern what is best and permanent in art they cannot be too often repeated.

They come with especial authority from one who, while he will always stand in the front rank as a critic, was at the same time greater still as an artist.



Dendrobium suavissimum (Upper Burmah). Yellow and maroon.

ORCHIDS.

By W. A. Stiles.

Illustrations by Paul de Longpré.

AMONG plants cultivated for ornament the members of the great orchid family easily take the foremost rank to-day, and the story of their rapid advancement to this position makes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of horticulture. Fifty years ago, these plants were hardly known except to students of botany, and now the species in cultivation number something like two thousand, with countless varieties, and subvarieties, while collectors are exploring every accessible jungle and forest of the tropics for novelties, and under the hands of expert hybriderzers new forms are appearing with a rapidity which baffles every attempt to keep a record of them. Admiration for them has become the fashion, and their cultivation has become a passion. Some of them are still rare and costly as diamonds; others, which were once quite as precious, are now displayed in every florist's window. The literature of cultivated orchids would already make a

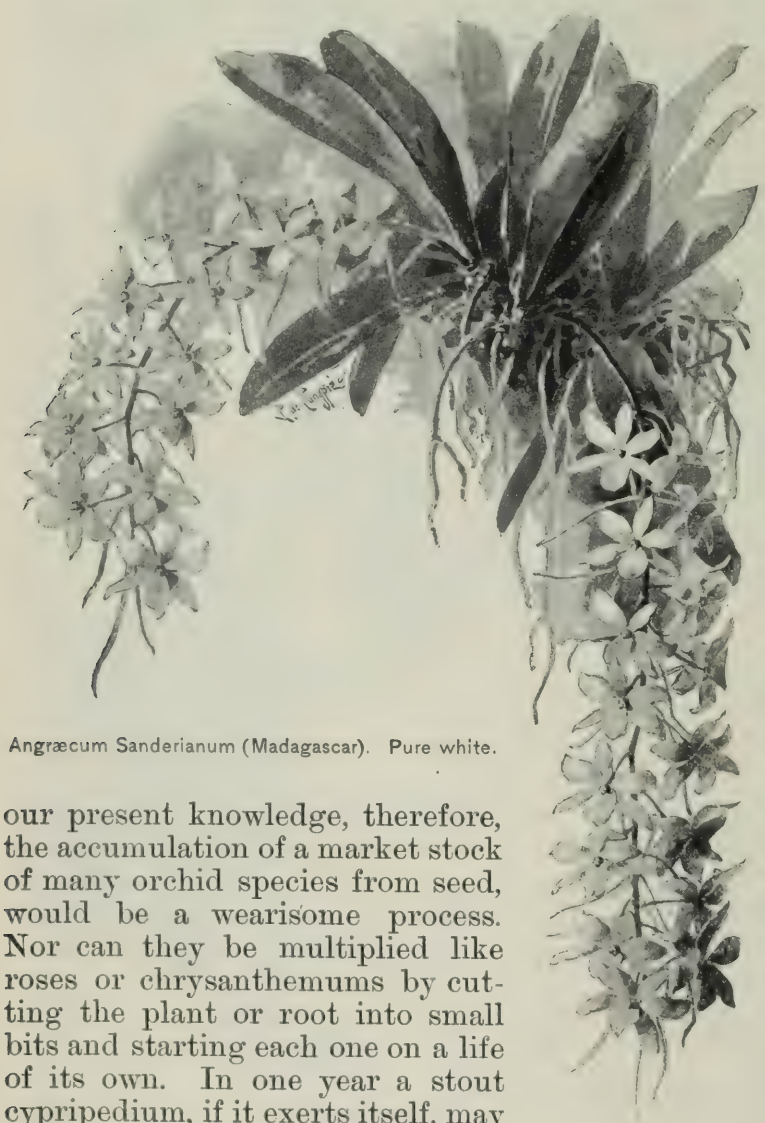
large library, and there are journals in several languages devoted to them exclusively, most of them illustrated with pictures drawn and colored with consummate skill. Millions of dollars are invested in them, and the money value of a single private collection in this country is at least a quarter of a million dollars, while the plants in one commercial establishment are worth still more. Of course, the prices which individual specimens command bear no relation to their beauty when judged by the ordinary canons of taste, and a plant which brings a thousand dollars at auction may differ so slightly from varieties that are sold by the dozen for the production of market flowers, that only the trained eye of the connoisseur can detect the peculiarities of habit and form, or can appreciate the purity of color, or the richness of marking, which makes it unique or rare. As with other objects prized by collectors, the value of such a plant is enhanced by the comforting assurance that no one else, or at least only a few of the elect, can share with its owner the joy of possession. A few years ago, a piece of what was supposed to be the golden Cypripedium insigne, was sent from British India to an English gentleman, but on flowering it proved to be altogether the brightest of cypripediums, with a distinct and distinguished air, which made every orchid fancier eager to secure it. Meanwhile an alert collector had discovered its haunt, and after a four weeks' race with a rival from Calcutta to Manipur, he gathered some thousands of plants from the faces of cliffs whereon they grew, and sent them to London. In January a plant of this Cypripedium Spicerianum commanded $1,250; in May, plants were sold at auction for fifty cents.

This incident illustrates one striking difference between orchids and ordinary plants in cultivation which can be propagated with ease from seeds or cuttings. Half a dozen years ago a young Japanese student who had been befriended while pursuing his studies in this country, sent a few choice chrysanthemums to his benefactor on his return home. One of these bore a flower-head with a soft white down on its incurved florets, a type then unknown to cultivation here, and the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy became the floral sensation of the year. When an enterprising firm of nurserymen bought the stock for fifteen hundred dollars, the sum appeared to be an excessive price for a chrysanthemum; but at the next planting season, an ample supply had been propagated by cuttings to meet the brisk demand for the new flower from all parts of America and Europe. If a new fern is discovered, seedlings by the thousand may be raised the second year from its ripened spores. Orchids, it is true, produce seed like other plants, when an accommodating insect carries the pollen



Lycaste Skinneri (Guatemala). Rose and dark crimson.

from one flower and deposits it carefully on the stigma of another, and the capsule resulting from this union may contain in time 100,000 seeds no larger than particles of dust. In six or eight months after the flower is fertilized, these seeds may mature, when, if skilfully sown and faithfully cared for, they will germinate nine months or a year later. In another year this seedling may reach flowering size, or it may accomplish this in two or three or seven years, or it may wait as Lælia callistoglossa did for nineteen years, or as Lælio-cattleya Veitchii did for twenty-one years before it shows a flower. With



Angræcum Sanderianum (Madagascar). Pure white.

our present knowledge, therefore, the accumulation of a market stock of many orchid species from seed, would be a wearisome process. Nor can they be multiplied like roses or chrysanthemums by cutting the plant or root into small bits and starting each one on a life of its own. In one year a stout cypripedium, if it exerts itself, may grow large enough to be separated into two or three plants, but this is as high a rate of increase as can be hoped for in this family of leisurely, aristocratic ways. Other orchids in common cultivation, like oncidiums, odontoglossums, and cattleyas, may require from four to six years to develop a single new plant, and others still have never shown any increase under cultivation. The only practical way, therefore, to secure a garden of orchids with our present knowledge and skill, is to send collectors into tropical forests where masses of them have been forming for generations, and bring them out alive. To carry them safely on the backs of coolies or mules, over mountain-trails and through malarious marshes, sometimes for weeks, until a stream is reached down which they can be floated to a seaport, is no light undertaking. And then the perils of the voyage, half-way round the globe perhaps, are still more serious. On deck the salt spray means death, and in the hold the close and heated air is often fatal, while every bruise is the beginning of active decay. It is small wonder, then, that in the days of long voyages by sailing vessels, when little was known of the needs and habits of these plants, and experience had not shown the necessity, in the case of many species, of fastening each one separately to cross-pieces of wood in large well-ventilated cases, that a small remnant only survived to reach the glass-houses of Europe. But now, when collectors have learned to take the plants in their resting season, while dormant and dry, and know how to humor their whims on the voyage, the losses are fewer. Indeed, the great proportion of the plants we see are direct importations, and it is more than probable that the flower which decorated your dinner-table yesterday was cut from a cattleya which came from Colombia, or a vanda from the East Indies, or an odontoglossum from the slopes of the Andes, or a cypripedium from the Himalayas.

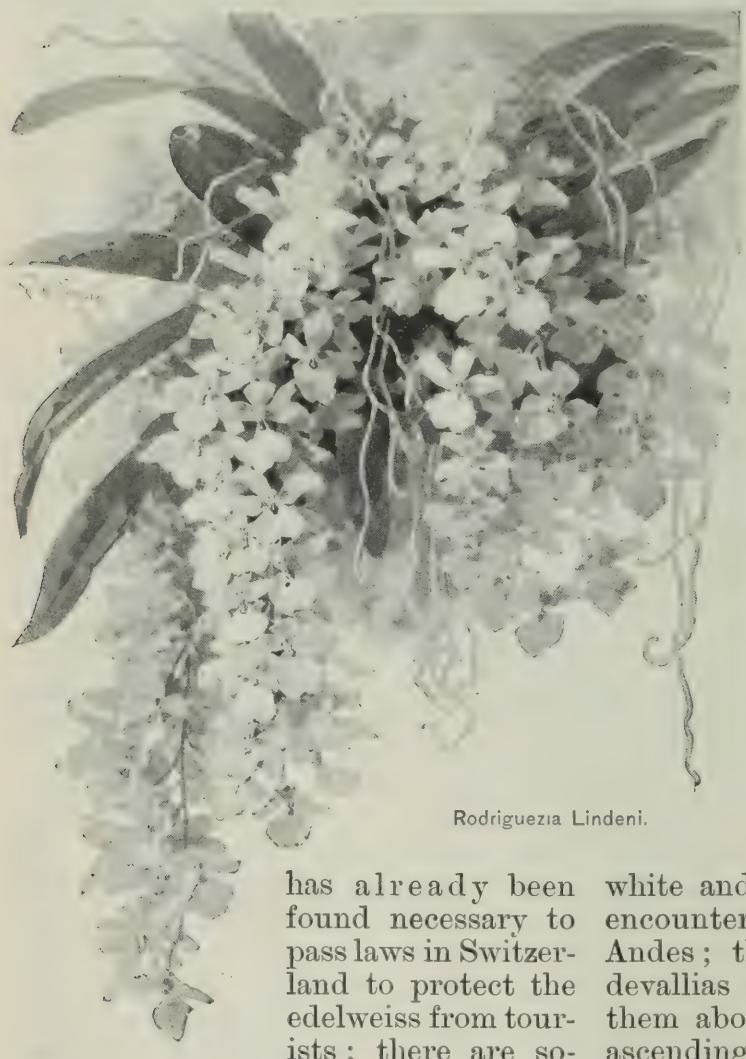


Miltonia (Odontoglossum) vexillaria.

The fact that nearly all the orchids we see have been torn from their homes, and carried away captive, helps to thicken the atmosphere of mystery which surrounds them; and this mystery is not mitigated by the thrilling narratives so often heard of hardships endured by the men who go in quest of them. Of late years, however, the orchid-hunter's life is not as hazardous or romantic as it once was, although a well-told adventure may be an effective advertisement for a new plant. The latest tragic story is connected with the new Eulophiella Elizabethæ, discovered in Madagascar and named for the Queen of Roumania. The collector in this case avers that he was compelled to face the dread alternative of death or matrimony, and the confiding editor of one of the great horticultural journals of Europe, "sees no reason to doubt the veraciousness" of the victim's narrative. It seems that Mayambassa, chief of that region, had despatched his sister's husband with a royal retinue to guide and protect Mr. Hamelin, the collector, on his journey to the orchid country. In these dense woods the dreaded *Protocryptoferox Madagascariensis* lies in wait for his prey upon the branches of the trees where the Eulophiella grows, crouching among the great tufts of the orchid with its tall, arching spikes of white and lurid-purple flowers. These carnivora are no respecters of rank, and one of them sprang upon, and rent to death, the husband of the princess. Mr. Hamelin was at once notified by the chief that he must appease the spirit of his relative by being greased and burned, or he must live to assume his position and responsibilities in the royal household. The collector promptly decided to brave the love of the princess and become brother-in-law of the chief. The narrator goes on to say, in the most natural way, that his truculent brother-in-law is protecting a few little plants of Eulophiella that remain, and that hesitating purchasers would do well to bear in mind that some years must elapse before they are large enough to gather. A well-known firm

of orchid importers in Brussels throw additional light upon the tragedy by publishing part of the collector's letter offering his plants for sale, in which he explained that they had a special value, inasmuch as he had taken pains to destroy all that remained in their native woods.

This ingenuous avowal suggests a new danger to the orchid supply. It



Rodriguezia Lindeni.

has already been found necessary to pass laws in Switzerland to protect the edelweiss from tourists; there are societies in many European countries to rescue rare and native plants from extinction by amateur botanists and others; in our own country a few extremely local ferns and wild flowers are already in danger of extermination; and in the case of certain species of orchids of a limited range, each one of which has a money value regulated by the scarcity of the plants, the greed of man furnishes a motive for the wholesale destruction of all which cannot be carried away. The beautiful Disa grandiflora has already become scarce on Table Mountain, and the authorities at the Cape of Good Hope have found it necessary to forbid collecting it in order to prevent its total destruction. Rajah Sir Charles Brooke, of Sarawak, in Borneo, has issued an order to forbid the collection of plants in the country under his control, and if restrictions like this come to be enforced throughout the tropical regions tributary to the British Empire, it will cause consternation among importers, who are receiving more than half a million orchids every year.

Years ago, when the cultivation of these rarities was a luxury indulged in by the very wealthy alone, the aim of collectors was to secure a few choice plants rather than to make them cheap and common. The first importations naturally came from regions of excessive heat near the sea-ports, and it was therefore thought proper to grow such plants in a stifling atmosphere. But as collectors pushed inland, Vanda cœrulea, with its flowers of true, celestial blue, was found half-way up the Khassia Hills, with frost only a thousand feet above; odontoglossums, with their long racemes of splendid white and mauve and rich brown were encountered far up the flanks of the Andes; the vivid and grotesque masdevallias ranged higher still, some of them above the timber line, and a few ascending almost to the snow; while Oncidium ambiguum was discovered fourteen thousand feet above the sea in New Granada, exposed to the wild winds and sleet of that elevation. Shrewd collectors were not in the habit of giving aid and comfort to their rivals by proclaiming just where their prizes were hidden, and for a long time the conditions under which they grew were practically a secret. And when these inhabitants of the hills, accustomed to free, cool air, were imprisoned in hot, unventilated houses and drenched with moisture, they pined



DRAWN BY P. DE LONGPRÉ.

Oncidium ampliatum majus (Costa Rica). Yellow and chestnut-brown.

and perished by the thousand in a climate quite as deadly to them as a New England winter. Since growers have learned to give the so-called "cool orchids" abundant ventilation and a temperature like that under which they have naturally developed, their cultivation has proved easy; and as everyone can now grow them, the present demand is not for a few rare plants, but for great quantities of the more popular kinds, not only for the decoration of private green-houses, but to produce cut flowers in the market. Since the time of Rœzl, who began shipping them by the cargo from Mexico, many



A Group of Masdevallias: M. Macrura, M. Bella, M. Wallisii, M. Chimæra (Tropical America).

districts have been almost stripped of the species most in demand. Over the immense area where orchids are found in the old world and the new, it would seem difficult to make any serious inroads on the supply, but since they multiply very slowly, the collections are much larger in any region than the natural increase there. The collector does not harvest a crop which is to be renewed next year. He is really drawing on a fixed capital, which must in time become impaired. The most serious danger to the orchid supply, however, is the destruction of the forest before the advance of civilized man. In the old world and the new, the woods are falling to make room for coffee plantations and rice fields, and, when the trees perish, the plants whose roots are twined about their branches are left without a home, or hope.

Of course it is the well-known species which are gathered in such wasteful ways, but new ones are discovered every year. On one collecting tour in Borneo, Mr. Forstermann found sixty hitherto unknown species, and almost every year the orchid world is startled by such a discovery as the recent one of Cypripedium Charlesworthii, with its remarkable rosy-purple dorsal sepal; or the autumn-flowering Cattleya labiata is rediscovered forty years after the latest importations had been made; or Cattleya Rex, one of the noblest of its class, a plant which was seen fifty years ago, is found once more after long searching and brought alive to civilized gardens.

New forms, however, are produced by hybridizing, more rapidly than wild ones are detected. Since the publication of Darwin's classical work on the fertilizing of orchids, all the world is familiar with the facts which sounded more like romance than the cautious statements of a scientist when they were first published. After years of patient investigation, Mr. Darwin showed that the flowers of most orchids were equipped with many contrivances to prevent self-fertilization in any flower, with the deterioration



DRAWN BY P. DE LONGPRÉ.

Stanhopea Martiana (Mexico). Cream-white and purplish-crimson.

which follows close breeding. Wonderful devices have been developed, not only to keep the pollen of a flower from its own stigma, but at the same time to insure its transportation to the stigma of another. Lured by bright colors and grateful odors, the moth alights on the lip of an orchid, a fairy landing place indeed, and guided by a chain of spots, or along paths fenced in for its direction, it comes at last into the chamber within reach of the nectar. To sip this it is compelled to carry its proboscis to a point where the little masses of pollen are cemented to it by a sticky disk, and stand out from it like horns. In this position they might be brushed away by the fringes of the next flower, but, as if endowed with intelligence and the power of voluntary motion, they begin to flex at the base, and revolve through a full quarter of a circle while the insect is flying to the next flower. Lying close to the trunk, they pass every barrier safely as the insect makes his way to the second nectary, where they infallibly strike the adhesive surface of another stigma, and the miracle of new life is fairly begun. It required a volume of five hundred pages to explain the complex contrivances with chambers, curtains, bridges, channels, trap-doors, and directing passages which have been developed and adapted to the form and habits of the particular insects which help to fructify a particular species. Every feature and attribute of the flower, its elasticity here and firmness there, its grotesque markings, its curves and grooves and fringes, which seem to have been designed by the wildest caprice, are all vital parts of a complex scheme to insure the production of seeds and the perpetuation of the species.



Cypripedium caudatum.

Natural hybrids are not unknown, but they are not common. Some years ago the cattleya known as Krameriana was found bearing a delicately colored flower whose pallid sepals and petals, with palest pink below and palest green above, showed a family likeness to two other species, C. intermedia and C. Forbesii. Professor Reichenbach, then the great authority in these matters, suggested that it was possibly a hybrid between them. The two plants were afterward crossed in England, and the resultant seedling, which flowered in 1892, proved to be absolutely identical with the wild plant, thus demonstrating that the suspected plants were its real

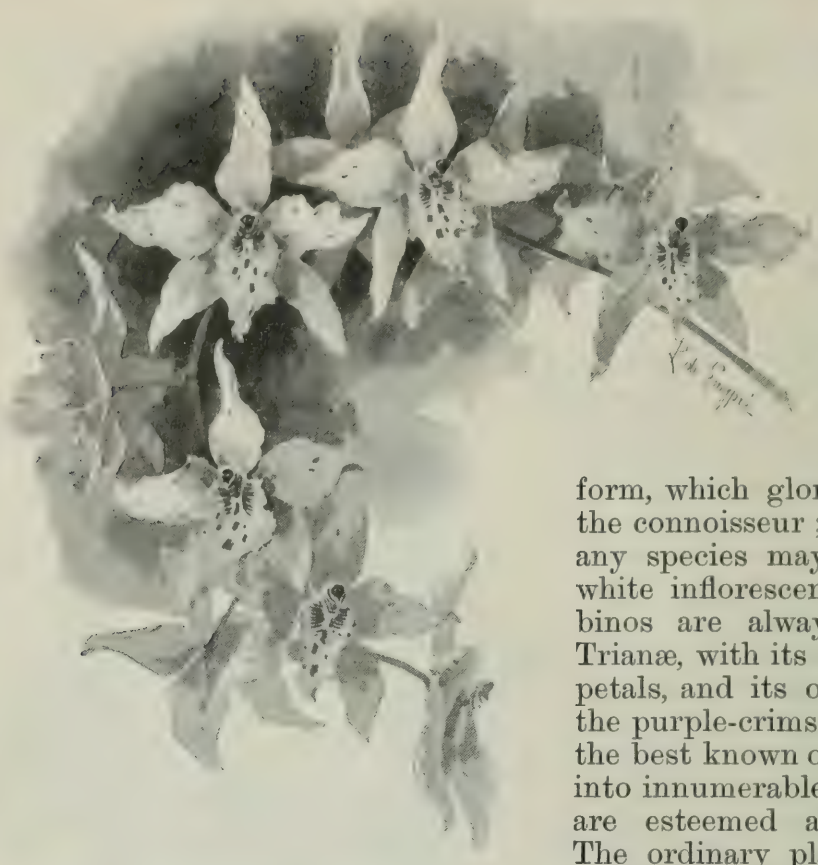
parents. The same process has proved the hybrid origin of certain other phalænopses, masdevallias and odontoglossums which are found wild; but of course, such plants can only originate where two species closely allied grow sufficiently near together to receive visits from the same moth, and their structure must be such that the insect will deposit the pollen of one precisely on the stigmatic surface of the other. In cultivation, however, plants which naturally grow a thousand leagues apart can be brought under the same roof, and those which flower naturally at different seasons, can be made to bloom together, so that all that is required is skill on the part of the fertilizer to effect, on a much larger scale, what nature has been slowly doing for ages. And yet it was only in comparatively recent times, that a new plant was in this way added to the treasures of our gardens. It was in 1856 when Mr. James Veitch, one of the famous family of nurserymen who for four generations have enriched horticulture by their experiments and enterprise, brought to Dr. Lindley a Calanthe flower, which showed the forked and hairy spur and the deeply lobed lip of the white Calanthe furcata, with the violet color and the lip with the broad middle lobe peculiar to Calanthe Masuca. Two years before, the seed had been obtained by crossing these very species, and this was the first flower of the seedlings to open. The plant was named Calanthe Dominii after John Dominy, superintendent of the great establishment, who after years of patient trial at last won the distinction of producing and flowering the first artificial hybrid of this family in cultivation. A second one did not appear until three years later, this time a cattleya; then followed another calanthe, then a goodyeara, until twenty years later the beautiful Lælia Dominiana, with its wonderful depth of coloring, made the twenty-fifth of a series which entitled its producer to honorable remembrance as the pioneer in this field of garden art. Meanwhile other experts were not idle, new forms in rapidly swelling numbers were produced every year, until there is hardly



Oncidium Papilio Kramerianum (Ecuador). Yellow with bright-brown spots.

a collection now where experiments in hybridizing are not in progress.

These hybrids are something more than new forms merely. While they usually show features of resemblance to both parents, they are often more attractive than either, and, owing perhaps to the infusion of new blood, they generally have more sturdy constitu-



Odontoglossum crispum, Alexandræ, (New Granada). White and reddish-brown.

tions and make stronger growth. They are more floriferous, the flowers last longer, and altogether they have so many virtues and graces, that a fair percentage of the choice varieties in every considerable collection will be found to have originated by artificial crossing. It is a gross way of estimating the value of a flower to quote its market price, but plants like Cattleya Exoniensis, Miltonopsis Bleui, Cattleya callistoglossa, and many of the bigeneric hybrids, command hundreds of dollars each. One can hardly imagine a more fascinating pursuit than the crossing of orchid flowers. Sometimes, of course, the qualities of the parents are neutralized, but if these are selected with due regard to their strong qualities, we may expect that the offspring will be at least equal to either, and perhaps a prize coveted by all; and the grower is cheered by these alluring hopes for months and years, until the perfect flower appears.

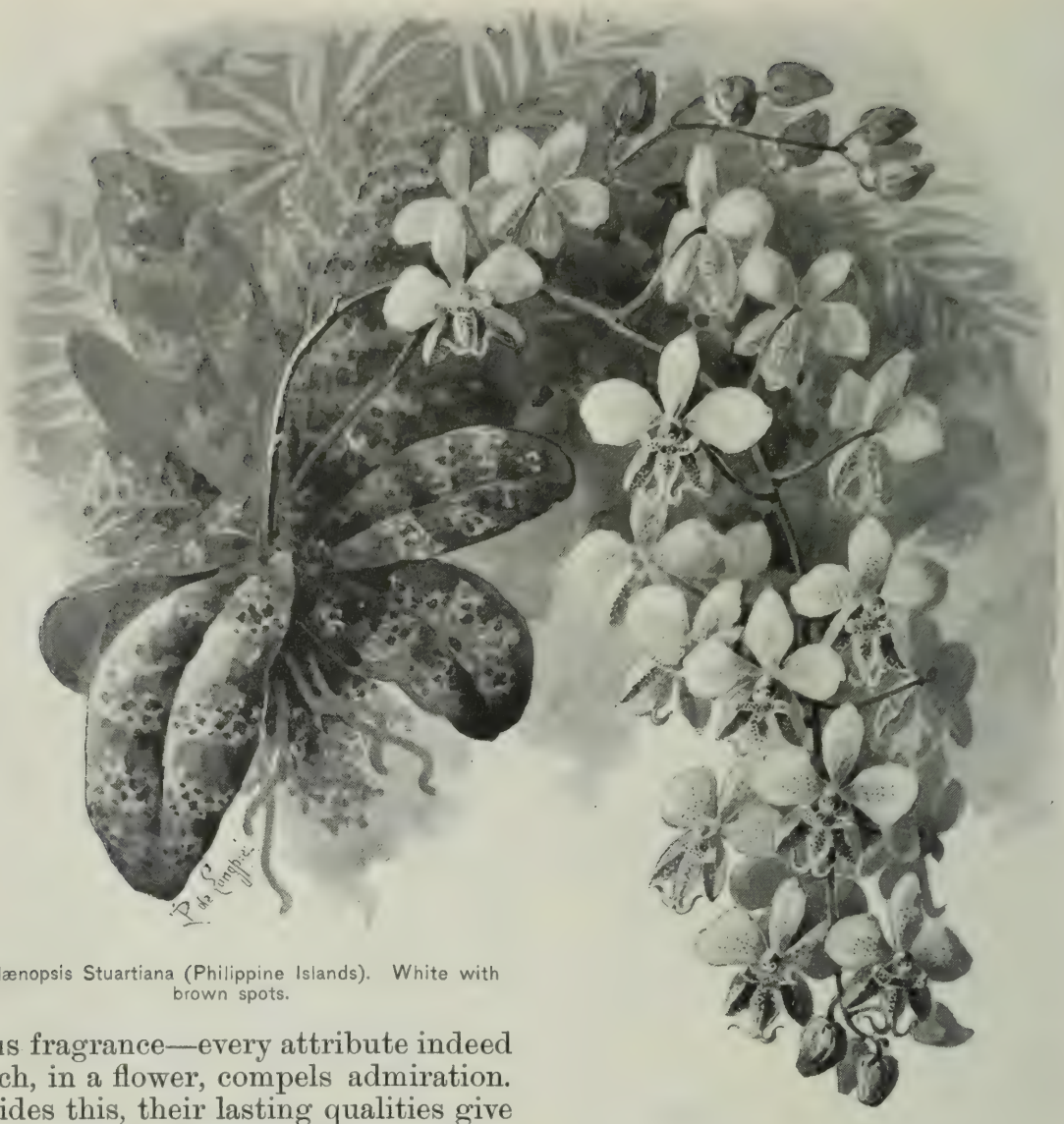
The growing of imported orchids is accompanied by the same delightful uncertainty. Nearly all cultivated species vary, and there is always a chance of capturing some rarely beautiful plant, or one which, at least, is sufficiently distinct from the type to deserve the honor of a name. It may be essentially the same, and yet have a richness of marking, or a delicacy of tint, or a sprightly deviation from the regular form, which glorifies it in the eyes of the connoisseur; or, better still, almost any species may burst out in a pure white inflorescence, and these rare albinos are always precious. Cattleya Trianæ, with its rosy-mauve sepals and petals, and its orange-yellow disk, and the purple-crimson of its lip, is one of the best known orchids. But it sports into innumerable forms, some of which are esteemed almost beyond price. The ordinary plant can be had for a dollar — to descend once more to the commercial standard — some of its varieties are worth a hundred times as much, and there is a white-flowered plant in Trenton, N. J., for which a thousand dollars was paid. Cattleya Mendelii sells for two or three dollars, and a variety of it once commanded $2,000. The ordinary Cattleya Gigas is worth two or three dollars, and the white one brings a thousand. The growing of imported orchids, then, has all the excitement of a lottery in which there are no blanks, and it is small wonder that the buyer of a bunch of dry and shrivelled pseudo-bulbs should watch them with eagerness as they "plump up" under genial conditions, and estimate his chances of winning a capital prize.

The cultivation of orchids, however, would flourish without any adventitious attraction. They have such a high-bred air that no one thinks of questioning their rank as the true aristocracy among flowers. They are so distinct from the great mass of garden flowers, that they seem to belong to a nobler race. They possess refinement of form, grace of bearing, delicacy of texture, purity of color, and many of them deli-



DRAWN BY P DE LONGPRÉ.

Cattleya Gigas (New Granada). Pale rose and crimson-violet. Flowers eight inches across.

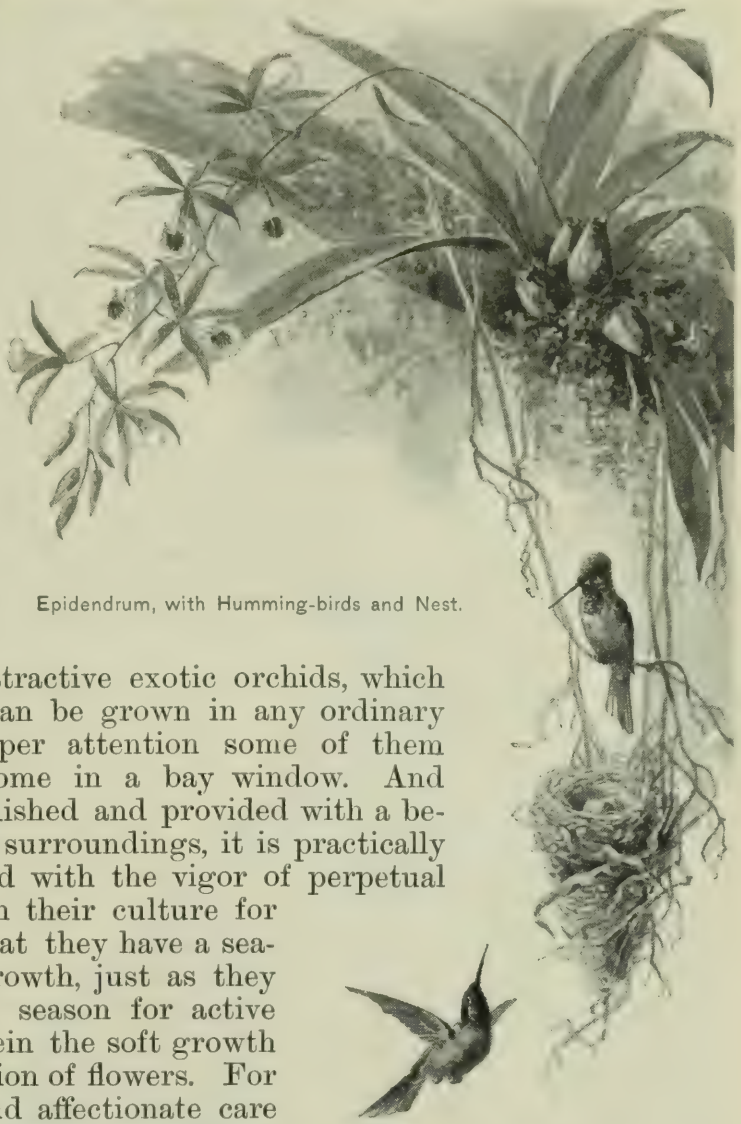


Phalænopsis Stuartiana (Philippine Islands). White with brown spots.

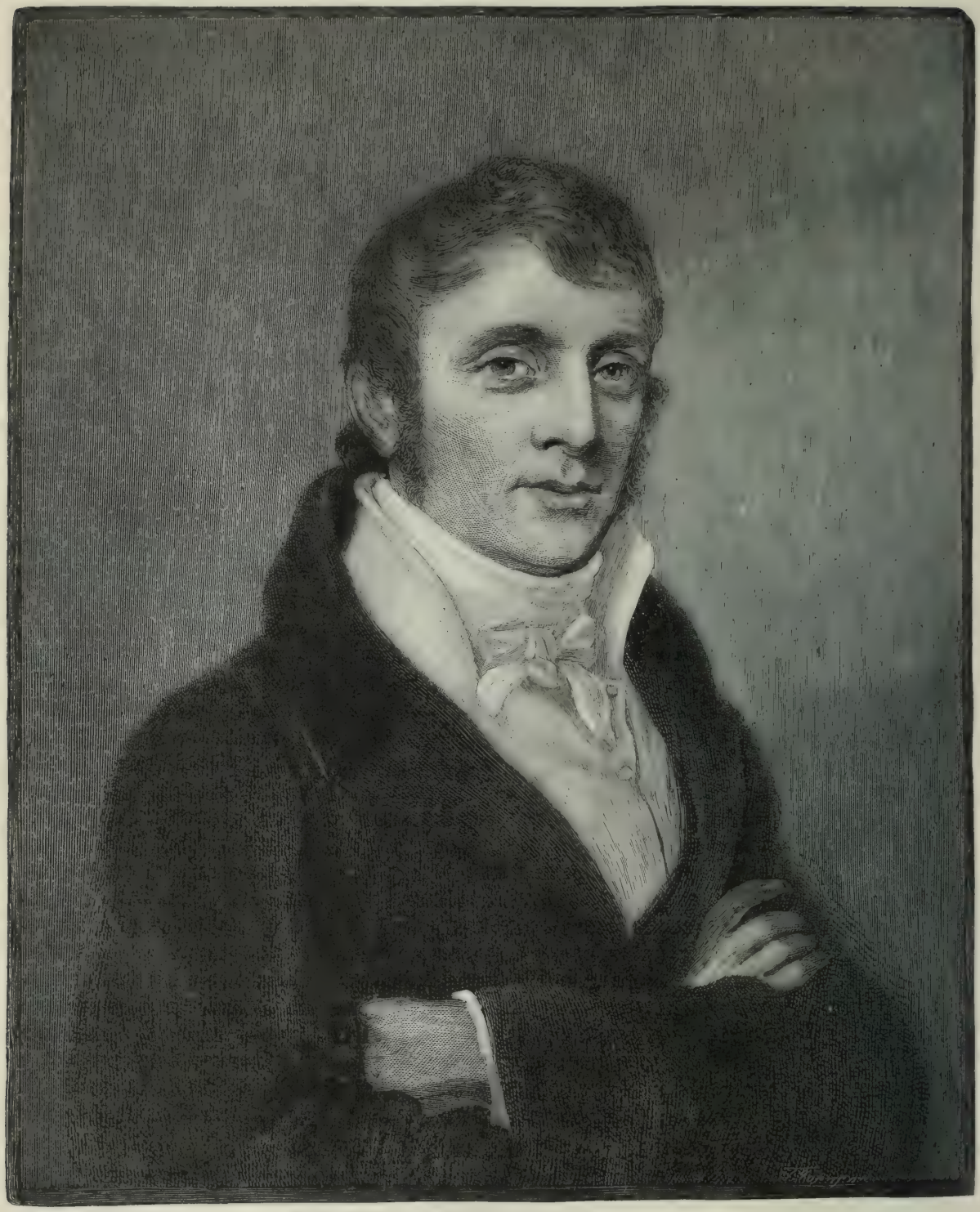
cious fragrance—every attribute indeed which, in a flower, compels admiration. Besides this, their lasting qualities give them a practical superiority over other flowers. Many of them will hold their beauty undimmed for months together, and when cut they retain their original freshness from two to eight weeks. A spray of odontoglossum which will last six weeks, may cost many times as much as a cluster of roses, but the roses must be renewed every day or two. Travellers grow eloquent in praise of the beauty of these plants in their native haunts. Those who have seen masses of Cælogyne Sanderiana in Borneo, shining like snow-wreaths on branches forty feet high; or the great tufts of Vanda cœrulea on the Khassia Hills, describe them as among the most beautiful spectacles in nature. But individual flowers and sprays in cultivation, are often more perfect than any in tropical forests. This is especially true of the soft orchids like the phalænopses and odontoglossums. In their ordinary state, where they are torn by storms, whipped by winds, and ravaged by insects and birds, the flowers are broken and dishevelled, and they are often dwarfed by unpropitious seasons. The skilful grower, however, can furnish just the climate they most enjoy at every stage of their development, and he can feed them with a diet which is most acceptable and nourishing. To such intelligent and tender nurture, the flowers respond by expanding to splendid proportions and displaying the purest colors. In the absence of insects, too, they endure much longer, for as soon as fecundation is accomplished, the duty of the flower is done and it begins to fade and wither.

It is hardly as easy to flower an orchid well as it is to grow a hyacinth or

tulip, but since their natural conditions have been studied the cultivation of many species cannot be called difficult. Some secrets have not yet been revealed, and there is now and then a species which inevitably dwindles away and dies because of some unsuspected want which is not supplied, or of some condition which cannot be imitated; but this is true of many other plants. There are few gardeners who can manage some of the delicate little Alpines, and many of our native orchids are inclined to be disagreeable. It is a rare thing to find our little stemless Lady Slipper in cultivation as happy as it is in the woods. The same is true of that shy little nymph, Calypso borealis, which when left to herself will brave the storms of a Canadian winter as far north as the sixty-eighth parallel. But many most attractive exotic orchids, which can be bought for a trifle, can be grown in any ordinary green-house, and with proper attention some of them can be made to grow at home in a bay window. And when an orchid is once established and provided with a benign climate and wholesome surroundings, it is practically immortal and seems endowed with the vigor of perpetual youth. The cardinal point in their culture for beginners to remember, is that they have a season for rest, and one for growth, just as they have in the tropics a rainy season for active increase, and a dry one wherein the soft growth is ripened up for the production of flowers. For the rest, intelligence, skill, and affectionate care will overcome many unpromising conditions. The example of one well-known collector in New York City ought to be encouraging, for in a single house he is growing orchids from every climate, select and exquisite sorts from suffocating valleys and from cool and airy mountain heights, every one in splendid health, and making altogether one of the notable collections of the world.



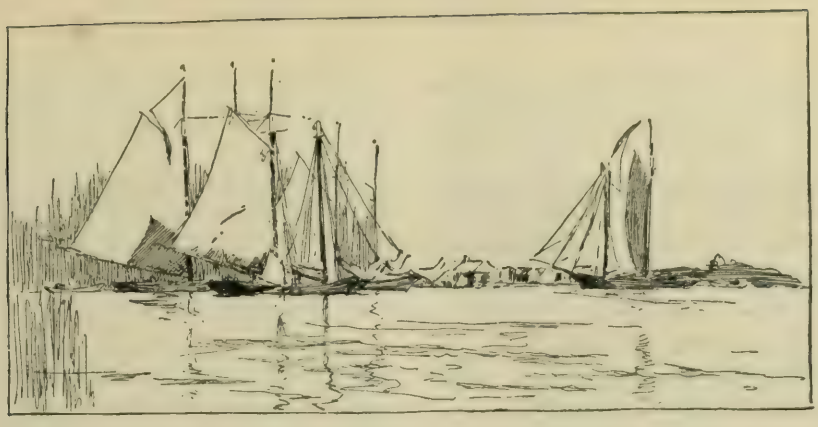
Epidendrum, with Humming-birds and Nest.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Peter A. Grotjan.

(From a portrait in possession of his descendants.)



ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

Introductory Note.

THESE chapters of adventure, written nearly fifty years ago, have remained till now in manuscript in the care of my grandmother, the author's eldest daughter, Mrs. J. M. Sanders. They form a part of the unpublished memoirs of Peter Adolph Grotjan, who arrived in this country in 1796 from his native town, the Free City of Hamburg, in time to hear President Washington deliver his farewell message to Congress. His father, who had studied law at the University of Jena, and was afterward ambassador from Hamburg to the Empress Maria Theresa at Vienna, became for twenty-five years a judge of the Hamburg Criminal Court; but he himself received a commercial training in the counting-house of his uncle. Of the motives that impelled him to select this country for the seat of his career, he writes as follows in his memoirs: "The independence and dawning prosperity of the United States and its republican government was a subject of discussion in all the well-informed circles of Europe, but particularly in Hamburg, whose government on a diminished scale approached nearer to the democracy of the United States than any other government in Europe. Being well acquainted with the history of the American Revolution, the achievements of Washington, the characters of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and the intrepid Hancock as revolutionary leaders, while the fame of Rush and Rittenhouse as learned and scientific men had long reached our shores—these interesting subjects engaged our private conversations for hours, and became the cause of my determination to settle myself in business in Philadelphia, as soon as I became of age and had the disposition of my share of the inheritance from my grandmother." So, at twenty-two years of age this young German republican established himself as an importing merchant at Philadelphia, which was then not only the national capital and seat of Congress, but also the leading commercial city of the Union. There he prospered for seven years, finding time also to interest himself actively in American politics and to become an ardent supporter of Thomas Jefferson, until he suffered losses which were the indirect cause of his making the voyages to the West Indies chronicled in these chapters.

Alfred A. Wheeler.

I.

first voyage to cuba.

Captain Woodbridge Grafton, from Salem, Mass., was a middle-aged man apparently between forty and fifty, who had a wife and children at Salem, and

appeared to be in Philadelphia on settlement of business. He seemed to be unhappy, but kept his business and troubles entirely to himself. He was a great politician and Democrat of the Jefferson school, and notwithstanding his eccentricities we formed by degrees a sort of political intimacy.

One afternoon, late in the fall of 1804, he visited me at my office, and without any further preliminary, said: "Grotjan, I want your assistance. Will you render it to me?" I told him that I would, if it lay in my power. He then stated that he had been in Philadelphia nearly one year, to close a settlement with a French house of the name of Foussatt Brothers, against whom he had a claim of upward of fifteen thousand dollars—a balance due him after five years' shipping transactions between them; that the want of this money had caused his ruin in Salem; that he was determined never to go home unless he could do so with honor. He stated that his claims had been left to arbitration, and that he was required to lay his accounts before arbitrators on the afternoon of the third day after his application to me. He further informed me that, although he had been very careful in preserving all papers, documents, and vouchers, he had never intrusted them to the care of any person, and was himself utterly incapable of putting them in such order that his claim might be supported and understood by arbitrators. He said, ultimately: "Will you and can you do this for me, in time to be ready for the arbitration? Otherwise I must entirely despair of my success."

He appeared greatly moved. I told him at once that I was willing to assist him night and day, but being totally unacquainted with the transactions, I was unable to form a judgment of the time it would require to prepare such a statement as would insure his success. He left me and returned with two bandanna handkerchiefs full of papers. In short, we fell to work about five o'clock that afternoon, and I never quitted my place, except to take food, for forty-six hours. The result of it was that, on the appointed evening, the arbitrators examined the accounts in the presence of the defendant, and after deducting some claims, properly explained and opposed by defendant, Grafton obtained an award of ten thousand seven hundred dollars, and in less than two months afterward fully adjusted himself with Foussatt Brothers.

It was during the course of this winter that Captain Grafton made the proposition to me to enter with him in the Santiago de Cuba trade. He had taken from Foussatt Brothers, in part payment, a schooner of about two hundred tons, called the Nancy. This vessel he would in part freight himself on his own account, if I would fill up the remainder, and he would act as captain and myself as supercargo. To this I agreed, and we were soon prepared for our first voyage to Santiago de Cuba.

With my own resources and the consignments I got from my friends, I had about sixteen thousand dollars, and Captain Grafton for his account about five thousand dollars worth of property on board, all of which and the vessel were duly insured. We left Philadelphia early in the spring of 1805. We had fifteen French passengers, both male and female. Our mate, Mr. Perrotoc, and cabin-boy, Leseure, were also of French origin. Among the passengers I only mention the names of Pierre Bougonnier and Mr. David, as they are connected with my future adventures. We had a tedious passage down the bay, and when we arrived at Cape Henlopen, the wind although fair blew such a gale that we could not land our pilot, but were obliged to retain him on board. Under such circumstances, the law and usage is that a pilot so carried to sea is entitled, as long as he remains on board, to mate's wages and rank. We kept him ten days on our voyage before we found an opportunity to send him home. The rest of our voyage was prosperous but tedious, as we lost much time in the calm latitudes, and the voyage lasted twenty-four days.

On arrival we were obliged to come to an anchor under the guns of the fort, the Morro, in the inner part of the mouth of the harbor and six miles from Santiago de Cuba. This large fortification is built on three terraces of a

high mountain, from the water-level upward of five hundred feet high, and is so constructed that, at the most important places on the sea-coast and harbor, it can bring one hundred guns to bear upon one point. If the natural advantages of this fort were combined with skill and energy, it would be totally impregnable from the sea-side. It is, however, deemed sufficient by the Governor-General for it to be garrisoned by a corps of invalids only, with a commander and some officers.

A guard was placed on board of our vessel, and having been recommended to Prudence Casamayor, the most eminent merchant at Santiago, I despatched notice to him, as my consignee, to come and take charge of the goods and prepare such papers as were necessary in regard to the custom-house and the duties to be paid. I will here only observe that the measure of consigning your goods to the care of a merchant resident is indispensable. If any foreign merchant or supercargo should undertake to transact his own business, he would make a ruinous job of it. In the first place, the goods would be appraised at much higher than their cost, and on all the *ad valorem* duty goods an impost of twenty-eight per cent. would be exacted, and every possible delay in obtaining his goods and making his sales would besides be thrown in his way, in order to give his competitors, who consigned themselves to resident merchants, an opportunity to skim the cream of the market. In these Spanish West Indian ports the governors, collectors, and officers were so scantily paid by the mother country, that an understanding existed between them and the resident merchants, not directly but through the medium of the padres, by which they were enabled, with profits to the parties, to pass goods through the custom-house at little more than two-thirds of the legal duties.

During my stay at Santiago the yellow fever was very fatal to Americans and other new-comers, but having been seasoned in the United States during the years 1797, '98, and '99, and not being in any way alarmed, I escaped its baneful influence. A young gentleman from Philadelphia, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance, arrived at this time at Santiago as supercargo. As soon as he understood that the fever was prevalent, he got much alarmed and asked me what course I advised him to pursue. I told him, if possible, to divest his mind of all fear, to be moderately but constantly occupied with exercises not very laborious, to taste no ardent spirits or heating wines, to drink claret, lemonade, and other cooling drinks called *tisannes*, to eat moderately, take warm baths two or three times a week, go to bed early, and take a walk and a dish of coffee at sunrise; and if he could not divest himself of fear, to visit the highlands in the interior for a week or two. I have reason to believe that my advice, as is generally the case, was not followed, because it did not suit him; for in two days after this interview I learned that he had taken the malignant fever, and was very ill. I visited him instantly, but found his condition without hope. In one short day afterward he died in my arms, after a very severe, delirious struggle, during which it took all my strength to hold him. We were alone in the room, the colored servant, his only attendant, having gone for the doctor. When the struggle at last subsided, he sank exhausted upon the bed and asked for a glass of water. He died in the act of drinking it, and fell back a corpse.

I made many valuable acquaintances, and among the rest that of Mr. Maurice Rogers, a supercargo from Philadelphia, and subsequently American consul, as will appear in the sequel of my adventures. He was my room-mate at Madame Latapee's boarding-house, and although a great business man, was sufficiently fond of high life, frolic, and excitement. I myself abstained from all species of gambling, though the greatest variety of games of chance were openly practised every hour of the day and night, Sundays not excepted, and participated in by all ranks of society, from the grandee and priest to the common soldier and pirate. Still I was one evening for a few moments engaged in gambling. The circumstance occurred as follows: I wanted to retire

for the night, but found my room door locked. Inquiring of Madame Latapee, she told me that Monsieur Rogers had probably locked the door, but that I was likely to find him at the gardens of Messrs. Davis & Parage, keepers of the famous American Hotel. There I found him engaged with many others around a large table in a game at dice. He was evidently in luck, for he had a large quantity of silver and gold before him. I asked him for the key, but he whispered, "Stop a minute, Grotjan, and take a chance on my side, for I am in luck." I of course declined, stating that I carried no money about me; but all my refusal was in vain. He pushed out ten dollars for my account and before I could say anything the dice decided in favor of our party. He would not let me draw the stakes, but suffered them to remain, and in two more trials the ten dollars had swelled up to eighty, and I loaded myself with seventy dollars in specie and went home with the key of my room. My friend Rogers, as I understood the next morning, had subsequently a run of ill-luck, but finally saved about one hundred and fifty dollars' profit out of fifteen hundred, which he had won when I left him.

I had much opportunity to make observations on the direful consequences of the propensity and rage for gaming, and will relate a few appalling instances to which I was a witness. A gentleman from Baltimore, by the name of Smith, had in charge as supercargo the sale of nearly forty thousand dollars worth of property. Being fond of good living and dissipated society, he soon became the favorite of the bravest, or rather the most notorious, captains of French privateers then tolerated and even courted in the Spanish West Indian ports, and also with such Spaniards and Americans as were fond of drinking and gaming. For several weeks there was nothing talked of except the lucky American supercargo, who had proved himself the gainer of more than fourteen thousand dollars by gaming. Being in the habit of daily intercourse with him, I obtruded on him some of my advice. I urged him to quit suddenly, let the consequences be what they would, and secure a handsome little fortune; but I found him so inflated with the idea of his superior skill and foresight, that he informed me he had discovered a method of managing his stakes and regulating his bets by which he could not fail of being the winner, and produced his great success in evidence of his assertions. After this he became so entirely engaged in gaming that I hardly ever saw or conversed with him. It took me nearly two months before I disposed of my cargo, but long before I was ready to sail the career of Mr. Smith was run. He had lost not alone all his ill-gotten gains, but dissipated the greater part of forty thousand dollars intrusted to his care. Debility, both of body and mind, made him an object of pity, and an American captain then in port gave him a free passage to the United States, which, however, he never reached, as the vessel totally disappeared and was never afterwards heard of. The cause of its disappearance was surmised from the following circumstances: Captain Gould, the master of this beautiful Baltimore clipper, was a man of great energy and skill, and had the most exalted opinion of the swiftness and performance of his vessel. Being a little too fond of boasting, I often heard him say at dinner, when in conversation with French captains of privateers, and especially with the notorious Captain Love, who frequently tantalized him by depreciating the virtues of his craft, "Give me one hour's start, and I do not care a —— for all the French privateers in the port." When Captain Gould started, he was shortly afterward followed by a privateer vessel, and was never afterward heard of.

The second circumstance that I remember, although not ending so tragically, will exhibit in a powerful manner the immoral consequences of gaming. One evening, about ten o'clock, when engaged in a game of whist in the American Club, near the water side at the gardens of Davis & Parage, several Americans, among whom were Mr. Church, from New York, and Mr. Smith, from Baltimore, came rushing in in great disorder, asking for assistance and stating they were being

robbed of all the gold and silver they had on the gaming-table, by a general scramble during which the lights had been extinguished. Their table being within a short distance from our room, the intrepid Captain Gould, seizing a large bludgeon, sallied forth to the rescue. He returned in about ten minutes, considerably bruised, but with his pockets and a handkerchief full of gold and silver.

These gaming-tables, I should say, have a strong rim all around them, about four inches high, to prevent the money from falling from the table. It can, therefore, not be swept off, but must be picked up. Captain Gould briefly stated that he rushed in the dark headlong to the table, made room for himself to right and left with his bludgeon, threw himself on the large circular table, and with one hand raked under his body whatever he could find, and with the other, brandishing the club, guarded his head and back as well as he could. With as much indifference as if he had only been on a frolic, he placed his spoils on the table and told the persons concerned to divide it among themselves as far as it would go, according to their respective losses, refusing to take any part for himself. As soon as this tumult had subsided, I went in company with Captain Gould and others to the scene of action. We found everything silent and dark. The table was situated in the garden and under the shelter of a large tree. We observed several figures in cloaks gliding to and fro, but nobody spoke to us. The proprietors did not attempt to produce a light that night for fear of the interference of the police, and by this means the affair was gradually buried in oblivion. I understood the origin of this affray to have been as follows: Gaming had been carried on that night to an unusual extent, and the stakes frequently exceeded two and three thousand dollars, the fate of each stake being decided as usual in a few minutes. Some of the principal gamblers, Spaniards and French privateersmen, had lost large sums, and the most desperate of them joined in a scheme to retrieve their losses. At an unexpected moment the chandeliers were demolished with bludgeons and all other lights extinguished, and a general rush was made to grapple for the great amount of money on the tables. One Spaniard only was seriously wounded, but no other consequences arose from this affray.

On our arrival in port we had found a very large English merchant vessel at anchor, and alongside of it a small French privateer commanded by the notorious Captain Love, whose prize she was. It will be remembered that at the period I write of (1805) Great Britain was at war with Spain and France, and the two latter were allies. This British ship was laden with muscovado sugars and regularly condemned as a good prize. My consignee, Mr. Casamayor, had purchased the cargo at very easy prices, and was therefore able to let me have a great bargain in exchange for the goods he had sold for my account. We ultimately completed our return cargo, but I was forced to leave a considerable amount of goods behind unsold, as well as some unsettled accounts in my favor. However, the reputation of my debtors for integrity was good, and as we had a full cargo of sugar, tobacco, cigars, and other produce, and intended to return immediately, I did not attach much importance to the delay. We accordingly set sail for Philadelphia and took the leeward or western passage, doubling Cape Antonio opposite Yucatan.

I will here mention an opportunity I had for the first time in my life to witness the effects of a water-spout. One afternoon, about four o'clock, when we had passed the Isle of Pines, the sky gradually darkened all around us, with heavy and threatening clouds, although above the sky was clear and a dead calm prevailed. Every measure of precaution was taken by our old and experienced Captain Grafton. The dead-lights were fastened, sails shortened and secured, and in short, the vessel was put in such trim as to prepare her for the impending storm, from whatsoever quarter it might break upon us. Thus passed nearly an hour of ominous calm and uncertainty, when we were suddenly satisfied that the north had gained the victory. We

perceived to the right of us the dark clouds in motion at a great distance, and under them a peculiarly formed pyramid which seemed to connect the clouds and the ocean. During the space of nearly half an hour it approached nearer and nearer toward us, in a direction precisely in a line across our vessel. This was a water-spout of the largest class, and caused much apprehension for our safety. I even heard our oldest sailor, Hugh, who was at the helm, make use of the following expression, while the tobacco-juice was trickling from the corners of his mouth: "I have seen many a water-spout, but I'll be —— if I ever saw one coming so straight on board as this."

During this half-hour we still remained in a perfect calm, the water-spout bringing the wind along with it. We did not spend our time in idle conjecture, but endeavored if possible to avert the impending calamity. It had been stated that a sudden concussion of the air would break the connection of water between the cloud and the sea, and so disperse the descending column before it reached a solid obstacle. I had a large fowling-piece on board, which I determined to load and discharge repeatedly in the direction of the water-spout at the proper time. Unfortunately, however, my powder was in my large trunk, stowed away between decks in such a manner that every effort to get at it failed, and I lost the opportunity to test the efficacy of this experiment. At length the moment of our trial drew near. The water-spout passed across us a few yards ahead of our bows, and was rent asunder by our jib-boom, so that the great weight of the water fell on the surface of the sea. Nevertheless, the concussion and turmoil created by the bursting so close upon us was so great, that our vessel went spinning around for some minutes like a block in a boiling kettle, and we were completely immersed in a spray of water and a blast of wind. As soon as the tumult subsided, we did not see a vestige of our flying or standing jibs, or jib-booms. All that was left was the broken tackle suspended from the bowsprit. This circumstance plainly indicated what our fate would have been if the water-spout had struck us amidships. However, such is the character of seafaring men that danger, as soon as past, is forgotten, and creates no other sensation than that arising from the additional labor or the loss of property sustained.

From this period the weather was pleasant until we came in the neighborhood of Havana, when early in the morning we descried a suspicious-looking vessel to windward standing toward us. It was in vain to try to avoid it, as its speed was at least three times swifter than ours. We, therefore, stood on our course until the firing of a small cannon admonished us to heave to. Several of our crew recognized the vessel to be an English privateer from Nassau, of the Bahama Islands, commanded by the famous old Johnson, said to be a terrible character. This circumstance made me feel rather unpleasant, particularly as we had part of the cargo of an English prize-ship on board. We were boarded by Captain Johnson, an officer, and six men, and our crew ordered on board the privateer. I laid before him our ship's papers and bills of lading, and he told me, plainly, that he thought he must take us into port. In appearance this formidable man was between sixty and seventy years of age, of a tall and gaunt figure, a grizzly white beard, and the remnants of his hair stood almost erect. He wore no uniform and his dress was slovenly, being bare-legged, without a waistcoat and wearing a woollen cap. Altogether he had the perfect appearance of Robinson Crusoe.

However unprepossessing his figure was, and whatever had been said of his sternness and cruelty, I soon found him to be a sensible, experienced man. He stayed with us all day, but before evening I succeeded in effecting our release and he concluded to let us go on our voyage. He accordingly departed and sent back our crew, to the no small delight of everyone, as it came rather unexpectedly. We accordingly stood that night toward Matanzas. The next morning at daybreak, to our great surprise and alarm, we again saw the privateer standing for us, firing a

signal to heave to. Everyone thought that now our doom was fixed, that Johnson had repented over night for his lenity and was now determined to bring us in for adjudication. I freely confess that I was myself impressed with that opinion. Johnson came very near and sailed around us, during which time he requested the favor of sending a passenger on board for us to take to the United States. Being thus relieved the second time from our awful apprehensions, we politely consented and his boat brought one of his officers, an American by birth, who had been a considerable time in the British service. We learned from him that a difference had occurred between him and Johnson, that he had demanded his discharge, which was promptly granted, and this circumstance produced the second visit. Nothing of consequence occurred during the rest of our voyage, and we arrived safely in Philadelphia.

This being the month of August, it was rumored that the yellow fever had made its appearance in several parts of the city near the Delaware River. There may have been some cause for the report, but although the alarm and panic was not great, it had a rather disadvantageous influence on the sale of our cargo. Notwithstanding the prices obtained were below the market value, our purchase had been so advantageous that we had every reason to be satisfied with the result.

II.

SEIZED BY A BRITISH FRIGATE.

We lost no time in purchasing a suitable cargo for a second voyage, and the consignments I received this time were valuable. The property then in my hands, together with what I had left at Santiago, amounted to upward of twenty thousand dollars. We started again early in September, 1805, but the wind blowing a gale, we met with an accident which nearly frustrated our voyage. After leaving Newcastle, and in sight of Reedy Island Piers, we found a large fleet of outward bound vessels at anchor waiting for the abatement of the gale. Our pilot, however, thought his skill sufficient to steer us through the fleet and he accordingly stood on; but when about the middle of the fleet our yard-arms became entangled with those of a ship, and although no other damage was done except the loss of some rigging, he concluded to come to at one of the piers. To do this it was necessary to jibe, in order to bring the vessel's head to the wind to check her speed. At this critical moment the schooner, not obeying the helm, missed stays and ran headforemost into the stern of a large, black painted brig, which was moored alongside the pier. I was on deck and forward when the concussion happened. Our bowsprit went over the taffrail and our bows stove in the stern of the brig, making a hole nearly as large as a barn-door. Our catheads and upper works were carried away, clinging by the board. I luckily did not fall from the shock of the concussion, but had just time to retreat, precipitately, before the broken timbers and splinters came upon me. Even previous to the concussion a scene of swearing and ranting commenced, between the parties in danger, which beggars all description, and it continued for an hour after the accident. Our vessel, it appeared, had sustained no damage in her hull, but the upper works around her bow being entirely carried away, it became necessary to send her back for repairs, which it was believed would only take a day or two. In consequence of the fever in the city, I concluded to stay at Newcastle and await her return.

I had boarded for several days at the hotel, when a circumstance occurred which was very disagreeable to me in the commencement, but ended in my complete triumph. I occupied a small room separated from a larger one by a board partition. This larger room had hitherto been unoccupied. Opposite my bed and against the partition hung a small looking-glass before which I dressed and shaved myself, and immediately alongside of this glass was a large knot-hole about two inches in diameter, which afforded involuntarily a view of the interior of the adjoining

room. One evening, or rather late at night, a number of travellers had arrived long after I had gone to rest, and without my knowing anything about it. On the next morning, while I was shaving and dressing before the glass, I suddenly saw a lady rising from a bed, who could not help instantly seeing the whole of my face. I immediately withdrew, placing the glass in the window and completing my toilet. When arrived at the breakfast-table, I found there a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Before breakfast was over, to my utter dismay I heard a very handsome married lady address apparently her husband in the following words: "I would give much to find out the name of an impudent fellow who looked into my room while I was dressing myself." And it appeared to me that while she said so, she cast an offended glance at me. Although taken by surprise and as it were a stranger among strangers, my resolution was instantly fixed. I got up, and with as much calmness as I could command, respectfully addressed the lady and told her that I was the person she had alluded to with so much severity, but that I was utterly incapable of committing a voluntary act of such unpardonable rudeness. I stated to her and the company minutely the circumstances before related, begged permission to call the landlord to confirm my ignorance of their arrival, and proposed, or rather insisted, on the appointment of a committee to visit my rooms, to justify my assertion that the circumstance was purely accidental and involuntary. As my appeal for justice was very earnest, my requests were complied with, and an entirely satisfactory report was made. I have never since seen any of the parties.

After having patiently waited almost a week for the return of the Nancy, I proceeded on board a packet to look for her. I had the pleasure to find her anchored in the stream, fully repaired, and we started the second time soon after my arrival. Nothing unpleasant occurred during this voyage. On the contrary, we were much diverted, when one morning, after a short but strong northern gale, we found our rigging covered with many hundreds of little yellow birds, blown off from the coast during the night, and so exhausted that the terror of men gave way before their helpless condition. We had them on board for two weeks. They became so domesticated as to sport about every part of the vessel, lighting upon our heads, shoulders, and hands, while reading, or eating, and drinking. But as soon as the eastern end of the Island of Cuba became visible, they left us in small parties until they all disappeared.

On our arrival we consigned ourselves to Mr. Broussard, and I had the pleasure to find that Mr. Maurice Rogers, my former room-mate, had returned from the United States as American consul resident at Santiago de Cuba. Of this circumstance I was particularly glad, as his friendship afforded me many advantages; and the result of this second voyage would have been very prosperous, if it had not been interrupted, as will shortly hereafter appear. In the meantime we disposed of our cargo by degrees, taking our own time to do so to the best advantage; and as the produce of the Islands did not at that time find a favorable market in the United States, we converted our receipts chiefly into gold dust and gold bars, to the amount of about thirty thousand dollars.

I also wanted to purchase a hundred boxes of Spanish cigars and on inquiry for the best of that article, received the direction of a French merchant who resided in the Spanish quarter of Santiago. When I came near the house as described to me, my ear was struck with the sweetest music I ever heard, proceeding from a female voice of great compass and sweetness accompanied by a harp. I arrested my progress and listened for a considerable time before I entered; but when I did so, I was taken by surprise on beholding one of the loveliest women, both in person and attire, sitting gracefully before the instrument and exercising her talents unconscious of any listener. We were both surprised and manifested a momentary confusion. I had almost forgotten the errand on which I came and she had arisen, apparently waiting to hear what I had to say. I excused my-

self in the first place politely for the interruption, and then informed her of my errand by handing her the address of the gentleman I wanted to see. She informed me that that person, Mr. Chevallier, was in France, but had left with her directions relative to the sale of the cigars. I will merely observe that the purchase was made to mutual satisfaction, and that I had both the honor and the pleasure, for a long time afterward, to esteem this lady as a friend and acquaintance, and often shared the pleasure of hearing her delightful performance on the harp, of which she was so perfect a master that I have never heard her exceeded.

On getting ready for our return to Philadelphia I was, by the assistance of our consul, Maurice Rogers, enabled to have all our shipping papers adjusted in the most critical, mercantile order. Thus we started, beating to windward, endeavoring to make good an eastern route through one of the passages, which was by far the shortest and most secure voyage. After beating ineffectually for five days and finding that we lost ground instead of gaining on our way, Captain Grafton concluded to turn about and take the western passage around Cape Antonio.

On the following day, and when not far from the Isle of Pines, an English frigate hove in view, and we were brought to and boarded. After the examination and finding by the bills of lading that we had gold bars and gold dust on board, the report spread on board the British frigate that we were laden with the precious metal from stem to stern. We had, however, enough on board to awaken the cupidity of the commander and officers with the idea of a considerable share of prize-money, if the ingenuity of their marine court could find out some plausible means for condemnation. Accordingly we were taken possession of, our crew removed on board the frigate, a midshipman, William Young, as prize-master and four hands placed on board of us, and we were ordered to Kingston, Jamaica, for adjudication. After having stood for some hours on our course to the island, the frigate left us to pursue her cruise, and that night and the following day we had many opportunities to have retaken the vessel, had we felt so disposed or been placed in a different situation regarding the property. The midshipman was a young stripling without experience and of a timid disposition. Two of the seamen were old and feeble, and the other two over-fond of drink. We, however, declined any attempt of this kind as entirely uncalled for, as our half of the cargo was duly insured, and as the other half belonged to merchants in Philadelphia and was, we had every reason to believe, also covered with insurance. We arrived at Port Royal on December 24, 1805, where we remained at anchor for nearly a week before we were ordered to proceed to Kingston, where we ultimately arrived on the 31st, still in charge of our prize-master and his crew.

Before relating subsequent events, it will be necessary here to state that, in consequence of the frequent piracies committed on these coasts, Captain Grafton and myself, on leaving Santiago, concluded effectually to hide our valuable property unbeknown to any other person on board. This we effected in the following manner: Late on the evening of our departure we locked ourselves in the cabin and carefully removed some boards from the counter near the stern-post and back of the head of Captain Grafton's berth. The place thus obtained between the timbers was small, but large enough to hold ten times the bulk of our treasure. In it I closely stowed the leather and canvas packages containing the gold dust, bullion, and coin, and skilfully re-secured the panels so that not a trace of their removal could be observed, and that none but ourselves could have found or suspected the place of concealment, unless the vessel had been taken to pieces.

After mooring in the roadstead opposite Kingston, we were permitted to go ashore accompanied by the prize-master, in order to enter our protest and abandon the vessel and cargo to the underwriters, for whose account I now began to act. On this occasion I became acquainted with Mr. Kraft and his family, a German gentleman who some years previously had married the

Widow Frazier, from Barbadoes, with a considerable fortune, and who now owned or had on lease a long strip of land called the Palisadoes, separating the sea from the roadstead, from Port Royal to a point several miles above Kingston, where it united with the main island and thus formed a splendid harbor at least ten or twelve miles long. From this place he sold sand and stone ballast to vessels departing without a cargo, raised an immense quantity of goats for the market, and in short carried on a profitable business. To this gentleman I confided our secret. I concluded that, acting now for underwriters and others concerned, I would if possible hold on to the property until the case was decided in the Court of Adjudication, which I had no doubt would be favorable to us. With this view I obtained the promise from Mr. Kraft, that if I could bring the property on shore unobserved, he would keep it concealed until the case was decided or such circumstances should occur as to induce me to give it up.

Captain Grafton and myself lost no time in executing our plan, and on the next afternoon, when Midshipman Young had gone on shore, I released our precious prisoners and temporarily secreted them at the bottom of our berths. Young was intimately acquainted with Kraft and family, and it was so contrived between Kraft and myself that he should come on board in the evening with Young and invite us three to his house to take supper with him. They accordingly arrived soon after dark and the invitation was cheerfully accepted by Young, Grafton, and myself. Shortly before our departure our steward, under the pretence of taking some orders relative to the vessel, called Mr. Young on deck. During this interval, the gold having been divided in three parcels, we loaded ourselves therewith as well as possible, and had as much to carry—upward of thirty pounds each—as we could stagger under without betraying ourselves. We were favored by the darkness of the night, and the total want of suspicion on the part of Young. The most difficult part I experienced was getting over the side and into the boat. I carried two heavy lumps of bullion under my hat, and being obliged to use both my hands, what with the heaviness attached to my body, I experienced during that brief time great difficulty in keeping my head so erect and steady as not to shift the balance of my upper cargo, which otherwise would inevitably have found the centre of gravity in the deep. However, all went well and we arrived safely at my friend's house. Young was assigned over to the company of the ladies and we retired to finish our project, which was soon done, as a receipt explaining the motives and conditions had been previously prepared by me. We spent the evening in high good-humor, and gave Young plenty to drink.

Having so completely succeeded, my inclination for sport and innocent mischief was on the alert. The gold and the money having vanished from on board, I contrived a plan which should provoke a search without leading to the suspicion of the truth. I had among my writing materials a box containing fancy sand of a pale blue color and strongly mixed with small particles of gold tinsel. To awaken the suspicions of Young, who was a simple but good-natured fellow, and had probably never seen gold dust, I strewed small quantities of this tinselled sand on the cabin floor and a little on the benches in front of our berths, just sufficient to leave the shining particles visible. The stratagem took admirably. Young, who conceived that he had on all occasions been very vigilant to discover the place of deposit, no sooner saw by the light of the lamps some of these glittering particles, than he immediately conceived the idea that some stir had been making about the gold dust, and that now was the time to discover its whereabouts and prevent its secret landing. I watched all his motions narrowly and could almost read his thoughts. His first endeavor was to keep this discovery a profound secret from us until he had taken some effective measures. He therefore appeared to the common observer not to have taken much notice of the circumstances beyond his first examination, but I saw him, when he thought himself

unobserved, wet his fingers and occasionally take up a few of the particles and look at them with much attention. He also grew thoughtful and silent, and I have reason to believe watched us all night. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, he was dressed in uniform and went on shore, leaving word with the guard not to suffer any person to go on shore until his return. About noon he returned accompanied by two officers and a private gentleman I did not know, and it was intimated to us that they had some private business to transact in the cabin, which of course induced us to stay on deck. What passed below I did not know at that time, but after a lapse of a short time they returned on deck with an ironical smile on their countenances, which I interpreted, "Midshipman Young has made a fool of himself and of us!" Subsequently I had an opportunity to joke Young on the subject, and he confessed that after they had entered the cabin and examined the particles shown them, they instantly discovered his mistake. The presence of the tinselled sand they believed to be accidental, and the event served for a long time among the officers as a standing jest against poor Young.

However, soon afterward a formal demand was made of Grafton and me, through the judge advocate, for the surrender of the property on board according to the bills of lading. To this we responded, that, as they had taken and kept possession both of the vessel and cargo, and we had protested and abandoned, we had nothing further to say at present, except that I was ready to defend the property for account of the concerned. Thus matters remained for several weeks. In the meantime I had taken advice of a counsellor and his attorney, to whom I disclosed the whole affair. He said that he did not believe that I would be permitted to keep possession of the property until after the trial; and that on refusal of another demand to disclose the whereabouts or surrender the property, we would both endanger our liberty and prejudice our cause. He, however, advised me to hold on until a second demand was made, of which he would give me due notice and thereby endeavor to turn that circumstance in our favor.

I defended this property through all the various stages of a British West Indian court of adjudication for more than one hundred days, at an expense exceeding sixteen hundred dollars, and the result was that the vessel was liberated but the cargo condemned, under pretence that it was Spanish property covered under American claims. It is only necessary to say that I entered an appeal from the decision of the court below, and upon reaching Philadelphia busied myself industriously to render to the underwriters and parties concerned a clear and correct account of all our proceedings, capture, protest, and appeal, which resulted in the offer of the insurance company to pay us eighty per cent., and surrender to our use the appeal papers for the balance. This we accepted and settled with them claims to the amount of about ten thousand dollars. As we were not in actual partnership, I concluded it would be best for our interests to make Captain Grafton the appeal claimant in England, and in order to avail ourselves of the most influential assistance I applied to Messrs. Savage & Dugan, to be our agents for the appeal, whose correspondents in London I knew to be Baring Brothers & Company. They accepted the charge on condition that one thousand dollars were paid to them in hand to defray the expenses. As this was deemed reasonable, we made a contract in which they acknowledged the receipt of the money and engaged to use all vigilance in the prosecution of our claim.

During the process of the trial at Kingston our vessel, though under adjudication, remained in our possession, and we lived on board to avoid the enormous expense of boarding on shore at the rate of from twelve to sixteen dollars a week for each. We made, however, many valuable acquaintances, of which the family of Mr. Kraft and the Fraziers were the most intimate. With them we spent the greater part of our time, and their kindness and friendship were not bestowed on us alone, but were experienced by many American captains and supercargoes

who either traded at that port or were there under similar circumstances to ourselves. As an instance of the greatest kindness of Mrs. Kraft, I will mention the case of Captain Wallington, of Philadelphia. On our first visit to the house Mrs. Kraft took Captain Grafton and me aside, and inquired whether we were afraid of the yellow fever. On assuring her that we were not, and that we had both, in the United States and Cuba, visited our countrymen under that affliction, she seemed greatly relieved. She told us that she asked that question for our own sake, as she had then in her own house and under her immediate care an American captain of the name of Wallington, with whom the family had been for some time acquainted, and in whose fate she took so deep an interest that she could not bear to abandon him to the mercy of others in this extremity. But she added, "I fear that it will soon be all over with him, as he is given up by the doctors, and his coffin is now standing under the shed." I asked to see him, and we visited the patient, but found him so low that no conversation could take place between us. Notwithstanding all the unfavorable symptoms he recovered, and the doctor bore testimony that it was chiefly owing to the unremitting care and nursing of Mrs. Kraft. This lady was a matron somewhat above fifty, and her family consisted of her husband, two daughters and two sons by her first husband, Mr. Frazier, and one daughter by her second husband, Mr. Kraft. They formed a most interesting and agreeable family, and I have spent many a happy hour in their society. As it was the will of fate to bring us together at several subsequent periods, I shall soon have occasion to introduce them again.

Our business was at length terminated, and we sailed in ballast for Philadelphia. Our present voyage was likely to have proved a very short one, as on the thirteenth day we entered the Gulf Stream and were not very far from Cape Hatteras; but my fate had not yet ceased tormenting and thwarting me, and I was once more to be put in imminent danger and protracted hopes. On the night of the change of the moon the weather became stormy and it blew hard from the north. On the following morning the gale increased with such violence from the coast that we were obliged to bear away before the wind under double-reefed jib, and our course was directly opposite to the one we should have taken. In this situation we remained for nearly two days, during which our dead-lights had been fastened and our galley and cabin tightly shut. We all remained on deck, and as it was very difficult to keep the vessel before the wind in consequence of cross seas, I volunteered my services to assist the helmsman to pull the tiller-rope whenever the word was given to bring the vessel's head to sea. As I had to take my station on the weather side and the vessel was constantly careening to leeward, I had to lash myself around the breast and under the armpits, to enable me to pull the rope when required. This duty I performed for six hours, when I was exhausted and relieved. The gale appeared constantly to increase, and at last blew our sails into ribbons and we scudded for a while under bare poles. It became indispensably necessary to heave the vessel to, which under our present circumstances was extremely perilous; for if she missed stays, the next mountain wave would strike her broadside and bury her in the deep before she could rise. A council was held upon the subject, and it was agreed not to jibe her, but to watch for the approach of a long sea and veer her. This at length succeeded and we brought her head to windward. She rode the sea like a duck and we felt for a while comparatively relieved. We could again, amidst the tumult of the elements, enter the cabin and take some rest, of which we stood greatly in need.

While thus lying to in this tremendous gale, Captain Grafton having the watch on deck, we were suddenly aroused at midnight by the report that the vessel had sprung a leak and that the water was rushing into her hold in large volumes. On awaking I felt great pain and swelling on the outer part of my breast, occasioned by the pressure of the rope with which I had been lashed. It was with the utmost

difficulty I could arouse the cabin-boy to procure a light, which consumed several minutes. During this interval, which appeared to me probably much longer than it really was, I plainly heard at brief and momentary intervals the gushing of water into the hold. As soon as light was procured I found our mate, Mr. Leo, a pious, devout Roman Catholic and very clever man, lying on his knees and fervently praying for his wife and children. My first object was to ascertain the cause and extent of our alarm. With this view, lantern in hand, I removed the sliding panel back of our cabin stairs and introduced a light into the hold, when, to my momentary relief, I found that the vessel had not sprung a leak, but that the rushing of waters proceeded from the large square holes of our water-casks, which had started from their moorings between the cable tiers during a heavy lurch and unrestrained rolled about the ballast at every heave of the vessel, fast discharging all our fresh water. This loss I considered almost as serious as a leak in the vessel. On a rapid consultation with Captain Grafton, it was resolved that he and two men should take care of the vessel on deck, and that the mate, myself, two men, and the boy should endeavor to secure the casks if possible and save as much fresh water as we could. During this interval the wind blew so hard that no human voice, even through a speaking-trumpet, could reach the ear at one yard's distance to windward. Our minds were, however, so perfectly absorbed in the difficult and dangerous task before us, that during the succeeding hour I, at least, was entirely unconscious of the state of the weather. After a labor of several hours we succeeded at last, at the most imminent danger of being crushed and mangled between the rolling casks, in securing them, but saved only about sixty gallons of water, which obliged us to be put on short allowance during the remainder of our passage. We were compelled for two days more to ride the stormy waves without making any progress, and unable to take any observations of the sun to ascertain our latitude. We were, however, lucky enough to weather the storm, and on the seventh day after the gale had subsided, reached Philadelphia in safety.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT SONG.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Dost thou remember, Dear, the day
We met in those bare woods of May?
Each bud a secret unconfessed,
Each sound a promise, in each nest
Young wings a-tremble for the air?
How we joined hands?—not knowing where
The springs that touch set free
Should find their sea;
Speechless, so sure we were to share
The unknown good to be.

The woods are bare again. There are
No secrets now—the bud's a scar;
No promises—this is the end!
Ah, Dearest, I have seen thee bend
Above thy flowers as one who knew
The dying wood should bloom anew.
Come, let us sleep. Perchance
God's countenance,
Like thine above thy flowers, smiles through
The night upon us two

DEEP AS FIRST LOVE.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

IT was an old road, long fallen into disuse, winding up and down along the edge of a wild moorland that spread to the right over miles of treeless, bowlder-strewn hills. Mrs. Hathaway was climbing one of its grass-grown slopes talking to herself.

"'We're neither of us so spry as we once was, Mrs. Hathaway!'" she said, in angry imitation of another voice. "An' I a good ten year an' more younger 'n she! 'I may not be so spry,' says I, 'but I'm goin' to walk home over the Dogtown road—good-by to ye!' an' I left her standin' there. Perhaps it wa'n't jest right, bein' as we'd started out together, but between her an' that 'lectric car I'd 'a' went about crazy by the time I'd got to Ad'line's. There's one of the pesky things now, wailin' through the country like a soul in torment." She stopped to listen and then, after a moment's hesitation, seated herself on one of the broad ledges of granite that cropped out in the middle of the highway. "'Taint late, I guess," she said, turning her face toward the sun, "not more'n five, anyhow. My, but it's a pritty day! Kind o' misty round the aidge, an' the sky's as full o' yaller as a big light topaz. I s'pose 'tain't reely so pritty as if 'twas clear, but somehow or nuther I have always liked it better so. There wa'n't any foot-high o' witch-grass in the wagon-ruts the last time I came along here; but 'xcept for that there's mighty little change. Forty-two year! 'T don't seem so long ago after all."

She was looking back over the road she had come. The green lines of grass, following the curve of the stone walls on either side, wound through a meadow below and rounded the foot of an opposite hill. "We came along there," she murmured, pausing dreamily between the sentences. "I had on an old pink gown an' a white dimity sun-bonnet. I can see it now.—An' I ain't forgot a step o' the way.—There's other things that I ain't forgot neither. So long as husband was living I kind o' felt as if I hadn't any right to come. But land! *he's* dead, an' husband's dead, an' as for me—well, I might as well enjoy myself for once in my own way. It can't be very wrong, for 'tain't so very cheerful!" With a half-whimsical smile, she rose, and continued her walk up the hill.

"It's awful queer how we're made," she went on. "I wouldn't 'a' married *him* for no money, not for pounds o' gold, counted out, an' I told him so that day. 'Twas jest about here he began a-talkin'. I kind o' think sometimes I was guided. 'Taint given to young things in their teens to know what's best. An' 'twas best, I s'pose. 'T any rate I haven't wasted much thought repentin' over it since. 'Twa'n't easy though at the time. 'Ye like me,' he kep' sayin'. 'Ye know ye like me!' 'Yes,' says I, 'I'll not deceive ye. I like ye, I like ye more'n enough; an' you like me.' 'Love!' says he, kind o' fierce. 'That's not the way to talk,' says I; 'but even if it was, love o' me ain't goin' to work no miracles in you, Joe Trumbull. What ye are now, ye'll keep on bein' till the end o' the chapter.' 'An' what am I now?' says he. 'Ye're *cake*,' says I. 'Ye ain't good solid bread an' meat, an' I'm not a-goin' to take ye for a lifetime.'"

She strolled on a while in a brown study, using her umbrella as a walking-

stick, her heavy gray shawl over her arm and a small leather satchel in her hand. The yellow haze of the September day lay low in the sky, and the road ran up into it. Mrs. Hathaway stopped to break some branches from the bay bushes that all along encroached upon the grass-grown wheel-tracks. "That's the first bay I've handled since," she said, raising it to her face and breathing in its pleasant fragrance. "An' I hope I haven't lied, when I've said I couldn't bear it. 'Tain't always the things you hate you can't bear. 'Twas out there, in the Common, Joe cut me an armful of it."

She watched the shadows of the clouds over the moors for a moment, and then went on her way, continuing steadily until she came to the top of the hill, whence the road sloped gently to end a few rods below in one more travelled that crossed it at right angles.

"Now what shall I do?" she murmured. "If I go home—" looking at the sun—"I'll git there about a quarter to six. Ad'line 'll give me the baby to tend while she sets the table. The other four children 'll be rampin' into everything. 'Bial 'll come in to hurry up tea, glowerin' round the kitchen as if he'd cook the supper with his eyes. The knives 'll clatter on the dishes, and the lids 'll rattle on the stove, and the hull o' the air 'll be full of the smell of fried fish. Times have been when I liked it —when I liked the little red speck in the damper o' the grate, an' when the smell o' fish meant hunger, and the clatter meant home — but to-night — I don't want to go back to it, at least not yit. It seems to me sometimes 's if I'd lived in a mill-race for forty year. I ain't never had time to be alone with my thoughts since the day I married husband. It's been drive, drive, drive, from then to now, an' sometimes I can't help thinkin' that if I'd taken more time to myself I'd 'a' been better off—even if I hadn't 'a' been so well to do! I've had bread an' meat enough, in all conscience, but — mighty little cake! And yit—" with a stifled sigh —"I can't truly say as I regret it. If I'd the same thing to do over, I'd—yis —I'd do it agin! An' it's not many women can say that after forty year, an'—mean it too!"

Still she looked down the hill undecided. A little to the right she could see the roof of a barn belonging to one of the houses on the cross-road. "If I go into the Common at all," she said, "I am not a-goin' by the Pollards'. Sure as I pass there some o' them 'll sing out to know where I'm bound for, an' if I tell 'em I'm goin' on to Dogtown it 'll fly like wildfire. Ad'line 'll be at me to know why I didn't come straight home, an' 'Bial 'll be askin' if I've taken leave o' my senses. No, Sir! I ain't lived sixty year in this world to be called to account by Ad'line Hathaway and 'Bial Bunker! An' what's more I'm not goin' home till I'm a-mind to!"

With a resolute swing she wheeled about and walked back, until on looking over her shoulder she found the roof of the barn no longer in sight.

"It's jest about here that we turned in," she said, and crossing the wall on the side of the road next the moors, she tried the lower stones with her foot. They shook; she put her hand on the top and gave a vigorous push, springing away in alarm as two or three of the heavier bowlders tottered toward her and rolled downward. "It's about as much as my life's worth," she muttered. All at once, as if to leave herself no option, she took her shawl and bag and flung them over the wall with a swing that landed them three or four feet on the other side. For a moment she eyed them grimly. "A woman's got a right to be alone with her thoughts for once in her lifetime," she declared, "if no more." Cautiously she mounted, and at the top, carefully noting that her skirts were free, turned slowly about and went down the other side as if descending a ladder. "There!" she exclaimed, as she reached firm ground; "now, who ain't so spry as she once was?"

She had entered a narrow upland meadow, and gathering up her shawl and satchel began to cross it diagonally in the direction of the Common. At the corner toward which she was walking stood an old shingled house battered and gray from the weather; the

roof was torn in jagged rents, and the decaying glass in the shutterless windows reflected the westering sun in a glare of pale green. Below the house the meadow sloped abruptly to the narrowest portion of a great marsh that broadened out on either side in acres of rich color; for already the early frosts had begun to bronze its thick green bushes, and to streak it with flaming sumach, while long stretches of dead bay wove brittle branches in light traceries of amethyst above the splendid blue of the shadows. Beyond the marsh the Common swept eastward, one ridge after the other, a threatening, silent, far-reaching wilderness of half-parched grass, strewn with gigantic bowlders and dark tufts of bristling stunted pines.

Mrs. Hathaway slackened her pace a little: the windows in the old gray house quivered in the radiant heat of the afternoon like malignant eyes. "My, but it does look witchy!" she said. "I'll jest go down to the marsh, an' if it don't seem any better from there I'll turn home again."

A few stepping-stones, green with slime, made it possible to cross the thick ooze through the middle of which a silent stream was crawling as if reluctant to reach its destination. Mrs. Hathaway picked her way carefully, trying each stone before she trusted it with her weight. Toward the middle one of them splashed viciously, sending a little shower of inky mud into her face. "There!" she said, impatiently, "if it hasn't gone an' done it agin, an' I lookin' out for it every step. It's been moved, it's been throwed forty feet into the marsh in my day, but it gets back every time. How it does it beats me. If ye took it and broke it into flinders to mend the road with, I'd be bound ye'd find it ag'in waitin' to spoil your clothes the next time ye came along. It acts as if 'twas set here to warn ye off." Nevertheless she went on, following upward the zigzag lines of the cattle-track.

In front of her and on either side undulating lines of stone wall ran out for miles over the moors, crossing each other at right angles, and in the smaller enclosures thus formed sunken grass-grown squares and heaps of broken brick and granite showed where long ago houses had stood of which only these outlines of cellars and ruins of chimneys remained. Mrs. Hathaway went up to one of these cellars and leaned over. "Here they are," she said, in a low voice. "It's wuss'n a grave. There's a peace about places where people 've gone to rest in due time, but out here 't seems as if they'd lived in desolation an' died in horror. No man knows where they came from, an' they left no kin to tell where they lie. The place was well named Dogtown; they must 'a' been a rough lot to choose it. Joe—he said they pressed the hull o' the men for sailors on board the ship Constitution, an' that they never none o' 'em came back. My mother remembered some o' the women that was left. There wa'n't but two livin' when she was a gal. The rest'd all gone crazy an' died o' starvation. They used to come down to Gloyshter sellin' yarn, real gypsy-lookin' creeters, dressed in sheepskins an' rags, their eyes shinin' with madness an' hunger. My sakes, I'd 'a' gone mad myself if I'd 'a' had to live here alone through the winter." She turned, crossing the road, to reach the next enclosure. The walls were low, many of them broken, and the old woman climbed them one after the other with increasing ease, keeping along the brow of a hill that rose almost precipitously above the marsh.

"An' they all went crazy, an' died!" she muttered. "Deary me! I used to tell Joe he must 'a' belonged to 'em somewheres back there—he was so keen to find out all he could about 'em. He was black-eyed an' dark! My, but he was dark! An' tall. Mighty handsome Joe was. He looked like a king—but," she hastily concluded, looking up as if in answer to an accusation, "I ain't sorry I didn't have him!"

Suddenly she took a step forward with a quick exclamation of pleasure. Not far from where she stood a huge mass of rock jutted out over the marsh from the side of the hill; it was split horizontally like a yawning mouth. Mrs. Hathaway went toward it. "Well, now, if it isn't the Whale's Jaw," she said. "Now how'd we get up? Must

'a' been round behind." The rock was near the top of the hill and after a little gentle climbing Mrs. Hathaway found herself on the other side, but here the bowlder was twenty-five or thirty feet high and quite perpendicular. With compressed lips and puzzled brows she returned. The great lower stone projected three or four feet beyond the upper one that rose like a roof above it; the crevice that had split them ran back to within nearly four feet of the ground, but it was so narrow that it was almost impossible to gain a foothold. It was a long step; Mrs. Hathaway tried it and then desisted. Even if she had succeeded, there was not a ledge nor a crack on the face of the upper rock to which she could cling. "It's no use," she said, disappointedly. "It 'd take the legs o' a fly to get up there. Joe must 'a' helped me."

She sat down in the dry grass at a short distance and looked at the rock wistfully. "I'd like to get up agin, first-rate," she said. "I remember how we sat an' looked out over the marsh that day, an' I laughed at Joe for sayin' you could find every color under the sun in it—it's true, though," she muttered, looking downward. "An' it's not the only thing my eyes was opened to because of Joe. Not as I thought o' *him!*" defensively; "but there wa'n't a blue shadow on the hills nor a glint o' sunshine on the grass that Joe missed in passing. The very stone walls was as good as a rainbow to him. An' the pink shroud that wraps things in the evenin's; an' the steel blue in the sands after sundown; an' the deep green-brown in the shadows o' moonlight nights; an' the oily wobble the moonshine makes in movin' waters—all o' them I learned from Joe. An' it's made a lot o' difference in my life; not as I saw any cause to talk about it, for there's no use tellin' folks things you see unless they're goin' to see 'em too. As for Ad'line an' 'Bial, they're so stuck in their ways that, if they thought they hadn't ought to be there, they wouldn't see the noses on each other's faces. Talk about old folks gettin' set! You don't know what set is till ye find a man o' forty who thinks he's got all the good out o' the old an' sifted all the chaff out o' the new."

For a while longer she sat silent; then drawing a little sigh she rose somewhat stiffly to her feet. "Well," she said, "that 'd ought to be pritty enough to last me the rest o' my life! But I ain't satisfied yit." Turning to the ascent behind her she began to climb through the short grass that covered the hill-side; in the low light of the sun it took on a faint shade of pink that was shared by all the scattered bowlders; even the blue sky seemed veiled with it. "When you look hard, it ain't there; an' yit you know it is," said Mrs. Hathaway, reflectively. "That's like lots o' things. —Why, if there ain't a new barn!"

A bare sloping roof seemed to rise from the midst of a little clump of evergreen a short distance beyond the top of the hill. "Now, who's fool enough to build out here on the Common?" she said, walking hastily toward it. All at once she stopped and laughed. "If it ain't the same stone as fooled me an' Joe forty-two year ago! It does seem as if the critters knew what they was about! They'll play the same old pranks on you every chance you give 'em. You think you'll know better next time, but the very first turn you're caught ag'in. It was here that those three steps was. I remember how Joe an' I poked about 'em. I said they led up into the meetin'-house, an' he said they led down into the grog-shop. We found that chain under a stone to one side o' 'em."

She went to the front of the barn-like bowlder and seated herself near the corner of it, on the top of the three stone steps she found there. "It does look more as if it had been the grog-shop," she said. "These steps must 'a' led down from the road, for there's the cellar an' what's left o' the chimbly right over by the wall. The side o' the house must 'a' been built next the big rock, an' the front door most likely was lower than the road. There's that old stone." She began to dig in the ground about the stone with the ferrule of her umbrella. It was a flat slab, not very large, leaning somewhat

insecurely against the edge of the step below her. "It's queer," she went on reflectively, "how you're more sorry over some small things than ye ever make out to be about most big ones. Now that chain Joe an' I found here, he gave me the half on it; there was a medal hung to it with a sort o' figger of an Indian on it, and I gave him a little brass cross to hang on his end because he'd let me have the medal. 'Twas kind o' curious, but 'twa'n't worth ten cents, an' yit when Ad'line's Jimmy lost that thing, a load come down on my heart that sometimes seems to me ain't lifted yit. I remember jest how I came to do it. 'Twas the day after Joe's row with the sheriff. It was in all the papers, an' I felt kind o' disgusted at a man o' his time o' life gittin' into a fuss like that. So the next mornin', as luck would have it, before I'd cooled down, I came across that chain, an' I threw it out o' the window to Jimmy. It kind o' cut me when he began playin' horse with it; I most took it back;—if I had, it 'd been the only thing I ever took back in my life! But that evenin' Jimmy came in without it, and when his father asked him where it was he said he sold it to a man for a quarter. 'He asked me how I come by it,' says Jimmy, 'an' I told him my gran'mother threw it away that mornin'.' That was a year ago next month. Joe was drowned that week. An' then it came out how he was all right in that row with the sheriff!"

A long pause followed.

"I ain't never been the same woman since," she said, sighing heavily. "An' yit Joe Trumbull wa'n't nothin' to me! —I wonder what he thought about when that wave come at him. The men said that when he saw 'twan't no use tryin' to row over it, he jest shipped his oars, and stood up in the dory, and faced it, with his arms folded and his head up. The green water arched over him an' broke like a thousand white arms stretched down for him! Not a year ago! He was an old man then, Joe was."

Mechanically she pushed harder at the stone below her; a final lunge sent it rolling to the bottom of the cellar, drawing something like a rusty chain out after it. Mrs. Hathaway made an inarticulate startled sound and picked up the chain. Her fingers trembled until the links rattled in her hand. It was a series of little carved wooden cylinders connected by wire loops. From one portion of it, which was broken, hung a curious copper coin, and fastened to the other end was a small cross tarnished almost to blackness.

Mrs. Hathaway dropped the broken chain in her lap, and sat staring at the sky. "O, Joe! O, my poor Joe!" she cried. "'Twas he that bought it from Jimmy, and brought it here to bury it in the old spot. O, my poor Joe!" She stretched her arms out before her as if in appeal, and then hid her face in her hands.

She did not sob, nor cry; she did not even move. The outer world had withdrawn from her and left her, heedless of passing time, in the midst of silence.

At last, gathering up her burdens, with the face of one whose thoughts are elsewhere, she staggered to her feet and began to climb the hill. Once at the top, she turned her back on the rocky waste, and looked out to the west, where white summits of gleaming sand rose above a pale blue sea. With an abrupt indrawing of the breath she stood still.

On the far edge of the horizon, formed by some artifice of light and of color, lay an impossible land of enchantment. Long hazy lines of rose-flushed shore and pale green hills like tinted shadows slowly grew under the broad downward-reaching beams of a hidden sun, which dazzled in unbearable radiance along the borders of the thick black cloud that hung before it. Great tears rolled over the old woman's cheeks. She put her heavy wraps down at her feet, and with trembling hands drew off her thick gloves.

It was a sacrament.

"I was young, but now I am old," she murmured; and her language was that in which she had always embodied her deepest emotions; "but O, my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me to see my youth again before I go hence and be no more. For my youth was lost ere I knew its worth, and age came upon my spirit before my time!"

For a while she stood and watched. The sun went down in a glowing suffusion of light that changed from flame to rose and lingered long in the sky. To those old eyes it carried a rapturous meaning like the passing of a Grail.

When the last tint had faded she turned from the sight of the dwellings of men to deeper solitudes. "I must be alone with my thoughts," she murmured, but it was an inner voice: the chattering impulse of friendly self-communion had passed.

The day had been unusually warm, and the twilight lingered on the western slopes of the land before her. She was going toward the heart of the waste, taking no heed whither she turned, observing no land-marks. Occasionally she looked back, but it was merely to note whether the ridge behind had shut out all signs of human habitations.

The hills decoyed her onward, and in spite of the fatigue of unwonted emotion, as she began to feel the freedom of perfect solitude, a spirit of keen receptivity possessed her. She saw as she had never seen before, and in some inner corner of consciousness registered strange impressions. For now as the tender light faded, the repulsive shapes of that scowling landscape began to fix themselves on her brain. Long, lonely stretches of rock-covered moor spread vast and terrible all about her, and gray, towering masses of ragged granite reared their formless heads along the dim horizon: huge, wide-jawed creatures, like abhorrent reptiles of forgotten seas, yawned on the lower levels; and, where some primeval fury of fire had fused their inner surfaces, the red smooth stones formed themselves in livid ridges, like toothless gums.

Turning the corner of a little knoll she sprang aside as a tall bush-crowned wedge of rock, like a plumed Indian, seemed to start toward her. Behind it rose another bowlder, which from the midst of a thicket of green towered over all the country. Remembering it in other days, Mrs. Hathaway skirted a little tract of marshy ground near its base, and climbing an easy ascent to the top, seated herself some fifteen or twenty feet above the ground.

She was alone with her thoughts.

Broad slopes of trackless waste shut her in on every side, and behind them she knew that there were other broad slopes where the monsters lay prone, motionless, heavy, yet endued with a horrible under-life and evil power. That she had invented it all herself, as she came through the twilight, gave her a feeling of amusement and pleasure. The strong grip she held upon her firm old mind never yet had loosened; she could do things with her imagination that other women would not have dared. And now with her chin in her hand she communed with herself. Birds flew chirping in the air above her; a squirrel scolded bravely from the foot of the rock; and across the hills came the distressful bleating of some wretched creature abandoned to die, or lost in the wilderness. From afar sounded the long caw of a circling crow answered from side to side by its unclean followers, as they gathered in crowding rings above the distant spot whence the pitiful cries grew frequent.

Mrs. Hathaway sat as motionless as the stone beneath her. The full moon rose behind the hill, and the tall rock with its rigid burden showed for a time black against the broad orange disk and then passed below it. The silver light fell on the old woman's shoulders, on her hands, but she did not heed. Totally unconscious of the slow darkening of the land at lower levels she was gazing steadfastly to the north and west where the pale light lingered latest, held by the counter-reflections of sea and sky. From a pasture to the left some cow-bells jangling intermittently roused her for a moment. "Some one is driving his cattle home off the Common," she murmured; "I'll wait till he gets by." The bells rang on, neither approaching nor receding. Deceived by the continuance of the sound she fell back into thought again, while the darkness encroached from one coign of vantage to another, and the meeting shadows blended into night. Suddenly a bat brushed by her, and as her eyes followed it downward she saw the blackness of the valleys and gave a little exclamation of dismay.

"My John!" she said, with something

of laughter in her voice, "'Bial Bunker an' Ad'line 'll have enough to keep their minds busy for one while. Well, I guess I'll know how to stop their talkin', an' as fer thinkin'—they're welcome to think what they please an' keep on thinkin'."

She climbed carefully down the sloping back of the rock and retraced her steps leisurely, with a certain assurance as to the general direction she was taking, inwardly amused at the commotion her late return would cause at home.

The moon was still low, and the huge bowlders cast long inky shadows through which she picked her way with the sensation of one walking in a strong current of silently flowing water. The ground gradually became more and more encumbered with smaller rocks; stumbling over one of these she withdrew her hand with an exclamation of pain. It felt as if stung by a thousand nettles, for in the long ages of weary wear the shallow, cuplike surface at the top had fallen into decay and was filled with crumbling, gritty fragments of stone, sharp at the edges, like formless shells.

"I do believe I've come across one o' them pesky cellars!" she said, as she slipped on the edge of a low terrace of turf. "What possessed those people to settle out here? My John, if here isn't another! Seems as if I didn't remember 'em as far out as this. Well, here 's an old fool for ye!" She had caught her foot on a rolling stone, and had fallen heavily to the ground. It was only a slight wrench, but as she sat rubbing the aching ankle she reflected severely on the bad judgment that had brought her to her present pass.

"How'd I look lyin' out here on the Common with all the crows in creation circlin' an' cawin' overhead? Well, there 's jest one thing to do, an' that's to wait till the moon gets high enough to shorten these pesky shadders, an' so long 's I'm goin' to wait, I might as well wait in a dry place." She ascended the hill, crossed a little ridge, and climbing to the top of the highest rock in sight sat down. "If I didn't *know* I'd gone toward home," she said, "I'd think I'd turned back again to the place I started from;" but there was no uneasiness in her tones.

"I s'pose 'twas a night like this when they swooped off all the men in Dogtown," she said. "It beats me how they did it. If they'd made off with one or with two—but to take the hull kit an' bilin' o' 'em 's more'n I can sense. Say they wa'n't over twelve on 'em, they'd got their wimmen to back 'em, an' they was fightin' on their own ground, an' so long's they'd 'a' had their sober senses—Humph!—" she made a little pause to let in a new idea. "Humph! 'Twouldn't surprise me if they was drunk. Like's not the wimmen were off some'ers, an' the Constitution sailors crep' up an' kind o' overpowered the men, an' carried them off before they knew it. My, but ain't it lonesome!"

Making a short calculation as to the length of time it would take the moon to reach a given point, Mrs. Hathaway moved a little lower, and spreading her shawl on the ledge behind her leaned back against it, and waited.

The pale light crept from stone to stone, and the lingering shadows of the bowlders drew inward. A transparent film began to blur all the outlines of the rocks, and the feathery heads of ripened grass lay soft on the hillsides like a mantle of rough fur. A thin low mist was rising from the bottoms of the ruined cellars, lurking in the corners, clinging and climbing slowly. The night had become so still that in the pointed tops of the little cedar-trees growing near her she could hear the wind whisper, stealing from bush to bush, as if carrying some secret summons.

"Well," she said, politely, speaking in the tone with which she concluded her country calls, "It's about time to start. —It's lucky I know where I am," she added, as she climbed from the rock, "for if I didn't I'd be lost.—What's that?"

She bent to pick something from the ground. Her face hardened as she took it; for even in that solitude the hereditary instinct of concealing what she felt asserted itself. "Now that's kind o' lucky," she said, cheerfully, although her knees shook under her. "I

must 'a' been goin' round in a circle, an' dropped Ad'line's umbrella when I started home the time I was here before. It's good I found it—Ad'line's that fussy. An' yit it can't be the same place! For one thing 'tain't marshy, an' 'tain't so high. But then, if it isn't that place, what place is it? I don't remember nothin' about that umbrella since I was by the three steps, an' yit I'm almost certain I haven't walked far enough over to be near them. Besides, I don't see them, at least I think I don't. It's so gray you can't tell what you do see."

She stood a moment revising her ideas as to her whereabouts. At last, somewhat in disregard of her better judgment, she took a direction exactly the reverse of that in which she had been proceeding. She was moving as she thought toward home. "If I folly right along the ridge o' the hill," she reasoned, "I'll come out on the aidge o' the marsh, an' then I'll know where I be —*am*—I mean. I wish to goodness Ad'line hadn't never taught school!" She closed her mouth suddenly on the last words with a little snap of the jaws. The telltale outburst of irritable anxiety had betrayed too much. Keeping as far as possible on high ground she walked on in worried silence as rapidly as she dared.

The whole hushed country had taken on a uniform gray almost as bewildering in its indistinctness as the shadows, and the treacherous light made it so necessary that she should fix her eyes on the way before her, that she hardly noticed the faint puffs of air that were blowing in mist from every side. Coming at last to a stone wall she stopped to look about her before she climbed it.

"Seems to me it's beginnin' to thicken considerable," she said, after a thoughtful pause, looking far to the left into a deep velvet blackness of space that was spreading by imperceptible degrees toward the nearer gray. Suddenly on its outer edge a light flashed and was gone. "I'm all right," she said, and there was great relief in her tones. "That's the Ipswich light." She waited to see it again, but it did not come; only the black pall widened and mounted.

Facing about Mrs. Hathaway gradually hastened her steps until her usually deliberate gait had quickened almost to a run. Behind her she could still see the colorless outlines of the hills, and as the transparent veils of moisture passed between them, the shadowy creatures of her early evening's imaginations stirred sluggishly in their places, and a soft intermittent bellowing sounded from among them, as if they were calling to each other in some fearful, inarticulate language. Mrs. Hathaway ran on. "I always said, an' I always believed," she panted to herself, "that the Devil invented fog-horns!"

Suddenly she stopped: the ground fell away abruptly, and all below her was a white sea of fog. "That's the marsh now; it's lucky I hurried for it's gettin' so thick that I can't find my way. Here's the wall," she said. "Now I go down hill a piece, an' then go up a piece, an' I see the big rock below the old shingled house. Down hill a piece, down hill a piece——" She kept murmuring it mechanically as she descended. "Seems to me I hadn't ought to be facin' the moon ag'in," she muttered uneasily, "but I know the wall goes here to the left. 'T must be later 'n I thought. It's good I hurried. Down hill a piece—— What a moon!"

Great curtains of dull yellowish fog were opening and closing in the sky; and encircling the moon was a pale rainbow halo that contracted before the old woman's straining eyes until the round disk showed a sickly green and then went out. She stumbled a moment in the darkness, but finally sank to the ground on a flat rock near the wall she had been following. "I'm beat!" she panted. "I've jest got to wait till that there moon comes out ag'in."

The air was soft and quiet, and the thick damp, warm and lifeless; but overhead the black cloud-racks were sailing as if driven by a gale, while the mist-curtains gathered and withdrew incessantly. "It'll be all right when she comes to that clear spot," said Mrs. Hathaway, watching the moon.

Leaning back she closed her eyes, and suddenly a heavy sleep overpowered her. Sly creatures moved in and out among the wet bushes, slipping stealth-

ily on the other side of the wall, and skurrying away with a rattle of small stones as the moon came to the clear space and shone down on the stern set face of the sleeper. The moon crossed to a fretted rack of black cloudlets, and passing among them tinted all their edges with pink. The heavy mist began to close again. Something brushed across the old woman's hand. With a choked cry she rose to her feet and hurried on.

"Up a piece," she muttered, "and then I strike the road. Up a piece!—My good God!" For from out of the mist a tall plumed figure seemed to start upon her, and while she knew what it was, even in the act of telling herself "'Twan't nothin' but a pesky little evergreen on top o' a big rock," terror overcame her and she ran blindly. In her panic the lowing monsters met her at every turn, grinning evilly, wry-necked, glancing over a hunched shoulder, with formless lips that curved at the corners in smiles of sly meaning.

There was treachery too in the air, for even her own senses, so long her slaves, were playing her false. She rushed from rock to rock in a terror of terror, until with a sudden gasp her reason seemed to return to her. Far ahead and a little above her she saw a green light shining like an evil eye. It seemed to come from windows in the front of a house. "Up a piece," she repeated. "There, I knew it! Now it won't be half an hour till I'm home." She began to approach steadily, straightening her disordered dress and mentally rehearsing the little speeches with which she meant to excuse her lateness and explain her condition. There was something unfamiliar in the spot, however, that made her hesitate. It seemed to be a low hut or cabin, and the light she saw came from a small pane of glass let into the upper part of the narrow door. Three rough stone steps led down to the threshold, for the house was sunken below the level of the surrounding ground. Mrs. Hathaway stepped down one step, and leaning her arm against the door-jamb bent forward and looked in. The room was full of men—ten or twelve of them—lolling around a rough table, smoking and drinking. "Why, I don't know a single one on 'em!" she said to herself in amazement. "Land o' muzzey, they do beat the Dutch!" She watched some time in painful indecision. The strange clothing they wore impressed her as something unnatural. Long thick stockings, breeches to the knees, shoes with great pewter buckles, waistcoats reaching half-way down the thighs, with long flaps in front, and odd felt hats bent into the shape of a triangle. "Well, if they're artists," Mrs. Hathaway murmured, "they're about the artis'iest I ever seen! Look 's if they'd come out o' an old hist'ry. Somehow I don't like to knock. If there was a woman or two in there——!" Nevertheless she raised her knuckles and struck smartly on the panel, but no sound came. She might as well have knocked upon a stone. For a moment she was puzzled; then a startled look came over her face. "Nonsense," she said aloud, "they're as real as I be. Hallo, in there!" But not a head turned. Mrs. Hathaway shrank back, though she still kept her hand on the post.

Something prompted her to look over her shoulder. In the mist and gloom long shadowy figures seemed to be gathering; one, stooping, was stealing in on the right; to the left, from around the corner, a dark head and shoulders projected, hazy and black with the shrouded moon behind. They all closed in silently about her on the steps, and one slipping below her put his shoulders to the door. She was not frightened now, only incredulous, and yet filled with an astounding conviction. "Men!" she shouted. "Men! They are coming to take you. It's the Press Gang! Rouse up!" But her voice came back into her face as from a dead wall. "Men! Men!" she screamed, pounding on the glass; her hands felt as if stung by a thousand nettles. Suddenly the light went out.

The old woman stood firm in the narrow doorway, but the whole shadowy company passed in as if she were but air! She heard the struggle, the hoarse breathing, the short shouts, and then they surged out again, rushing their prisoners into the blackness of the

night—and Mrs. Hathaway still blocked the narrow way!

"They went through me," she murmured. "It's as if I didn't be—for them!" And again terror took hold of her and swept her a prisoner with the rest.

How she came there she could never say, but that wild run ended in her finding herself on the dry level platform under the overhanging jaw of the Whale—finding herself, her burdens, and her cool clear mind intact.

"Well—I saw it," she said, conclusively, "an' I know I saw it. But nobody else will ever be the wiser, an' as for me I'm not goin' to be any the worse. I'm a-goin' to smooth my hair an' go to rest; an' I'm a-goin' to sleep. If there's any ghost in the whole affair it's me, myself; and I ain't afraid o' Dorcas Hathaway yit!"

She untied her bonnet, and after laying it in a crevice far under the rock, took from her satchel a heavy silk handkerchief which she threw over her head and knotted loosely under her chin. This done she rolled a small cape into a pillow, and wrapped herself closely in her large gray shawl.

The moon had cleared a space in the clouds and shone upon the broad bed of white tossing mist that filled the valley below her. "It's like the sea out there," she said, calmly. "I wonder how I got up. It seems as if Joe had taken me by the hand an' helped me. I guess I'll say my prayers." A look of rigid austerity came over her face. With wide open eyes, bolt upright, she communed with her far-off God, framing her thoughts silently in language that cost her an effort.

With the sigh of broken tension she came back to her every-day modes of expression. "An' now I'm a-goin' to sleep," she said, "an' if I choose to think Joe Trumbull came to help me when I sorely needed it, who's hurt? It's out o' all reason, an' 'tain't common sense, but there's lots o' things in this world—yis, an' in 'tother world too—that ain't been found out yit."

She stretched herself upon the level bed of rock, and, rolling as far under the overhanging roof as she could, in a few moments was asleep.

The shadowy monsters of the mist-swept fields bellowed to each other softly, as an undercurrent to her dream. Translucent seas, with rosy shores, and fairy green-crowned hills came up before her, while the living glory of the after-glow thrilled through her heart like a draught from the cup of youth.

But afar in the distant hollows of the hills a low cry began that caught some waking corner of her drowsy senses, and she stirred uneasily. It gathered in volume imperceptibly; at no moment did the sound seem stronger than it had been a moment before; at times it was lost, and the old woman's breathing grew more profound, but the breeze was increasing, and bore the sound forward, wailing nearer.

Mrs. Hathaway moved, raised her head to listen, and then turning on her side rested her elbow on the rock and supported her chin in her hand. The kerchief tied about her head had pushed forward like a cowl; under it her eyes, with deep hollows of fatigue, seemed to rule over the rest of her face. Motionless and intent she waited in the moonlight, with the attitude and stern beauty of a sibyl. Nearer the sound came, crying clearly, sobbing and groaning with long-drawn notes of anguish—the plaint of hopeless misery, the misery that neither reasons nor struggles, that only suffers. Closer it swept along the face of the rock, where the mist was drifting by in wreaths.

Bending over, the old woman looked down upon the surging billows beneath; out of them rose and sank, like rolling flotsam in a driving stream, gaunt women's faces with dark maddened eyes, starving eyes, burning in deep sockets. Tattered raiment floated in dark streamers of terrible rags; hollow breasts came above the flow, half-covered in the skins of sheep, and long bare arms with claw-like hands tossed despairingly aloft over wild dishevelled heads lashed by elfin locks of strong black hair. Wailing they passed over the marsh, far down the valley in among the hills, until the sound of their crying grew so faint that even in ceasing it seemed to go on.

And the sibyl on the great rock lay

motionless, wide-eyed and wakeful for hours, while the moon sank and the light of the approaching day slowly diffused through the sky above her.

"I have seen strange things," she said at last, "strange things."

She dressed carefully, and creeping along the ledge of the face of the rock managed to let herself down unhurt. Strong and erect she walked over the hills to the place where she had lingered at moonrise the night before. Climbing the bowlder she faced the east. "I will wait for God's sun," she said.

Rosy lights began to play through the wet grasses. Below her a deep pasture sloped down to a little stream, and up again to a distant rock-strewn summit. The mist had all blown away except here and there a curling wreath delicately colored in the dawn. As the edge of the sun crept above the ridge of the opposite hill she became aware of two figures descending toward the brook: they were a young man and a girl, the latter in a gown of faded pink. "I used to have a frock like that, myself," she murmured.

They came down the hill, walking slowly. At the stream the man took the girl's hands and lightly swung her over. "Joe did that for me," said the old woman. "He looks like Joe. They're comin' up. *It is Joe!*"

She watched them with charmed eyes. The sun overtook them. The girl had thrown back the flapping bonnet that hung from her neck by the strings, and the level light gilded the edges of her dark hair. With one hand she was lifting her dress daintily from the dew. All at once she laid the other detainingly on her companion's arm. He stopped, and looked down at her inquiringly. Putting her finger upon the middle of her cheek, she turned toward him, delightful and imperious. The man's face flashed brilliantly with tender amusement; he threw his arm about her waist and stooped to kiss her.

With a little cry half laughter and half tears Mrs. Hathaway hid her face in her hands. "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" she sobbed. "It's the only thing that lasts."

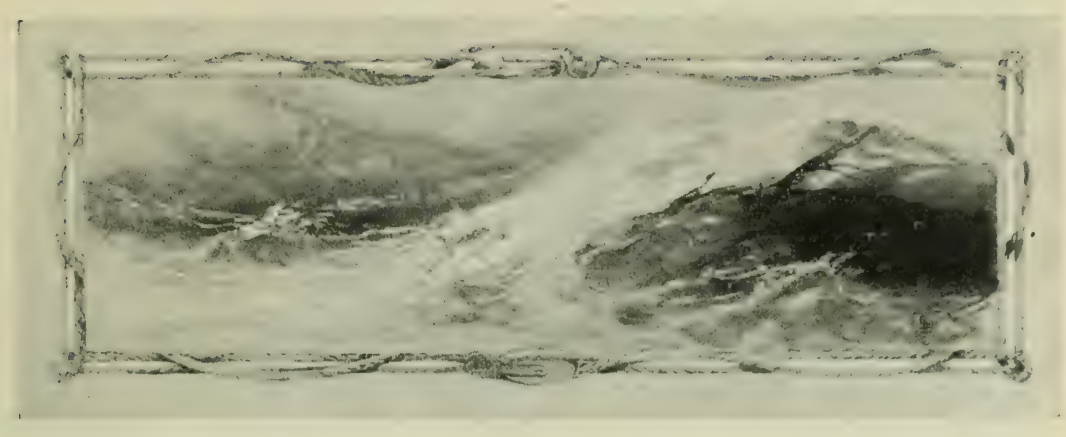
THE GLASS.

By M. L. van Vorst.

When I am old! oh Love, who well can say
Whether within a year, a month, a day,
Or six times ten years that dead time shall come
When Hope is pale and wan Desire stands dumb,
And Love, though living, clasps with fingers cold
When we are old.

I think, perhaps, that Boundary's dim outline
Will not be crossed by these swift steps of mine.
But while Desire is warm, and Hope still thrills,
I shall go hence and look from unseen hills
On mighty scrolls of centuries unrolled,
I still not old.

To Be: unpierced by Vision. Break the Glass!
But if fourscore and ten my years should pass,
Witness, dear eyes! Mine, looking back, shall see,
Towers of Strength, and Peaceful Seas, and Thee,
And Love, a fragrant cerement, my heart shall fold-
When I am old.



THE SEA ISLAND HURRICANES.

THE DEVASTATION.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL SMITH.



I.

THE year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three will long be remembered as the year of storms. Inland gales rose and blew furiously southward. Cyclones rushed out of the tropics and raged northward. Hurricanes plunged through the Mexican Gulf and shook the southern region. Tornadoes crashed along the Atlantic coast, carrying death and destruction with them. The memory of the oldest inhabitant fails him when he tries to recall such another year of storms. The records show no parallel to it. And the storms themselves have wrought unprecedented destruction to life and property.

A storm in the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts is no new experience to the people who live near the danger line of the sea, nor even to the people who live far inland. It is a part of the climate. It belongs to expectation. These elemental disturbances are confined to no particular area, as the oldest inhabitant will tell you. Their feeding-grounds are in the tropical seas—the treacherous West Indian waters—but when they gather strength and gain bulk, they rush madly forth, describing vast circles, or tearing straight ahead until they exhaust themselves. They sweep along the coasts, or go raging inland, sometimes in the shape of a whirling cyclone, and sometimes in the shape of a roaring hurricane. And the effects of them are felt hundreds of miles in all directions, even when they fail to break across the coast-line barriers ; for the inland winds that are roguishly playing rock-a-bye baby in the tree-tops are keen for a frolic, and no sooner do they feel that preparations for one are going forward in the tropics than they hurry to join and feed the monstrous riot of the ele-



A Primitive Industry—Grinding Corn.

ments. And so wildly do they rush and tear along in their haste to become part of the whirl and swirl in the tropics, that trees and houses fall before them. This sweep of the inland winds to the central disturbance, or to the mad vacuum behind it, is usually described as a storm, but the frolicsome gales that form it are merely feeders of the real storm.

On the morning of the 28th of last August, a heavy gale arose in Atlanta, coming out of the northwest. It increased steadily until its velocity reached fifty miles an hour. With less steadiness this gale would have been dangerous to life and property, but it rose slowly, maintained its greatest velocity for some hours, and then gradually subsided. The heel of the weather-vane, veering slowly from the southeast to the east, pointed in the direction of the great disturbance, central in the Bahamas, and heading for the Atlantic coast. The gale that passed over Atlanta was rushing to that centre and feeding the tremendous hurricane that swept up the South Atlantic coast during the night and fell upon the Sea Islands.

II.

A YEAR of storms! The August hurricane—the October tornado that followed in the hurricane's track—the Oc-



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

An Island Home.

tober cyclone that swept down upon the Gulf coast! It is a record full of the horror of death and devastation!

Of the Gulf cyclone not much need be said. It may be disposed of as it disposed of its hundreds of victims, briefly. It was the intention of this investigating expedition to treat of the great Gulf whirlwind at some length—to unravel some of the storm-twisted details—but little was left to treat of. The record of the cyclone is as brief as it is awful. It swept down upon the Louisiana and Mississippi coasts and the island homes of the fishermen, wiped out the population, swallowed the boats and the luggers, stripped the land bare, and so disappeared. That is the whole story shorn of its ghastly particulars. Scarcely a bush or a tree was left for charity to hang her gray hood upon, and it is said of those who were swift to carry succor there, that they wandered about aimlessly in the waste places, finding only a few lonely and heart-broken young men to call upon them for aid. The Chandeliers, Cheniere Caminada, and Grand Island were struck with the force and fury of a Titanic explosion, and when all was over the few cripples that crawled from the dire wreck, and the fewer who



Undisturbed Survivors.



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Talking about the Storm



Burning Marsh Sedge off the Potato Patches on St. Helena.

had saved themselves in rafts or by clinging to trees, were not able to bury the dead that lay in ghastly and festering heaps around them. That is the brief record of the storm. Even now, those who have had an opportunity to measure its results, say that in that region there has never been anything comparable to this awful calamity since the country was settled. It stands unparalleled in its completeness. In the track of the cyclone everything was wrecked. Nearly two thousand people were killed and five million dollars worth of property blown as it were from the face of the earth. A similar disaster on the Gulf coast—the one that gave Mr. Lafcadio Hearn the basis of his beautiful sketch of "Lost Island"—caused the death of 286 persons, and six years ago 220 lives were lost in the storm that struck Johnston's Bayou. But in the October storm that fell on the coast and islands of the region that lies between Lake Borgne and the Gulf, 1,972 lives were lost.

One peculiarity of this storm was that the aged, the very young, and the infirm were all killed. The survivors were young men in the vigor of manhood. Very few were seriously wounded, and hundreds were found without a bruise on their bodies. They were killed by the sheer pressure and fury of the wind. In the settlements where the storm was worst, not a single child survived, and very few women. At Cheniere Caminada, opposite Grand Island, 822 people perished. Of these 496 were children. From this one settlement 240 fishermen were lost at sea in their boats—more than one thousand dead out of a community of 1,640

souls. There were 310 houses in the settlement, and 3 were left standing. At the Chandeliers, and in the centre of the storm—where 200 fishermen dwelt—not a soul escaped.

The dead were buried in trenches, where they were buried at all. In many instances, the young men who survived the shock of the storm were compelled to bury the rest of their families. The wind blew at the rate of 125 miles an hour, and those who were exposed to its fury needed to be robust indeed to survive. Many died from the peculiar nervous collapse that is the most vivid experience of those who are caught in a cyclone. One hundred and twenty schooners and barges and 265 luggers were sunk.

Fortunately for the survivors, they were in reach of immediate aid. They lived near New Orleans, one of the richest and most charitable communities in the country, a community in which the organization of benevolence has reached the highest point of efficiency. Relief was instantly forthcoming; there was not a moment's delay. Before the violence of the sea had subsided the work of charity had begun, and it was forwarded by the enterprise of the newspapers—the *Picayune* and the *Times Democrat*—which sent relief boats to the suffering survivors. Relief was as complete as it was prompt. The fishermen



Safe on Shore.



Left by the Tide.

are a hardy race that do not depend on agriculture, and all they asked was a few days' grace to enable them to set their tackle together.

III.

And so, hearkening to the clamors in behalf of the distressed, and following the tide of relief that was beginning to flow tardily in, investigation turned its attention to the Sea Islands on the South Atlantic coast; and it found there, after painstaking exploration, a situation that has probably never had a counterpart at any previous time or in any other region on this continent. But, to be appreciated it must be described, and to be described it must be approached as the Sea Islands themselves are approached, by sinuous channels that turn upon themselves and wind in and out, and lead in unexpected directions. The facts of the situation do not lie upon the surface.

The details that stand out most sharply, and that form the basis of the fragmentary information current along the coast and among the Sea Islands, are the extraordinary freaks of wind and wave. All are curious, and some are even humorous. It seems to be a relief to those who are asked to tell about the storm, to turn from the horrible story of death, and wreck, and devastation, and recall some of the queer incidents of that dismal night. All the

reports of the great storm are of a fragmentary character—almost as commonplace as taking a census, or as a sum in subtraction. This report will not be an exception. In order to present the situation, it will have to conform to the requirements of that situa tion. It will have to jump from one fact to another, and return along a devious way, and take up the thread of such a narrative as can be woven out of the tremendous jumble left by the storm.

But it should be said here, that the SCRIBNER expedition had every means of getting at the true condition of affairs on the islands. It had advantages for investigation that were not of the ordinary. Tug-boats and steam-launches were placed at its disposal, and the people, as well as current events, seemed to combine to forward its purpose.

IV.

A GLANCE at a map of the Gulf coast will show that the Chandeliers, curving outward, present a sort of barrier between the Gulf and Lake Borgne. The fishermen on the Chandeliers perished—there were two hundred perched on that lonely and insecure foothold—but it is natural to presume that the reef, owing to its position and formation, had some influence in mitigating the force of the inflowing tide. There was no such barrier between the August storm and the Sea Islands on the South Atlantic coast. These islands lie open to the sea, and the wind struck the richest and most thickly populated with full force and fury. The islands that suffered most lie between Port Royal and Charleston, and it is on these that the eye of the public has been turned since the first intimations of the results of the August storm.

The formation—the contour—of the Sea Islands is peculiar. The sea has crept in between them and the mainland in the most wonderful way—sometimes in the shape of a large river that is called a creek, or in the shape of a sound that is called a river ; sometimes only a wide and level marsh intervenes through which are sinuous water-ways, known only to the native boatmen. What the



Sketch-map of the Sea Islands and Coast from Charleston to Savannah.

lapping tide takes away from one shore it gives to another, so that the islands

bear about the same relation toward each other from age to age.

At the ancient town of Beaufort, one is nearer to the group of islands devastated by the storm than at any other point. The autumn days pass pleasantly at this old place. The midday sun throws the shadows far northward, but there is no sign of winter. The summer foliage is still fresh and green, and June seems to have taken the place of November. But the lonely and far-reaching marshes, with their rank and waving sedge, yellow as if waiting for the sickle, give a sombre touch to the scene that does not belong to spring, nor yet to summer. And the long gray moss, streaming from the trees like ghostly signals long hung out for succor unavailing, is another element that subdues the mind and imparts a sense of solemnity. The birds may sing never so blithely, the flowers bloom never so gayly, and the sun shine never so brightly, but they are all overshadowed by the brown marshes, and by the gray beards of these immemorial oaks.

All day long, the negroes go by in their queer little two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a diminutive steer or a more diminutive donkey. All day long the negro pedestrians tramp back and forth. All day long the negro boatmen shoot out from, or disappear in, the tall marsh grass. There is not much noise of vehicles; the sand prevents that. There is not much noise from the passers-by or from the boats that flit in and out the marsh grass. There is no loud laughter on the streets; there are no melodious songs wafted back from the water.

The streets swarm with negroes, on the sidewalks, in the middle way, and on the corners. At the headquarters of the Red Cross Society, which has in hand the work of relief, they are huddled together until they block the way. And yet there is no loud talking, no loud laughter, no singing. The mind resents this as unnatural. Where there are negroes there ought to be noise, surely there ought to be laughter and song. What is the trouble? You look into these black faces and see it is not sullenness. You note these quick smiles and discover that it is not depression. If the puzzle brings a frown to your face, as it did to mine, an old Auntie will look at you steadily until she catches your eye, and then, dropping a courtesy, will exclaim:

"You look worry, suh!" And then, when you turn to her for an explanation, "I bin worry myse'f, suh. Many time."

Whereupon you will be no longer puzzled, for here is a type of negro different from that of the upland regions—a type that knows how to be good-humored without being boisterous, and that has the rare gift of patience. Coming or going, men, women, and children will pause to salute you, and their courtesy is neither familiar nor affected. Their pensiveness fits in with the sombre marshes and the gray moss that swings solemnly from the trees.

"It is a great pity," says the oldest inhabitant, waving his shining cane in the air, "that you could not have come here before the storm struck this grove. You see how the trees are stripped and twisted."

At last your companion has hit upon the matter that is uppermost in your mind, and so, gently—very gently and cautiously, for fear of a relapse—you lead the genial old gentleman to forget about the antiquity of the old fort and the practical utility of Port Royal harbor—"the most magnificent that the flag can claim, sir—" and tell you some of the experiences of the August tornado; to give you some idea of the horror and confusion of that vast elemental disturbance; and to present to your mind a clear outline of results.

But this seems to be out of the question. The memory of the oldest inhabitant is more to be depended on in the recital of events that have become matters of tradition. He gives you details that bear no definite relation to the large results. The storm blasted hundreds of landmarks that were a part of his daily associations. Curious incidents occur to his mind. A lad clinging to an overturned dredge for thirty-six hours, finally gave up all hope and sank back into the water. The tide brought him twenty miles to Beaufort and landed him in a pile of driftwood near his mother's door, where he was found and, strange

to say, restored to life. Immense lighters employed in the phosphate business were lifted out of the water and driven far on shore. The barometer on the tug Weymouth dropped to 27.60 and stood there quivering like the hammer of an alarm-clock. Yes! and a great many negroes were drowned—hundreds of them, poor things!

The impression left seems to be as vague and as shapeless as the tempest was. Nevertheless, the more active and alert representatives of the younger generation have no advantage over the oldest inhabitant in the matter of definite information. Nor have the newspaper correspondents, nor has any living soul, so far as I have been able to discover. There are those who know what was and who know what is; but between what was and what is lies the awful cataclysm of the storm. The curtains of the night flapped over it; the cavernous clouds enveloped it; the raging tempest drowned it; the thundering tide covered it. The leaf from the tree, the ship from the sea, and man that was set to rule over all, became companion atoms, and all were caught by the storm and hurled into chaos. And when the morning dawned, and the tide fell, and the sun shone serenely over the scene of wreck and devastation, there was none left to tell the definite story of the hurricane on the Sea Islands. There is none to tell it to-day.

V.

The oldest inhabitant is able to remember some very severe storms, but not such another year of storms. He is able to measure the intervals that have elapsed between these disturbances, and from this measurement he has constructed the comfortable theory that after every severe storm there must be a peaceful interlude of ten or fifteen years. But to-day, as he stands in the bright sunshine, the solemn mystery of the marshes stretching away before him as far as the eye can reach, he shakes his head sadly, and digs his cane feebly into the sand. His theory has been blown northeastward into the sea, and it is no wonder he sighs as he walks by your side and points to signs of the storm's devastation that might otherwise escape the eye of a stranger. A house was here or a cabin. Near by a shoal of dead bodies had been seen drifting along, or were washed ashore. Here was where a magnificent dock and warehouse stood, but there is nothing now to mark its site except a few scattered piles which, at low tide, are important only as showing the architectural ability of the teredo, the insect that eats them away. But the oldest inhabitant has no appreciation of the ability of the teredo. He lifts his shaggy brows when you ask about it, and dismisses the wonderful little worker in wood with a wave of the hand.

All around, and for miles and miles, farther than the eye can reach, as far as a shore bird can fly, the results of the storm lie scattered. Here a house has staggered upon its end, there a boat has been flung into the arms of a live oak, and yonder a phosphate dredge, weighing hundreds of tons, has been lifted from the water and turned completely over; here a magnificent grove of live oaks has been uprooted; there a broad-beamed lighter has been lifted across the marshes; and yonder hundreds of tons of marsh sedge have been spread over arable land.

The old man casts his eyes seaward across the long stretch of marshes that lead to the inland shore of St. Helena. A small column of smoke stands out against the sky, and seems to be fixed there. "The poor things!" he sighs. "They are trying to burn the marsh sedge off their potato patches."

Then he grows reminiscent. He has heard his father tell of the great storm of 1804, which began on the morning of the 8th of September and raged until ten o'clock at night. Hundreds of negroes in the islands were drowned. Eighteen vessels were destroyed in the harbor of Savannah, and several large boats were wrecked. The devastation on the Sea Islands and all along the South Atlantic coast was terrible, but the story of the storm lost something of its horror because there were no lines of communication by which the details could be gathered. They became known little by little, and so lost something of their force and effect.

In 1830 a storm curved in from the sea, striking the coast above Cape Hatteras and doing great damage to shipping. On September 10, 1854, a storm of great violence passed over Savannah and the Sea Islands, devastating the whole coast region. The yellow fever was raging in Savannah at the time, and the storm was accompanied by a tidal wave that carried destruction with it and left pestilence in its wake.

In 1873, a violent storm passed between Cape Hatteras and the Bermudas, striking the northern coast in the neighborhood of Nova Scotia and seriously crippling the fishing industries of the United States and Canada. Twelve hundred and twenty-three vessels were lost in this storm. In 1881 a storm passed over the Sea Island region and northwestward into Minnesota, pursuing a very unusual course. A tidal wave accompanied the storm, and more than four hundred persons lost their lives.

On these dates, the oldest inhabitant had formulated his storm-period theory. Every tenth year he expected a storm. If it failed then it was sure to come on the twentieth year. And the theory has had full confirmation in experience until 1893, when the storm period was reduced to a few brief weeks. There is nothing for the oldest inhabitant to do but to shake his head sadly, as much as to say the times are out of joint, and tell you of the more eccentric features of the storm that is newest in his experience, the storm that has caused more suffering and loss of life than any that has preceded it.

VI.

The August hurricane was not unexpected. In fact it had been heralded, and for at least three days before it made its appearance warnings had been given. The Weather Bureau, sensitive to such disturbances, had found it in West Indian waters, and so the announcement went forth that a storm was forming in the neighborhood of St. Thomas. Next day the bulletins stated that the disturbance near St. Thomas had moved slowly westward. The day after came the announcement that the West Indian storm, after moving to the west and then to the south, had turned and was heading directly for the South Atlantic coast.

How aptly these announcements would fit the mad antics of some wild and terrible monster! It is found roaring and wallowing in its tropical pasture. It runs westward, and then southward, feeding and gathering strength as it goes. Then turning about, it rushes furiously northwestward, carrying terror before it, and leaving death and destruction in its path. One of its wings touched Brunswick, a city already stricken with the yellow plague, but the touch was light. Savannah was more directly in the path of the storm, and the Sea Islands, that lie between that city and Charleston, were exposed to the full fury of the tempest. And the winds fell upon them as if trying to tear the earth asunder, and the rains beat upon them as if to wash them away, and the tide rose and swept over them twelve feet above high-water mark. Pitiable as the story is, it may be condensed into a few words: near three thousand people drowned, between twenty and thirty thousand human beings without means of subsistence, their homes destroyed, their little crops ruined, and their boats blown away.

The tangled thunders of chaos shook



the foundation of things. The bellowing waters of the sea leapt up and mingled with the shrieking spirits of the air. Out of the seething depths disaster

sprung, and out of the roaring heavens calamity fell. No just and reasonable estimate of the loss of life on these islands has been made. The adjacent coast was prompt to tell of its losses over the long tongue of the telegraph. Its dead were known and identified. Its searching-parties found them out. Its tugs and launches brought them ashore.

But the Sea Islands were dumb, and they are dumb to this day. When the tide was friendly, it carried their dead ashore, or lodged them in the rank marsh sedge, but when the tide was careless it drifted the bodies seaward. In one little corner of St. Helena, the coroner inspected eighty bodies that had been thrown ashore, and then went on about his business. Some were known, but a great many were not identified and never will be. All about the channels and through the boatways in the waving marsh-grass, the bodies of the unknown drifted, and some floated miles away. Some had their clothes torn from them, mute witnesses of the fury of the tornado. All this is to be heard away from the islands. The islands themselves have not spoken, and they will not speak. Gentle, patient, smiling, and good-humored, the negroes have no complaints to make. They discuss the storm among themselves, but not in a way to impart much information to a white listener. They speak in monosyllables. They strip phrases to the bone and get to the core of words. Their shyness is pathetic, and their smiling patience is in the nature of a perpetual appeal to those who come in contact with them.

"Were many lives lost around here?" an old man was asked. He stood with his hands folded in front of him and his eyes seeking the ground. If he had held his faded and flabby hat in his hands his attitude would have been that of the peasant in Millet's picture of the Angelus. He stood stock-still, his bare feet placed close together.

"He gone deaf, suh," said a woman standing near.

She touched him gently on the arm, and instantly he was alert. The question was repeated.

"Were many lives lost around here?"

"Oh, yes, suh; 'bunnunce!" His



voice sounded as if it came from far away.

"How many?"

"One, two, t'ree—" he held up the fingers of one thin hand. "Mebby se'm. Mebby l'em. Enty?" He turned to the woman to confirm his figures, but she merely smiled. "We no count dem," he went on, shaking his head and shutting his eyes. "Dee gone!"

Then the old man relapsed into his former attitude. His eyes sought the ground, his hands clasped in front of him, his bare feet close together.

The woman who had spoken for him formed part of a little group standing near. She was rubbing the head of a four-year-old pickaninny.

"How many children have you?" she was asked.

"T'ree, suh. Two boy; one lil' gal."

"Were any of them drowned?"

"How dee gwan drown, suh?" she answered, laughing. The intonation of her voice was indescribable. "I up'd de tree," she said, after a pause, with a

gesture that explained how she saved them. "Dee choke—dee strankle—I up'd de tree!" The woman turned and pointed to another woman who was standing apart by the water's edge, looking out over the lonely marshes. "She los' dem chillun, suh. She have trouble."

And so it turned out. This woman, standing apart, as lonely as the never-ending marshes, had lost three children. She had five. In the fury and confusion of the storm, she had managed to get them all in a tree. The foundations of this place of refuge were sapped, and the tree gave way before the gale, plunging the woman and her children into the whirling flood. Three were swept from under her hands out into the marsh, into the estuary, and so into the sea. They were never seen any more. She had nothing to add to this story as brief as it is tragic. One moment she had five children clinging to her, in another moment there were only two. The angry winds and the hungry waters had torn them from her and swept them out of hearing before they could utter a cry. But what this woman said did not run in the direction of grief. "I glad to God I got two lil' one lef'." After all, the woman had reason to be glad. Pathetic as her own story was, it was not as touching as another that she told of a neighboring family. She showed where the house had stood, but there was nothing to mark its site, save a blackened stone that had lain in the fireplace. Every other vestige of the cabin, and of the other cabins that had clustered near, was swept away.

"T'irteen in de house, suh," the woman said, "I call dem w'en I run. I call dem an' run. If dee make answer, I no yeddy dem. Dee gone!"

An entire family swept away, and their friends and neighbors too busy with their own troubles to grieve after them, unless, indeed, a keen ear might catch a note of sorrow in the plaintive voice that told the story.

VII.

But this is not even the beginning. It hardly gives an intimation of the worst. The great trouble about these islands is the lack of communication. On the 30th of August, two days after the storm, not a word had come from the Sea Islands, and it was only through the adventurous energy of a newspaper reporter from Atlanta, that the public knew of the condition of Beaufort and Port Royal on that day. On the first of September, four days after the storm, there were vague hints of the condition of the islands. Beaufort and Port Royal, while engaged in rescuing their own dead from the tide, found the bodies of strangers among the rest. Two of these were identified as negroes living on the farther side of Ladies' Island, and another was thought to be the body of a woman from Coosaw. Still there was no definite information.

But on September 2d, Charleston heard a part of the dismal story, and on the same day the people of Beaufort and Port Royal awoke to the fact that, severe as their own trouble was, the trouble on the Sea Islands was greater. A demand for instant relief came from these settlements, and the demand was the more imperative because of its plaintiveness. It was the more urgent because of the knowledge of the whites of the exposed situation of the islands that faced the open sea. Prompt measures were taken, but, in the very nature of the case, they could bear no proportionate relation to the demand that was made on the zeal, energy, and benevolence of those who, before slavery was abolished, held themselves responsible for the safety and well-being of the negroes on the islands, and who, in some sort, still feel the pressure of the old habit of responsibility.

Relief would have been inadequate if it had been on a much larger scale than the adjacent communities could afford. It would have been tardy if it had been undertaken the day after the storm. But the work was undertaken as soon as possible and went as far as it could go. At the very best, the lack of communication is remarkable. No other portion of the continent is more secure in its isolation. Doubtless the tax-collector visits the islands—he goes everywhere; perhaps a pension agent is to be found there occasionally, for there are pensioners on the Sea Islands; but, practi-

cally, the people are isolated. They come to market in their little boats, but they have no regular channels of communication. Their coming and going is intermittent. If a stranger wants to visit the islands he must depend on a happy chance, and if he is in a hurry he will go away without seeing them. This was so before the August storm, and it will be so when the storm has become a tradition.

But on the day after the hurricane, and for days that must have seemed an age to the negroes on the wind-torn and tide-swept islands, there were no possible means of communication. The little boats of the negroes had been blown away; the tugs and launches in and around Charleston, Beaufort, and Port Royal were driven ashore or temporarily disabled; a clean sweep had been made of all the craft that are available on ordinary occasions. It is said that the first information of the real condition of the islands was brought to Beaufort by two negroes in a boat, one rowing and the other bailing; and only men impelled by dire necessity would have dared to venture across from one island to another in such a disabled canoe.

Relief, as eager as it was meagre, had few means of reaching the islands, and when it reached them, it found itself in a dismal swamp where the dead lay about the shores unburied, where the living were either starving or dying from the pestilence generated by the decaying bodies, or by the stagnant ponds of sea-water left by the receding tide.

VIII.

It has been said of the Gulf storm that it is unparalleled in its terrible completeness. It should be said of this South Atlantic hurricane that it is the most disastrous that ever visited this coast. It struck helplessness where it was weak. It is not to be measured by the destruction to life which it caused, though that was something terrible, but by the suffering which has followed.

It is estimated—and the estimate is not in the nature of a rough guess—that two thousand five hundred lives were lost in the islands and on the adjacent coast. The truth would not be missed very far if the number were placed at three thousand. Not all of those were lost in the storm. Two thousand persons, the great majority of them negroes, were drowned or killed on the night of the storm. The others died from exposure, from a lack of food, or from the malarial fever that was epidemic on the islands during the hot September days that succeeded the disturbance.

This epidemic originated from two causes—from the stench of bodies buried hastily in shallow graves where the tide could uncover them—and from the stagnant pools of water left when the high tide receded. The wells on the islands were filled with sea-water. The first reports of the dead left unburied were exaggerated. The negroes were quick to bury their dead, but the work was necessarily hurried, for there was a great deal of it to be done. But they have a superstition or belief—these island negroes—that is tersely expressed in one of their childish rhymes—

> "Die by water,
> Lie by water."

That is to say, those who are drowned should be buried as near to the water as possible. In their haste they buried many where the tide could uncover them, and the exposure of these added to the epidemic.

Surgeon Magruder, of the Marine Hospital, who inspected the sanitary condition of the largest of the islands during the first weeks after the storm, reports that three thousand seven hundred and nine cases of sickness were treated, of which two thousand five hundred and forty-two were malarial fever. This report covers only eight of the islands. The same condition existed on all the islands.

There was a windfall for St. Helena. The storm brought close to its shores the wreck of the City of Savannah. When the passengers and crew were rescued, the negroes seized upon the stores that had been left, and surely Providence never poured timelier gifts

into the laps of the needy. Almost out of reach of relief, many of these negroes must have perished but for this succor, sent them on the wings of the storm that had stripped them of their small possessions. But the wreck was a bone that was soon picked. Its stores were but a mouthful as compared with the needs of the population.

It has been estimated that at least thirty thousand people were left practically homeless and in need of relief by the storm. I cannot vouch for this estimate, but it has not been challenged. It is made by those who have made a thorough canvass of all the islands exposed to the storm. But let us give cold doubt the benefit of its prudence—a prudence that is frequently untimely; let us say that there are twenty thousand negroes on the Sea Islands whose possessions were destroyed by the hurricane—twenty thousand who stand in need of relief; is not this something for the benevolent to think about, even now?

Bear in mind that relief in this instance means not a momentary ebullition of benevolence, but the actual means of subsistence for a period covering several months. The negroes have lost not their possessions alone, but their growing crops. When the storm swooped down upon them they were just getting ready to market their cotton—the famous Sea Island cotton that enters into the manufacture of the finer grades of goods—they were just getting ready to dig their sweet potatoes. But the wind whipped their cotton out of the bolls and off the stalks, the salt sea-water rose and ruined their potatoes, and wind and sea carried away their boats; so that relief, in order to be at all effective, must carry these practically helpless negroes over the period that lies between two crops. And there comes into the calculation this additional problem—to what extent has the deluge of salt-water destroyed the productive capacity of the land? All these things are to be considered, and the Red Cross Society is engaged in considering them.

To provide for the pressing and immediate wants of twenty or thirty thousand people from the first of September to the end of February, a period of six months; to give them subsistence without making beggars or drones of them; that is the task to which the Red Cross Society has set itself. It is a task so noble in its conception and purpose that it ought to attract the sympathetic attention of the American people; for its success depends wholly on those who have the will and the means to fill the hands of the little band which, marching under the flag of the Red Cross, is devoting itself with an unselfishness that involves the sacrifice of all personal comfort, and with a zeal that is beyond all praise, to the work of relieving the victims of the storm.

Until now I have not mentioned, except incidentally, the Red Cross Society, of which Miss Clara Barton is president. The work of that organization, the methods it has employed, and the results it has wrought out of resources the most slender, will be fully set forth in another article. But meanwhile, before that article can appear—even before this can be printed—it is to be feared that the apathy of the public will have cut down the means of the Society to a limit too pitiful to think about. These means were pitifully narrow in November, and at that time the flood-tide of public benevolence was flowing in to aid Miss Barton's Society. The newspapers were devoting columns to the necessities of the storm sufferers, and one enterprising journal, the New York *World*, had chartered a railway train to convey supplies to the coast. From every quarter came food, clothing, tools. The sympathy of the public had been thoroughly aroused.

But there were from twenty to thirty thousand people to be tided over the winter months and into the spring. Recognizing this fact, Miss Barton and her assistants adopted from the very first the most rigid system of economy—a system far more efficacious in the end than any lavish dispensation of charity could have been. A peck of grits and a pound of pork—these are the rations for a family of six. They seem at first thought to be a poor excuse for charity, and the negro who goes after them in his little ox-cart most likely takes them away with a disappointed



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

A Windfall for St. Helena.

(Wreck of the City of Savannah.)



A peck of grits and a pound of pork.—Page 244.

look on his face, glancing back at the little bundles as he drives along, or shaking his head doubtfully as he measures their weight by lifting them in his hand. "Mockin' bud been eat mo' dun dat!" He remembered the days when the Government poured out its bounty through the Freedman's Bureau.

But a peck of grits and a pound of pork mean something more than momentary relief — something more than mere charity. They mean that the head of a family which has to depend on them for a week's subsistence must bestir himself ; that he must catch fish to go with the rations ; that, in short, he is not to eat the bread of idleness. This rigid economy on the part of the Red Cross Society grows out of the necessities of the situation, and is not intended primarily to spur the needy ones to provide for themselves. It is a pinching policy that does not, I imagine, commend itself very heartily to the approval of Miss Barton, except as a measure of absolute necessity that looks carefully to the future. But those who have seen measures of relief misdirected and private bounty mismanaged, will recognize in this economy of the Red Cross Society, a wise administration of the resources that benevolent people have placed at the disposal of those who were despoiled by the storm. For surely that measure of relief is wise (whether dictated by necessity or by experience) that prevents those whom it succors from sitting in idleness to be maintained by charity, public or private.

In November the Red Cross Society had barely completed its work of organizing relief for the suffering and destitute on the Sea Islands. Compared with the demands made upon it, the Society's resources were small, and the fear—which may have developed into absolute certainty by the time these pages go to the public—was that they would grow smaller and smaller as the cold weather came on. Miss Barton's last word to me was to ask that an appeal be made to benevolent people throughout the country, to the end that the resources at the command of the Red Cross Society may not be sensibly diminished by reason of the increased demands made upon them in the winter months, and to the end that, at least by the first of April, these unfortunate negroes, despoiled by wind and tide, may

be placed securely on their feet, as nearly independent as they were the day before the storm.

I went to the Sea Islands with no prejudice against the Red Cross Society, but certainly with no prepossession in its favor. I had pictured it in my mind as a sort of fussy and contentious affair, running about with a tremendous amount of chatter and flourishing a great deal of red tape—a sort of circumlocution office, situated in the air between individual officiousness and newspaper notoriety.

As a matter of fact, the Red Cross Society as I saw it at Beaufort is something entirely different from any other relief organization that has come under my observation. Its strongest and most admirable feature is its extreme simplicity. The perfection of its machinery is shown by the apparent absence of all machinery. There are no exhibitions of self-importance. There is no display—no torturous cross-examination of applicants—no needless delay. And yet nothing is done blindly, or hastily, or indifferently.

This poor little tribute to Miss Clara Barton I want to pay in heartily seconding her appeal to the benevolence of the whole country to aid her in carrying out her work on the Sea Islands. Such aid will be more important in the last days of her mission than it was when the sympathies of the public had been touched by the awful story of the disaster that went tingling over the wires on the last day of August.

(To be followed in the March number by a second article—"The Relief.")



GUNDRYGGIA.

No sorrow knowing, laughter hath thy heart
  For all eternity since that one day
  Thou sawst the Saviour fainting by the way
And lookedst down from thy light life apart
Upon His sorrow and the bitter smart
  Of thorns that hedged His path from thine away,
  And thy heart found no other thing to say
Than laughter—to the Saviour of thy heart.

So now, thou laughest throughout all the years,
Kundry—thy soul runs wild from sin to shame,
  From woe to death, from death to life thereafter;
And laughter holds thine eyes, while still the tears
Well from thy soul in anguish at His name
  To press behind thine eyeballs strained in laughter.

THE PRAYER OF THE HUMBLE.

PAINTED BY JEAN GEOFFROY.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.



M. Geoffroy is a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and therefore exhibits at the Salon in the Champs-Elysées. The work we here reproduce appeared in the Salon of 1893, and was purchased by the French Government.

The reader will see at once that M. Geoffroy does not despise the help that may be got from a favorable subject, in which he differs from the new school that looks to technical qualities only and abhors "subject" as an unworthy concession to the popular demand.

The new criticism (which, as I showed in the article on Manet, is not so very new, since Zola expressed all its doctrines in 1867) would, I suppose, look upon M. Geoffroy's choice of subjects with the utmost contempt and aversion, since every one of his pictures has reference to something in human nature that lies outside of the technical craft of painting. That accusation, which, according to the new criticism, is equivalent to an accusation of heterodoxy, might be directed against him. It might be said of his pictures that they possessed "literary interest," and it is impossible, in these days, to utter anything more damnatory.

It may easily be shown, however, that M. Geoffroy looks for a kind of interest in his subjects which belongs quite as much to painting as it does to literature, an interest that is common to both, and which painting has the fullest right to enlist in its own favor, as it is visible in the attitudes of the body and the expression of the face, so that the picture does not require any literary explanation. It does not even require a title; M. Geoffroy's pictures never require titles, the best proof that they keep well within the limits of pictorial art.

There is surely no reason in the nature of pictorial art for the renunciation of human interest and the sacrifice of it to technical interest alone. The two may very well go together, and they sometimes do so, even in works produced by the very chiefs of the new school itself. Mr. Whistler has been quoted, with reference to the portrait of his mother, as saying that it was only a study of blacks—"that is what it is, and that is all that it is," he is reported to have said. The best answer is that if this criticism were exact in its limitation, a negro shovelling coals would have afforded an equally good opportunity for the study of blacks, whereas the portrait in question wins our attention by the gravity and pathos that belong to advancing age, and by the simple dignity of a figure with decent but most unpretending surroundings. So with M. Geoffroy's picture: it is a study, if you will, of grays and browns,

* See Frontispiece.

for the presence of some human interest is by no means exclusive of technical purposes and problems, but, from the human point of view, it is a study of the religious sentiment as it manifests itself in attitude and expression, while the humble social position of the people in the church is pictorially indicated by the poverty and plainness of their dress. These interests are quite as much within the proper scope of pictorial art as "arrangements" and "symphonies" of color.

In this, as in all his pictures, M. Geoffroy's personages are acting in absolute sincerity, and not as if they were "posing" to be looked at. Nothing can be more unconscious than the devotion of these humble ones. The kneeling woman has been tried by some kind of adversity, certainly by poverty; perhaps, too, by other troubles and sorrows. She has come to the open and quiet church to seek relief and consolation, to lay down for an hour the weary burden that she has to bear. Perhaps it will be a little lighter when she takes it up again on returning to the noisy streets outside.

This is the kind of religious art most satisfying in our time, because it may be absolutely true, and we have become too critical for the unquestioning acceptance of religious personages who never sat to any painter and of whose physical appearance we have no authentic record. It is not a sign of decadence in religious art that it should abandon the attempt to represent events no artist ever witnessed and take to painting, instead of them, the expression of the religious sentiment as one observes it in his own contemporaries. Still, though such a choice of the observable does not imply any decadence, it marks a striking change—it marks the advance of the modern spirit with its love of what can be seen in reality, its sympathy with genuine feelings, and its renunciation of attempts to recover that which is irrevocably lost.

When M. Geoffroy represents children, as he has done in many of his pictures, it is always with lively human sympathy, sometimes humorous and sometimes profoundly pathetic. A good example of the first is "Le Quart-d'heure de Rabelais," which I may explain for readers not familiar with the allusion as the disagreeable moment when one has to pay. A little boy has placed himself in that position by eating roasted chestnuts in the street, and his hand is far down in an empty pocket while the roaster stretches out his hand with a menacing expression, and a heartless little eye-witness laughs at the debtor in his difficulties. This picture was exhibited in 1881, and being very well composed and full of expression, it won an "honorable mention" for its author. The most representative picture of the other or pathetic class was exhibited in 1883, under the title "Les Infortunés," an expression which cannot well be translated into English. A plate from it appeared in the *Portfolio*, and we called it "Chill Penury" as a sort of equivalent. It represented an indigent family waiting for relief and showing all the dreadful effects of hereditary poverty, yet the painter's tender sympathy overcame whatever might have been repulsive in such a subject and left us only commiseration. Surely this human sympathy may be compatible with such artistic merits as a right interpretation of "values" and the arrangement which we call "composition." If these artistic merits had been absent it is hardly likely that the jury of 1883 would have given the painter a third-class medal, or that the picture would have been bought for the gallery of the Luxembourg. The new criticism boasts of these distinctions when accorded to Mr. Whistler, who won a third-class medal in the same year and whose picture of that year was also purchased, though much later, for the Luxembourg. Another very sympathetic picture by M. Geoffroy—"Visiting-day at the Hospital"—was exhibited in 1889, and is now in the same national collection. One of the prettiest and most interesting of M. Geoffroy's pictures of children had nothing to do with poverty or disease, but only with health and cleanliness. It was called "Le Lavabo à la Classe Maternelle," and represented a number of bright and active little children washing themselves by turns. Here again artistic interests did not suffer, as the work was composed

with a skill that reminded us of the old Dutchmen.

The moral of M. Geoffroy's success is that the human or popular and the artistic interests are perfectly compatible, and that there is not the slightest real necessity, in the nature of things, why one should be sacrificed to the other. Besides this, M. Geoffroy's pictures, such as the "Itinerant Basket-maker," for example, exhibited in 1884, prove conclusively, if any proof were needed, that the art of composition which is disliked and depreciated by the new criticism, may be exercised and cultivated without detracting in the least from the other artistic qualities or from the human interests of a picture.

AN UNSIGNED PORTRAIT.

By Robert Howard Russell.



IT was a very disagreeable night outside. The few men who had found their way to the club had lingered long over their coffee after dinner, and had evidently made up their minds not to venture out again until they were obliged to, and so, when I happened in, I found a little group in one of the cosiest corners. Their cigars were lighted, and the little row of empty glasses gave evidence that the customary *chasse* had not been omitted.

Van Wagener, whose "Portrait of a Lady" had lately been awarded the first prize at the Academy, was discussing the recent Exhibition with Gannett and Hamilton, two of our best illustrators, while Effingham the young editor, and Granville who wrote stories, were dividing their attention between listening to the discussion, and blowing rings of smoke in the air. Through the smoke rings I discovered Lawson, the artist, lounging in the corner. I have never liked Lawson, although he is a handsome fellow with a face that would attract attention anywhere. Four or five years ago he went to Paris, and during his two years' residence there he acquired a pessimistic philosophy which I cannot endure. And besides, I always have an instinctive distrust of the man who can see no good in anything.

I accepted an invitation to join the group, and their conversation went on.

"I say, Granville," said Lawson, "you and Effingham ought to get up a 'Literary Retrospective.' It strikes me that about all the good stories have been told, and that there is no new or fresh note in the literature of the day. Why don't you get all the latest stories of the men who are writing to-day, and paste them up alongside of some of their earlier efforts, sort of 'deadly parallel column' business, don't you know, and see how they have all tapered off?"

Granville stopped blowing smoke-rings and leaned forward.

"I don't agree with you, Lawson, that they have all tapered off, as you put it. In fact, I think that some of our men to-day are coming nearer than ever before to the true field of literature, in taking the stories from every-day life about us, and making concise, well-worded and exact pictures of them that cannot fail to interest from their very truthfulness."

"A good theory," sneered Lawson, "but where do you find stories in every-day life? I tell you they are not to be found; everything is humdrum and commonplace, until you fellows gloss it over by supplying the sentiment, the motives, and the language, which were lacking in the incident itself, and then palming it off as a true picture of our modern life."

"I don't suppose, for an instant, that an example to the contrary would convince you," rejoined Granville, "but I have only the other day come to the end of a true story, which to me, at least, has not been humdrum. If it will not bore these other fellows I will relate it for your benefit, and for the hope of your

reformation." There was a general nod of encouragement and assent from the group, and after all had disposed themselves comfortably, Granville began his story.

If at any time during the last three years when the approach of winter has driven people back to town, and filled the avenues with promenaders, any of you have walked up on the east side of Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon between four and five, you must have met a mysterious personage who invariably appears at that time, and whose face had grown familiar to me in my walks. It was useless to search the streets for him in summer; he was never to be seen until the season fairly opened, and the Avenue given over to the parade of fashion. Then you would meet my young friend.

He had worn the same clothes ever since I first saw him, some three years ago. His silk hat, no longer in style, was carefully brushed, and the places where the binding was frayed were neatly inked so that you hardly noticed them. Beneath a long dark coat, much too small for him, and drawn at every button, showed snuff-colored trousers of a curious cut, tight and wrinkled at the knee, loose, stained, and frayed at the bottom. His face had interested me with its unchangeable melancholy. The dark eyes were deep set. The cheeks, somewhat sunken, had their pallor intensified by the dark, closely trimmed French beard. Always alone, —in the crowd but not of it—he walked, with his body bent slightly forward, but with a swing which carried him faster than the average pedestrian, and enabled him to thread his way through the throng with a rapidity which made his appearance and disappearance almost simultaneous. You never saw him coming, but suddenly he would appear, his restless eyes would look searchingly into your face, and before you could turn in the crowd he would be half a block away, lost in the stream of southbound promenaders. Some months ago I made up my mind to follow him and take the chances of something turning up which would lead to my better acquaintance with the mysterious stranger, and so, the next time I met him I wheeled shortly on my heel and followed his lead down the Avenue.

The pace was fast, and as we went I noticed the somewhat annoyed look of the men that passed him into whose faces he had peered. I also noticed for the first time, that he looked only at the men. Women whose beauty should have commanded at least a quick glance, passed him, but his eye ranged over their heads in search for the faces of the men behind them.

Swiftly we went down the Avenue, crossing at Thirty-fourth Street to the west side. As we passed the Waldorf he gave a scrutinizing and comprehensive look at the tables behind the yellow curtains, then his eye returned once more to the street, and we pursued our way. Past Delmonico's and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and then on, with quickened pace as it grew dusk, until we reached Washington Square. Then under the marble arch and across the square to one of the streets leading away to the south, where the signs and shops denote a French colony.

At last he stopped and entered the door of a little frame building on the front of which was painted, in large letters, Maison Dubusier, the lower part of which was occupied by a French pastry-cook's shop. A scrap of paper pasted by the side door announced, *Furnished Rooms to Rent.* The building had but two stories and an attic with dormer windows. The roof was patched in many places with various coverings of tin, slate, and shingle, and the whole establishment had the appearance of being ready to fall down on the slightest provocation. Determined, if possible, to satisfy my curiosity, I entered the shop and asked to see the rooms that were for rent.

The little Frenchman who presided over the pastry counter was sorry his best, which he was sure would suit Monsieur, were all taken. He had but one room to offer, and that was in the attic; probably Monsieur would not care to look at it even, although a young countryman of his who occupied a similar room in the back of the house did not complain, and the price was very low—only five dollars a month.

I mounted the creaking stairs to inspect the attic apartment, and was ushered into a dark little cave under the roof, lighted by the dormer window at the end, and barely high enough to stand erect in, except in the centre under the ridge pole.

The landlord had just begun to expatiate on the merits of the room when a distinct groan from the room in the rear stopped his speech. It was followed by the sound and jar of a body falling to the floor. Dubusier went to the door and knocked ; as there was no response he opened it, and as we went in I saw my mysterious friend lying on the floor in a dead faint. I unloosed his collar and chafed his hands, and despatched the landlord for some cognac and water. In a few moments he was better, but still so weak and pale that I insisted upon his getting into bed, and after the brandy arrived I ordered a bowl of strong bouillon made to warm and strengthen him.

In the absence of the landlord I had a chance to look around the room. It was a cheerless place, without fire or light, and the only piece of furniture in it, besides the bed and a rickety chair, was an easel, which stood where the light which struggled through the one dingy dormer window, could fall full upon the canvas which it supported. I stepped back where I could get a view of the picture, and could scarcely restrain an exclamation of surprise. Before me was a wonderfully painted head of a girl, illuminating the corner of the poor room, the dark eyes shining from the canvas, and the perfect lips just parting in a smile.

It was the masterpiece of some artist, and I could feel that the man who had painted it had put his whole soul in this portrait. When my eyes left the picture and turned toward the bed, I saw my friend raised on his elbow regarding me intently.

"It is beautiful," I said.

"Yes," he sighed, and sank back on his pillow.

I did not wish to disturb him further so left him in charge of M. Dubusier, instructing him to look after him, and telling him that I would stop in the next day and see how he was getting along.

To make a long story short, I stopped in the next day and found from Dubusier that the poor fellow's weakness was the result of starvation. He had gone without food for two days rather than beg his bread.

Well, I helped him a trifle by giving him a little money under pretence of a loan until he should be able to work again, and arranged with Dubusier to see that he had plenty to eat until he was strong enough to get about.

He seemed very grateful for the little kindness that I had been able to show him, and insisted upon having my address, saying that as soon as he could get some work he should call upon me to thank me and to repay the small sum which I had loaned him. And sure enough, one night about a month ago, as I was sitting alone in my rooms smoking a reflective pipe, there came a knock at the door, and when I opened it there stood my Frenchman.

I placed him in front of the fire, and made him as comfortable as I could with a pipe and a glass, and he told me his story, which was this :

Born in Paris, he had lived there all his life. His family were well-to-do, and his boyhood had been a pleasant one. Then came Cècile ! Ah, Cècile ! He had loved her as long as he could remember, and when he received his commission as a lieutenant in the French Chasseurs and was on the eve of starting for the war in China, they had walked out in the garden together while the old people were lingering over their coffee. He had told her how hard it was to part with her, and had seen the tears stand in her eyes till he held her in his arms, and then they had promised always to be true to each other, and had stood before the old people to receive their blessing.

Those were hard days in China—the heat, the fever, the fierce battles in the wet rice-fields and the bamboo thickets—but ever the thought of Cècile kept him up. The fever had nearly burned his soul from his body, but he would not die. He must live for Cècile. At last his regiment was ordered home, and he boarded the troop-ship with a light heart. The voyage was long and the

discomfort great; weak men died between decks from the heat, and were shrouded in canvas and dropped over the side of the vessel to their resting-place at the bottom of the sea; but his heart grew lighter as each sun went down, and in his sleep he murmured to himself, "Cècile! Cècile!" Their boat arrived a full day before it had been expected, and with joy he thought of the glad surprise it would be for her to have him back one day sooner than she had thought to.

He hurried to his home and greeted his mother, and then, impatient to be off, opened a letter that had just been left for him. It was from her. It read:

"You will be home to-morrow. I shall not see you, for I go to-day. I love another better than I have loved you. I sail to-night from Havre for America. Forgive me if you can, and think of me as one who let her heart rule where her duty should have governed. CÈCILE."

To-night! There was yet time. The steamer-train would leave in a few minutes and he might catch it and save her.

Jumping into a cab he had driven to the station in utmost speed only to see the train going out. A desperate effort to force open the door of a compartment on the moving train resulted in his being caught and held in the strong arms of two guards on the platform while the train passed out, but not until he had seen a white and frightened face looking at him from a window, and behind it another face which lived in his memory ever after, the face of the man who had stolen his Cècile.

At first he had but one thought—to follow them to America and to bring her back; but then came the thought of his duty to his country, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he realized that he was contemplating desertion from his regiment. A deserter! No, he must wait until he could obtain leave of absence for a few months, and then go.

So with a sad heart he sought her parents, and found them broken-hearted and dazed, weeping over the note which she had left for them.

In her letter she had asked that her picture, which had been painted by the man she loved, should be given to him. They would find it in her room. With trembling hands the old couple brought the package to him, they loosed the wrappings, and then all three gazed for the first time upon the counterfeit presentment of her face, created by the man who had taken her in its place. It was unsigned. Before he could secure any information which would identify the unknown artist, his regiment was ordered away again, this time for an African campaign. Upon his return at the end of a year he resigned his commission, and with what little money he had, came to America to find Cècile. By so doing he incurred the displeasure of his family, and could no longer look for any help from them.

At last he had found her, deserted and alone, struggling hard, as best she could, to obtain the bare necessaries of life. Weary and ill, she mustered courage each day to go to the great shop where she worked, fearing starvation if she failed, but yet no word of complaint ever passed her lips, nor could she be led to speak of the man who had wrecked her life. She loved him still, in spite of the bitter cruelty of his desertion.

From that day commenced his tireless search for the face which had burned itself into his memory in that terrible moment when the train passed out of the Paris station, bearing with it all the happiness of his lifetime. As long as she lived he should continue that search, and should he ever come face to face with the man who had deserted her, then her wrongs would be righted, or there would be a day of reckoning.

At first she had refused help of any kind from him; but the day soon came when she was unable to go to her work any more, and then he had found a home for her with a little French family, where she could have a room that the sunshine sometimes found, and where he could send to her each day a few flowers to speak the tenderness that he had in his heart for her. But she grew worse. His alarm at her condition was increased by the knowledge that his little store of money was almost exhausted. With the last dollar of it he paid for her admission to the hospital, and then he had tried to find work, that

he might support himself, and be able to send her the fruit and flowers each day, so that she should not know that he also was in want.

He had had a hard time. He knew no one to appeal to, and had experienced the greatest difficulty in getting anything to do, until a kind-hearted artist had interested himself in him, and had paid him to pose for him, and had recommended him to other artists. But there were many days when no one wanted him, and then he had gone without food in order to send the little handful of flowers to the hospital. Cècile was much touched by his devotion to her, and looked forward to the hour that he spent with her each week on the visiting day. On other days she would ask to be placed by the window, and each afternoon he walked by that he might see her sitting there. For the last week she had not been well enough to sit up, but could reach the window-still from her bed, and every afternoon placed the flowers there so that he should know, as he walked by, that she was thinking of him.

Before leaving he repaid me the small sum I had loaned him. The artists had been kind, he had had many sittings, and had even saved up a small sum of money against a rainy day.

A week afterward as I was walking uptown one afternoon, he overtook me, and said:

"Monsieur was interested in the picture, perhaps if he would care to walk a few blocks farther he might see the original. Possibly she might be well enough to-day to sit in the window. At least we should see the flowers which she had placed there."

As we walked on I could see his eyes brighten with the hope of seeing Cècile. When we reached the block on which the hospital was situated he commenced to speak excitedly:

"If Monsieur will look at the window in the second story — the third from the end—when we shall reach there, he will see the flowers—they will be there, she has never yet failed in all these months to place them there."

I looked up at the window indicated, but there were no flowers there, and when I turned to speak to my companion he had disappeared. I waited for some time for him to reappear, and then went to the door of the hospital and inquired.

"Yes, a man had just been there and had asked for Cècile, the little French girl who died that morning, and when told that she was dead he had gone away without a word. His eyes had a wild look, and he staggered as he went; perhaps he had been drinking."

I stopped at Dubusier's the next day, and was told that his tenant had not been seen since the day before. A week later a note came to me, in which he asked me to get the picture from his room and keep it in remembrance of him, as it was all he had to offer me in return for the kindness I had shown him.

I brought the picture to my rooms and have it there now; and if you care to we will go over and take a look at it. It is a fine bit of work, and perhaps some of you fellows who know each other's technique, could tell who painted it.

I looked around for Lawson, but he had disappeared. After we had got our coats and hats we started across the square in the driving storm. Arrived at Granville's rooms, we were told by George, his colored servant, that a gentleman had just called to see Mr. Granville, and had said that he would wait for him, but on being alone for a moment, evidently had changed his mind and departed in haste.

We laid aside our hats and coats while George brought out the "Old Cheshire Cheese" jug, and then Granville prepared to astonish us by drawing aside the curtain which veiled the picture on the easel in the corner. The astonishment was his. The canvas had been cut from the frame close to the edge. Evidently the muffled visitor who had departed in such haste was a sneak thief of artistic tastes, who perceiving that this was the most valuable of Granville's movable property had appropriated it.

The day following Lawson went back to Paris—so suddenly that Granville never had the opportunity of asking him if he found his story interesting.

I shall not miss him much, for I have never liked him.

A LADY OF THE LINE.

By George I. Putnam.

I HAVE heard good officers of the army say solemnly: "If it were not for the women we should get along very well in the service." This when discussing garrison troubles. There is something in this, but not the thing they think. For to be forever free of dissension, then, they have only to refrain from marrying and giving in marriage. How simple a thing to do that is!

If the officers went below the surface and got at the causes of events they would not say such things.

I don't mean to imply that all army women can get along well together; whatever this tale may lack, it at least has truth. The women have as many differences as the men—some say more. And when these differences ripen and become garrison property, the men, because they are married to the women or hope to be, are often led to take a hand. There was the time when Mrs. Major McLaughlin was put off the post by the colonel's order; there was harmony for you! There were as many factions as there were sides to the story; and there were as many sides as there were officers. And there was the duel between Captain Blake and Lieutenant Canlee, because their wives hadn't spoken to each other for six months. And there was the campaign between Mrs. Captain Robb and the wife of Doctor Volante—a pretty bit of feminine strategy. It was the outcome of their simple antipathy. That is the story I am going to tell.

The instinctive dislike, in this case, was reinforced by professional jealousy. The Line has always its shoulder turned toward the Staff; and the Staff has no idea of reconciliation. These two women were shut into that little frontier garrison and had to see each other every day, whether or no; but they were women of wide army experience, and of good sense, measurably so, and would have found a way to get along had they both been in the Line or the Staff, just as other women did. But, of course, they shared the sentiments of their husbands; and hence the war. Clearly, this time, the fault was with the men.

The Doctor's wife was said to have once been a belle, and there were those who laid special stress on the *once*. But Mrs. Volante cared nothing for these; her motto was: "Once a belle, always a belle." There were stories of her conquests at every post from Puget Sound to Corpus Christi. Wherever she was, she always essayed the leading social rôle; and it was seldom that a woman said to her: "Mrs. Volante, you are talking out of turn." She rather encouraged the single men in coming up on her porch to lounge and chat; and she seldom depended on the Doctor's escort for the post festivities.

Mrs. Robb was no rival of hers in these matters. She did not care a hairpin for any man's words or presence, except Robb's; but she did not propose to be dictated to by any woman of the Staff, and particularly by the Doctor's gay wife. She was a fearless little woman. Not even the Colonel's wife had any terrors for her, and that was why Robb's company was always shelved at some villainous station, away from the regimental band and headquarters. But no interloping Staff woman could step in and take precedence over the ladies of the regiment while she was at the post.

Each, then, recognized the antagonistic element in the other. And they bowed acidly as they met on the walk in front of quarters, and dealt each other ceremonious calls at long intervals.

So it was, when a vacancy occurred among the second lieutenancies at the post. Death was the cause—it always is. Any of those old lieutenants of the Line would tell you how it goes in the service: shattered hopes, old age, death; plenty of room for all in a couple of

grades. They shake their heads sadly over it; but it isn't so very different in civil life.

Now, the vacancy did not occasion so much interest as the certainty that it would be speedily filled. So much depended on the new-comer, socially. And it was discussed whether he would be a promotion from the ranks. . . .

"I hope not, for my daughter's sake," said Mrs. Robb. Miss Robb was old enough to be in society twice over, and was being pushed forward by her mother as a counter-irritant to Mrs. Volante.

"So impressionable! She would be certain to marry him!" said Mrs. Volante, with ironical sympathy. . . .

Or would he be a civilian appointment? . . .

"Passable, with good looks and money," said the Doctor's wife. . . .

"How funny! We of the Line think only of soldierly qualities," said the Captain's wife, smiling back at her. . . .

Or would he be a West Pointer? . . .

"I understand it is a large class this year, and vacancies are few," said Mrs. Volante.

"Our regiment ranks next to the artillery as a choice," said Mrs. Robb, with great pride in her voice. And this was one to her account, for no graduate had applied for the Nth Infantry in five years, and those lucklessly assigned to it had done their best to effect a transfer. In fact, one man had paid a big bonus for his escape, and his name had been tabooed in the regiment ever since.

But while the ladies were getting an edge on their swords preparatory to the social contest over the new sub, the class at West Point graduated, and Lallyman, who stood seven, applied for the vacancy, and got it without opposition. The young engineers and artillerymen around him marvelled at his preference, but he said: "You wait. That regiment is going to have rapid promotion and good stations some day, and I'll be in clover while you fellows are snuffing alkali." He ignored the fact that engineers and artillerymen never see plains service; and he did not know what alkali was, except as a disagreeable something pertaining to the arid region. But it made an effective climax to his defence, and he went out to the regiment preceded by a reputation for uncommon discernment and long-headedness. And the officers welcomed him as a man, and the ladies as a being still more desirable.

As a fact, he was neither a little god nor a man. He was a good-hearted, green, unformed boy, with extensive views of his own importance. It was his nature to think fairly well of himself; and this element had been fostered by high standing in his class, and high chevrons in the Corps of Cadets. The heights of power to which the First Captain of the Corps at West Point rises are sublime. Jove hands over the thunderbolts to him at command. And it is a terrible drop from First Captain at West Point to an every-day Second Lieutenant at a plains station. Some strike on their feet all right. But some come down whirling, and find themselves in a sad mess. That was the way with Lallyman.

He started out with the assumption that he was an officer and a gentleman. The first, his commission assured him of; the second, the Articles of War. Proceeding then, he determined to do all the things that a combination of officer and gentleman should or could do. He found shortly that many of the other officers and gentlemen played a good deal of poker to pass away the time; this information was almost forced upon him. He had sat in a small game in cadet barracks—blankets at the windows, betting in whispers—and thought he knew all about it. And although he now lost as steadily as a laggard clock, his faith remained unchanged. They said it was luck, and laughed, and dealt around again. He made an excellent feeder.

Then some of the other officers and gentlemen drank; and Lallyman did the same. He was not used to this, and consequently he cut a pitiably ridiculous figure on divers occasions. Waking the day after such an event, he reflected that he was glad his mother and the Girl did not know of it. They both believed in him, and the Girl was going to be his wife. Then he hated himself for his foolishness, pitied himself for his parched tongue and woolly throat, and vowed he would drop the convivial

business for good and all. But when he had made a sorry attempt at a breakfast and had crawled out into the public view, the officers poked such delicate fun at him, and the ladies in cool wrappers on the porches laughed so knowingly and indulgently, that he concluded it was wrong to think seriously of so inconsequential a matter. And then he tipped his forage cap the least bit to the left and back—he noticed the other officers and gentlemen had each a peculiarly individual way of wearing his cap—and he swaggered the smallest trifle in his walk. And thus, feeling himself very much indeed a man, he went up on the Doctor's porch, the Doctor not being there, and sat down to talk with Mrs. Volante. Which was the last thing in the world he ought to have done.

The officers' quarters were built on such a straight line that when you sat on the Doctor's porch—the last house in the row—you had a clear shot up to the Colonel's, at the upper end. It was so impossible to be otherwise than like a great family, that no one thought of putting up end-screens. And this morning, everyone was much interested in Lallyman's conduct; for the officers had given their wives some interesting details of his last night's escapade. Mrs. Robb sat on her porch, rocking and sewing. She pretended not to see Lallyman drop into the Doctor's wicker rocker; but Mrs. Volante knew she did see, and she laughed a pleasant welcome at Lallyman, while she mischievously asked him how he felt.

Learning that his head was like a big balloon filled with whirling dust, she laughed again, and murmured, sympathetically: "You poor thing." Then she went within, and presently returned with a glass, from which she bade Lallyman drink.

Lallyman drank, and looked up admiringly.

"That's soothing truck! Mrs. Volante, you are an angel!" said he.

"Oh, you silly boy! But you shouldn't say such things," she laughed, shaking her finger at him in a way he liked. From the tail of her eye she saw that Mrs. Robb was a witness to Lallyman's devotion, so she threw this moderate obstacle in his path, knowing that he would at once prance over it. Which he did. And he went on at so brave a pace that Mrs. Robb retreated to her inner citadel and told the Captain, who was ignorant of the whole occurrence, that "it" was shameful; wherein he assented without question.

When Lallyman had a touch of homesickness, as every young sub does upon finding the army so different from what he has imagined, Mrs. Volante nursed him through. As a delicate acknowledgment, he inflicted upon her a full account of the Girl, under promise of secrecy. He was proud enough that the Girl loved him, and it did him good to make a confidante of one so sympathetically interested as Mrs. Volante proved she could be. He showed her the photographs, and Mrs. Volante said the pleasantest things about the Girl's appearance. All this was balm and fatness to Lallyman.

Mrs. Volante had nothing against the Girl; she did not know her. And as Lallyman maundered on, she found herself harking back to her own girlhood quite sentimentally. But she could not live long in the past; its atmosphere was very different from that to which she was accustomed. So she shook it off, and remembered that it was her business to forget it. She was not ordinarily credited with much principle; yet there may have been a spice of honesty in her words when, a few days later, she referred to the unpleasant condition of army women, especially in a foot regiment; and she sighed gently as reminiscent fates of such sisters pressed upon her. This made Lallyman think that the jollity and cheerfulness he had already witnessed were nothing but veneering. And she spoke rather slightingly of youthful love, as being evanescent and not at all the grand passion; this at first startled Lallyman, for he had been in the habit of spelling it with capital Y and L. But before she finished he nodded in acquiescence.

Finally, she referred him to the happy and independent condition of bachelor officers, who could take the field without family tears and heartbreak; who could move at a day's notice, and never exceed their baggage allowance;

whose wants were all provided for by the Q. M. D., the S. D., and the M. D.; who had no "women-folks" to come out there peachy-cheeked and laughing, only to grow mottled and sallow from the hot sun and the bad water. . . . "Look along up the line and see them now," said Mrs. Volante. And Lallyman glanced up and saw Mrs. Robb on the second porch; and he knew that Mrs. Robb's early dimples had deepened and widened into hollows devoid of beauty. And Lallyman laughed. He was very young, and judged only by exteriors.

When Lallyman's gloves ripped, Mrs. Volante took a neat needle to them, and said she was glad to do so. And when they talked about himself, as they generally did, she condoned his faults as being not so much faults as rather attractive failings. And she occupied his time so fully that his letters to the Girl became shorter and less frequent; and he was Mrs. Volante's devoted cavalier. Which was just what Mrs. Volante wanted.

But there came a day when Lallyman drew his month's pay, and found it covered but a vulgar fraction of his month's expenses. He put his hands in his pockets, and shook them to show they were empty, and declared he would really have to pipe down. He did not half mean it, and other officers laughed in a way to show that they understood him, and that they often came out bad at the end of the month themselves. This assured Lallyman that he was on the right track. One of the officers pleasantly warned him not to hypothecate his pay accounts, at which they laughed again; they seemed to know what it meant, and Lallyman made a mental note of its being a good way out of a poor business. But Robb did not laugh. He did not laugh much at any time, and never at a time like this. He went home and told his wife that Lallyman was near the end of his string.

"Then it is time for me to begin," said Mrs. Robb.

"Begin what?" asked the guileless soldier.

It was not worth while to explain. "I want you to ask him in to dinner this very night," she continued. "Have him come in right after parade, and stay the evening."

Robb obeyed his orders—he was a good soldier—and Lallyman accepted politely enough. He had been asked to dinner already by every married officer in the post, from the Colonel down, in regular sequence, and each had made some little extra spread for him. But this second bid from Captain Robb, quite out of turn, and to the family table, bore to Lallyman a special significance. So he slapped his leg when alone in his quarters, and murmured something about being forewarned. He had Mrs. Volante to thank for it, and he felt like running into her house and thanking her then, knowing that she would understand. For she had discussed Mrs. Robb with him. She had not in so many words said that Mrs. Robb was designing, or that she was afraid of not being able to marry off that sallow daughter of hers. But what she did say, with effective pauses and significant glances—it was artistically done—conveyed the same idea. So Lallyman went to dinner at the Robb's, forewarned.

Lallyman thought Mrs. Robb knew nothing about the Girl. He was mistaken. Mrs. Volante had not, in so many words, violated his confidence; but by the same system of dashes and eyebrow inflections she had imparted the sweet news to several friends; and everyone in garrison who cared to, knew it. That Lallyman had not discovered this proves what I said—that he was an unformed, a conceited, boy. Mrs. Robb did know of the engagement, though not at first hands; it came to her from a second party. She did not know the Girl, but she took an interest in her. And the task she set herself was to save the Girl the worst possible heartache. What she said to the Captain, as she saw her guest coming up the line, was: "Mr. Lallyman is worth saving; he shall be saved. And as to that Girl—remember, she is a girl. You knew a Girl once—years before you became a captain—" this with a pleasing touch on his shoulder—"and this Girl shall have Mr. Lallyman, Mrs. Volante to the contrary notwithstanding."

Lallyman was surprised that Captain

Robb did not ask him to have an appetizer before the meal; he was persuaded he could not eat without one. But the Captain did not seem to think of it at all; and Lallyman thought he carried it off very well. So they went to table and the dinner proceeded as pleasantly as an unceremonious family dinner should. And then Lallyman thought for a moment of the Girl—in contrast to Miss Robb sitting opposite—and asked, in a deprecating sort of way, that was part of his inexperience, if housekeeping was not very difficult so far from fresh supplies. Mrs. Robb smiled in the kindest way and said No; that he would hardly believe it, but really everything on the table came out of the commissary stores. He did find it hard to believe, but he was at last convinced. And he said, with a happy second thought of the Girl, that army living wasn't half as bad as they'd have you believe. And they all agreed with him.

Then, the dinner being through, they went into the parlor, where some music was in order. Lallyman had thought of making his adieux and escaping soon after dinner, until he remembered that he had rarely seen Robb at the sutler's of an evening. Perhaps Robb could kill time at home; he couldn't, but he would like to see it done. So he stayed, and they sat down to a game of whist, at which Lallyman held successful cards, and got in a high good-humor over his skill. And he gladly accepted Mrs. Robb's cordial invitation to drop in at any time.

From that day Mrs. Volante's power waned. She had been in the habit of having young officers hover about her, and Lallyman had served her turn delightfully. She strove to retain him, but the string she played was frayed out, and gave an untrue note.

And Mrs. Robb displayed unwonted finesse. She wanted Lallyman for a girl she had never seen, and had never mentioned to him. All she did was to show him that an army home could easily be made to possess all the elements of happiness; and Robb himself sustained the teachings of her object-lesson in the most substantial way.

Still, the battle was in doubt, until one day Mrs. Volante, putting too much faith in her position, hazarded a *coup* that settled it so far as she was concerned. But she was harassed by a growing fear of defeat, and by the suspense, and doubtless, too, suffered from the continued hot weather — fourteen consecutive days with the mercury above 108°. Thus, one breathless day, when they were in her darkened parlor and all the rest of the garrison was off guard, she accused him of having forgotten the Girl, and having fallen victim to Mrs. Robb's matrimonial plans.

"I hoped better things of you," said she. "I thought you had more stability of character. I am sorry to find I was mistaken."

"But it isn't so!" he stoutly declared.

"I hope not," said she "I have not been told—I have only observed."

"I believe you only dreamed," said he, with loss of dignity. Then he got his cap out of the corner where he had tossed it as he came in, and went home.

Mrs. Volante could not have offended him more deeply, and that of itself showed the progress Mrs. Robb had made. He had been forewarned, and he had his own powers of observation; and yet he had detected nothing suspicious in Mrs. Robb's ways. "She must take me for a fool!" said he, in angry reference to Mrs. Volante. Then he calmed down, and thought, until he reached some definite conclusions.

He concluded: that since he had been so constant a caller at Captain Robb's quarters, his liquor bill had decreased; that his poker debts had scaled down; that Robb was a friend and had given him some sound advice; that Robb seemed to stand married life in the army pretty well. Then he mused about the Girl, till he was startled by the thought that, as Mrs. Volante was sincere in what she had said, it was possible that he was at fault himself. If she had "observed," it was possible that he had been going there too often. And what, then, did Captain and Mrs. Robb think? Had he lent the idea that . . .?

If so, he had but one thing, as an officer and a gentleman, to do. And he put on his best uniform that evening and went to do it.

"Mrs. Robb," said he, for he found her alone—a most curious thing he afterward thought—"Mrs. Robb, I've seen

so much of your pleasant home — that I've been tempted—to tell you—something—I am looking forward to." And he looked as sternly determined about the telling as though there was nothing pleasant about it at all.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Robb, quite delighted. "Do tell me—and yet, I believe I could guess it."

"Do you believe so?" cried Lallyman, with a touch of dismay. "I believe you couldn't — but don't try! You would surely guess wrong—and that would spoil it all. The fact is—I'm engaged."

Mrs. Robb laid down the work she was making a pretence with, and looked at him mistily. "Bless the boy," said she. "I'm more glad to hear you say so than I can tell." And she was. She knew where she stood with regard to Mrs. Volante, then.

"It's to a girl," he continued, impressively, "back in New York. And I'm going to get a month's leave in the fall, and marry her, and bring her out."

"It will be the best thing you could do," said Mrs. Robb. And she felt like a victor crowned with laurel.

"But what I want to say is this." And here he discovered great difficulty in framing his speech, so he got upon his feet, and stood up to his work like a good soldier. "Is that if I have done—er—come here too often—er—I heard—er—."

And right there Mrs. Robb jumped up and caught his hands, and laughed in his very face.

"—If you came too often, so that we thought it was our daughter you were after," she completed for him. "No. Don't you think it. And to prove it I'll tell you a secret—one you could never guess."

"N—no, you think so?" he stammered, trying to recover himself.

"Never, in the world. It's this. I knew you were engaged, days and days and days ago. Never mind how I knew; I did know, and that's the reason you came. So now you have two secrets—yours and mine." From which it can be seen that Mrs. Robb's victory was very complete.

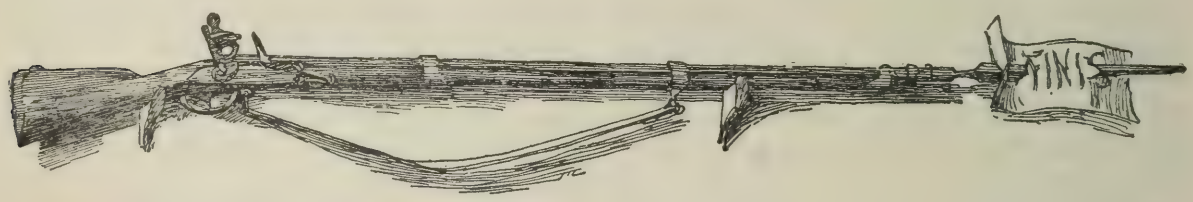
Then she went on.

"So, when you go home, you just give her my love. She has one friend here already. And when you bring her out, you come here and stay with us till you can get your own housekeeping in order." She stopped. Army hospitality, confined within its narrow limits of possibilities, could suggest nothing more. She gave his hands a great shake and dropped them. "I'm so glad," said she.

That night Lallyman sat up late, writing a letter to the Girl. And when she got it, she felt that she would find almost a second mother at her new home. This, with various assurances of Lallyman's own devising, made her happier than she had been for many days. So that her reply was all that Lallyman could wish. And his application for leave of absence went through satisfactorily; the marriage took place, and they came to the post together.

Now Lallyman never told the Girl this story—not through concealment; he was honest. He knew so little of it, that he had nothing to tell. He was the only one of the parties interested who did not appreciate it. Mrs. Robb told her some of it—not all—and the Doctor was ordered away from the post before they arrived, so she never met Mrs. Volante; that was one very happy circumstance.

The rest of the story? Any married man will finish it for you.



THE POINT OF VIEW

The last time that young McAllo dined at our house, he shocked me a good deal by declaring that the chief object of his activities for some time past had been to rid himself of the weight of "Puritanism" which he had incurred from several generations of straight-laced ancestors. I inquired of McAllo what his descent was, and discovered that it was almost purely Scotch Presbyterian, and that what small admixture of other stock there was, was French Huguenot. McAllo complained that such a derivation as that was a hindrance to sport, and admitted that he had been busy for months past with horses, cocktails, cigarettes, and most of the reasonable appliances of generous living, trying to modify the tendencies that his forbears had imposed upon him. His conscience, he said, was too exacting, and he felt it to be desirable to mitigate its tyranny.

I was affected by McAllo's remarks very much as if he had said that his grandfathers, by industry and thrift, had been able to hand him down a material property, and that finding it inconvenient to draw the interest, he was doing what he could to relieve himself by using his principal to back his luck at cards. There was a good deal of "bluff" in his allegations, and I need not have disturbed myself so much about them; but there was also an element of misapprehension which it seemed the Christian duty of any adult listener to correct. I don't know that he meant it so, but when he said "Puritanism," to my mind he meant the power of self-restraint and the ability to get along on the minimum of amusement. If McAllo has got these things in his blood, perhaps it is natural enough that, having never felt the lack of them, he should undervalue them, and wish to let a little of them out. But with you and me, who haven't got them by nature perhaps, and have to secrete by personal, moral thrift all that we use, it is different. The tyranny of Puritan tendencies has no terrors for us. What worries us is the costly and unremitting obligation to keep ourselves amused, under penalty of dissatisfaction with life whenever we don't succeed. It seems as if a man with such forbears as McAllo's had nothing to do but to go out into the world with his sickle and reap. The hard work is beating one's recalcitrant self into a useful creature, responsive to one's higher aspirations and promptly obedient to the will.

For this poor, admirable McAllo, the chief part of that has been done. The lad likes by nature to learn, to work his brains, to live cleanly. He can have more fun with Homer and a student's lamp than a coarser-fibred lad can have with a bottle of champagne and a pool-table. Vulgar or vicious associates seem simply dull to him, and he can think more agreeable thoughts on milk and oatmeal than the average club man can on Pommery and terrapin. That is what a line of plain-living, high-thinking Scotchmen, now deceased, have done for him, and the poor ignorant boy knows no better than to grumble about his Puritan tendencies! If only they were marketable commodities, what a price he could get for them from some sad-hearted millionaire, who needs a new moral endowment for his son! If they were marketable he would learn quickly enough what they were worth.

In these days, when there is so much talk of heredity, we ought to recognize, as usually we do not, our obligations to the decent men and women from whom we have the good fortune to be derived. The ancestor who hands us down money gets recognition. He has done something that we can understand, and we name our children after him and try to keep his name before the world. But the saints in our family records—the men and women who have made a stand for us against sensuality and laziness—we do not half appreciate. It is a pity we are so dull. How much do we really profit if, from the same money-maker who leaves us an income upon which we can afford to drink beer, we inherit a thirst which can only be appeased by champagne? The wise king was as sagacious as usual when he said that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; but he was indisputably and obviously sagacious if, when he said "a good name" he meant good blood.

I NEVER understood how important was the influence of modern fashion on the art of my native land until, some time since, I was one of a committee of some two dozen, entrusted—chiefly by themselves, if I am not mistaken—with the task of providing a monument for a distinguished man in one of our larger cities. The person whose memory we wished to hand down to the future was known to the public more as an orator than in any other way. He was, in life, a man of striking presence, tall, firmly built, with a head of great dignity as well as beauty and strongly marked features—possessing, in short, physical qualities that seemed to lend themselves to successful and impressive representation in sculpture. A full-length bronze statue in an attitude of the orator familiar to his hearers, seemed the most fitting form of the memorial. In the committee were represented art, literature, the law, medicine, statesmanship, commerce, by members of well-established standing. They protested, as with one voice, in accents varying from pensive regret to acute disgust, against the full-length statue, and each, in his way, based his protest on the inevitable, invincible ugliness of the modern trousers. Unfortunately, the friend whom we sought to honor was known never to have worn a long cloak, and to have won his laurels as an orator either in evening dress, or in the ampler and severer close-buttoned "frock," but always with unquestionable display of trousers. So the statue was abandoned.

It was a pity, all the greater because this was a completely representative case. What is to be done? We cannot often resort to the obvious disguise of a cloak—which, moreover, is sometimes far from successful, as in the otherwise fine statue of Beecher in Brooklyn, by J. Q. A. Ward, in which the spirited head and the animated forms of the slave girl and the boy at the base hardly redeem the clumsy mass of the sleeved cloak. If only we could restore the colonial style of dress, we should have ample scope for dignity and grace and action, as in Ward's Washington, or Bartholdi's La Fayette, or the newly erected Nathan Hale. It is all a question of legs, and the banishment of these important members from public sight is, I fear, practically perpetual. I suppose it may be a consequence of the over-development of the head in the affairs of modern life. Grown men of our times no longer dance, nor ride horses, nor fight so habitually that freedom for their legs is of any moment to them. The head does the greater part of what men greatly care to do, and the legs seem only convenient carriers for that busy and sometimes distracted globe. Probably one result may be that memorial sculpture will be forced to take the form of busts and bas-reliefs, and though these give very happy play for most enjoyable and valuable qualities, they fall short, far short of the function of the statue. They may give us most expressive and precious memorials of our distinguished men, but they cannot be made imposing features of the life of our cities, they cannot help much to build up that enjoyment of art in the streets which, as a people, we so clearly need.

MR. WALTER BESANT has been discussing platonic friendships, and whether or not they can really be made to work. He thinks they may, but not between two persons both of whom are young.

It is well that someone should take thought about platonic friendships, for Nat-

ure, who superintends most things, does not seem to care very much about them. It makes no difference to her, apparently, whether they work or not. No great natural law governs them. The principle of natural selection shirks responsibility for them, and no one dares to assume that the fittest of them will survive. They cannot be left to take care of themselves; but if they exist at all must be constantly under supervision, and subjects of argument and special pleas.

Consider what the essentials of a platonic friendship are! Are they not that the parties to it shall be of different sexes, and that there shall be a considerable degree of exclusiveness about their intimacy? Does anyone doubt that exclusiveness is essential? Intimacy cannot be intimacy unless it is more or less exclusive. We can only live one life at a time, and if we share a good part of that with any one person, there is so much the less for the rest. If a friendship is not intimate enough to be noticeably exclusive, does anyone ever find it necessary to explain that it is platonic?

Love between women and men was not invented for the entertainment of philosophers, but largely for domestic purposes; and if platonic love is to have anything better than a hazardous and unstable existence, the conditions of it must be such that it may prosper without conflict with Nature's more important ends. Thus we see why platonic friendships between young people who might marry do not endure. Such couples get married, and their friendship merges into a more durable sentiment, or else one of them marries someone else, and then it lapses. At least it should lapse, for if it does not, it not only militates against peace in a family, but it tends to keep the unmarried platonist from going about his business and finding himself a mate, according to Nature's design. It is true that there are women, and young women at that, who can contrive for a time to maintain a husband and one or two simultaneous platonic intimates. But in such cases one of three things happens: either the wife makes her husband happy and her platonic admirers miserable, or she makes her friends happy and her husband miserable, or she makes them all miserable. If by any chance or miracle of talent she seems to make them all happy, she makes society miserable, because it cannot see how she does it. And when society is miserable it talks; until finally it breaks up the arrangement. She is bound to fail, and the reason does not lie in any defect in her, but in the fact that her purpose is contrary to the economy of Nature, which has provided barely men enough to go around, and does not permit a woman who has a man of her own to monopolize other men with impunity. Every marriageable man besides her husband that any woman absorbs, involves the waste of some other woman's opportunities, and Nature abhors waste with a proverbial antipathy.

As for the platonic friendships of young married men, they are hardly worth discussing. The measure of them is simply the wife's capacity to control her feelings. It becomes clear, therefore, that the only platonic friendships that can be trusted are those that do not interfere with Nature's plans. Young lads, "hobbledehoys," if they are not too rich, may cultivate with impunity transitory friendships with women somewhat older than themselves. Such associations are instructive to the lad and amuse the lady, without interfering in any way with her more serious plans. So also there are adult men, who by reason of special circumstances or exceptional personal qualities, gain special privileges of platonic attachment. It is part of the record of the Chevalier Bayard that he loved dearly and without concealment another gentleman's wife, but he was irreproachable and was not a marrying man, and what was even more important, he was almost always absent on warlike adventures, so that no one grudged him the occasional solace he found in the lady's society. A considerable measure of platonic affection can be tolerated in almost any case, if it is only tempered by an adequate provision of absence.

When a native of New York, in the course of a half-hour's confinement on an elevated railway train, can detect in the speech of his fellow-prisoners a half-dozen languages besides his own, he may be fairly confident of the cosmopolitan character of the population of his town. It is not an uncommon thing in such enforced intimacy to overhear French, German, Italian, Scandinavian,

Spanish, Chinese, and perhaps one of the obscure tongues that Asia Minor contributes. It happened to me, only recently, on a Sunday afternoon, when possibly the holiday habit had brought out the foreign elements in disproportionate force. One fact in this polyglot entertainment struck me—the frequency with which, in the babbling stream of every foreign tongue—even the Chinese—an occasional English word would be perceptible; most often it was the "Yes" or "No," or some minor phrase of a syllable or two. Clearly these were the signs of a half-conscious adjustment of the speakers to their environment, an adjustment barely begun, but which I like to think must go on with important results.

But how fast and how far? That is an interesting question. Many of these people who come to us have shown pretty bitter hatred toward each other at home. The German and the Frenchman, the Frenchman and the Italian, the Irish and the English, the English and the French Canadian, have for a long time now cherished "bad blood" and spilled some now and again in war or in riot. Will they learn to live in peace with each other and with us, and come to be a fairly steady-going and contented and well-to-do people. I incline to think that in the long run they will. My confidence is not altogether in the beneficent effect of "free institutions," though these count for much, but also in that "wholesome neglect" which is a permanent character of our political organization. It is fortunate for us that we have not put the management of the infinitely varied interests of our people in any one set of hands, but have been able to let them gather in groups, each group under a system of its own. In this way no local disturbance becomes a national affair, and the whole country is not agitated by it. If, for instance, the outbreak of savagery in New Orleans some years ago, when a score of Italians were brutally murdered by a mob, had fallen under national jurisdiction, it might have been a much more serious matter. Centralized authority has advantages, no doubt, but it makes of the central government the target for a great number of resentments, prejudices, and appetites. A bitter quarrel in any part of the land compels or induces the whole people to take sides, and the task of the men at the centre, —who are no better, perhaps, than the men in the various State governments—becomes complicated to the verge of impossibility. With our happy arrangement for localizing difficulty, we leave the great body of the people uninterested and absorbed in a humdrum fashion in their own affairs. We do not perhaps have as much national feeling as is desirable, and our life as a people is not so picturesque, but on the whole it is not a bad arrangement for the old-fashioned purpose of the greatest good of the greatest number.





ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

TITO LESSI'S

MILTON VISITING GALILEO.

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. *See p* 319.*]*

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE SEA ISLAND HURRICANES.

THE RELIEF.*

By Joel Chandler Harris.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL SMITH.

I.



WHEN the condition of the survivors in the Sea Islands became known, the first spasmodic attempt to succor them developed two problems of vast magnitude. The first was, Where is the necessary relief to come from? The second, How is it to be distributed when it does come? How many perished from sickness and exposure before these problems were solved will never be known. But the suggestion—when we take into consideration the number and character of the population and the extent of island area—leaves a wide field for the imagination to cover.

The American public is exceedingly sensitive to demands on its benevolence. Its readiness—nay, its anxiety—to give is most remarkable. Its promptness is electric in its manifestations. Touch it and the response is instantaneous. Where the pestilence strikes and leaves desolation, where the floods rise and breed destitution, where the flames leap forth and leave poverty and distress, there the people of the republic send their gracious gifts and bestow their precious sympathy.

There was the Johnstown catastrophe, to mention no other, where the population was overwhelmed by the waters that rushed down the valley. Relief was so prompt that the survivors hardly had an opportunity to make an appeal for aid, and so abundant that a considerable fund was left over when the needs of all had been carefully supplied. But Johnstown is the centre of a rich and populous district. It is in easy reach of the great cities. It had not a day to wait for relief, and there was no difficulty in reaching those who were in distress. But the Sea Islands are remote even from the cities that are nearest to them. They were farther from Charleston and Savannah the first fortnight after the great tornado than these cities are from New York.

Taken together these islands cover a great deal of territory. They reach from Savannah to Charleston, and there was more or less suffering in all of them. Those lying between Savannah and Port Royal are not so large either in area or population as those that lie between Port Royal and Charleston. They were not struck so heavily by the storm. The destitution there was not so great, and those who needed relief

* For First Paper, "The Sea Island Hurricanes—The Devastation," see SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February.

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Rations for Lady's Island.

were more easily reached. The storm struck more heavily on St. Helena and fifty miles north of that island than elsewhere. At least the devastation was greater there, and all this region is off the lines of travel.

For that reason it was a fortnight, almost a month, before any organized measure of relief could be applied to St. Helena, Ladies, Coosaw, Dawbaw, Edisto, Little Edisto, Wadmalaw, St. Philip's, and the others that belong to the group between Beaufort and Charleston. The cities that figure on the map as the geographical neighbors of the Sea Islands did the best they could. Charleston, wrecked and torn, gathered itself together to aid in the work of relief, and Beaufort and Port Royal were as prompt. In a little while, too, aid began to flow in from various parts of the country; but how was it to be utilized? How was it to be distributed? This was the problem that made the situation intolerable for those who were in need, and almost unendurable for those who were anxious to extend relief.

In the very nature of things these first efforts to aid the negroes on the islands were feeble and futile. Those who made the effort were themselves sufferers from the storm, and the means they had at hand were utterly inadequate. They had no organization. Relief committees were hastily formed, but there was still the problem of distribution. This would have been a serious problem even if all the ordinary methods of communication had not been swept away.



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Steamboat Landing—"Look de boat."



Gathering Sweet Potatoes.

But with the small boats gone, and the sail- and steam-craft crippled and out of use, the question of relief ceased to be a problem and took the shape of an impossibility.

II.

At a time when everything was in confusion, and when the negroes on the islands were in the throes of starvation, the Red Cross Society, represented by Miss Clara Barton and a staff of assistants, took up its abode in Beaufort, from which the stricken section could best be reached. Miss Barton and her assistants had faced a good many emergencies, but I have their word for it that the conditions they were compelled to deal with in relieving the population of the Sea Islands have never been paralleled in all their experience. The problem before them was new, but they had the capacity for organization, the gift of promptness, the quality of decision ; they had tact, energy, and enterprise. They knew what was to be done at once, and there was no delay nor yet undue haste in setting the machinery of relief in motion. The local committees turned over everything to the Red Cross, and immediately the

work of relief, as distinguished from indiscriminate charity, took form and became substantial.

Miss Barton had some experience with the negroes of this region in the first months after the war, and therefore had nothing to learn or to unlearn in dealing with them. Her name was known to the older ones, and one old negro woman — Aunt Jane — who had cooked for her "when freedom come 'bout," came thirty miles to see her.

But with all its experience, with all its energy and discipline, the Red Cross Society was compelled to move slowly. It was not superior to the lack of the means of communication. It could not give boats to its messengers nor wings to its messages. All that it could do was to launch some of the boats that had been blown ashore, and hire others that had been rescued. Presently, too, the negroes began to recover some of their own boats that had lodged in the marshes, and then the work of organizing relief committees on the islands began. It was slow and tedious. The delay was almost disheartening. Malarial fever was playing havoc with the destitute—not killing them outright, but so weakening them as to cause death from the lack of nourishing food or from exposure; for hundreds were living in the bushes, practically without shelter, and hundreds were without clothes.

In the very beginning one thing was made clear to the negroes—that to get help they must help themselves; that there was to be no indiscriminate distribution of alms. Some of the older ones, remembering the days when the Freedmen's Bureau was in operation, came to the conclusion that the government had charge of the relief funds; but their minds were promptly disabused by the methods which the Red Cross adopted. Was a negro able to work? Then he was provided with tools and material—hammer, saw, nails, and lum-



The Lonely Marshes.



ber—and set to building houses for families of women and children who had been left homeless.

The first object of the Red Cross Society was to aid the helpless, to succor those who were unable to work or to help themselves; the next was to help those who were willing and able to help themselves. Miss Barton is very much afraid that this part of her work will be misunderstood.

"I feel that we are standing on the edge of a volcano," she said, with a smile. "We have had a very delicate and difficult task before us. It is still before us. I have been doing, and propose to do only what my judgment and experience approve. But you know how small a foundation misrepresentation needs for a foothold. I expect to hear any day that Clara Barton and her Red Cross Society are selling—actually selling—the supplies the people have donated for the relief of these Sea Island sufferers. You may smile—I smile myself to think of it—and yet it is a very serious matter. Our regulations do not permit us to give relief to able-bodied men. But these men need relief. There is no work for them to do. They are as absolutely dependent as if they had been crippled in the storm. Yet they are able-bodied; they can work. They need food, they need clothes, and, as the cold weather comes on, their needs will be sorer.

"This was the first problem that presented itself after the needs of the helpless had been met, so far as we could meet or reach them. Here were men able to work, anxious to work, and really needing relief almost as badly as those who were helpless. So we said to these people, 'We will give you work and pay you for it in food and clothing so far as we are able.' A great many responded promptly, and these we have set to work rebuilding the houses of those who were left homeless by the storm. In this way we have made one element of the needy strengthen and maintain another element, and all in the direction of the rigid economy that we are compelled to observe.

"What I fear is that those who look critically at these matters from afar will assume and say that we are selling the supplies that have been placed in our charge by the benevolent people of the country. You know how such things go. Such a rumor, if it should get out, would spread mightily among the women's circles and societies of the North, and my reputation would be wounded among those who are most kindly disposed.

"But you have seen for yourself what we are doing. You have visited the islands. You have discovered how difficult it is to reach these people. We can only do our best, and that best is very little when you take into consideration the extent of the desolation and the means of reaching the sufferers. When we give able-bodied men work, and pay them out of the supplies in hand for rebuilding the poor little homes that have been blown away, we are merely economizing. We are making our material go as far as it can be made to go. And we must economize. We dare not, at this time, scatter our supplies indiscriminately. The cold weather is coming on, and these island people—the helpless ones, the women and children—must be cared for."

That has been the whole policy of the Red Cross Society from the outset—to make its relief fund go as far as possible. Houses would have to be built for the homeless in any event, and it certainly seems to be the essence of wisdom and economy to give the work of rebuilding them into the hands of those who need relief and who are willing to accept it in return for their labor.

One instance will stand for the whole policy of the Society, which is simplicity itself. A negro man is so fortunate as to have his cabin left standing by the storm. He is able to work and willing to work, but there is nothing for him to do. His nearest neighbor, a woman with five children, has lost



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Effects of the Storm upon an Old Mansion on Station Creek.

her home and her husband, to say nothing of three other children. The man and the woman apply for relief, and both tell their story. Here is a case where each can help the other. So the man is set to work rebuilding the woman's house, and to the woman is given the task of making the man some necessary articles of clothing. The one helps the other, and out of the relief fund the Red Cross Society helps both.

III.

The negroes of the South, especially those of the Sea Islands, have been the victims of a good deal of exaggeration, first and last. Their tendencies and characteristics have been wofully exaggerated by hasty writers for the press, and their personal appearance has been caricatured by artists. No one can say why, for surely the negro, both on the Uplands and on the Sea Islands, is more interesting as he really is than as he is pictured to be. There has been a theory since the War that the Sea Island negroes are relapsing into a state of barbarism and savagery. It is impossible to say precisely what this theory was based on, but it has no basis now, or not enough to attract the attention of a careful observer. It is just twenty years since I first saw and studied the speech and characteristics of the Sea Island negroes; more than twenty years since Daddy Jack astonished me with his Gullah talk, half African and less than half English. During that time there has been a great improvement in the negroes of this region. They are still different from their brothers in the upland plantations, but the Gullah element is nearly wiped out, and the Congo type is rapidly disappearing. They are not so gay as the upland negro, they do not belong to the same tribes, but they are gentler, they are more unaffected, and there is a flute-like note in their voices, a soft, lilting intonation at the close of their sentences that is indescribably winning.



Headquarters of the Red Cross Society.

In Georgia the prevailing type—not the most numerous, but the most noticeable—is the Arabian. Old Ben Ali (pronounced by the negroes Bénally), who left a diary in one of the desert dialects of Arabic, was blessed with astonishing prepotency, and his descendants after him, so that it is always easy to discover the "favor" of the old Arab in a Georgia negro who is especially intelligent or enterprising. Old Ben Ali—his diary is now in the hands of a son of the author of "The Young Marooners"—never was a slave in the ordinary meaning of that term. He was foreman of his owner's plantation, and as fierce a task-master as a negro ever had.

But these Sea Island negroes belong essentially to the slave type of the African. Their ancestors were in captivity and held in a state of bondage far worse than that which American slavery developed. They were



Going to School.

of the more peaceful tribes, the tribes that devoted themselves to raising cattle and to the rude forms of agriculture that prevail to this day in Africa. They were the unresisting victims of the raids of the fiercer slave-trading tribes, or of the warlike Arabs.

The traits that excited the rapacity of the native slave-traders still manifest themselves in these Sea Island negroes in a way that is both attractive and touching. They are gentle, unobtrusive, and friendly. They are uncomplaining. They smile somewhat deprecatingly when asked about the storm, and they are apt to belittle the details as well as the results. They readily accept such relief as they can get, but if none were to be had they would accept the lack of it almost as cheerfully, though it would mean starvation to many of them.

Thus it was a very difficult matter for a stranger visiting the Islands, say in November, to realize that the negro population were the victims of conditions that, even then, were of the most serious character. He would be misled by their patient good-humor, and by their air of quiet resignation, which could easily be mistaken for content. He might go casually about the Islands without discovering any great need for relief. Those whom he met would salute him with a respectful smile and tacitly agree to anything he might say.

They answer a question according to the tone of it. Thus if you say, "There is not much suffering around here, is there?" the answer would be, "Lil bit, suh; not much." If you say, "There is a good deal of trouble here, isn't there?" the answer is, "Right sma't, suh; dee

yent see all"—meaning that those who are dispensing relief haven't yet heard of all the needy ones.

The negroes are shy with their troubles. If you go to a rude shanty and knock, you are not to conclude that it is uninhabited because there is no response. If you wait a little bit you will see the head of a negro child peep from behind the corner, and then a woman's voice—"Ain't let you in, suh. No cloze to we back." In other words, the members of the family are naked, and they are hiding there in the house until they can be clothed from the relief fund. If you pretend you are going in anyhow, there will be squealing and laughing on the inside.



I don't know how good-humor can abide here after the storm, but it is here. It is not gayety; it is not carelessness. It is the good-humor that nestles close to patience, and that sometimes holds sorrow's hands.

A negro, describing the storm to me, illustrated it by quoting from the Tar-baby story. "De storm, suh"—he paused as if to fix some comparison in his mind—"de storm—you know how Ber Rabbit talk ter Tar Baby: Me turrer han' wusser. You gone ef I is hit you wit' me wusser han'. Dat de storm, suh. Turrer han' wusser. Water hu't mo' dan win'." He was the father of a woman who climbed into a tree holding her baby by its clothes in her teeth, and carrying another child in her arms. Wind or tide wrenched her from her place, and she was found dead, still holding the baby in her teeth by its clothes. The other child—a little four-year old—was saved and stood by its grandfather with eyes wide-staring, and with an expression on its face as inscrutable as that of the Sphinx.

The old negro gave me a fuller description of the storm than I could get from any of the islanders. "De win' come all dat day," he said. "All day, suh. I yeddy 'im blow dat night. I shek my head, suh. I say 'e gwan whip 'roun', 'e done dat befo', suh. 'E been whip' roun'. Josy" (his daughter who was drowned) "come 'cross an' say, 'Daddy, whut dish yer win'? I say, 'Run home, gal, stick by dem chillun.' She gone! Win' whip 'roun'; 'e whip hard; 'e come fahs; 'e come harder. 'E knock at de do'; 'e knock de do' down. 'E knock at de tree; 'e knock de tree down. 'E blow so ha'd 'e stan' still. Den de water—I yeddy 'im lick-lick-lick at de chimley—lick-lick-lick 'neat' de flo. Den mo' win', mo' water, un I been lif' out de do' un fling in de tree dey. Ef dem dead had been live I been save many, suh, when dey come drif' by in de mornin'."

Not a long description, surely, but, with the swift gestures and the sympathetic movements of the body, a very graphic one. All of the negroes could tell something of interest if they would, but the younger generation is something shyer of the white man than the older negroes are, and all are reticent.



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

Wreckage on Coosaw Island.

IV.

Station Creek divides St. Phillip's Island from St. Helena. On this creek, on the St. Helena side, our exploring party found a fine old two-story house. It had evidently been the home of one of the old-time planters, who had chosen to build here, miles away from all the lines of communication. A story-writer, for the sake of adding interest to his picture, would no doubt describe the old house as a palatial Southern mansion, but, as a matter of fact, it presented anything but a palatial appearance. It stood grim and gray and desolate. Time had worn the paint away, and the storm had given the finishing touches by crushing one of the wide gables, and tearing away the tops of the big chimneys. As our little launch steamed toward the landing the negroes swarmed out of the house—there must have been fifty of them, big and little—and stood on the shore silent and watchful. They returned no answering shout, but, after a while, two of the men separated from the group and brought a boat alongside. Our small party got in, ready to go ashore. But the negroes waited, looking at the launch, at us, and then at each other.

"What is the matter?" they were asked.

"No ration, suh?"

Alas! there were no rations, but the negroes leaned to their oars without a word, and speedily brought us to land. There was not much to see there—not much to learn. All their cabins had been destroyed, their crops ruined, and they were far from Beaufort, the centre from which relief was distributed. They had taken refuge in the big house, which had weathered the storm. There was no other shelter for them.

The house was very snugly built for this section, but there was no wide veranda to catch the breeze and no wide hall. The staircase was narrow, and some of the rooms were very small. That old house has a history that tries to speak aloud in these peculiarities, but there was no one to interpret it to us—nothing to give us a clew. A bell hung over the door, but the clapper was gone, and rust had snapped the wire. The guest that last set it to quivering must have been in the grave many a long year.

Though the negroes here were far from the relief fund, they had been visited by a Red Cross committee, and their immediate wants supplied. All that they possessed, except the clothes they wore and a few blankets, had been swept away by the storm. Four or five out of the small community had died afterward, and a good many—it was impossible to get the exact number—were drowned by the tide.

The negroes at this place had a mystery to deal with, and they were very much perplexed by it. The mystery was in the shape of a little old man, who had come into the settlement in the very middle and height of the storm. The negroes were not afraid of the little old man, but it was plain they regarded him with something more than a shade of superstition. One of the negro men, trying to reach the big house, was tossed by the rising tide against a live oak, into which he clambered with all possible haste. He sat there all night, and at dawn found at his side the little old man, who was not only as contented as possible, but actually nodding on the limb. He was an entire stranger. The negro asked him who he was and where he came from, but all the reply he could get was "John Omcum." I spell the name the best I know how, phonetically. It may be Armcome, or Armstrong. But "John Omcum" was all that could be got out of the little old man in the tree. None of the negroes had ever seen him before, and none had ever heard of him. Where did he come from? Was he blown from Hilton Head Island across the long sweep of Port Royal Sound, or did he drift from one of the little islands in the Chechessee River?

The little old man was pointed out to me. He stood apart, for he was too much of a mystery to invite familiarity on the part of the other negroes. He smiled shrewdly, blinked his little eyes, and seemed to feel some sort of pride in his peculiar position. He was old, and wrinkled, and dried up, and yet wonderfully alert. While the rest of the party were gone to look at the old

family graveyard that had been flooded by the tide, I had John Omcum all to myself. I crossed his palm with a silver dollar, and he followed me about the place, ambling close at my heels wherever I went; but never a whisper could I get from him as to how or whence he came.

"Him so ole, him ashy—eh!" exclaimed one of the women, softly. The "eh!" sounded as if it had been blown from a flute.

"Enty!" exclaimed another, with a sigh.

The description was apt. The old man's ragged pantaloons were rolled up, and his shrunken legs had a tinge of ashen gray over the black.

Poor old John Omcum! shrewd or imbecile—wise or crazy—his was a frail figure to drop smiling out of the thunderous bosom of the storm.

We sailed away from the old place, the screw of the little launch making a mighty stir and splutter in the quiet waters of Station Creek. The negroes stood watching us. One of them waved a handkerchief listlessly, and the little steamer responded with its whistle, sending a ringing farewell over the water. Apart from the rest stood John Omcum, as still as a statue, with one hand raised and his head craned forward a little. He stood thus until a turn in the creek hid him from view.



In Spite of Trouble.

V.

It is not to be understood, because the negroes of the Sea Islands need relief now and will need it until a new potato crop can be planted and gathered, that they are thriftless or lazy, or slow to look out for themselves. The evidence on all sides goes to show that they are quite as prosperous and progressive—all things being equal—as the upland negroes. They have every invitation to laziness, for nature is kind to them. Spring comes early and summer lingers until far in November. The soil of the islands is black and rich and deep—a fertilizer in and of itself. The warm sun quickens the seeds into life, and sun and soil and air combine to bring all crops to swift and perfect maturity. It is natural, therefore, under the circumstances, that the Sea Island negroes should be a trifle careless in their methods of cultivation, and that they should fall somewhat below the measure of those who are compelled to face harder conditions and a less productive soil.

It is enough for the negroes to know that these Sea Island lands produce the finest and the highest-priced cotton in the world, and that the land on which it is grown recuperates and reenriches itself from year to year. This Sea Island cotton enters into the manufacture of the finest goods, and the staple is so long and silk-like that special machinery has been invented to spin it. It is worth twenty-five cents a



DRAWN BY DANIEL SMITH.

In Beaufort, S. C.

pound even when carelessly prepared for market. When grown and prepared with extra care it is worth from forty to sixty cents a pound.

In order to grow a perfect grade, the seed must be renewed from year to year—otherwise the staple slowly degenerates in fineness, in length, and strength. Following the example of the whites, the negroes during the last few years have come to pay more attention to preparing their cotton for market, but, for the most part, they still neglect to renew their seed as often as they should. This has had two results. The first is a lower price, and the second is the increase of imports of Egyptian cotton, which is almost as fine as the Sea Island variety and much cheaper. Five million dollars' worth of Egyptian cotton was imported into the United States last year, and there seems to be a probability that the Sea Island cotton will have to be sold for a reduced price, or cease to compete with Egypt altogether.

Twenty-five cents a pound is a pretty round price to get for cotton produced under such simple and primitive methods as those that are in vogue on the Sea Islands, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that some of the negroes are prosperous. Many of them own ten, twenty, and even fifty acres of land. But the majority, like most of the negroes elsewhere, are tenants and pay their rent by sharing the crop or in so many days' work each week. Some of the more enterprising, who are within reach of the regular lines of communication, have varied their farming operations by engaging in truck gardening on a modest scale.

But all these operations were suspended by the great storm, and the soil itself has been damaged as to its fertility by the salt tide. I heard an interesting discussion between two white planters and land-owners as to the probable damage caused by the inundation of salt-water. They did not come to any definite conclusion, but both agreed that only experiment could decide whether the flooded land would be productive enough to pay the bare cost of its cultivation next season.

The cotton crop, which was mostly open in the bolls and about ready to pick, was almost totally destroyed. Only that which had been picked before the storm was saved, and it bears no relation to the real crop. A factor at Beaufort, whose warehouse had been blown away, told me that his season's receipts up to the 15th of November usually amounted to as many as four hundred bags—not bales. Up to the 15th of last November he had received ten, only three of these coming from the islands proper.

The corn and sweet potato crops—in fact, all the crops on the islands—were destroyed. Harvest time is in September, and the tornado tore over the islands on the 28th of August. Fresh supplies of cotton-seed will have to be distributed in the spring, as well as seed-corn, and, when the time comes, relief cannot take a more substantial shape.

If you are going to make a tour of the islands, the first thing the pilot of the tug or launch does is to close his compass box. He has and can have no sort of use for that instrument. The waterways are so crooked, the channel is so devious, that in the course of an hour the prow of the boat heads to all points of the compass. It is impossible to say whether you are going away or coming back, and the pilot must depend entirely on his familiarity with the channels. These channels run through the islands themselves. The creeks running through Ladies' Island form Cat Island, Gibbs's Island, Distant Island, and I don't know how many more. A creek cuts Paris Island from Port Royal Island, and Horse Island is scooped out of Paris Island. Northward there is St. Helena, Ladies', Phœnix, Dawbaw, Kiawah, Edisto and Little Edisto, Wadmalaw and John's Islands. From Hilton Head to Charleston lie the islands that were most severely injured by the storm. Together they cover a good deal of territory. Those who will take the trouble to glance at the map will have no difficulty in understanding how twenty or thirty thousand negroes in these remote districts have been left practically destitute, and how, in the nature of things they must depend on the bounty of the charitable for many long weeks and months.

What is it about these islands that attracts the negroes and holds them here? What subtle influence brings them back again when they venture to go away? There is a saying that those who once drink water on one of these islands will never rest contented until they return. But this fancy, or superstition, has its origin with the white race, and is common to all sections and communities.

I overheard a conversation between two negro women and a negro preacher on the little steamer that plies occasionally between Savannah and the islands. One of the women had some property in Beaufort and was going there to look after it. The other woman lived on St. Helena. The preacher lived in Savannah, and was going to the islands to see if he could be of any service.

The three were talking about the storm—that being the sole topic of interest. The preacher said he couldn't understand why any human being would want to live on the islands, exposed to the "relements" (as he put it), and cut off from the world.

"You smell de ma'sh when you n'young—you mus' smell 'im when you ol'—enty?" remarked the woman who was going back to Hilton Head to look after her property.

"T'ank God!" exclaimed the Hilton Head woman. "I been deer, I stay deer, I gwan die deer!"

She had been in the worst of the storm, and had been rescued more dead than alive. Afterward she had gone to visit some of her old master's family in Savannah, and now she was returning, happy to get home again, although there was no home there—"nuttin' 'tall but chimley stack," as she said. She was leaving food and shelter behind her and going back to the devastated island where squalor and destitution had taken up their abode.

VI.

In going about the islands it is necessary to employ a vehicle of some kind, and the most numerous—indeed, the only ones I saw—are the little, two-wheeled sulkies. They are very light and serviceable and seem to be just fitted to the capacity of the island ponies—gaunt little horses that are almost the counterparts of the "marsh tackies" of the North Carolina coast. The sulkies will seat one person comfortably, but two passengers make a considerable crowd. When it became necessary for my travelling companion and myself to engage one of these sulkies, a serious problem presented itself. The conveyance would be worse than useless without a guide to drive it. The negro boy who had charge of the pony and sulky solved the problem without discussion. He seated himself on the shaft in front of the single-tree, and, leaning against the pony, waited for his passengers to take their seats. My companion was a Northern gentleman, and he betrayed considerable anxiety as to the fate of the colored race as represented by the boy on the shaft.

"Aren't you afraid you will fall?" he inquired.

"I been deer 'ready, suh," replied the negro, sententiously.

"What does he say?" asked the gentleman.

"Why, he declares that he has occupied that position on many previous occasions."

My companion shook his head slowly, seized the reins and urged the pony forward.

"Don't fahs, now!" exclaimed the boy.

"What does he mean?"

"He says, don't go quite so rapidly to begin with."

"Well," said the gentleman, "the stenographers ought to get hold of this lingo. It beats the Pittman system."

"Where did you get the horse?" the boy was asked.

"Him been here," he answered.

My companion wanted illumination on this point, and the literal interpretation was that the ragged pony had been born and bred in these low levels and among this underbrush. And so we went hustling along, having constantly before our eyes a panorama curiously made up of the commonplace and the picturesque—the lonely marshes pursuing us, the plumed palmettos watching us, and the

long moss waving its gray banners over us. There was nothing to make the journey across the islands unpleasant except the thought that behind the patience and cheerfulness of the negroes who greeted us was a destitution which they themselves could hardly realize or measure. Those that were living in tents were as cheerful as those whose cabins had escaped destruction as by a miracle, and those who had no home at all were just as cheerful as the rest.

On Ladies' Island a church was left standing by the storm, and this fact was a source of great comfort to the negroes.

"De ain't knock de chu'ch down," said one.

"Him stan' straight," remarked another.

Phœbe of old, who carried the gospel in the folds of her mantle, delivering it to the brethren in remote places, had not more faith than these simple Sea Islanders. Nevertheless, of eight church buildings in Hilton Head only one was left standing.

One negro preacher, named Mandigo, came to grief while we were visiting the islands. Having nothing else to engage his attention, the Rev. Mandigo allowed his commercial instincts to lead him from the straight and narrow path. He made out orders for supplies on the Red Cross Society, and sold them to such of the negroes as chanced to have a quarter or a half dollar. The Rev. Mandigo made no effort to keep up the market price of his bogus orders. If he couldn't get a half dollar, he would take a quarter, or a dime. The Red Cross, in its anxiety to meet all appeals for relief, actually honored one or more of these orders, but very soon after that, Mandigo was in limbo, and before this can be printed he will have received his just deserts.

Everywhere I went I found that the Red Cross Society had been there before me. There was no point so remote that its agents had not visited; there was not a case of sickness that had not received attention.

The question of medical attention was one of the most serious problems the society had to face when it first organized the relief movement on the islands. The statement was freely made on Hilton Head, and vouched for by white people, that the physician nearest to that island charged twenty dollars a visit, and the money or a mortgage of some sort had to be forthcoming before he left his office. I did not care to inquire into the truth of this story. It is incredible on the face of it, but investigation might have shown it to be true. I shall think about it again some day, and come to believe it when I have lost faith in humanity; but not till then.

Not far from where this unhappy and persistent rumor had its origin, I saw the results of private bounty. I saw what happened when the hearts of the people were stirred. Their contributions had poured in from every quarter and from almost every State. I saw the boats of the blacks and their little carts carrying the relief hither and yon; the boats flitting in and out through the marsh grass, across the wide creeks and wider rivers, and the carts crunching along contentedly through the gray sand.

If Nehemiah were in control of the islands, I doubt whether he would investigate the story of the physician's fees or undertake to declare the mortgages void, or shake his lap as he did of old. For he would see here what any man may see—the benevolence of the people of the nation bestowed upon those in sore need, and a little band of men and women sending it about from place to place, not as those who are foolish or hasty, but as those who take measure of wisdom and experience.

One of the most serious obstacles the Red Cross Society had to encounter was the lack of communication. This has been mentioned before, but it was a persistent and disturbing fact. A negro can row forty or fifty miles in his little boat; I saw a great many who had accomplished this feat more than once to secure relief; but not all the negroes could come so far, and those who came were able to carry supplies for but few. Naturally, therefore, this obstacle was calculated to fret and vex those who knew how important it was to act promptly. He gives twice who gives quickly. Miss Barton made constant efforts to remove this obstacle.

Finally she appealed to the Government—to the Secretary of the Treasury—to aid her in the matter. The appeal had to pass through the circumlocution bureau that all governments find it convenient to establish, but at last it was acted on favorably; and in the last days of November two revenue cutters were allowed to aid in the work of distributing the supplies. This simplified matters and permitted the Red Cross workers to give their whole thought to the people who are depending on them for relief.

VII.

In these articles, I have touched but lightly on the real horror of the storm. That is a story that has been told at considerable length in the newspapers. I have tried to describe the condition in which it left the negroes of the islands, feeling that such a description, however loosely strung together, would carry with it a fairly reasonable idea of the force and fury of the storm. In getting at this condition, I have followed, as it were, the course of the creeks and estuaries that run in and through these islands. I have gone forward, halted and turned back, crossed over, and wandered into repetition. But always with one fixed purpose in view—always with an anxiety to return speedily to one all-important fact, lest interest in details that have now become trivial and commonplace should betray me into forgetting to repeat and emphasize the need for continuous relief until these twenty or thirty thousand people shall be able to make and gather some simple food-crop for themselves, such as sweet potatoes, which can be set out in January or February and partially gathered in April.

If you wind in and out among these islands, keeping in sight of the shores of them, you will find yourself sooner or later at the landing from which you set out. So, in this hasty and imperfect record, the turnings and twistings all lead back to the one condition that will cry aloud for succor until sun and season renew their bounty and clothe these islands with something of their old-time prosperity.

And, somehow, as I draw near the limit that has been set for this record, one frail and shrunken figure seems to typify it all. The loneliness and the helplessness seem concentrated in the pathetic figure of John Omcum—poor old John Omcum, who was blown out of the very body of the storm! Standing on that desolate shore, his thin hand lifted, his ragged coat waving in the wind, he seems to be the essence of everything that is to be seen and heard and known in this remote region.



A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER I.

VILLA SOLEIL.

MIRIAM BOND, the young mistress of the half-stately, half-rural-looking Villa Soleil, at Villefranche-sur-mer—Mrs. Leonard Lawrence Bond, in a charming pink gown, was watching, on her terrace, for her friends, the Skelmers, to come to breakfast. And presently they came.

They were a youngish couple, thin and spare, both very well dressed, and Fanny Skelmer, the wife, at least when she smiled, was a very nice, agreeable-looking person.

Skelmer dropped into a rustic seat, in a corner of the terrace, pale and gasping for breath, from the fatigue of mounting the old stone stairways in the grounds; but he put this down with a smile, expressive of indomitable resolution.

"And San Remo?" inquired Miriam. "Are you really off on your journey to Italy the day after to-morrow?"

"We've concluded to stay over the Carnival," returned Fanny. "We're so well off here, I'm sure *I* don't want to go at all. We shall never find anything lovelier."

"We were due in Pisa on the 25th inst.," said Skelmer, grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, and I suppose in Florence on the 26th, and Perugia the 27th, and Rome the 28th, and Naples the——"

"No, not Perugia till March 2d, Rome, same day," amended her husband.

"*Newman*, why will you even *say* you want to gallop around Europe in that way. If it weren't for me, you'd have a complete breakdown and might just as well have remained in Chicago. It's the very thing the doctors ordered you to avoid."

Her husband said no more, but his defiant smile expressed plentiful contempt for the doctors.

"He doesn't know what to do with himself in Nice," the wife explained. "He says he can't think of a thing to do but get his hair cut and go round and read the American papers at the Credit Lyonnais."

It was the midday or second breakfast. The table, decked out in dainty fashion, was set on a fine long walk, which, opening from one side of the terrace, vanished in an interminable perspective of olive-trees down to a quite majestic cliff at the end.

A little boy, in a simple, fresh gingham frock, now came running over the grass, chasing "Mimi," the cat, but he abandoned this occupation, and plunged into his mother's skirts. He was not much more than two years old, Lucien, and he was the only child of the house, a dear, sturdy little fellow, with a rosy face that was quaint and winning rather than beautiful—and yet he must have been beautiful, too, for he hardly ever lacked a harvest of exaggerated compliments from the admiring peasants when he took his walks abroad. The whole group began to watch the road together. A half mile of it was visible, through the greenery, from a point where it turned a bold corner of the cliff.

"Oh, dear! I wish papa would come, I hope he isn't going to be late," sighed Miriam. "Babies' papas don't always appreciate just how much trouble it is to get up one of our simple little breakfasts. Not that we mind the *trouble* in the least, do we sweetheart? But we *don't* like to be delayed, and we *do* like to put our best foot foremost."

The child, only in the monosyllabic stage as yet, responded to her peculiar inflection with musical cooings and murmurings, like those of a ring-dove.

"Ought we to look out for him in the omnibus or in a cab?" queried Mr. Skelmer.

"Oh, the omnibus is generally good enough for us. But I really can't tell. He was not at home last night. He said something about going to Mentone, so he may come by train from there. Or he may have returned to Nice this morning, and so be due on that side. I shall not know till I see him."

At times the hard white road from Nice was void of everything but a few thin spirals of dust, whirling idly, as if, like the beggars, amusing themselves while waiting for passers-by. But now came lumbering wains of hay or provisions—to pay stiff duties at the Octroi—now a company of the foot-chasseurs of the garrison, coming back from target-practice at the Var, now a swift carriage trotting to Monte Carlo, now the heavy break for St. Jean, and again the Mayor's handsome coupé, with the Mayor's good wife in it, perhaps returning from a visit to her charity patients.

But suddenly there was a new and unlooked-for arrival. A trio of equestrians, going at a smart canter, turned in at the villa gate, and mounted the incline. They were a certain Miss Louise Bradbury, a French captain, her admirer, and Franklin Hazlitt, the American consul.

Miss Bradbury's riding-habit was of a daring sort, fitting her in a way to recall the sculpture of the great museums; but then, riding-habits in the main are like that. The trail of it, again, swirled about her feet in a way to suggest those dangerous mermaids that charm men to their destruction.

It was precisely this riding-habit that occasioned the visit. Something had gone wrong with it *en route*, and the wearer assured Miriam that she had welcomed her gate as a providential refuge. When she came out of the house, after briefly repairing damages, she asked:

"And where is my friend, L. L. B.?"

"You don't understand such things of course"—to the French captain, without waiting for an answer—"and I couldn't make you, but Mr. Bond and I have exactly the same initials. He calls himself Leonard Lawrence Bond and I am Louise Leontine Bradbury. That's one source of union between us. And then we were born in the same, American, town, and went to the same high school together. To think that you don't even know what a high school *is*."

"What is L. L. B. doing nowadays?" she resumed, to Miriam.

"Building our new house, chiefly. It seems as if we should never get into it. He had to make the builder a payment yesterday, and then he had to go to Mentone, but I expect him back every moment. We pay in instalments, you know, so much when the first story was up, so much when the second story is done, and so much when the roof is on. It's all a lot of bother."

"Oh, he had to pay his builder yesterday?" exclaimed Louise Bradbury. She exchanged surprised glances with her French captain, but, as if this were indiscreet, she rattled on again hastily.

"Isn't that table out-of-doors just too lovely? Isn't it all like a dream here? Fancy a February day when this sort of thing can go on, and America at present probably a foot deep under the snow! Will you just see that thicket of pink roses! and the almond-trees blossoming down there, as if there were a kind of delicious pink fire going on in the orchard! and those other, red and white, roses climbing up in the orange and palm trees, as if they belonged to them! Aren't you going to say anything at all, Captain? Do try to have a little animation about you, Consul."

The two men, thus stirred up, added their praises to hers. It was in truth a charming spot, a scene that well merited their eulogy. The grounds were large and a trifle neglected, which but added to their natural charm. Where it was not violets or carnations that perfumed the air, it was every weed in the rocky crevices that bore fragrance and healing. An expanse of the glossy dark green foliage of orange-trees, starred with golden fruit, filled most of the interval to the road. The road ran on, past the old harbor bat-

teries and arsenals, past a gray Vauban citadel, to the queer, little, irregular, old town of Villefranche, all up and down hill, all strange nooks and corners. And beyond this a glowing stretch of the bluest sea and sky, long green headlands, mountain peaks and gorges and great cliffs, mellow with color, made up one of those grand landscapes such as Turner loved to paint.

"Speaking of almond-blossoms, don't you want to come down a moment and see our trap," proposed Madame Miriam. "We're having it decorated entirely with the blossoms from our own trees—for the Battle of Flowers this afternoon."

Descending a little, they found a pretty village-cart drawn out before the stable-door. The various members of the farmer's family, including Lucien's half-gypsy maid, Barbara, were actively winding festoons of the lovely, delicate almond-blossoms around its wheels, shafts, dasher, seat, and a light canopy over the seat, together with all the harness of the little mare "Jojo," who was to draw it. "Jojo," herself, the pretty chestnut pony, was tied to a ring in the wall and being groomed within an inch of her life—"Jojo" being a name evolved from baby Lucien's efforts to pronounce the French word *cheval.*

The company professed themselves delighted with the effect. They made Miriam get up into the cart to see how well she was going to harmonize with the almond-flowers, and all predicted a certain prize for the turn-out.

"Don't fall over the terrace, sweetheart," Lucien's mother called warningly to the child.

"Oh, and that reminds me how I calmly asked a man, at Barcelona, last month, to throw himself over a precipice *for* me," laughed Miss Bradbury. "It was my poor Spanish, you know. I just meant to ask him to get a stone out of the mule-path, and that is what it came to."

"And he wouldn't do it?" queried her French captain with meekness.

"Oh, *you* — you—well!" — but she seemed to lack the proper words to express her supreme disdain of his implied devotion.

In the midst of this, Leonard Bond arrived, dismounting hastily from a cab at the gate. His brow had a careworn look, as though he had been disturbed by troubles he could not easily shake off. But he brightened somewhat at sight of the company. And he brightened altogether, in spite of himself, when his little son ran to him and took complete possession of him.

"Papa back! Papa back!—Play wi'! play wi'!" shouted his little son, gleefully, and insisted on being tossed up on the father's shoulders and then on being put in the flower-decorated cart, and then on Jojo's back.

The equestrians were going away, but Leonard insisted, with an unreflecting hospitality, on their staying.

"You've got to breakfast somewhere," said he. "Why not let it be here? You won't have much to eat, but you'll get it over with, any way. And we'll let you off as soon as you like afterward, so we all can meet comfortably at the Battle of Flowers at three."

"*Do* stay," urged Miriam, seconding him faintly. The relations between the pair were somewhat strained of late; she had come to feel that almost any alternative was better than the unpleasant comments that might follow resisting even any of his most hastily struck-out projects.

The amiable Consul saw her embarrassment and endeavored to draw the others away, to breakfast with him at the "Reserve" at Beaulieu.

"*I'm* going to *stay,*" said Louise Bradbury, wilfully. "I'm not going to throw away the chance to sit down at that charming table. Such things don't happen to one every day."

"Come all!" cried Leonard Bond. "We'll call it a kind of pic-nic. We'll make it go, some way." And he headed a procession to the upper terrace, carrying Lucien on his back.

He called the baby "Cuckoo," "Loulou," "Mr. Jump," "General Polyglot," "Petit Trésor," "Little Chicken," "Little Pigeon," and many more similar pet names.

"He seems to be a whole menagerie," said Miss Bradbury.

"He's more than a whole menagerie: he's a complete Wild West show."

The ultimate resources of the larder

were drawn upon, unexpected discoveries unearthed; and Barbara, in addition, was sent flying to the town for new provisions, which she brought back in timely season. The makeshifts to which they were put brought it about that the meal passed off with great good-humor.

A castle was seen, through the trees, on the hill high above them, like something out of a fairy-tale; and, on the other side, bits of the sea showed in settings of the greenery, like windows of lapis lazuli. There were oranges scattered on the ground, blown down by the wind. These caught the eye of Miriam, and prompted her to ask:

"By the way, did it hail last night at Mentone too?"

Leonard colored a trifle, noting the glance of Louise Bradbury and of the Captain fixed upon him. Perhaps he had contemplated some different kind of reply, but he returned, boldly:

"I didn't spend the night at Mentone; nobody could. Cannes is bad enough. I went over to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, Monte Carlo? oh, very well. I'll get off on an escapade, too, one of these days. '*A trompeur, trompeur et demi.*'"

"Better cut Monte Carlo, before it cuts you," suggested the Consul to Leonard, dryly.

"'All work and no *play*'—my boy, you know the result," he returned.

"I wish I could give you the benefit of some of the horrible examples that come under my notice officially."

"Yes," put in Louise Bradbury, "what a pity the government doesn't send us over here some nice indiscreet sort of consul. I'm sure you could tell us beautiful scandals about Nice, if you would."

"Have the Owlsbys been round again?" Skelmer asked.

"Yes, that's public property now. Mother and daughter were around again yesterday, to take up a collection to get out of town. They pretend they have been playing to help their bankrupt husband and father in his business. How is that for a motive?"

"Well, don't shake your gory locks at me, anyway, Consul. I'm out of it. I shall have nothing more to do with it," said Leonard.

"That's what they say when they've lost, I believe," said Miriam, trying to take the humorous tone.

"He was certainly in funds yesterday," Louise let fall, *sotto voce*, to her French admirer. "The payment to the builder may account for it. I would very much like to know if that builder got the money."

It was a rather curious thing, that Leonard, though he answered her courteously like the rest, never seemed to direct any attention toward her of his own accord. She, too, modified toward him her usual sprightliness; there was a certain constraint or timidity in her manner.

"I hear your new house is getting on famously," she said to him.

"Yes, it is getting on," he replied, very civilly.

"I hear it's an old mill or something, that you've fixed up," said Fanny Skelmer. "When are you ever going to let us see it?"

"I must manage to do that. It hasn't been in a state to—to make a favorable impression. Yes, it was an idea of my own. I found some cheap ground, some stunning parasol pines, a ravishing view, and an old stone mill, over there above St. Jean. The walls of the building were good; it looked as if we could make a good thing of it, and I guess we can."

"I don't like your old mill," said Skelmer, in his blunt way. "I'd have built a new house outright, and probably got it for less money, too."

"Well, if it hadn't been the mill, then it would have been an old round tower or an old chapel, over in that same district. If one isn't rich he's got to be a trifle original."

"Don't like your idea of settling down in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, any way. Do you consider it doing the fair thing as an American citizen?"

"Why, Newman!" expostulated his wife, "isn't an artist in need of inspiration? I guess you'd be sorry if Mr. Bond stopped giving us his beautiful illustrations in the books and magazines."

"Oh, as to the illustrations, they're no great matter any way; and they

could be done about as well or as badly on one side of the ocean as the other. But we think it's about time to look at ourselves in the aspect of human beings and stop bothering with these wretched little prejudices of frontiers and nationalities. Men are just the same everywhere. When you really come to know them, you can hardly tell one from another."

"Hum! hum!"—began the Consul, preparing for action.

"Consul, I've demolished you on this argument a hundred times, and I can do it again. One can exert his influence against the mad competition and false social striving, with which our land is devoured, by keeping clear of them. A man does right by himself and the human race to live a simple life, in a charming climate, where living is cheap, and cheap living is respectable, no matter *where* it is. No, we do not propose to do America any harm but let her keep to her own side of the water, that's all."

"Can't a man be sent home in irons for that sort of talk, Mr. Consul?" asked Skelmer.

"I'll look it up in the Consular Regulations," responded Hazlitt, "I think he can."

The signal-gun for the Battle of Flowers was fired at two o'clock, but it was three before the Bonds turned in from the Pont de Magnan and made themselves a part of the delightful spectacle going on on the Promenade des Anglais. The pony-cart was a success from the first. Little Lucien, on the terrace of some Russian friends, with whom they were asked to dine afterward, pointed it out in an ecstasy of recognition. As it passed at a footpace in the long double file of decorated vehicles, murmurs and cries of admiration followed its progress.

"Ah, *bravo la petite charette* of the almond-blossoms! it's a love. What original distinction! what a charm of simplicity!" was shouted. "*Bravo la petite Américaine!*"—an American flag in the whip-socket indicated the nationality—"here goes for her head!"

With a kind of gallant cruelty, the spectators, in the tribunes and along the way, poured their hottest fire upon the prettiest women. Miriam, with her heightened color, her dainty gown, her wide Leghorn hat, was the calyx of the embowering mass of almond-blossoms. She became a target that indicated a high degree of public favor. The handsome Duke of Madelon, from his mimic yacht, in white lilac and roses, resting upon a sea of cornflowers, tossed her one of those bonbonnière nosegays that he reserved for especial favorites. The Prince of Vistula, from his Russian tröika, tossed her exquisite Parma violets. Madame de Novikoff, in her chariot of the sun, made all of yellow jonquils and mimosa, and Madame de Beaumonde in her swan of white carnations, chief beauties of the winter colony, sent her languid glances, as one worthy of their interest.

It was exactly the kind of triumph that Leonard liked, and, for the moment, he was proud of Miriam, proud of the success they had achieved by simple means in the midst of general flamboyance and expense. His natural kindly feelings delighted in the genial romp, like the Golden Age come back again, and his artistic sense in the fine stretch of blue sea, the long pennants streaming out from the masts, the color and fragrance of all the flowers, the fugitive lines of feminine grace. Many of the women stood up on the seats of their landaus, combating in spirited attitudes that redoubled their wonted charm. Even the plain were almost pretty with this charming exercise. The people of Nice outside the light palings, pelted one another with the nosegays that had missed fire and fallen to their lot. Now and then an invalid, wan and pale, looked out from a closed carriage upon the gayety he could not share.

"Oh, *là, là!*"—from the Press Tribune—to which everybody but the unhappy French press was admitted—Newman Skelmer took them both in the head with a carrom shot, directed, after the custom of many novices, with more vigor than tact. At the same time a rolling fortress, from which officers combated with schoolboy merriment, showered down playful missiles from

above, while, on the other side, a chartered break full of English youths and maidens from an hotel at Cimiez, attacked with equal vigor.

Leonard had to occupy himself with his driving, and the care of the defence was chiefly in the hands of Miriam. She sheltered herself as best she could with a large India fan, and, from a pile of ammunition before her, returned the fire, with uncertain, feminine aim.

Leonard gave her the reins for a little, after a while, and turned to pay off old scores. He put down Skelmer, routed an auburn-haired young English girl, and threw consternation into the ranks of an American family at the Westminster and a Spanish family at the Public Garden, all of whom had made him an especial mark. The Grand Duke Nicholas handed them out a prize banner, and added to it a smile, illuminating those stern features yet scarred with the wounds of Plevna. Mrs. Ripland-Hoke, who had scarce recognized their existence for many months, bent graciously from her landau and said:

"Come and meet some people for tea, on our terrace, when it is over. We count on you."

"You see," said Leonard, harping upon a note he was much too fond of, and in discord with all his professed theories, "with but half a decent income we could have all the world under our feet."

"Oh, Leonard, *I* should never have invented our way of life, but, as it has been invented, if you were only a little more content in it, I should be entirely so."

"And if you were only a little *less* content in it, Miriam, I should be a good deal more so."

He had a way of twitting her of late with apathy, with an insufficient appreciation of the things they gave up, or could not have. Having abandoned the world, he, the prophet, was continually beset by worldly temptations. His tastes were simple and Spartan, he said, and he disclaimed the wish for any more of the comforts and luxuries that money could buy; it was the effect of the lack of money upon one's own character, the lack of a proper sense of consideration which it brings, that he regretted.

Possibly this was the argument that had taken him at last to Monte Carlo—if it be worth while to examine seriously the motives that take people to that great maelstrom. Though Miriam knew not all, for a man's wife is often the last person in the world to hear of such things, it had resulted in spoiling the productive work from which he drew his income, in making his temper uncertain and crabbed, and even in seriously crippling the small capital that was their principal resource. He had professed to himself to look upon Monte Carlo as the most feasible means of bettering his fortunes. He had said,

"A man must give destiny a chance, or how is she going to be able to aid him?"

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

The excitement that covered up the memory of serious losses of the day before and unpleasant forebodings for the morrow, was still strong upon Leonard, and drew him, alone, to the Ripland-Hokes, Miriam pleading fatigue. To celebrate their taking of the prize banner, their Russian friends now meant to keep them not only for dinner, but the theatre and over night. Blonde little son, and his dark nurse, Barbara, were packed off in the trap; they would be much better at the Villa Soleil. Little son, in the afternoon, had tried to feed gravel with a spoon to an amiable mastiff. He was at an age when animals were much more impressive to him than men, and he used the choicest nosegays they brought him back from the Battle of Flowers—lovely bunches of violets and jasmine—to throw at a poor old jaded mule, going home from his day's work.

Leonard was smiling still at the *naïveté* of this pretty incident, and was entering the gate of the Ripland-Hokes, when his spirits were dashed by a sudden meeting with his builder.

"I saw you at the fête, M'sieu Bond," said the builder, "and I said to myself, '*Mon dieu!* a client who can make such a beautiful appearance as that in

the fête is surely going to give me my money when he knows I need it.'"

"See here, Barmasso, what's the matter with you? You've got the contract for tearing out streets in the old town, you've got Lord Buntrock's château to do, at Beaulieu, and no end of other fat things. You don't need that money the least in the world, and—the fact is it isn't quite convenient for me, just now, to pay it."

"The more work, the more ruinous it is," protested Barmasso. "Let us do one thing, M'sieu Bond: the last payment was long overdue, and now here is another added; I ought to have the money or else—stop the house."

"Oh, don't stop the house, Barmasso; keep it going some way. Suppose we cut down the estimates a bit, eh? Couldn't you get a lot of second-hand doors and windows for that second story? Get second-hand floors, roofs, chimneys, if you want to, anything you like."

"I don't advise that; I don't advise that, M'sieu Bond. And in the meantime, the money?"

"I'll see what I can do for you. I'm expecting something from America tomorrow."

The Ripland-Hokes were some Americans who had lived abroad a great many years, without ever bothering their heads in the least whether it was right or wrong to do so. They lived in luxury, tempered by a great deal of artistic taste, they had an easy gift in entertaining, and seemed to have no difficulty in drawing to them all the notabilities of the day. All the fine titles that continue—in rather degenerate scions—the great names of mediæval tradition defiled through their halls. You were apt to see in one corner a dethroned emperor, in another a dethroned royal princess, and occasionally even a small royalty who was not dethroned at all.

One of the first persons that Leonard Bond fell in with there was Louise Bradbury. He listened while she congratulated him, in the usual light way, on his prize-banner, and then passed on. But they were presently thrown together again, pressed up into a corner, near the refreshment-buffet, with others, by the advent of a dame of rank, who was making an almost triumphal progress on the arm of the gallant Prefet. She was old and ugly, her mouth and chin were of an almost comic feebleness and her figure was like a flour-sack tied in the middle; yet she was said to have been not long before the Egeria of a great statesman at Paris, and had in a way made history.

"I never get over wondering at that famous Princess 'Berthe,'" said Louise. "How could a woman *ever* have been beautiful and ended in this?"

"She never was beautiful, and that very fact gave her her reputation," responded Leonard, sententiously. "People said, 'she certainly has no good looks, hence she *must* be clever.'"

The conversation lapsed anew; he was civilly distrait and attended to the remarks of some grandmotherly Russian dowagers, close by them, on Monte Carlo. These discoursed of it as one of the most ordinary and matter-of-course features of life, spoke of leading inspectors and croupiers by their names, and regretted that Madame de Beaumonde had been obliged to sell her jewels and intimate keepsakes once more, but—such accidents would happen.

"Have you noticed how the Consul of Patagonia has been winning, since he was accredited to Monaco as well as to Nice?" asked one. "Before that they were always losing, the whole family. *Figurez-vous!* we saw the youngest daughter win six thousand francs last Monday."

"Not possible—that slip of a thing?" enviously exclaimed a gentleman with a red rosette in his button-hole.

"We *saw* it, my sister and I."

"Do you mean to say, then, they can favor people by placing the roulette ball in whatever compartment they like?"

"I only know that I heard Inspector Krieg say to one of the croupiers, 'This won't do, you are turning too many *voisins*'"—neighboring numbers to that which has last won. "I *heard* it, my sister and I."

But, even if they believed that there was an unfair manipulation of chances at the famed Casino of the Prince of

Monaco, it was matter of no very unfavorable comment with them.

"Ah, that's my idea of a pleasant evening," said the sister dowager. "You stroll in the corridors, you listen to the concert"—she had never by any chance been known to listen to the concert—"you risk your few pieces at the tables. No fuss and feathers, no dressing up, no having to entertain people you don't care a straw for; no thanks to anybody for your amusement. And, so, comfortably home to bed at midnight."

Just then somebody offered Leonard a glass of kirsch punch, which he was at first politely inclined to refuse.

"Better take it," commented Louise Bradbury. "It's the end of the bottle, and that brings luck."

"So you think I need luck?"

"I thought so yesterday, when we were so much edified by seeing you 'playing to the gallery.'"

He turned to her willingly now. She thought, with a flash of triumph, that here at last was a subject on which she could hold his attention.

"You don't suppose I do that every day?" he responded, flustered a little.

"I've been here only so short a time, I didn't know."

"It may have the air of being rude, but I suspect the accident to your riding habit this morning was a mere pretext to get out to my place and see how I stood it."

"'Have the air of' is good; you are as rude as possible — though that is nothing new on your part. But how otherwise was I to see your place? You never asked me there. I should never even have known Madame Miriam but that we met by accident at that good Consul's. Yes, I wanted to see how you lived, to know what had become of you. No matter what has happened, you cannot prevent my always taking an interest in everything you do. I hoped, also, to see something of your work, to learn what original ideas you had in progress. We have been so much to each other, Leonard, that we can never entirely drift apart again."

But he was freezing up. She watched him narrowly an instant and began afresh.

"There was a time when you had strong prejudices against Monte Carlo. I even recollect reading some article of yours to that effect. And yet you play?"

"*Never*—as a writer," he answered, with a mock emphasis.

"Only a little as a private individual!"

"You have no great scruples against it yourself, I see!" he said.

"Oh, yes, I have, violent ones—whenever I lose."

"Which is not often. I believe you are quoted already as the 'young American girl' who has been having such an unbroken run of luck."

"Your bad luck has some compensating features. I'm sure I ought to congratulate, instead of condoling with you."

"What do you mean?"

"'Unhappy in love, happy at play,' and the reverse. Your domestic life must be an unqualified success."

"I certainly don't win at roulette, but that doesn't prove that marriage is consummate felicity either," he rejoined, but then bit his lip, with the vexation of one who has spoken in too great haste.

A pained agitation had crossed his face at hearing the famous motto. It had, indeed, been his war-cry in the late campaigns, the motto of all his unprofitable transactions at Monte Carlo. He fancied himself very "unhappy in love." His marriage had been an imprudent one, in respect to money. Miriam belonged to a well-to-do family, which spent the last cent of its income and would never have anything to bequeath. Worse than all, her mother, in the too common, the improvident American way, had withheld any salutary training in domestic matters. She had even argued foolishly, "If she does not know how to do such things, she will not have them to do."

So Miriam, who loved her husband and child, and would have given her heart's blood in their interest, had been slow in her apprenticeship in those matters. Irritations, perhaps sometimes legitimate, rose out of this for Leonard Bond. Somebody says that the artistic temperament is that which concerns itself keenly over small things while let-

ting all its important interests go by the board. He wished to be aided to fly, and he was too often rudely dragged back to earth instead. And, then, the artist ought not to marry at all; and then "poverty had come in at the door and driven love out of the window." And *ceci* and *cela* and etcetera. Some such pretext had at first drawn him to Monte Carlo; the passion for play was established, and then pretexts to support it grew constantly more numerous, more cogent and embittered.

"You are willing to admit this *now*, to *me?*" Louise exclaimed in astonished triumph. "You see that I—I was right, that we— And so that charming Miriam——"

"Don't flatter yourself! it would have been no better with you," he interrupted bluntly. "It would have been worse. It is the fault of marriage itself, I suppose; possibly the system is all wrong."

She took her rebuff meekly, and went on. "Is there any reason why we cannot still be friends, L. L. B.? We ought to, we must be. Oh, why did destiny so change our lives? I think of it every day. If things were as they used to be between us, what walks we would take on this lovely Promenade des Anglais, as we used to walk on the cliffs at Narragansett, and the verandas at Manhattan Beach." And she would have recalled, in a plaintive way, many other memories of the past.

"Now what is all this maudlin nonsense about old friendship and the rest of it? What are you driving at, Louise?" he interrupted, after a while, even more rudely. "You have done me a great injury, and you know it, and you know that I know it. It was *you* who broke off the engagement, and it was for the best; we never loved or were congenial to each other. I never gave you cause to be my enemy, yet you alienated some of my best friends, and, through the family influence you could command at Washington, lost me the consular appointment that would have been a god-send and a fortune to me and mine."

"I never *did*, I never *did*, Leonard—Mr. Bond—I declare to you—I assure you. I—I broke the engagement, but I never meant it to be serious; it was only a whim; I always thought you would come back. As to the rest, you only imagine it. I declare to you Leonard——" She repelled these charges in an excited gasping way, as if overwhelmed by their convincing enormity, for they were, in fact, true.

"I know of no way in which a man can creditably revenge himself upon a woman, so I content myself with merely stating these few truths," commented her former lover, carelessly. "But, at least, let us have no more sentimental gush about old times."

Her mother came to claim her, and, with the dissimulation of woman, she dismissed her agitation almost immediately. She put out her hand to Leonard in farewell, with but a slightly constrained and a smiling air.

"There's a little party from our hotel, going over to breakfast at Monte Carlo to-morrow," said she. "I wish you would join us. Don't you get a day off now and then? They are all pleasant people, and we should like it so much."

"You don't understand," frigidly; "I have done with that place. What I told the Consul this morning is true. I never want to go near it again." And so they parted.

"I come here by chance and find him, living in seclusion, it is true, but still something of a personage. This will not do, I prefer to see him completely overthrown. If he is not for me, I do not want him to be for anybody else." Such, if they could have been formulated, would have been the tenor of Louise Bradbury's reflections at this time. "I wish him ruined—and there is a very convenient agency of ruin close at hand if one could only help along a little his dawning taste for it. When it is done, perhaps he may crawl back even to *my* feet, in repentance. I shall see then whether I had better raise him up or merely gloat over his downfall. I must think about it."

The dinner and the theatre party passed off pleasantly for the Bonds and their hosts, and afterward they dropped in for a little while at the Yellow and White Redoute, at the Jetty-Promenade, one of the pretty carnival balls in

which the costumes were restricted to the two colors named.

But, next morning about eleven, Leonard Bond was sitting in a despondent attitude, on a bench, before one of the hotels on the Promenade des Anglais. He was so engrossed with his own thoughts for the moment, so oblivious to the whole procession of pleasure-seekers and invalids that is wont to come out and sun itself along the bright sea-front at that hour, that he did not remark Consul Hazlitt till the latter tapped him on the shoulder and cried:

"What's the matter, old man? What's up?"

"Nothing at all, I assure you; quite the contrary," he replied, starting.

"And Mrs. Bond, this morning? The very loveliest of women! If there were more such, I tell you frankly there might be at least one less old bachelor consul."

"That would be a pity. Mrs. Bond 's gone back to Villefranche in the break, I suppose. I had to stay here and go and call on the publisher of my latest holiday-book illustrations. He's using some of his ill-gotten gains in travelling in Europe. He made an appointment with me here at the hotel."

"Studying character, eh? sketching types of all the nationalities?" here broke in a mellow voice, and one Major Longwood, a retired English officer, and a well-known figure about town, stopped, and cheerily accosted them both. "Studying the pretty women, instead, I'll be bound. And right you are: it's no ordinary feast of beauty one has here."

"You speak with feeling, Major, and you ought to know your subject. Show us your present favorites, will you?" asked Hazlitt.

"Take yonder dark, scarlet-lipped Madame de Gaudalupe, daughter of a South American dictator. She's an out-and-out little dictator herself, I'll warrant you. But no, no, stop! first look at that waist coming this way; it's a phenomenon. I really want your opinion of it." He led them by the arm to a better point of view, whence they could respectfully watch the approach of the willowy Russian belle, Madame de Jablonsky.

"Triumph of steels over human tissue," pronounced the Consul, scepti-cally.

"No, do you know, I believe in that waist. I don't spend all my mornings here for nothing. If it were merely got by putting the screws on, she couldn't keep that color, that easy springy gait. Oh, she's a regular thorough-bred. Mr. Bond here will tell us that that wasn't the Greek ideal for waists. So much the worse for the Greeks." And he was off again on his walk.

"Well, everybody in Nice has his malady or his history," the Consul summed up, philosophically.

"I've often wondered if *his* history be true," queried Leonard.

"I've as good as seen the original documents. He lost a fortune of something like half a million, American money, at Monte Carlo, and the administration there allows him, ever since, about ten francs a day, to keep away. If he enters the Casino again he forfeits it."

"It must take a good deal of self-control to hang about close to the scene of such an experience and yet never go nearer. They say he absolutely ignores Monte Carlo."

"He neither goes there nor talks about it. Even Scaithwaite, the chronic system-maker, can't get a word out of him. And yet a sort of fascination seems to hold him near the spot; he is never known to journey any farther away from it than Nice."

"I'd like to see the complete Monte Carlo pension-list. It ought to be interesting."

"It would not be a very heavy one, I fancy. The poor devils who lose their all there are lucky if they get just enough to take them a little way off into the country — so that they may unpleasantly scatter their brains about some other territory and not bother the Principality."

"Heigh-ho! hard lines for old Major Longwood surely! But you know," he added, half absently, "I can never get any comfort out of the lot of people worse off than myself. You never can really tell how they take things, how much or how little they really feel them."

"So there *was* something the matter?" said Hazlitt, eying him suspiciously.

"You're such a safe old party, Consul, that confiding in you is a good deal like talking to one's self. I don't mind letting you know that my publisher has just been overhauling these last drawings of mine, telling me they're not quite up to my best average, and so on. He brought them along himself, instead of writing me. I suppose I'll have to do a little more work on them." Then he burst out into a sort of diatribe against the universe in general, without descending into further particulars. "Don't mind me," he concluded, "I guess it's only the carnival late hours or the nervous climate. They say it *is* a nervous climate, you know. Good-by! I'm off, I've got to go to my bank."

The truth is that the publisher had rejected his whole series of elaborate drawings, as unsuitable. With this he lost the handsome payment he had been counting upon for that day. It was to have been his chief resource too for making up the arrears to Barmasso. What to do now? After much cogitation, he decided that his credit with the builder must be kept good, at all hazards; the house must go on.

"Who knows? it may be our sole refuge one of these days, our last poor shelter from wind and rain," he murmured. "I will sell some of my foreign securities, get an advance on them, and take the money at once to Barmasso."

He had no eyes, nor ears, as he went along, for the congeries of life moving slowly upon the broad asphalt walk. Nor did he see the jagged blue peaks of the Esterels westward, nor the bold headlands and the long, green promontory of Cape Ferrat eastward, nor the golden genius springing into the sky from the dome of the Jetée Promenade. He could almost have spoken his trouble aloud. Yet it would hardly have been safe there to trust one's secrets to any known language. Russians, Roumanians, Greeks, Italians, Corsicans, an Algerian sheik in his bernouse, a couple of officers of an American cruiser in port, followed one another and gossiped in their own tongues. And then went by the languid invalids, in their Bath-chairs, and then the eccentric types—the German with prodigious club and bull-dog, copied from "Kladderdatsch," and the Englishman in phenomenal plaids, copied from his own presentment on the comic stage.

The flower-sellers offered Leonard their delightful violets unnoted. A woman thrust a circular into his hand. She was a well-dressed, almost motherly-looking person, and he touched his hat to her in respect. She called herself the Baroness de Niche. He had thought she was thus braving publicity in some worthy charitable end, but, glancing over her hand-bill, he dropped it, with a sigh. It was a blast at Monte Carlo, calling it a den of thieves, an echoing cavern of ruin, a fell promoter of suicides and murder, and it professed to have discovered an infallible method of winning at play, so that honest people might come by their own, and the nefarious institution be destroyed. Sceptical by habit he sometimes doubted whether even what purported to oppose the great gaming-establishment was not subtle advertising in disguise. He classed this with the offers of "systems" in which the daily papers abounded, and threw it down with contempt.

Momentarily occupied with the document he had not seen the efforts of two young girls in a group of Americans, near one of the benches, to attract his attention. The group was discussing shopping, prices, impositions, the relative merits of hotels on the Promenade and in sheltered parts of the town, and whether one really ought *not* to drink wine abroad, since the water appeared to be everywhere so bad; and particularly the usual dearth of partners at the last dance of the Mediterranean Club.

"Do speak to him," one of the girls had urged the other. "You know him the best."

"I can't run after him," returned the second. "If Miriam Bond—if his wife, were with him, I would have ventured. How provoking that he would not even look up and give us a chance to speak!"

Another group was more successful

in detaining him. There, where the asphalt broadens to an esplanade, and the flood of sunshine is broadest, some people had been giving money to small mountebanks with trained monkeys and poodles, and others to a fisherman on the pebbly shore, who had decorated his boat in a striking manner. A sprightly man hurried over to join them from the Hotel des Anglais which stood across the way.

"Now then, are we all here? Look alive, everybody! How many cabs shall we want?" he called. It was Mr. Scaithwaite, the indefatigable maker of systems.

"But Mr. Vancoort isn't here yet," protested Mrs. Lanfoot, a dashing-looking, hazel-eyed lady, who was either a fashionable divorcée or else so little married that Mr. Lanfoot was never in the least heard of. "We can't go without *him*. Mr. Vancoort is predicting, to-day. He has had a remarkable dream."

"Yes," said Mr. Vancoort, now arriving, an extremely bald, good-natured old boy, one of the sort who, at such resorts of leisure, are petted by the women, perhaps, in default of their betters. He smiled and blinked salutations all round. "Yes," said he, "the most remarkable thing! there was that number nine standing plainly before me, in the air, as it were, every time I dropped off into a nap. I saw it four distinct times, and a fifth time——"

"We must all try it," said a stout Lady Greenock, with a heavy sort of friskiness. "We must all try it, *mustn't* we, Mr. Gramby?" to a horsey-looking man, who drove the amateur coach between Nice and Cannes; "*mustn't* we, Miss Bradbury? Are you going, Sir Peter?"

"I don't know," said her husband, a stocky, plebeian type of person, with a large irregular mouth — director in a great many companies and a Member of Parliament. "No, I must be lookin' round to find somebody to run over to Corsica with me. It's strange how I can't find anybody to run over to Corsica with me."

"Then *you'll surely* let us count you in," said Louise Bradbury, suddenly barring the way before Leonard Bond. "Ah, I see you've come on purpose. It's so nice of you."

Before he knew it, she had involved him in the party and introduced him to a number of people. "Help me cover my confusion," she said. "They're laughing at me because I asked Major Longwood to go. How was I to know the poor old thing had such a prejudice against the place? It seems he spends all his time making weather observations and that sort of thing, and never even wants to hear its name mentioned. He stopped and spoke to us, and I thought I'd just be polite and——"

"Yes, especially as men are so dreadfully scarce," put in Mrs. Lanfoot; "where *do* they secrete themselves? But to ask *him;* that was too too innocent." And they laughed again at Miss Bradbury.

"If it were at Pau, now, it would be a very different matter. I can't be expected to know all your wretched little local traditions, at a moment's notice. But you *will* come, won't you?" to Leonard, managing to engage him confidentially apart. "I've thought of an entirely new plan. And then I want to talk to you about what you said yesterday. There's really nothing in it. It was so surprising, it took my breath away. And, as you think I am so successful, perhaps I can lend you my luck."

"You can't lend it, and you'll have need of it all for yourself pretty soon. Nobody ever really wins. As for me, my money no sooner touches the green table than it melts away like wax."

"But people *do* win. What do you say to Lord Buntrock's hundred and seventy thousand, the other day? and the Prince of Berlingot's million? and the Knope family who make, at roulette, all the expenses of their lovely villa in Beaulieu, horses, servants and all?"

"In the first place, I don't believe it; those are newspaper fictions, to draw people in. In the next place——"

"Time!" called Mr. Scaithwaite, "no more dallying if we're going to catch that train."

"He's in a dreadful hurry to be off, to make the play his calculation calls for just now. He figures it all down to the exact moment, you know, and then,

if he loses, he won't let you say it's the fault of his system. The system is all right; he's made some little mathematical error. *Do* come! You look tired, it will freshen you up and do you lots of good."

But Leonard Bond resolutely persisted in his refusal.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGH BUILDING AND ITS ART.

By Barr Ferree.

SINCE Thomas Jefferson imagined he had devised a new order of architecture—an "American order"—in the column and capital based on Indian corn, there have not been wanting enthusiasts for an "American style." Like the search for the philosopher's stone, the demand for an "American style" must remain among the intellectual curiosities of civilization, since architectural style, unlike manufactured products, cannot be produced by rule, law, or arbitrary combination. But though this notion crops up at intervals, and sometimes with surprising vigor, for nothing is more difficult to down than a foolish idea once it has been actively set in motion, there has really been developed among us a form of structure which, while not fulfilling the requirements of a new "style," as it is technically understood, has nevertheless a character of its own sufficiently definite and distinctive to make it an American type. This is the high office-building, a structure which, if not actually invented in America, has here received more attention from architects and engineers, from capitalists and the general public, than any other grade of building. Through it the thoughts of our architects are being turned to new principles of design, through it our real estate men and investors are finding a fresh source of wealth and investment, through it our cities are being transformed, and the typical modern city is becoming an assemblage of gigantic commercial buildings which overtop the loftiest church spire, and render insignificant the most ambitious and ornamental structures of an earlier time. It is changing our business methods and our daily life, and in concentrating unprecedented numbers of people upon small areas is introducing fresh and difficult problems into municipal existence.

The high building is neither a fashion nor a fad; its popularity rests upon the successful manner in which it fulfils an economic necessity in current affairs. It originated in the solution of the problems present in every considerable city, occasioned by the concentration of business within a limited area. Business of every sort exhibits a strong tendency to localization, and even if not kept within bounds by natural barriers, as rivers, or by artificial obstructions, as railroads, it is difficult to move or spread over strange land. Any device which will permit the multiplication of the original area, without adding to its lateral surface, if a seemingly impossible statement be permitted, is therefore a veritable boon to the business world. All this, and much more, the high building accomplishes, and the land-owner may become, if he start with a single city lot, the owner of a dozen or more by the simple process of building upward.

Simple indeed such building appears to-day, yet this comparative ease was not obtained without first conquering some fundamental difficulties. Vertical architecture would be impossible, first of all, without the elevator, the great equalizer of civilization, which

brings the fourteenth story down to the second, and, by excessively rapid "express service," makes the twentieth floor scarcely more difficult of access than the third. In studying the growth of the high building it is not needful, perhaps, to emphasize the relative importance of each factor that adds to its merits, but the place of the elevator is fundamental; without it its chief merit would be gone; without it its upper stories would be as inaccessible as a mountain-top. The development of the high building has hastened the development of the elevator, until to-day the "express" elevator leaves nothing to be desired in swiftness of service.

The elevator, with the wonderful development American ingenuity has given it, renders every floor of the high building immediately accessible; yet it solves but half the problem. If the high building would be impossible without the elevator it would be equally impossible without a mode of construction that would enable it to be built on a lot practically of any size, and without absorbing too much of the area for foundations and supports. This is accomplished by the steel skeleton system of construction, now almost exclusively used for commercial buildings of great height, and which has the double advantage of saving floor-space and of being, above the height of an ordinary structure, absolutely less costly than a construction wholly of brick or of stone. Stated in the briefest manner, this system consists, as its name implies, in carrying the weight of a building upon a framework or skeleton of steel. And not only does it permit the walls being light and thin, since they have only their own weight to support, but the wall of each floor is supported by its own frame, so that it is perfectly feasible, were such a thing necessary, to begin filling in the stone- or brick-work of a building at the top floor, and so on down to the ground, instead of following the ancient, and really old-fashioned style, of beginning with the lowest floor and building upward.

The high office building is a structure of an entirely new type. One may search the history of architecture from the most ancient times to the most recent without finding so much as a hint of the form of building which has become the most conspicuous feature of all modern cities. Rome had its tenements of five or six, or perhaps more, stories, but we do not know exactly what they were like, nor could they of themselves give any help to the development of the office building. The very demand for offices, the business system which makes them necessary and useful, is extremely recent. The high building expresses much more than the duplication of stories one upon another. It calls for, as we have seen, the employment of a system of construction totally different from any heretofore made use of in commercial buildings. In providing accommodations for a large number of tenants it necessitates the introduction of exceptional advantages and improvements. A vast mechanical plant is requisite to supply it with light and heat, and with power for its elevators. The rooms must be convenient, well lighted, and opening into agreeable halls, which must also be light and accessible. Business is no longer done in dingy offices or in discarded dwellings. The modern business man looks for every possible necessity and luxury in his office building, from fire and burglar proof vaults in his walls to a first-class restaurant under the same roof; while such minor incidentals as janitor's service, light, heat, barber shop, boot-blacking parlor, and similar conveniences are either included with the rent or most conveniently at one's elbow. Of themselves many of these things are of no great importance, but when it is remembered that they are all, as a rule, duplicated in every important high building, no matter how close they may be to one another, the unique character of these structures becomes apparent. Miniature cities in themselves, many of them contain day populations exceeding that of a considerable town.

Not since man began to pile one stone upon another has so difficult a problem been offered to the architect as the design of a high building. There is nothing more difficult than the artistic treatment of an object that has but



Masonic Temple, Chicago.

one direction, or in which one direction greatly predominates over all others. A thing that is high and has no breadth, cannot possibly possess any other quality than altitude. It is only when joined with some appreciable breadth that height becomes dignified, and can be subjected to artistic treatment. We may learn this, as we may learn other things, from the Gothic cathedrals, in which the three elements of height, breadth, and width mutually help each other. The high office building is not always wanting in breadth, but its height so necessarily exceeds it as to become the most important element in the design. And this height cannot be tapered off like some Gothic spire, or built in different stages like Sir Christopher Wren's steeples, but must extend

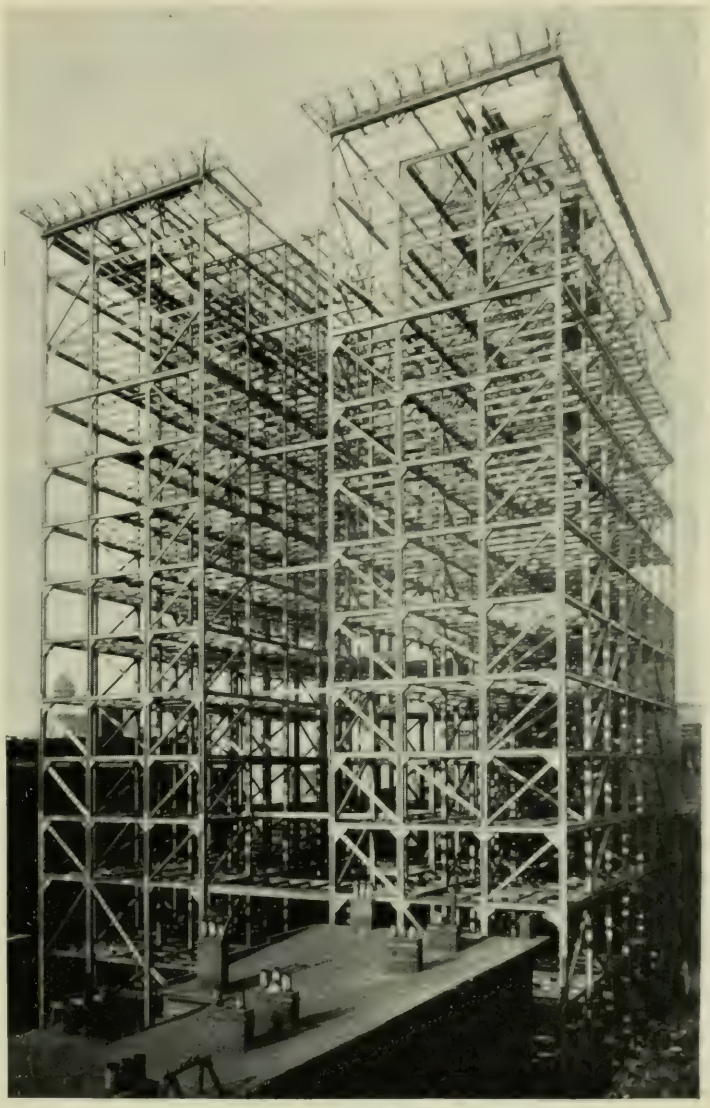
upward for one hundred and fifty feet or more, without a projection to break the rigidity of its lines, without a recess to give shadow or variety to its walls, nothing save rows upon rows of windows which must, from the conditions of the building, be approximately of the same size, and often of the same design. The difficulty of the problem lies in its monotony and in the identity with which it is presented to the architect. Nothing like this has ever happened before, and in an art which, like architecture, depends so largely upon what has been done previously, there need be little wonder that our architects have not always achieved satisfactory results.

The design of a high building is a definite problem which may be expressed in a very few words. It is the arrangement of the largest number of windows of the greatest possible size in a limited space, which is fixed by external circumstances, such as the width of the lot and the number of stories high the owner is intending to build. No architect designs a fourteen-story building because its height appeals to his artistic eye, or because he imagines it to be more artistic in appearance than a ten-story one. He is given a rectangular space, prepared without any reference as to what he shall do with it, and which he must fill as best he can. This he does chiefly with windows, all performing a useful function, and every element of his design must be similarly employed. Nor is this all; not only is the shape and size of the design fixed by conditions which cannot be called architectural, but the whole front must be built as a perfectly straight wall. In ordinary cases the architect cannot project any part of his building beyond the building line, because the building laws of large cities will not permit him to do so. It is quite as impossible to provide recesses or other devices which would encroach upon the area built upon, for this would mean a loss of revenue, and the high building being a commercial undertaking, intended for the making of money, without a thought of its artistic possibilities, such a proceeding would be wholly out of place.

All these things need to be considered in judging the high building, and in estimating its architectural possibilities and value. They are so joined with unarchitectural conditions and limitations as to be quite inseparable. The high building cannot be designed as a simple exercise in ornamental work, for the foreign elements are so essentially a part of it as to directly influence the design. Art, therefore, in so far as it is the combination of beautiful things in a beautiful manner, has a very different place in the high building from that which it occupies in an ordinary structure, in which the foreign conditions are less strongly marked. Not that there is one rule of art for the high building and another for the low; what is bad in the low building is equally bad in the high, and what is vicious in the high is not less vicious in the low. But a design that does admirably in an ordinarily sized structure often becomes absurd and meaningless when stretched out over a disproportionate height. A very good illustration of this is furnished by the current application of the basement to high buildings. Architecturally, the basement of a building may be defined as "that portion of the elevation of a structure which performs the function in the design of constituting a support to those portions which come above it." Its use was best understood by the architects of the Renaissance, who treated it boldly and freely, using blocks of larger size than were employed in the upper parts, with plain windows, often of a small size, making it, in fact, a real foundation for the building. The modern conception of the basement, as illustrated in high office buildings, is very different.

In dividing up the façades of their office buildings American architects proceed on two general lines, and these, indeed, are the only possible ones; they cut up their fronts into as many horizontal divisions as possible, or they suppress the horizontal element in order to give full play to the vertical. Generally the former method is followed in the East, while the latter has been applied with enormous success by some Chicago architects. Neglecting,

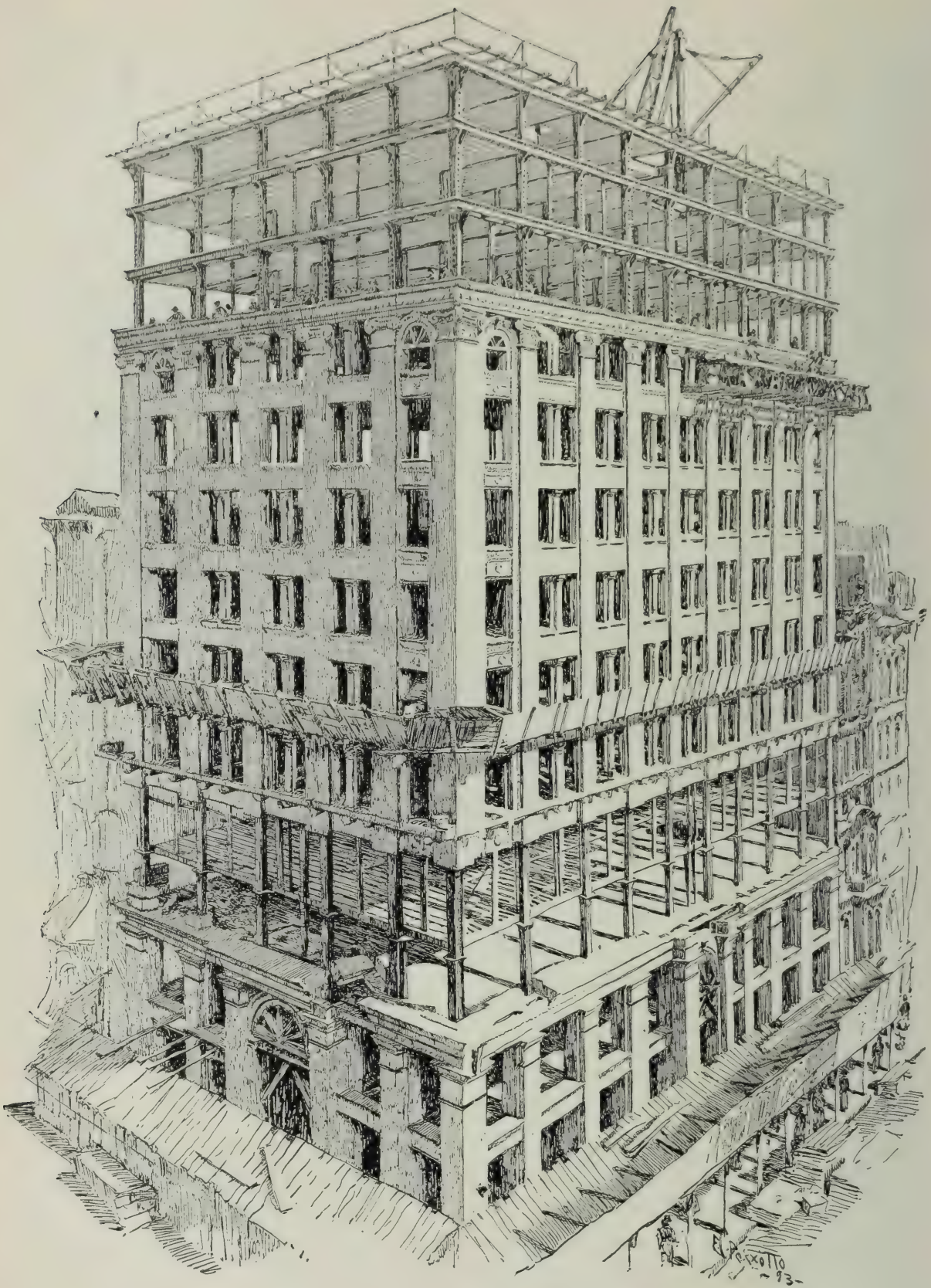
for the present, the relative merits of the systems, it is sufficient to note that when a high façade is divided vertically, a single story is not enough to allow for a basement. In the modern office building the basement must bear sufficient proportion to the height above in order to seem to perform its office, and to avoid the appearance of being crushed by the mass above. It is, therefore, stretched through several stories, frequently through three, and often through four. Considered as a whole, and with reference only to the height of the front, these many-storied basements may rest on a correct theoretic basis. But their practical effect is often very bad, and especially when, as frequently happens, the basement is of a different material and a different color from the superstructure; in which case it often assumes the aspect of a complete building itself, while the superstructure looks as though it were another building thrust on top of it. Thus the basement, admirable as it is in a building of ordinary height, can be totally misapplied to the high building.



Steel Frame of the Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This brings us naturally to the question of the artistic treatment of the high façade. The engineer and constructive architect have long since demonstrated their ability to build structures on the skeleton system to any desired height, and will even go so far as to tell you that, had they been present at the erection of the Tower of Babel, that historic edifice would have been carried to its projected height. How far their services may be needed in this direction by subsequent generations, we cannot yet tell; it is sufficient for us that the mechanical knowledge of the day permits the erection of skyscrapers of any height, with ease and economy. The question of planning has further been attentively studied and successfully treated by constructive experts, and mechanical genius has supplied all the devices needful to render the high building habitable and profitable. The design of the façade, the artistic treatment of the exterior, the art of the high building, is the single phase that has not been treated with uniform success, and which is justly open to comment and review. Architects have labored at the problem, in many instances notable successes have been achieved, but the method of successful treatment is still an open one.

A conspicuous cause for this is that the newness of the question has not been frankly admitted. In too many instances has it been supposed that, as the high building only differs from the low one in having more floors, its artis-



The New York Life Insurance Building in Chicago.
(Showing the construction of outer walls.)

tic treatment may be similarly accomplished by duplicating the elements that have been found successful in the lower structure. Certainly, on no other grounds can the multiplication of motifs be explained, such as the forcing in of strange elements, the building of high basements in order to reduce the



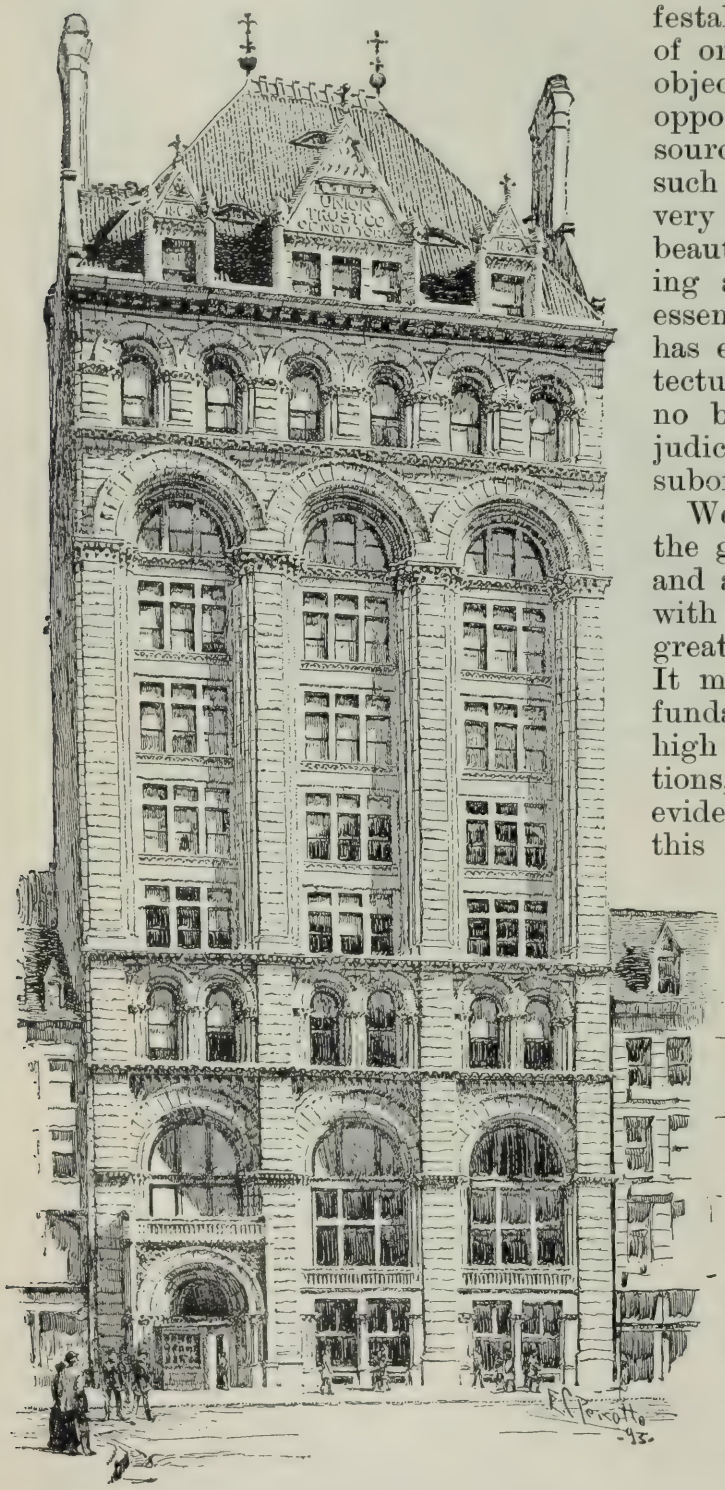
A Contrast of the Old and New Styles.
(The junction of Maiden Lane and Liberty Street, New York.)

superstructure sufficiently to carry a classical order upon it, and the like. Then again, it is supposed that, as variety in shape and size of windows may sometimes be successfully introduced in a low building, it can be repeated with equal success, if not greater —since the opportunities are more numerous—in a high one. The result is too often a collection of windows, exhibiting to a wonderful degree the inventiveness of the architect, but testifying, in a very sad manner, to his lack of artistic perception. In fact, the craving for variety, the change insisted upon on every floor, the crowding of heterogeneous elements into a single front, which is characteristic of so many of our high fronts, arises from a failure to admit the essentially new nature of the problem. With unusual and unprecedented space at their command, architects have seemed to think their opportunities provided in order that they might multiply forms hitherto used only sparingly. The fact that they have something essentially new, something wholly different from anything attempted before, has only been slightly recognized.

The conditions of high building design are such that a decorative framework or artistic covering to the front is impracticable. The high building, like many other modern structures, is not built with the idea of erecting a beautiful or artistic edifice. First, last, and all the time it is a commercial building, erected under commercial impulses, answering to commercial needs, and fulfilling a commercial purpose in supplying its owner with a definite income.

Many large commercial companies have long since recognized the commercial advantages of a splendid building which shall give outward and visi-

ble evidence of the magnitude of their resources, and many large office buildings have been built in which the artistic—for commercial reasons, not artistic, if you please—has been allowed considerable leeway. Yet the ordinary way of bringing about these desirable impressions has been by size alone, the greatest companies imagining, and with some show of reason, it must be admitted, that those who occupied the largest and highest buildings will be endowed, in the popular mind, with the most wealth.



Union Trust Company Building, New York.

There is, however, no reason for shunning the artistic side of the commercial building, nor for maintaining that the artistic is necessarily foreign to structures erected under such conditions. Art in architecture, be the edifice commercial or religious, useful or festal in intention, is not the piling on of ornamental features with no other object than to gain variety or to give opportunity for the display of the resources of the architect. It is true such an arrangement often passes as very high art, but the true element of beauty in architecture consists in giving artistic form to constructive and essential parts. No building, perhaps, has exceeded the Parthenon in architectural beauty and perfection, yet in no building was the ornament more judiciously applied or with greater subordination to the whole.

We can learn this principle from all the great classic and mediæval works, and apply it to the high building, and with this guide find a key to the great modern architectural difficulty. It may, therefore, be laid down as a fundamental proposition that the art of high building must recognize its conditions, must express its needs, must give evidence of its requirements. Yet even this elementary proposition embraces difficulties of no mean order. It has long been accepted as a first rule of architecture that the exterior of a building, the façade, the architectural form, as it may be called, must express the plan, and tell, as directly as it can, the story of the building it covers. Yet this is only partially true of the high building. We can distinguish an office building from a warehouse, and that again from many other grades of commercial structures, but one office building is much like any other, and the necessity of utilizing every foot of space in a great city implies a uniformity of exterior often far from



DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

Printing House Square, New York, looking south.

keeping with the purpose of the structure.

The Auditorium building of Chicago is a notable instance. This consists of an opera-house and a hotel and office building. In foreign lands, where the opera receives a government subsidy, the first of these would be quite distinct from the other two, and would be given a monumental form, as has been done in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and many other European capitals, and which is entirely in keeping with the ornamental and festal nature of the building. In America the opera, as all other public amusements, must depend on private support, and the opera-houses must be erected by private capital. It was to make up the deficit from operatic performances on a large scale, apparently unavoidable in this country, that the Chicago Auditorium was built to include the hotel and office building, from which a regular income might be obtained. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to place the opera-house in the centre of the block, and indicate its presence by some external feature, which, in this case, is a massive tower, that commercial necessities have pressed into service for offices. The solid mass of the Auditorium does not come from the taste of the architect, nor is the hiding of the opera-house a system of planning chosen because of some imagined architectural advantage. The conditions under which the building was erected were such that no other plan could have been followed. It may, as some unfeeling and unthinking critics have said, resemble a huge packing-box, and be deficient in the variety of form and outline sometimes found in structures of this kind, but in creating this resemblance the architects were simply following the instructions of their clients to utilize every inch of ground, and the latter, in giving these instructions, were only following the commercial policy which would render the building profitable and possible. And these conditions must be admitted by



Building of the Equitable Life, Denver.

the architect and his critics, or both will fall into grievous error. Modern architecture is chiefly commercial, and its greatest structures are erected for commercial purposes. It, as was the case with all previous architecture, must be made to fit the building; not the building made to fit the architecture.

The impossibility of the façade's expressing the plan and the interior is only one of many points in which current architectural practice is striking out into new paths and evolving principles of its own. The question of proportion must be studied anew, and many of the older rules and principles set to one side. If an architect has an open plot of ground on which to build, if he is not given specific directions as to size, height, number of stories; if, in a word, he is given free scope for the exercise of his powers of design, he may, if his sense of proportion has been sufficiently cultivated, produce a thoroughly artistic, harmonious, and well-proportioned edifice. But when he is given a narrow city lot, which in New York may be twenty-five feet or less in width, and told to erect upon it a structure ten stories or more high, and to neither advance beyond the building line nor go behind it, and to give each floor the greatest possible window-space, the element of proportion well-nigh disappears, and the question becomes one of hard, practical common sense. The arrangement of the windows, the economic distribution of the materials, are of more moment than any æsthetic question of proportion. A business building is not a tower, though it is coming frequently to assume tower-like altitudes. The Gothic builders could, for example, build a tower of any height, and give it a beauty of its own, which was thoroughly distinct, whether it was part of the edifice or detached from it. The limitations of site and the commercial nature of the high building effectually prevent any such satisfactory results in the case of the modern structure.



Monadnock Building, Chicago.

And so, just as we must modify our

conception of the expression of the plan in the exterior of the high building, we must modify our notions of proportion. We cannot, in a modern structure, set up a standard and maintain that such and such a height, and no other, is suitable for such and such a width.



The Schiller Theatre, Chicago.

Both elements are fixed for us, without any thought of the artistic relations they may bear to each other; all we can do is to make the best of them without fretting over our difficulties or without trying to alter the conditions, so as to bring them within the pale of familiar things, and thus, perhaps, run the risk of making them much worse than they really are. Yet this is the very thing that is most often done in current work, and is an important factor in making so much of it unsatisfactory. Thus, for example, if a building is too high for its width, by the ordinary rules—a condition almost certain to exist in every high building—it is a favorite practice to divide the front up into a series of sections, rectangles, or divisions, and treat each one of these independently, though with some sort of reference to the whole. Nothing could sound better than this, nor look more reasonable when set forth in print, but it is in direct violation of the fundamental idea of treating a whole as a whole. The façade of any building, and, if degrees of comparison be admissible, certainly most so of a façade practically confined to a flat wall surface, is a single object, not a collection of heterogeneous elements, no matter how harmoniously they may be blended. In fact this very blend-

ing, or attempt at blending, is only the introduction of a new difficulty into the problem ; baldly stated, it means that the architect, after having cut up his façade into as many pieces as he dares, is trying to patch them together again.

A high building is necessarily big ; it cannot be hid, nor can it by any physical process be made smaller than its physical bulk necessitates. If the high building is to be an artistic success, this quality must be admitted at the beginning. Notwithstanding this many architects, especially in the seaboard cities, apparently believe they can make the impossible real, and reduce the apparent height of the high building by dividing it horizontally as often as their imagination or their taste will permit. It would be an easy task to compose a formidable list of buildings in which this principle is illustrated in all the varying degrees of failure and badness, notwithstanding it seems to have the approval of the highest authority, and to have been enthusiastically adopted in the most artistic circles. The result is what might have been expected: instead of our architects spending their energies in designing complete buildings, they are wasting their time in designing parts of buildings, or, which is more likely to be the case, designing series of small buildings to place one on top of the other. A process that arises from the singular notion that a successful building is something like a successful market-basket, filled with good things that have no connection with each other. The design for a modern high building very often commences, therefore, with a basement, two, three, or four stories high, according to circumstances — a delightfully indefinite phrase, which in this case stands more for the idea of the architect than anything else. Perhaps two sorts of material will be introduced into this, and, in order that there may be no lack of variety, each story may have some feature or "idea" of its own. Then comes the superstructure, which has been lifted well up into the air so that all may see it, if the street be wide enough. This is divided into a varying number of divisions, sometimes each story being distinct, sometimes every two stories, while some bold spirit may invent a device which will actually enable him to run through three stories before making a change. There really is no limit to what an ingenious man may do. He may take two motifs, and be satisfied with placing one on top of the other ; or he may multiply each by two, ranging one over the other ; or he may take his duplicated design and place each alternately over each other, thus gaining four tiers, in which all the adjoining ones will be different. With these a further change may be introduced by using a different design for the windows in each floor, or bands of ornament may be used in one tier and omitted in another. With three motifs an even greater variety may be obtained, while with four it will be possible to exceed the highest building erected to date. There is absolutely no end to the variety which may be introduced into a façade—or the superstructure, to keep to the part we are considering—and all by the simple device of running horizontal lines across it.

With all this turmoil the building is not done. The superstructure, though divided into eight or ten tiers, is only the middle. It must have an end, and the way for this is prepared, as likely as not, by a balcony or frieze, which partly screens the attic or top story above it. The frieze, which may be a complete story, may extend through one story or through several, depending, as so much else of the building has done, upon circumstances. It might naturally be supposed that this would be the end in any well-ordered design, but frequently it is only the beginning of the end. Some architects seem afraid, above all things, of making their buildings high, as if they, as architects, had anything to do with this. Whether their imagination gives out or not, or whether it is from an artistic fear that their façades will have a bold, bad look if not cut down to ordinary levels, it certainly is a fact that in New York it has become very popular to build the frieze story part way down the front, and then build one or two stories over it, which will be partly hidden by the cornice, and the

building made to seem lower than it really is. This dishonest proceeding, for nothing can bear the stamp of truth which is an attempt to deceive, has its own reward. It is quite as sensible an arrangement as if a man were to thrust his head through the crown of his hat and wear it below his head instead of above it.

The trouble lies, as was said at the outset, in a misconception of the problem. Its difficulty is admitted on all hands, and many earnest efforts have been made toward its solution; but the principles employed in designing low structures have been so firmly grounded in our Eastern architects, the force of precedent and of custom is so strong, that most of the energy expended upon the matter has been in a wrong direction. The height of the building, instead of being treated as its most valuable property—which it clearly is from the mercantile standpoint—has been regarded as little more than disgraceful. The men who would go into ecstasy over a solid wall of rock one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, are afraid to look at a wall of their own making of that height, or even half of it. Little things are easier to make than big ones; but the architect of a big building must meet his problem on the basis of its size. If he cannot treat verticality as an artistic quality he must learn to do so, just as he has had to learn every other step in architectural progress.



Title and Trust Building, Chicago.

Very considerable progress in the right direction has been made in the West, especially in Chicago, where, perhaps, neither the architect nor the critic is disposed to look for the best in architecture. It is an unfortunate fact that all of Chicago architecture is not good, but in many of the high buildings her architects have shown they are moving in the right path. No buildings of the present day have been so laughed at as the high office buildings of Chicago, yet in no buildings, as a rule, have the correct principles of high building design been more frankly admitted. Chicago is so new a city that her people are not so closely subjected to the influence of tradition and custom as in the East. The progressive spirit of the West has no place for precedent where it does not rest on reason and is not superior to something new. The exigencies of Chicago life having caused the evolution of the high building, Chicago architects have been quick to recognize the impossibility of following ordinary methods of design in it, and have attacked the problem in a new way, as it properly demanded. We



The D. O. Mills Building, San Francisco.

need not concern ourselves with the individual solutions attained under this treatment, but it is clearly in order to examine the æsthetic results they illustrate.

It is the tendency in the East to cut up the front horizontally, and vary it with as many devices as the ingenuity of the architect can suggest. In Chicago the tendency is to give free expression to the element of verticality, to suppress ornament, and to omit variety where it is only introduced for variety's sake. Nothing could be simpler than this programme, yet its results are very striking and successful, though everything dear to the heart of the Eastern architect is thrown to one side. Starting with this as a basis, the front of the high building is naturally divided into three parts. Every structure must have a beginning and an end, and quite as naturally what comes between must be the middle. We have, therefore, a basement to begin with, and this is unquestionably the most difficult part of the front to design successfully. Even where the architect is bold enough to express the element of height, the proportioning of the basement offers great difficulties, and varies so much according to the design above it, that no general rule can be laid down. It is, however, interesting to note that in the most successful Chicago buildings the basements are low, that is to say, of one or two stories, and are without the glaring differences

of color all but universal in the East. But it is well to remember that the basement is only the beginning of a building, and important only because it is so; it is not necessary to emphasize it by carrying it through a large number of stories in order to use up part of the superstructure. This portion, which is naturally the most important part of the front, and indeed, *is* the front, need not be curtailed for æsthetic reasons. The building being high, there is no more natural method of designing it than to make use of the vertical as the leading motif. In place of horizontal lines, cutting it up into as many parts as possible, the naturally high superstructure is divided by vertical lines cutting it into bays, carrying arches—round or flat—or lintels, as the case may be, or perhaps left without dividing lines at all, the effect depending upon the horizontal and vertical lines of symmetrically arranged windows.

This last is a bold expedient, yet it has much to recommend it. The most notable instance of its use is in the older part of the Monadnock building of Chicago. This is one of the plainest high buildings ever built. It is sixteen stories high, without basement or cornice, save a gentle curve at the top and bottom, which are the only breaks in its perfectly flat walls. Its longest façade is broken, it is true, by a series of shallow bow windows, but these are so well repressed, and the windows so closely approximate those of the flat wall surface, as scarcely to change the monotony of the design. For the design is monotonous, as must necessarily be the case with any façade which, as this, includes 389 windows of the same size and shape, unrelieved by mouldings, hoods, or sills. Graduates of the École des Beaux-Arts will doubtless tell you there is no design in this, that it is only a passable piece of engineering, with all the unartistic solidity of typical engineering work. Yet such a criticism — unfortunately not confined to Beaux-Arts men—only means that the conditions of the building have not been understood. It is of unusual height, and its longest side is of unusual width; it is intended solely for commercial purposes; it is not a monument devoted to artistic ends. It would not have made it a better building for its purpose to have strewn its fronts with columns and entablatures, or to have spread decorations around its windows; on the contrary, these things would mean an added cost without an added utility. In this building, as in all high buildings, it is not what should be that is to be considered, but what is. And so there is no need for unnecessary things here more than there is need for unnecessary things in any useful object or undertaking. And why should the front be varied for variety's sake? Are not 389 similar windows in the same edifice better than 389 different ones? Perhaps, after all, it is a question of taste or of appreciation, but there is a dignity and strength, and impressiveness and power, in the simple, bold design of the Monadnock which is not to be found in the riotous designs in which variety and change are the leading elements.

But it is not needful to go to the extreme of the Monadnock, and employ only perfectly flat walls, in order to arrive at a satisfactory system for high building design. A striking illustration of the restful results from vertical designing may be seen in the Schiller Theatre, of Chicago, which is one of the most beautiful and impressive high buildings in the world; and that, not because the architect has loaded it with ornament, not because he has variegated his façade, changed his windows with each story, exhausted his imagination on the designing of horizontal string-courses, introduced as many motifs as possible, given his client and the public at large the full worth of their money in "high art." The Schiller is beautiful because everyone of these things has been neglected. The architect has treated his front sensibly, dividing it vertically into shallow bays, which give sufficient relief to the front without absorbing too much space from the ground area, made his windows approximately the same throughout, and confined his ornamental parts to the basement and an arcaded balcony over it. This most naturally expresses that the building is something different from an ordinary office building, as does the



The Union Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

tower, which has a richly ornamented and strongly projecting cornice, and is crowned by an open belvidere. The elements are of the simplest, the variety as little as could be imagined, yet the result is wonderfully fine, calm, stately, dignified, artistic. The architect has treated his problem sensibly, interpreting its commonplace features with a fine artistic instinct, and the result, though accomplished with the simplest means and in the simplest manner, is thoroughly beautiful.

An important phase of the design of the high building is the use and application of ornament. To a certain extent its use depends upon the treatment selected for the building; but ornament is a help to architecture; in itself it is not architecture, nor does the finest style of architecture consist in the taste with which ornament is applied to structural features. The horizontal system offers boundless opportunities for the introduction of ornament, but that does not recommend it for high façade designing. Ornament readily becomes a superfluity in commercial buildings, for these are not palaces, intended for the delectation of the eye, but business buildings for business purposes. The place of ornament in such designs is, therefore, naturally that of a help to the constructive feat-

ures. Of itself, ornament can perform no constructive duty, save in the form of capitals of columns; even in string-courses and cornices it only helps lines which are constructive by nature. Its use is thus to be restricted to helping, as best it may, the more important constructive elements. Not only is a restricted use natural, but it becomes necessary when the vast extent of a high façade is taken into account. A high front is not intended to be a vehicle for the display of ornament, and when well distributed over it the best becomes too heavy and monotonous. A motif too often repeated grows mechanical; it is too obviously turned out at so much per foot. If it is varied, we very soon have too great variety, and this, as we have seen, is one of the cardinal defects of much high façade designing.

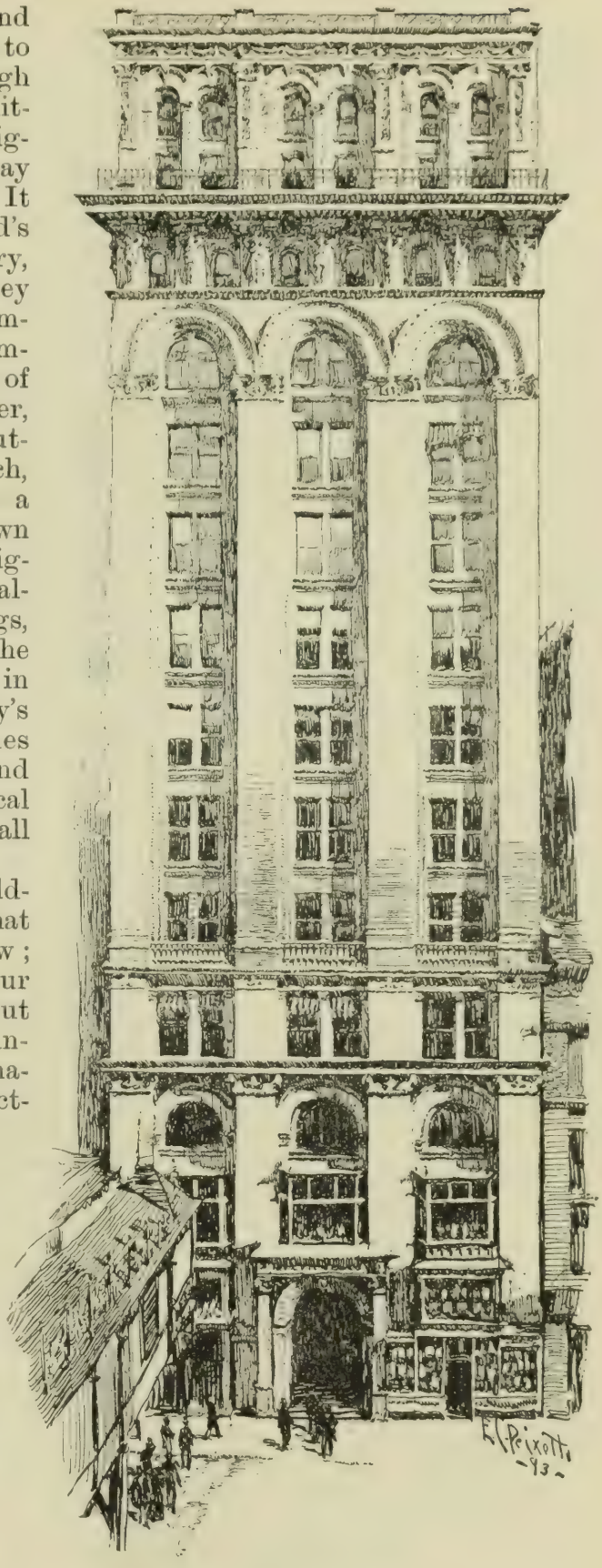
The dangers of the use of ornament are, therefore, very great, but it does not follow that it is to be excluded from the high front. Properly applied, that is to say, applied with reason and in a reasonable manner, there is no better aid to the architect, nor is there any help he can more wisely make use of. But, like all good things in architecture, reason must underlie its use. A very striking instance of the judicious application of ornament is furnished by the Wainwright building at St. Louis. This is designed on the vertical system, the motif of the superstructure being a series of broad piers carried to the frieze without break. The basement is two stories in height, and perfectly plain, the piers of the superstructure not appearing in it. The frieze is a series of circular windows placed in a mass of ornament, and the cornice is a strongly projecting beam. The ornament of this building, save a delicately incised decoration around the doors and the foliated decoration of the frieze, is confined to a series of panels, placed between the windows and extending from pier to pier, and which differ in design in each story. It thus happens that the fronts of the building, for it is located on a corner, and thus has two fronts, contain a very considerable quantity of ornament, though none of it is obtrusive, and all of it performs a useful, well-indicated function. And when to this is joined a rich variety and ingenuity in the design of the panels and of the frieze, a very great success in the application of ornament has been achieved.

The chief lesson taught by this building is the *limitation* of ornament, and this notwithstanding that, taken as a whole, a good deal is used. It is employed naturally and where it is most serviceable. This is the principle used by the Greeks, and is the mode that has been used in all the great architectural styles in their best works. No form of architecture used so much ornament as the Gothic, nor did any form produce so infinite a variety. Yet in the purest Gothic—and the most satisfactory, it is well to note—the ornament is only employed where it has some structural significance, and where it can help by lightening the effect of too severe construction.

Vertical designing being the natural system to be followed in high façade design, in which the superstructure naturally grows out of the basement, and, in turn, forms itself the natural base of the crowning frieze, a similar following of natural law offers the safest guide in the determination and use of ornament. The high building must be, above all, harmonious, a perfectly blended whole; its bulk is too vast for it ever to be possible to hide its imperfections. The most serious fault with our high buildings is that this simple law is ignored, wilfully or stupidly, it matters not. The result is bad, and that is sufficient to point the way to other paths. And so, if we would have an harmonious design, our ornament, as well as our structural lines, must be harmonious—harmonious not only with the structure but in the ornament applied to every part of the building. The multiplicity of motifs is to be avoided in the ornament just as it is to be put to one side in the structure. For the fewer the motifs in our structure, the more dignified it will be, and the fewer the motifs in our ornament, the better it will add to the dignity of the whole. For the high building must be dignified; it must be majestic; it must be stately. Dignity and majesty, and strength and power, are part and par-

cel with size and magnitude. Fun and gayety and variety are more natural to small bodies and small things. The high building is big ; it cannot be made little ; it must be endowed with all the dignity we can give it in order that it may have its natural beauty to the full. It is this which makes some of the world's very large buildings so satisfactory, even though the elements of which they are composed are not good, or, in themselves, meritorious. The Masonic Temple, at Chicago, is a notable instance of this ; a huge building which, on paper, in drawing, or in photograph, seems utterly devoid of beauty, and yet which, when one stands before it, develops a mighty dignity and power of its own through the sheer force of mass. Dignity is likewise the predominating quality in many other large high buildings, of which the Great Northern Hotel, the Ashland Block, and the Auditorium in Chicago, the Union Trust Company's building in New York, and the Ames building in Boston, are conspicuous and beautiful examples, albeit the vertical element is not equally developed in all of them.

We cannot always make our big buildings dignified through mass alone ; that is an opportunity given to but a few ; but at least we can see to it that our smaller fronts are not injudiciously cut up, and, above all, decorated with unnecessary masses of ornament. Ornament is not a decoration, in the strictest architectural sense of the word ; in reality it is, as has been said, a help to the construction. We may decorate a book-cover, if we choose, but we apply ornament to a building. And this is naturally done, not by selecting the greatest variety of the best forms we know, but in choosing some one motif and developing it throughout the building ; using the same idea, handled in a different manner in the different parts ; varying the same lines, yet withal having sameness with variety, variety with sameness. The plant that shows leaves, buds, partly developed flower, flower in full bloom, and seed, is not less a single entity because its parts have various forms at the same time. So it is with ornament on the high building. The motif that is employed in an undeveloped state in the basement increases in growth in



Havemeyer Building, New York.

the superstructure, and breaks into full bloom in the frieze, the crown and ending of what is below. The progression is natural; the result, if a good motif is selected at the outset and it is well developed, is harmonious. The ornament becomes a help to the structure, and our high building stands forth complete and finished in a natural manner. It may not yet be faultless; it may have sore spots greater care or deeper thought might have remedied, but, be the blemishes what they may, it is a manful, honest attempt to achieve an honest result. And this is what the best architecture of all times has striven to accomplish.

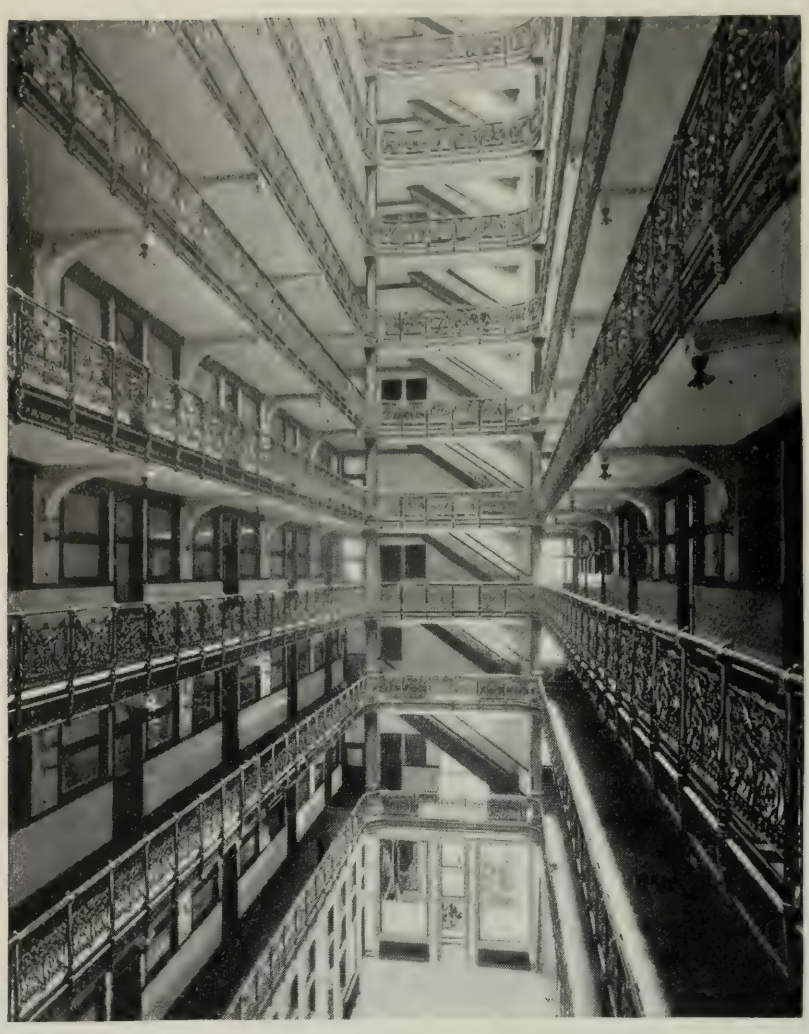
And then there is the question of style, the greatest bugbear of the modern architect. In past times the architect did not concern himself with styles; he worked naturally in the form in use in his own time. But the abundant knowledge of the modern architect is embarrassing, for he no sooner begins to think of a high design than, in most cases, he imagines he must first of all decide upon a style. Yet this is quite the last thing to think of. The high building, being a new thing under the sun, no past style can give any help. The Gothic was, it is true, a vertical style, but the most ardent Gothicist cannot urge it as a basis for high building design. The Renaissance is essentially a style of breadth, developed as such, and obtained its most satisfactory results in low, broad buildings. And there is nothing else, and as these do not help us we have no historical guides. We have thrown over proportion, given up representing the plan in the façade, and there is no need to hamper ourselves with affection for a style that cannot help us. Nor can we make a style of our own. The chief element of a vertical design, as we have seen, is the vertical line, which is not contained in any historical style in the way we must use it in the high building. Style then, cannot dominate our edifice or our design, but becomes a matter of detail, or, rather, is only to be seen in the detail. It is possible to give any character whatsoever to the ornament, and to thus give the building distinctive character, but it is not possible, from the conditions of the questions, from the limitations under which we are working, to make a high building an example or an illustration of any of the historical styles. But there have been many attempts to accomplish this, just as there have been many attempts to accomplish other wrong things in architecture.

Of the many fallacies anent the high building and its art that enjoy a sort of vogue in even good circles, none is more absurd than the notion that, because it is a skeleton construction, because its weight is carried on a steel framework, and the walls and piers are only curtains or external inclosures of the inner frame, that does the work, therefore the design must express this construction in order to be truthful. This is akin to the notion that the façade must express the plan, a condition we saw to be impossible in high building design. It is a most preposterous idea, yet one that has a large support. No one will contend that mankind would look better were its skeleton of bone placed outside the flesh instead of within it; yet this is very much the proposition the construction-designers are maintaining. In any event the walls of a high building are comparatively insignificant, since the windows occupy the larger amount of vertical surface. This leaves only the piers, and it is surely better architecture to cover them with brick, stone, or terra cotta surfacing, and to give that surfacing the semblance of constructive forms, than to leave them naked, or, as is actually the case, to cover them with fireproofing and leave that as the external surface. A pier is not deceitful if it contain a steel core that performs the greater part of the work. The whole of architecture, in its highest sense, is but the application of art to constructive forms, and if we can make our buildings beautiful by giving our piers and walls the semblance of reality that is naturally theirs, we need not concern ourselves with an imaginary idea that, unless we exhibit every portion of their construction we are committing a grievous error. Architecture is, indeed, truth in stone and brick, but there is no deceit in building these materials around a core of steel, because in that case the result is more pleasing than if we ex-



DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

The Ames Building, Boston.



Interior of the Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

hibited something not intended to be seen.

A priori propositions have no place in high building design. Ideas that, in themselves, may be good and true, are to be avoided if they have no proper place in the special problem we are considering. It stands by itself, apart from other forms of architectural design. Its distinctness and newness of conditions must be recognized, or the fullest measure of success cannot be obtained. We must cast aside preconceived notions, tear up old rules, get rid of old ideas. We must not imagine that because one style of architecture is good it can be applied to every possible use, and stretched out or broadened according to the size of our building. A Greek temple can never be anything but a Greek temple, a Gothic cathedral must always be a Gothic cathedral, a modern office building must always be an office building. The glory of each is its individuality and the directness with which it expresses its object. The Greek temple was a development of the Greek ideal in architecture; the Gothic cathedral was the development of the mediæval ideal; the modern office building, if it is to have the rank in architecture to which its importance entitles it, must be the development of modern needs, ideas, necessities. The question is not one of styles, nor of suitabilities of styles; it is the natural treatment of complicated and difficult conditions in a natural manner.



View of the Lower Part of New York from the Bay.

MILTON VISITING GALILEO.

PAINTED BY TITO LESSI.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

At the time of Milton's visit to Galileo, in 1640, the Italian philosopher was in his seventy-seventh year, dropsical, nearly blind, and virtually a prisoner in his villa at Arcetri, near Florence, where the Inquisition, having spared his life in consequence of his retractation, permitted him to end his days in such solitude as might prevent the spread of his heretical opinions. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to know exactly with what degree of rigor this rule of solitude was enforced. Galileo was not permitted to hold academic meetings in his house, but he was not denied the solace of receiving both friends and disciples, and it is not likely that he would feel bound to silence on the subjects that most deeply interested him. The problems that occupied his latest years were especially those concerning longitude, and as they involved the construction of better time-keepers than such as could be produced by the imperfect mechanical art of the seventeenth century, Galileo was driven to the practical study of watch-making when the loss of sight put a stop to that and other labors. There is for us an especial pathos in Milton's visit to him, since we know that the poet's old age, like that of the philosopher, was to be darkened by blindness and saddened by the refusal of that public honor and consideration which men of such pre-eminence must have felt to be their due. There was also much in common in their opinions. Both were extremely advanced for the times in which they lived, both were what the French call *des esprits d'avant-garde*. At the age of thirty-two, when Milton visited Galileo, a man's opinions may not have taken their ultimate firmness, but the methods and tendencies of his mental activity are already evident, at least to his intellectual companions. The simple fact that Milton sought out Galileo is in itself a revelation, since every belated intellect would have avoided him. As for lingual facility of communication, that would be insured by Milton's skill in Latin and in Italian, and considering the difference between the two men in years and performance, it is likely that Milton's attitude was that of a deeply interested listener, as Signor Lessi has represented it.

Galileo was not without friends in his old age, even in the clerical party. Joseph Calasanzio interceded for him with the Inquisition and obtained for him the assistance of a friar of an order he had founded. This friar, Francesco Michelim di San Giuseppe, worked for Galileo in translations from Latin and Greek authors, and is mentioned here because he happens to be in the picture, where he is standing with his back to the window and looking at Milton. The seated figure behind Milton is Galileo's nephew, a musician at the Court of Monaco, who happened to be at Florence at the time of the poet's visit to his uncle. The personage who holds a book in his hand is intended for the philosopher's son.

The painter has been anxious to put as much historical truth as possible into his picture. The faces are portraits, or as near to portraiture as existing documents permitted. The instruments are from the originals still preserved at Florence, and the costumes and furniture are strictly of the place and time. As an example of Signor Lessi's extreme care for truth of the historical kind, I may mention Galileo's telescope. Two are kept at Florence, and Signor Lessi had one of them reproduced in facsimile so accurately that the copy is distinguishable from the original by its newness alone. The tube was covered with leather of different colors ornamented in gold with bookbinders' tooling; indeed, the covering appears most probably to have been done for Galileo by

* See Frontispiece.



Tito Lessi.

his book-binder. Signor Lessi told me that even the gilded ornaments were faithfully copied, and that he had caused a set of tools to be engraved for the purpose. This love of historical accuracy is quite in the spirit of Meissonier, and so is the artist's tendency to finish every picture as completely as he possibly can without spoiling it. The comparison with Meissonier is the first that occurs to every critic when he becomes acquainted with the art of this skilful and laborious Italian, and indeed he sometimes appears to have invited the comparison by the subjects, and even the titles of his pictures, as, for example, "Le Liseur," a tiny picture that might be hung as a pendant to one of the numerous readers by the French master, and "Une Lecture chez Piron" (not yet exhibited), which recalls, of course, the famous "Lecture chez Diderot." To invite such comparisons would be presumption in anyone else; it is not so in Tito Lessi. Meissonier lived long enough to see Lessi's picture, which has since been exhibited under the title of "La Rentrée du Prince" in the Salon of 1893, and he admired it heartily. It is a wonderful picture, but though it is obvious that its author has aimed at some of Meissonier's qualities, it would be a gross injustice to speak of him as an imitator. Having remarkably good sight, a firm and delicate hand, indomitable patience, and a love of accuracy and completeness in the representation of objects, whether living or inanimate, it is natural that Lessi should paint very much on the same principles as Meissonier did, at least, before the adoption of a broader style when sight began to fail him in old age. Still, notwithstanding a coincidence of gifts and tastes, there is clear evidence that Lessi looks at everything with his own eyes. The resemblance of his work to that of Meissonier is more in clear-

ness of vision than in style. A real imitator copies the mannerisms of his original, and looks to him more than he looks to nature. Everyone who knows Meissonier's work intimately is aware that he had a certain sharpness and vivacity of accent that were all his own ; an imitator would have tried for that above all things, but Lessi distinguishes himself rather as an observer of delicate truths than as a professor of brilliant execution. His art, though technically most accomplished, is in our time rare by its scrupulous honesty, by its modesty, and by the keenness of insight that it unobtrusively displays. His masterpiece, hitherto, has probably been "La Rentrée du Prince," formerly described as "Le Lever du Dauphin." Courtiers and attendants are waiting in a magnificent hall of elaborate architecture (copied from one in the Riccardi palace at Florence) when a youth of high rank makes his first appearance, and with well-accustomed dignity acknowledges their obsequious salutes. The picture has two dominant qualities, its dramatic truth and the extraordinary perfection with which not only the faces but all details of architecture and costume are represented. If I speak of "perfection" the word implies, of course, that the details all keep their places as they do in good painting of the highly finished order ; in unsuccessful attempts at this kind of art the details destroy the unity of the picture. I am well aware that sound finish is now looked upon by some critics as an evidence of a want of intelligence in the artist and of Philistinism in his admirers, while the accepted proof of genius in the present day is to daub with a startling audacity. Surely, however, a strong artistic gift may be accompanied by a healthy liking for thoroughness in performance. If an artist can give a year to a small picture, as Lessi does, without any visible fatigue, that power of steady application is an evidence of mental health. Again, the most recent criticism detests every picture with a subject. "Milton visiting Galileo" is a subject with literary interest, because it is a subject that can be written about, and it makes us think of something else than linear or chromatic arrangements. But why should not an artist be permitted to paint Milton in Galileo's dwelling, when there would be no objection to a nameless visitor in the house of some unknown Florentine? The "literary interest," as it is called in depreciation, is here only added to the pictorial, which still subsists in its entirety. Again, if I praise Lessi's honesty in work, and his love of truth, I am likely to shock all critics who execrate moral qualities in art. But the moral qualities do no harm, they are of great practical value in study and they do not spoil performance; they can subsist along with artistic merit as they did in the case of Meissonier, as they do in the case of Lessi.

Tito Lessi was born at Florence in 1858 ; his father was a mosaic worker and his uncles were painters. Young Tito had some literary education, studying Latin for five years, but without much taste for classical learning ; and he took spontaneously to drawing. His father encouraged him, and put him to study drawing at the Florentine Academy, and after that in the studio of Antonio Ciseri. One of his uncles was well known in Italy for his skill in scene-painting ; this uncle taught young Tito geometry, architecture, and perspective, sciences which he has found of the greatest use in designing his pictures. Besides pursuing these studies the youth was employed practically as an assistant in scene-painting, which amused him and brought a little money. In the evenings he painted small water-colors and used to sell them for about five francs apiece. In 1878 he won a prize of 500 francs for painting, so he hired a little studio and made a picture. The model cost him 32 francs, the picture was sold for 30. The next work, representing four soldiers in a guard-room, was bought by a Florentine picture-dealer for 250 francs. At the same time Lessi went on with his practice in water-color and sold some drawings to a travelling dealer named Molena, which led to his ultimate success, for this Molena resold the drawings to the well-known Parisian dealer Sedelmeyer, who invited Lessi to come to Paris and gave

him employment. "I must own," says Lessi, "that M. Sedelmeyer has done very much for me by constantly encouraging me and keeping me occupied." He left Florence in November, 1880, and not Florence only, but a young wife and a child, leaving, as it then seemed, all happiness and sunshine behind him to come to the fog and damp of what is to a Florentine "the gray metropolis of the north." In a bare room for a studio he set to toiling for daily bread, his heart yearning for all that he had quitted.

During the years from 1881 to 1885, Tito Lessi exhibited regularly in the Salon, but almost invariably in water-color. His first important oil picture was "The Will," in which an old gentleman in the costume of the eighteenth century is seated at a table dictating his will to his lawyer. Then came the picture of a young Prince already described and most inconveniently known under several different titles, creating a confusion that every artist ought to avoid. It has been called at different times, "The Heir," "Le Lever du Dauphin," "La Sortie du Prince," "La Rentrée du Prince," and is now familiarly called "Le Petit Prince." Another important (though not large) picture was "L'Interrogatorio," the examination of some witness or accused person by an ecclesiastical tribunal, a work full of character and expression, besides much careful painting of still-life. Then came "The Reader," already mentioned as inviting a comparison with Meissonier, and "The Dutch Burgomaster," in which the painter measured himself with the most accomplished artists of Holland. This last picture was bought by the Grand Duke Vladimir for the Czar.

An important picture by Lessi, "The Bibliophiles," containing ten figures, belongs to Mr. Crocker, of San Francisco, and was sent, with other works of the artist, to the Chicago Exhibition. The background of this picture (which I know only by a photograph) is an accurate representation of the Biblioteca Riccardiana at Florence. Various other pictures might be mentioned, but I do not wish to trouble the reader with a mere catalogue. I observe from the selection of subjects a constant tendency to choose what can be painted with the utmost thoroughness. It is quite a different art, for example, from that which deals with transient effects in landscape, or from the summary interpretation of human action and expression which marks certain figure-pictures that were swiftly painted and yet are deservedly immortal. Without, however, implying any censure of good art that is founded on different principles, we may reasonably wish that there was somewhat more, in the modern schools, of that patient and untiring search after perfection that distinguishes artists like Lessi and Meissonier. It is not so much their love of detail that is desirable, as their absolute honesty, their indisposition to give anything to the public that is less than their best, their superiority to all kinds of charlatanism, their indifference to all manual display but that of downright excellence in workmanship.

LIFE AND LOVE.

By Melville Upton.

Life has hurried Love away,
As though he never knew its birth.
Love holds no lasting fealty here,
Upon this solemn earth.

Love, the bondsman, came an hour
To sport above the web of things;
Life, the master, went his way—
Crushed are the irised wings.

Legislative Library
Ontario

THE FARMER IN THE NORTH.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

Illustrations by A. B. Frost.



I.

TWO women faced each other in the orange-scented corridor of the Florida building. The sun was dazzling on one side of the passage-way, the other side was dark — that was the inconvenience of using the model of a Spanish mediæval fort for a modern fruit bazaar. To me the woman in the dusk was merely a black, wrinkled basque-back, some straggling gray hair under a black bonnet, and a sallow jaw; but the other stood full in the sunshine. Sunshine seemed to fit her; for she was a comfortable and ample presence in holiday black, brightened by the red rose in her bonnet and the pink on her comely cheeks. She listened to a monotone of complaints of the crowd and the weather and the restaurant fare which that gaunt jaw was grinding out; she was sympathetic but she was unflinchingly cheerful; and I perceived that here was one of those homely saints who hide their halo under a zest for laughter; and quite as much as Spenser's delicate angel, make a sunshine in a shady place. I know she bakes the wedding-cake for the rural brides, and has fifty sensible, home-spun remedies for sickness, and comes to watch with the very sick, and helps babies into the world, and is a sturdy comforter and provider to the rural clergy.

"Well, anyhow, I guess you're glad you come," she said.

"I dunno," persisted the mournful one, "'taint much use a-coming when the crowd's so thick ye cayn't git in to see nothin'. Maria, she says she likes to see the folks; but I don't; I kin see folks to home. *I* come to see what's made in the world."

"I guess I come to see 'em both," said the other.

Certainly the crowd that peopled the streets of that city of a day was a great and wonderful sight. Our English critics reproach us with the fact that it was almost entirely an American crowd, although exactly why the ability of a nation to furnish the patronage for such stupendous undertaking in the family circle should be a matter of reproach, only the Saturday reviewer can properly comprehend. Reproach or boast, it is a fact; the crowd did consist for the most part of Americans from the United States.

Hardly a class, not even the class of the abjectly poor, was missed in the representation.

It is not likely that any American of this generation will have the like opportunity to study his countrymen. A most superficial and accidental opportunity, it is true, but impressive in its kaleidoscopic vastness.

As the days passed, more and more I came to take the point of view of Maria — whom, by the way, I never shall see in this world, and who never will know of my recognition; nevertheless this unknown, even nameless (that

is, surnameless) Maria was my invisible and inspiring companion for the other weeks that I spent at the fair. (I am sure that this has a pretty moral concealed about it somewhere, were I only clever enough to find it.)

Maria, I fancy, belonged to the class that could be culled out of the mass most readily, namely, the farmers. She was a farmer's wife or daughter or mother. And she must have had a robust fibre of humanity in her to keep so vivid an interest in her kind through what Mr. Hamlin Garland calls bitterly "the ferocious toil of the farm." Or else her lot was kinder. I hope so. I like to follow the farmer into other conditions. Generally the farmer's critic expresses the hope that he will be improved by what he sees. Perchance it shows a weak and worldly mind; but my principle concern for the farmer was that he should have a good time. I incline to think, moreover, that he took it. He was at the gates before the earliest gatekeeper, and he did not leave until the electric lights had blazed for hours.

"Tired?" said one energetic man from the fields, "tired? If I was as hungry as I'm tired, I'd eat till I bust."

All the classes and divisions of the American farmer were at the great Fair. There was the prosperous farmer of the New England States, and the equally prosperous farmer of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa; there was the tenant-farmer of the South, who may not prosper, but is always sure of cornmeal, pork, and molasses so long as his planter landlord does not go bankrupt; and the unprosperous farmers farther West, with their mortgaged farms and their discontent. Nor did it take any especial gift of discrimination to pick them out, the one from the other.

The observer, for instance, who should watch the old farmer that I saw, one day, planted, so to speak, in front of the Agricultural building and cross-examining a harassed and perspiring Columbian guard, regarding the dimensions of the pile, the size of Martigny's Seasons and St. Gaudens's Diana, and the probable reason why the sculptor had represented the young woman standing on one leg, did not need the acumen of Sherlock Holmes to give the questioner to New England. "He must be either from New England or be a New Englander who has gone West," said I; and when, after fifteen minutes' conversation (during which he received minute directions for the finding of every part of the agricultural exhibits, from beer to guano) he departed without offering the guard a cigar, I *knew* that he did not live West. Yet I daresay he was a kindly old man, for having the curiosity to follow him into the building I saw him lift a child that she might the better examine the stuffed monkeys in the Guinea exhibit. The New Englander is really no less generous than the Westerner, he is merely less lavish. For generations the New England farmer has cultivated economy until it has become a fine art. He has pared off his expenditures to so sharp an edge that one cannot touch them without being cut. He has been as saving as the Scotchman, and for the same reason, a cruel climate and a niggardly soil would starve him, else! I sometimes fancy many traits of resemblance between the Scotch and the Puritans. They have the same unrelenting energy, the same stern theology (in both cases considerably softened, of late years) the same dry humor, the same very vigorous curiosity, frequently allied to a very anæmic sense of delicacy, the same moral and physical intrepidity that seldom brags and never surrenders, the same stoical coldness without and deep and tender affections under the crust, the same apparent pettiness of thrift that looks like sordidness, the same devotion to those things that make for righteousness, and the same ungrudging sacrifice of all for them, if the need come.

> "How nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> How near is God to man!
> When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Emerson was a New Englander in every fibre, and it is the soul of New England that speaks in his verse.

My old farmer wears the tiny red-white-and-blue button that means as



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

A New England Type.



much to an American as the cross of the Legion of Honor to a Frenchman. Perhaps thirty-two years ago he left his Vermont farm (I feel reasonably assured that he comes from that hardy commonwealth, because I heard him tell the little girl's father that there was no pure maple-sugar to be found except in Vermont), his wife, and little flock, and "enlisted for the war." His sword may have flashed in that charge where one Vermont regiment charged and charged and charged again, closing up their thinned and ghastly ranks with the dogged New England courage, ordered to hold the enemy in check until their comrades retreated, and fighting with such desperate valor that a flank movement saved the battle—and them. Not many of them. When they gathered about their colors to answer the roll-call there were not enough of the regiment left to officer a company; and their colonel, gazing at them burst into tears. On that fatal day a single Vermont family lost seven of its name. The two survivors were crippled for life. These men, although they are far from rich, would never ask for a pension. But the neighborhood is not deprived of the advantage of the free circulation of government money; for a man on the farm adjoining the brothers, a deserter who was shot making his escape from the ranks, has lately been paid twenty-three hundred dollars as arrears of pension. We are a grateful nation!

In the neighborhood mentioned dwells an honest family — very like it may be to the household of which my farmer is the head, and for which, no doubt, he prays every night in his Jackson Park fire-trap, bravely bending his knees before his half-dozen unfamiliar roommates. The farm has been in this family for three generations. The sons are scattered, but the old couple and one daughter and her children remain under the old roof. They are, in the rural phrase, "well fixed." Whatever the newest agricultural machinery can do to encourage their lean acres, is done; their sleek cattle would please any eye; and their huge red barns make the Vermont winter less dreary. But in the small farmhouse on the hill they live much as their revolutionary sires did; eating food cooked according to traditionary recipes, in the same sunny





Kansas Farmers.

kitchen, off the same willow-pattern blue china. The only difference that I can see is that the present tenants of the house read the newspapers. Even the old grandmother reads. But she is disposed to criticise modern journalism. A friend lately asked her what she read. "Oh, I take the *Boston Advertiser*," said she, "same's I always did, but the murders ain't near so good as they used to be!"

The farmer of the north of New England is less sophisticated than his brother in the south. I mean the native-born farmer. The fact is, it takes a man with more than the money-keeping gift to be a successful farmer in Massachusetts or Connecticut; he must have the money-making gift as well, and to make money requires a more agile mind and broader vision than to keep or to save. The yeoman farmer of Massachusetts is likely to be in instincts, education, and the pride of his lineage, a good deal of a gentleman. I have such a farmer in my mind. He lives in a pleasant, old-fashioned white house that, for its size and its stanch building may claim the dignity of a mansion. His house is set back under the shade of great elms, at the forking of the highway, and all about it are low stone walls, marking the boundaries of other farms, chimneys showing among the trees, and, below the hills, a church-spire to show the village. He is a selectman of the village and a possible member of the Great and General Court (words that to a Massachusetts ear ring with something of the pomp of De Quincey's *Senatus populusque Romanus*) a man of importance and station; but many a time have I seen his silver beard shining above his blue jean bumper and overalls. His garments of toil used to daze me, accustomed to the Western, and especially the Southwestern, working clothes; they were so whole and so immaculately, miraculously clean. They even had an air of being made for the wearer—which is proper self-respect in broadcloth, but arrogance and flaunting pride in blue jeans! I daresay they were fashioned for him—on the family sewing-machine. He never seems to drabble or to tear these remarkable garments; yet I know, having seen, that he does not wear them as a mere uniform



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Feeding the Pigs.

of his order to deck him while he stands in a wagon and directs the real farmers; not he, he works in them, works with his hands and his legs and his back as well as his head. When he returns at night he will cast them aside, bathe and eat his bountiful evening meal, clad in the decent black suit that, last year, was his Sunday garb. Then, if no neighbor appear to discuss the perils of the country under a Democratic administration and partake of the social apple, he will read the *Boston Transcript* or the magazines. He subscribes only to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but an absent daughter sends him SCRIBNER'S and *Harper's*, a little late in the month, and a little later *McClure's* comes from one son and the *Century* from another. Regularly he reads his *Congregationalist* and sends it among his children; but he does not altogether understand the jokes in the *Life* that his older son sends in return; he is afraid that the brilliant little cherub jests on forbidden themes. Sometimes instead of the reading, his daughter lights the tall piano lamp that his oldest child sent him one Christmas, and plays the Pilgrim's Chorus to him. He cares nothing for Wagner in general, but he can never hear the Pilgrim's Chorus too often, it somehow recalls to him the days of his struggling youth when his mother and he lifted the mortgage, and the days of his early manhood when the "boys" who are prosperous men, now, were teasing for stories of "grandpa" and the revolutionary war before they should be bundled off to bed. He sent all his boys to college, for he has the genuine Puritan and Scotch craving for learning. His daughters were educated in good schools. The younger daughter has taken music lessons of good masters in Boston. He paid for it all out of the farm; but the mother and he wore their old clothes longer then than they do now, and the hours in the day were too few for their work. Never, through it all, has he knowingly wronged any creature, man or brute beast. His word has never been broken to the sense and kept to the sound; neither has he made his profit from the poverty of his neighbor, nor ever been unworthy of the confidence of the widow and the orphan. The church when it made him a deacon honored itself more than it honored him. His may be a narrow life, but it is a clean and noble one, and the heritage of such is better for his sons than riches.

My friend has long represented to me the best class of New England yeomen. It is a class fast fading out of our national life. My friend's sons are not farmers. They have taken the New England energy and sterling moral virtues to the South and the West. They are successful men, good citizens, makers of their own towns; but there is no one left on the farm.

Some such thoughts were drifting through my brain as I watched the Vermont farmer describe the nature of monkeys to the little girl. Presently I became conscious that someone else was watching him also. This observer was faultlessly dressed, a slender, handsome man, who might have lived anywhere between thirty and fifty years. He smiled; but in his smile was something not akin to amusement, although it was amused as well. He had about him that intangible trait that we call distinction, and modish-looking passers-by greeted him with the effusive cordiality that in their rank is the synonym of deference. There is enough reason for their admiration and respect, since that young-looking man, with his gentle manner and his quiet dress, not only is the just and generous employer of thousands, but the benefactor of multitudes that do not know his name and will never see his face. Yet as a boy —perhaps he is thinking of it while the farmer talks—how often he has waded barefoot through the grass of his father's pasture to call the cattle home! If I even count the men of fortune within my own acquaintance I am surprised at the proportion of farmers' boys. On second thoughts I am not surprised at all—a boy on a farm learns to use his wits about the commonest things. When the tool breaks he must mend it himself; if the kitchen clock declines to remain in business, he has to invent an excuse for it to run until the clock-mender can be procured; if bricks fall out of the chimney, he must improvise a mortar of old plaster and

water and sand to fix the new bricks in place. His invention is always on the alert. Out of every difficulty he needs to find a way of his own ; and the habit tells when he goes away from the farm.

But who takes the vacant places of our American farmers who are seeking larger rewards? In New England, the Irish and the French Canadians. The naturalized Irish have done very well on the farms, and the Canadians not so ill as was feared. The Canadians did not attend the Fair in any numbers. But the Irish came and brought their children and their hard-working wives, that they might see the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, and admire to witness how their adopted country could display its power and wealth.

One good fellow I had the pleasure of piloting to the Midway myself. He accosted me with that natural politeness that is the birthright of the Celt and asked me in a fine brogue to direct him to "the Midway Pleasence—the Midway Plai-*sance*," emphasizing the last syllable very carefully and giving me a choice of pronunciations. He had his little boy with him, but not his wife ; he had wanted her to come, but the baby was too little, she said. "But since I come," said he, regretfully, "I see they have a grand place where she could leave it well as not, and I'm thinking 'twas a big mishtake she didn't come." He was overflowing with frank delight and enthusiasm. "Ain't it a grand sight, ma'am? I've been reading the papers and looking at pictures for all winter ; but it's beyond all me imagination of it. Ivery building I go into exsades the last—I ain't got words for it at all!"

Of another species entirely is the Kansas farmer that used regularly to lunch (out of that popular World's Fair hamper, a shoe-box) on the piazza of the Kansas building. He was a long, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man, rusty haired and bearded, and he affected a particular rocking-chair in the Kansas building which showed his knees to the worst advantage as he rocked. He had dim eyes, tired, I used to fancy, of waiting for the coming of his ideal legislation for farmers. I make no doubt that he had limitless faith in legislation ; that kind of man from Kansas always has. I can picture his farm on the prairies. There is a row of cotton-wood trees—they grow faster than any other trees, you know—about the barbed wire fence. The corn-fields and the ill-kept garden that straggles up to the house, and the low, dark farm-house itself, lie in the ocean of blue-gray prairie, like an island in the sea. To north, to south, to east, to west there is the prairie, nothing but a prairie. The sun scorches it in summer, the snows drift over it in winter, mocking it with a semblance of hill and vale ; in the moonlight it sparkles with innumerable diamonds, dazzling, beautiful, terrible (for death grins under those glittering peaks), and in the spring for a brief space it is beautiful with a tender beauty, as of love and hope, for the grass is growing ; but in every season, under every changing show of beauty, or terror, or barren despair, it is lonely beyond words to tell.

The farmer tills a large farm. He says that it "don't begin to pay him what it orter." Our appraisement of our deserts in a pecuniary way, however, is so elastic that the phrase enlightens me not at all. I am only sure that he is discontented. I have seen his agricultural implements so often wintering in the fields that my fancy really cannot build him a shed for them ; but I am sure that there is a barn for his horses and cows, and a little, low-browed house for his wife and children. The best room within probably has the popular engraving of the death-bed of Lincoln in the place of honor, and the popular chromo of a distracted and muscular damsel clinging to a stone cross in mid-ocean, on the other wall, next the air-tight stove. In the comparative leisure of maidenhood his wife used to make household ornaments in wool and silk. I feel that her "crazy quilt" took the second prize at the county fair. I hope for my farmer's sake that her bread and jellies at least received honorable mention. Poor woman, I heard the farmer say, "My wife, she ain't ben real well for five years ; but you cayn't down that woman, she gits 'round someway."

I can see her, a faded, haggard, sallow woman, tired from the weary rising in the dark, winter mornings, to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs, at night. Her husband is kind to her; but he has his own work; and her back aches, she is dizzy and faint, and life grows a heavier load on her shoulders every day. She does not consider that her health is part of the home's capital; and she is sure that they can't afford to hire help, behindhand as they are; they can't afford a doctor (who would ride ten miles and charge five dollars), but she remembers that the last time she was at church she heard one of the society speak of a patent medicine that helped her last spring, and she will send for the medicine. Or else she writes to the household paper (price fifty cents a year) which she takes, asking the editor's advice. What pathetic and suggestive things are the Correspondent Columns in these humble journals! How the ineradicable womanly longing to be attractive comes out in queer prescriptions to prevent the hair falling out, to remove freckles, or to make over old gowns with small sleeves into the flamboyant style of the day; how the woman's heart peeps through its thin disguise in those pitiful letters describing lonely lives and love that the strong years conquer, and the daily jar and fret of disillusioned toil, and all the rest of the dismal story. I seem to see the broken woman, who was a joyous and ambitious girl, tugging ever more wearily at her Sisyphus stone of duties, growing more irritable, more complaining as strength and heart fail, until the day shall come when the tired mother will not creep down-stairs. Then the neighbors will watch and nurse by turns, and the doctor, who might have helped years ago, will be called in to witness properly the end that he cannot avert. I do hope that Maria is a healthy woman. My farmer looks of rugged build himself. He wears his best suit of heavy black cloth; but he has conceded a necktie to the weather, appearing in the holiday costume of a gold shirt-button and a "boiled shirt." I gather from his conversation that he was once a firm Republican; but he now ranks both the great parties together as spoilers of the people. He tells his next neighbor that he grew poorer and poorer every year under Republican and Democratic rule, and now he "goes in for a new deal all round." "Fact is," says he, grimly, "the folks down my way cayn't very well be wuss off, no matter what happens; and we'll vote for any kind of a change."

The auditor merely mutters, "Is dot so?" He is a German. He is better dressed than the Kansan. Whether he agrees or disagrees is not to be guessed either from his face or his words. The Kansan soon attracts an audience of his own State, and directly has employment for all his figures of speech, dealing with an irate countryman who declares that Kansas has had border ruffians and grasshoppers and cyclones and populists, and the populists have done her more injury than all the others combined! The German, during the *mêlée*, rises and strolls away. As he goes he shakes his head and smiles. Then he approaches me and inquires the way to the Iowa building.

"I am from Iowa," I say, at which his face lightens. He is from Iowa, too, he tells me. After a second he adds, dryly, "Dem folks from Kansas don't know much 'bout farmin'."

This hardly disposes of the question. I do not know whether a Kansas man's explanation for the success of the populists is complete, but it struck me as interesting. He had made money which he had invested in Kansas lands. "But if the Lord will forgive me and let me sell out without losing too much, I will never do so again," said he; "the fact is the people of Kansas have gotten into the habit of being supported from the outside. The State was not settled by *bona-fide* farmers. A man, an old settler, told me that in the border-war times he would see whole bands of men coming down from Missouri, armed and equipped to fight the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists did the same thing; my father told me he knew of one company of a hundred men who had their tickets to Kansas paid, and arms and stock, etc., furnished them. Men volunteered to go to Kansas as soldiers on one side or the other,

not as settlers. Bless you, no. And then after the war they were so poor that supplies had to be hustled into the State to keep them from starving. Then came the grasshoppers and the drought, and Kansas people got into the way of expecting other people to help them; now naturally they keep it up, and they are expecting there will be some d——d fools to pay off their mortgages for them. They have got into the way of it."



But all the Western farmers are not so visibly discontented. The farmers of the river counties in Iowa are almost as much of a contrast to the Kansas man as he is to the Vermonter. Did anyone happen to watch them in their own State building? It was both amusing and a little touching to witness the feeling of ownership and the consequent recognition of the obligations of hospitality.

No State building, North or South, opened its rooms more cordially to all. The farmers were not always to be distinguished from the other citizens of the State. The farmers' wives in the new "outing dress," cut by the patterns in the *Bazar*, or the homelier fashion papers, did not at first glance differ much from the wives of rural bankers, shopkeepers, or lawyers. The farmers in their black clothes, too heavy for the season, and the soft black hat which is the rural headgear of ceremony, were easier to recognize. To those of us who are unavoidably bumped against the sharp angles of the farmer's character, who buy apples and find too late that men betray, and that the bottom of the barrel does not carry out the fair promises of the specious top; or who trustingly subscribe for butter by the year, and are loaded with it during summer when the price is far above the market, the farmer remarking blandly, "Well, you know you'll git it back in winter when the price is way down and when winter and the proportionately low price come, find the butter comes not, but goes to the corner grocery to be sold (our butter!) at ten cents more a pound; to us thus embittered by the departure of illusions about rural honesty, it is a wholesome experience to see the kindlier side of the farmer. He has a kindlier side, though he is so hard to move from his prejudices, so narrow in his principles, and so entirely exasperating in the matter of procuring good roads. It was refreshing to see the Iowa farmers' State pride, and their delight that their State "should be respectid like the lave." The sunshine of their enjoyment radiated even through that chamber of horrors upstairs where all the rejected work of art from the State found shelter. And it is to the Iowa farmer's credit that he invariably admired all the few modest gems that deserved a better fate. There was a crowd of admirers before each one, almost as many as before the crazy quilt constructed out of the gowns of famous women by an old lady seventy-eight years of age.

Looking at the pleasure and the courtesy of these good fellows, I was glad to think, not of my Kansas farmer nor of the foot-sore and soul-sore toiler that Garland paints, but of the farmer as I know him in my own Iowa county, with his generous fields and trig fences, his comfortable, painted house, his barns bursting with plenty, his contented cattle and his shelter for his farm machines. This Western farmer has passed the pioneer stage. Yet I must confess that prosperous as he is, he moves into the village as soon as he accumulates a competency, and his brightest boys want to leave the farm. Nor do I wonder. It is a lonely life, and until we solve the problem of mitigating that loneliness our farmers will not turn to the farm except as they are flogged there by necessity. Yes, I hope Maria is a Scott County farmer's wife, and that he soon will be able to move into town.

ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

III.

CUBAN COUNTRY LIFE.



BY this time, the latter part of 1806, Captain Hathaway received letters and invoices from Providence, R. I., from the owners and underwriters of a bark bound from St. Petersburg to Providence, R. I., with a cargo of hemp, iron, Russian sail duck, and sheeting of the value of thirty thousand dollars, giving him full powers to reclaim the said vessel and cargo from the Spanish authorities at Baracoa. This vessel and cargo had arrived on the coast during the winter of 1805–6, but was obliged by the severity of wind and weather to stand to the south, where, several hundred miles east of the British port of Providence, on the Bahama Banks, she fell in with a French privateer, who, on account of the name of Providence, R. I., where she was bound, insisted upon it that her papers were spurious and that in reality she was bound to the British port of that name; for how else could she have been met with more than a thousand miles southwest of her pretended port of destination, and within a few hundred miles of the British port of the same name? He consequently declared her a good prize, and took her into Baracoa as the most convenient port, until he could get her regularly condemned at San Domingo, from where he was commissioned. However, the Spanish Government, after investigating her papers and examining the captain and the crew, had their doubts as to the legality of the capture, and took possession of the vessel and cargo, thereby giving both claimants an equal right to repossession. Thus stood the affairs of this vessel and cargo when Captain Hathaway at Santiago received his letters and power of attorney. He did not feel himself sufficiently qualified to contest this claim successfully without assistance, particularly as he was entirely unacquainted with the Spanish and French languages. He consequently made a proposal to me to assist him in this difficult affair, being empowered to avail himself of such assistance as he should deem necessary, and offered me one-half of his commission, charging my travelling expenses to the concern. This proposal I accepted, and as there was no safe or expeditious communication between Santiago and Baracoa by land, we purchased a clinker-built sail-boat, large enough to hold seven or eight persons, in order to go around by sea coastwise, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

We hired an experienced pilot (who served also as interpreter) and three hands, who, with Captain Hathaway, myself, and a middle-aged French gentleman, who solicited a passage to Baracoa, made seven in number. We had an interview with the Governor at Santiago, to whom we made known our business in the presence of the American Consul, and received from him not alone passports and protection on the coast, but also letters of introduction to Don Repilado, Governor of Baracoa. Thus furnished we commenced our precarious voyage. I found the boat so small that after the baggage and provisions had been stowed away, and room left for the rowers, there was just space enough left for two to occupy the stern and one narrow seat at the bow, to which latter I gave the preference. The weather was fine, and there was so little wind that we were chiefly borne along by rowing. The first and second day and night we passed Cumberland Harbor and Porto Escondido. By the even-

ing of the third day we were only about twenty miles from Cape Maize, and expected to be by morning at Baracoa. After sundown the wind freshened, but we still kept our course, a few miles from the shore, which is bold and inaccessible for many miles, except some small and hidden inlets among rocks known only to experienced pilots. The wind gradually veered around to the northeast, and increased to such a degree that we could hardly keep the boat free from water, in spite of the cloths we had up on both sides. All idea of reaching Baracoa was given up, and our pilot turned about to reach a harbor. The only one was within ten miles from us, and so small and hidden that it was difficult to find it in broad daylight, even by those who knew its locality. It was dark and raining hard, the wind increased to a gale, and thus we danced on the billows of the sea like a cockle-shell, our safety depending entirely on the skill and success of our pilot.

Thus passed nearly three tedious hours, and we had approached the dark walls of the iron-bound coast so near that I thought we must inevitably be dashed to pieces against them—a thought which was confirmed when I saw our boat suddenly bearing close on to a confused mass of black rocks, by which we seemed for a moment entirely surrounded, but the next moment I found our boat in still water, although I could hear the billows roaring at no great distance. We were in a small cove, sheltered from the sea by rocks, which formed a secure harbor, with a small patch of sandy beach on which we landed and drew our boat ashore. I was so fatigued from want of sleep, my long and cramped position in the boat, augmented by wind, rain, and danger, that, notwithstanding the storm and rain, I no sooner reached the shore, wet as I was, than I wrapped myself in a blanket and lay down under a large tree, where I slept soundly until sunrise. On the following morning, the storm and rain continuing with unabated fury, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and after having enjoyed a hearty meal of such provisions as we had taken with us, we held a general council, in order to adopt such measures as would enable us to reach Baracoa as soon as possible. Our pilot and the other Spaniard assured us that the present storm was likely to continue for a week or two, until the quartering of the moon, and that therefore it would not be possible to reach Baracoa by water until after that event had taken place. They stated that the nearest plantation from where we were was seven miles distant, but that horses and mules could there be obtained to carry us and some necessary baggage across the mountains. Having no other choice we determined that Hathaway, myself, the Frenchman, and the pilot should start for the plantation, leaving the boat under guard of the other three men. We accordingly started, each armed with a gun or fowling-piece, besides which I myself carried my famous tarantula broadsword. Our wet and dirty garments, our slouched, broad-brimmed sombreros, and our heterogeneous armament no doubt gave us the appearance of a scurvy set of pirates instead of distressed mariners.

Thus we walked for an hour or two along the rugged barriers of the seaboard, when we discovered the smoke from a habitation on the other side of the mouth of a small creek. We presently perceived it to be an armed Spanish post, stationed there to prevent smuggling, which was facilitated by a short, sandy beach terminating the inlet to the creek. We had been observed by the garrison, and although at a considerable distance we could plainly perceive that our unexpected appearance had caused alarm, as we saw the soldiers running in and out of the barracks, loading and priming their guns. When we arrived at the bank of the creek, still too far distant to hold a parley, they waved their hands and arms with great violence, indicating to us not to approach any nearer. We, however, had no choice, and tying my handkerchief to a ramrod as a flag of truce we lustily waded through the creek toward the garrison. They were drawn up under arms in rank and file ready for any emergency, and suffered us to approach. To show them our peace-

able intentions, I had requested my companions to place their guns against some tree or door, in a careless and unpremeditated manner, which I was the first to do. No sooner had we done so, than the sergeant beckoned us into the guard-house, which we entered, but not before I saw one of the soldiers take up my gun, measure the charge, and blow off the priming. It appeared that the chief officers had gone off on a frolic, and the post was under command of the sergeant. To him our pilot explained our affairs and requested permission to proceed to the plantation, which lay up the creek. This, however, was refused until some more satisfactory inquiries had been instituted; and our pilot offered to proceed to the boat under guard of an armed picket of six men to show them the license and protection of the Governor of Santiago de Cuba, which he had not about him. The sergeant, probably thinking our story might be true, informed us rather politely that we must consider ourselves prisoners until further notice.

The whole of these proceedings had something so grotesque and Quixotic on the face of them that it put us into an extravagant good-humor, and we treated the whole affair with mock solemnity. We remained in this condition for several hours, but our own good-humor, supported by our liberal offers for refreshment, soon imparted itself to our guards, and we were served with excellent coffee and cigars. At length we heard a considerable noise on the outside of the barracks, occasioned by the return of the corps of observation, and presently the sergeant and several soldiers entered, and with most extravagant manifestations of joy hugged us and called us *amigos Americanos* and other endearing epithets. Permission to proceed was granted, although with seeming reluctance, by the non-commissioned officer, who doubted his power during the absence of his superiors. He freely opened their stores of provisions especially of liquors, for which we compensated them liberally before we proceeded.

This delay made us arrive at the plantation so late that we could not return to the boat until the next morning. We, however, made arrangements and obtained a mule and three horses, first to carry us and our baggage from the boat to the plantation, and subsequently under charge of a guide to proceed to Baracoa. The next day found us mounted, and on our return to the boat for our baggage. The only road we could take passed in the immediate neighborhood of the revenue guards, upon reaching whom we were stopped by the sentinels and ordered, in rather a harsh manner, to appear at head-quarters. We dismounted, and on our way I was astonished and mortified to perceive our jovial and polite sergeant of the previous day sitting on the bare ground, and confined hands and feet in the stocks. All that I had time to hear was, "Yesterday's frolic." It appears that in the evening of that day the captain and lieutenant of the post had returned from their pleasure party and found most of the garrison intoxicated, but especially the sergeant, who had suffered his joy and the spirits to overcome him so far that he could give only a very confused and unsatisfactory account of the proceedings of the day; hence the punishment we witnessed. Understanding, however, that we were to return, it was no wonder we were detained to afford further information.

The captain seemed disposed to be haughty and crabbed; but, after showing him our papers and explaining to him the whole affair, he suppressed a smile and with assumed gravity reproved us all for bribing the guard to insubordination and unsoldierlike conduct. I knew all the time what he wanted, and after testifying our regret for the occurrence threw out some hints that, as we had been the innocent cause of the sergeant's punishment for his civility toward us, we would not hesitate on his release to pay for the trouble and expenses occasioned. This had the desired effect. The poor fellow was released, we paid the consideration, and after very civil treatment during one hour, parted with mutual satisfaction. On our return, after having left the boat and greater part of our baggage in the care of our pilot and men, with orders to come around to Baracoa as soon as the weath-

er should permit, we pushed for the plantation, but did not stop again at the barracks.

Travelling in the interior parts of this island, and particularly in the eastern section where we found ourselves, is different from any other that I ever experienced. It is in the highest degree picturesque, laborious, dangerous, and sometimes awful. We had to cross several ridges of cloud-topped mountains and to circumvent others by narrow chasms, following the courses of creeks and runs of water, the tops of whose perpendicular walls in many places could hardly be discerned, shutting out the daylight and converting it into evening gloom. When we were within about a mile of the plantation the boy who had charge of our horses advised us to cross the brow of a steep mountain on foot, while he would lead the horses around. By this we should gain more than half a mile, and stretch our limbs from the fatigue of riding through these awful and dangerous passages. We accordingly commenced our ascent in angles from thirty to forty-five degrees. We at first made rapid progress, but by degrees the atmosphere became so light and our exertions so great that we had to stop every few minutes for want of breath. We were, however, richly recompensed—at least I was—during the moments of rest by the appearance from our lofty perch of the ocean below us. It was cloudy but did not rain, and the mountain above us sheltered us completely from a storm raging below, the effects of which we could plainly perceive on the waters before us, which, although more than three miles distant, appeared to be under our feet. I was told by the French gentleman, our passenger, who resided in Baracoa and seemed well acquainted with the country, that in clear weather the island of San Domingo, and even Jamaica, are visible from this point. Our route at length took a turn to the right long before we had reached the top of the mountain, but high enough to pass through an electric cloud which rested on its side for several miles like a belt. We could plainly perceive the influence of the electric matter on our clothes and skins, but particularly on our hair, which vibrated up and down without the appearance of a breath of wind, and in an entirely different manner. We emerged from this cloud into sunshine, but the scene below us was completely hidden, and we witnessed the rare spectacle of a slight thunderstorm below us.

If the travelling in the island of Cuba at that period was difficult, rugged, and dangerous, the manners and mode of life of the inhabitants, especially in the interior, were, in conformity therewith, primitive, rude, and uncultivated. With the exception of their indomitable pride and love of titles and imaginary rank, the people were little elevated above the aborigines. There was no real poverty or distress, for the island produces in abundance everything necessary to sustain life and make it agreeable. The natural disposition to indolence and ease, and the consequent habits descending from father to son, make the people appear to the eye of the stranger both poor and miserable in the midst of plenty. This was the case with the proprietor of the plantation where we had procured the horses and mules. We had not seen one woman since we had left Santiago, nor did we find any in this place. So rude and desolate was this island that we did not encounter one human being on our travels until we arrived in the neighborhood of Baracoa, except the soldiers at the barracks and the family at the farm.

The latter consisted of the proprietor, an elderly man, called Don José, two sons from twelve to sixteen years of age, and two male slaves. The father was of a tall and rawboned figure, and dressed in the meanest manner; the sons bareheaded and barefooted, with nothing but a shirt and pantaloons to cover them; but still in demeanor he was full of mock importance, doing apparently nothing but smoking, eating, drinking, and sleeping, while the boys and slaves gathered the fruits of the earth, raised pigs and poultry, and cooked the meals. The Don was, notwithstanding, sufficiently shrewd to make us pay an exorbitant price for the horses, mules, and guide, knowing that we could not do without them. He stipulated at the same time that our guides—his eldest son and one of the slaves—should be permitted, while giv-

ing us convoy, to drive some twenty or thirty pigs to the Baracoa market, a distance of nearly fifty miles. While these preparations were going on, we were detained a day and a half at the farm, and as this was an important, profitable, and unexpected windfall, the Don exerted himself to treat us handsomely. The coffee, bananas, and cigars were excellent, and between breakfast and dinner I observed one of the men killing and dressing a very lean pig, the dressing of which particularly engaged my attention. From the fleshy parts, if they deserved that name, he cut the meat from the bones, and the flanks he cut as paper is cut for festoons, so as to make a rope of them, of which he had about twenty yards hung on horizontal poles.

The dwelling which this family occupied consisted, like most of those in the interior, of a number of posts and poles firmly lodged in the ground in a spacious circular form, and was covered, at the distance from the ground of about ten feet, with a rude roof, left open in the middle to carry off the smoke which rose from a perpetual fire on a space underneath that served as a kitchen. At the distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground a strong beam was placed horizontally, furnished with iron hooks of several dimensions, on the stoutest of which was suspended a large iron pot, in which were cooked all manner of provisions. Some bags of salt were suspended above the beams to prevent their absorbing the moisture of the rainy season. This rotunda of poles had no walls, but was open like a horse-shed, excepting so much as was partitioned off to form an apology for two small rooms for the Don. The ceiling of these rooms consisted of half-rounded wooden slabs, the flat part underneath and the rounded part forming a garret floor covered with raw ox-hides.

Knives, forks, and spoons were at this time not yet in use, except among some of the grandees on the seaboard, having been but lately introduced by the French fugitives from San Domingo, and otherwise were only used at the hotels for the accommodation of foreign traders. When dinner-time arrived we all assembled in the large open space under the roof around the fire and the huge iron pot, each providing for himself such materials as would serve him for a temporary seat and table. Hathaway and myself rolled a log for our seat, and inverted a hog-trough for our table, and fixed ourselves as we thought very comfortably. Large cocoa-nut shells, with excellent coffee, supported on straw grummets or rings, upholding the round part of the shell, were handed around, and a calabash filled with the contents of the pot was served to each of us with becoming gravity. To hungry persons like ourselves, and not very fastidious, all this would have been very welcome, although the mess was a kind of claret-colored soup seasoned with bananas, Seville oranges, salt, and pepper, enriched with many yards of pork and interspersed with chicken-bones from which the meat had probably dissolved in the boiling. On the whole I thought the mess savory, and could have enjoyed it had it not been for the constant warfare to which we were driven to keep off the fowls and dogs by which we were surrounded. They pertinaciously disputed every morsel with us, and there were fowls bold and impudent enough to snatch bits from between our fingers while in the act of conveying them to our mouths.

When evening arrived we mounted the steps to our bedchamber. The steps were nothing but cross-pieces nailed against a perpendicular post, and led to the holes above the two rooms. We were without a light, and creeping under the low roofs felt in vain for some bed or bedding, but found nothing else than the raw ox-hides spread over the round slabs of the floor. Here Captain Hathaway and myself stretched ourselves for repose. Our bones, however, soon began to ache from the effects of the hard and uneven floor, which all our turnings and twistings could only alleviate for a few minutes. Our clothes being still very damp, and the farm being on very elevated ground, we sensibly felt the effects of a cold and chill atmosphere during the night, and I descended our ship-ladder to seek for some covering. Nothing presented itself but some large, dry, palmetto leaves, somewhat in the shape of the lid of a

coffin and long enough to cover one person. Two of these I dragged along to our garret, and they answered for a shelter against the night-air, though they prevented us from sleeping for some time by the rattling noise they made when we turned over, which was very often.

The next morning at daybreak we prepared for a start. The boys had prepared moccasins of twisted straw to protect their feet on the journey, and were busily engaged in yoking the pigs in couples to prevent them from running away, an operation that was conducted under the most awful squealing of the devoted herd, and amid oaths and execrations on the part of the operators. The slave, with our assistance, was busy preparing our horses and loading our mule, while the Don and his younger son were emptying the large iron pot and stowing the contents in water-tight baskets, to form, with fruit and bananas, the stock of our provisions on the road. We at length started, but the progress of the first few miles was exceedingly ludicrous. The pigs, being unwilling to proceed and obstreperous from their constraint, frequently broke their fastenings and scampered off in different directions, to be pursued, overtaken, and rebound by the guides, and nothing was heard for hours but a mixture of squealing and Spanish oaths.

Some time afterward, however, things became more orderly, and in spite of our disagreeable escort, rain, and awful roads, I had time and took delight in contemplating the novel, majestic, and frequently terrific scenery around me, which it would be very difficult to describe. Suffice it, therefore, to draw a few general but faint outlines. No high roads exist between these mountains and towns, but simply a few mule tracks winding in various gyrations among cliffs and narrow valleys. Their circular and contradictory bends have often to be shortened by crossing almost inaccessible promontories, incapable of being climbed and descended in safety except by these mountain horses and mules. The sagacity and firmness of these animals is so great that on several occasions, when we came to smooth and slippery descents, which in consequence of continued rain afforded no foothold, they would sink, encumbered with their baggage, on their haunches, and with their forelegs spread out thus slide down more than fifty yards until they reached a better level. We followed them in a sitting position, occasionally stopping our career by holding to some shrubs and brushwood in passing.

Thus we passed, sometimes for a mile, between chasms of perpendicular rocks in gloomy twilight at noonday, being barely able to see above our heads a streak of blue sky. In one of these places, but of a more extensive magnitude, the perpendicular rocks on our left hand were covered with a multitude of patches of wild honeycomb as far and as high as the eye could reach, until the patches appeared no larger than a pocket-handkerchief, although, to judge from the nearest ones, they could not have been less than from forty to one hundred square yards in extent. This was one of the numerous places with which the island abounds for gathering at the proper seasons vast quantities of honey and beeswax. Our guides informed us that one of the seasons would begin in a couple of months, when numerous parties were sent forth with horses, mules, empty skins, baskets, ladders, ropes, and other instruments to gather the rich product. These expeditions were connected with much risk and personal danger, as hardly any of these combs could be got at except at immense heights and by contriving to reach narrow ledges of perpendicular rocks by means of ropes and baskets. Although the most of these ledges afforded a safe footing when reached, and room enough to operate, the men appeared at the distance below as if suspended against the naked walls. The honeycomb thus obtained is let down by ropes from ledge to ledge, and the mules are constantly going between the places of gathering and the plantations, where it is melted in large caldrons, the wax cast in blocks, and the honey put up in earthen vessels and skins and barrels.

Toward evening on the second day of our journey we came in sight of

Baracoa. We were unwilling, as well as ashamed, to enter with our distressed cavalcade and personal appearance, being soaked with rain and mud from head to foot. Our road not far from the city passed along the beach near the margin of the sea. Here we halted on the highway, stripped and washed ourselves, and the clothes from our saddle-bags, though far from dry and much crushed and rumpled, had still the advantage of being clean. Thus somewhat remodelled, and after sending our guides and escort of swine by another route, we at length reached the port of our destination and took our lodgings at the house of a French restaurateur. The fatigue and constant exposure to rain for nearly a week had but one disagreeable effect upon me, which, however, wore off in a few days. When I awoke on the following morning I could not open my eyes until after repeated bathing in warm water, the eyelids having become inflamed and glued together during my sleep.

IV.

TOWN LIFE AT BARACOA.

As soon as it was practicable we paid a visit to the Governor, Don Repilado, to present to him our credentials, make him acquainted with the purpose of our visit, and recommend ourselves to his favor and protection. I have before observed the primitive manners which at that time still existed in this island even among the Spanish grandees. Our reception was a fair specimen of them. We were ushered into the office of the Governor by his master of ceremonies, a huge black fellow, probably a favorite slave. The Governor himself was an elderly, tall, and weather-beaten man, but still had something stately and very respectable in his appearance. His office looked more like a large cell in one of our prisons than a reception-room, consisting of bare walls, a smooth clay floor, a large old-fashioned table, and three massive chairs. Notwithstanding all this he received us in a friendly and polite manner, conversed with us for nearly an hour in French and Spanish, with the latter of which I was not sufficiently conversant to express myself without the help of the former, and this was the same case with the Governor as regarded the French language. We were in the meantime helped to cigars and refreshments. The mutual impressions made on each other were very satisfactory and augured well for the success of our cause. We were shortly afterward introduced to the Intendant of the Port, Don Luis Arruiz, a native Spaniard and a man of great worth and amiability. We also made the acquaintance of the Collector of the Port, a ceremonious, stiff, and high-toned Spanish Don, with whom we never got beyond the intercourse of civility. I had subsequently reasons to believe that his friendship leaned somewhat in favor of the captors of our bark. My first endeavor was through the friendship and kind manifestations of Don Luis to engage an able counsellor to conduct our affairs through the intricacies of a Spanish court, and we made him acquainted with every circumstance relative to the captured ship and cargo. Thus we became perfectly initiated in the course of a very few days. There were at that time four or five American vessels in port, the society of whose captains we much enjoyed. The indefatigable Don Luis, to whom I became much attached, introduced Captain Hathaway and myself into his family, and they contributed greatly to our entertainment.

Don Luis, a man of not yet forty years, had been in the naval service in Spain, where he was married to the beautiful widow whom Don Delabatt left with an infant daughter. He afterward obtained the post of Intendant at Baracoa, where he had resided a few years when I arrived, at which period his step-daughter, Senorita Dolores Delabatt, had reached her sixteenth or seventeenth year. Her mother, who had married when very young, was still handsome and engaging, but rather *enbonpoint*. She was lively, fond of company and dancing, extremely well bred, but of a quick temper and of rather a jealous disposition, which sometimes made her un-

happy for a brief period. Miss Dolores was a very sensible and well bred young lady, and had received many advantages of education. She was instructed in French, dancing, music, and painting, and was not deficient in history. She possessed an agreeable person, her countenance was intelligent, and would have been handsome if her upper front teeth had not been so large as to be constantly visible even when she was not speaking. Not that the teeth were misshapen, nay, they were beautiful, but rather that the upper lip was a little too narrow to cover them. Don Luis himself was as sprightly as champagne, a gay Lothario, and ever ready to enjoy good society, but withall dignified, brave, and intelligent.

By these means and the natural disposition to sociability, we soon got intimate with all the respectable families of Baracoa, both Spanish and French. The love of social intercourse, music, and dancing, and the primitive habits of the citizens were such that we formed many immediate acquaintances without previous introductions, and often in the course of our walks, where respectable young ladies were assembled at the doors, the liberty of addressing and discoursing with them was not deemed rude, but, on the contrary, ended generally in our being invited into the house to be regaled with songs and tunes on the guitar and frequently invited to a waltz. Hand-organs in shape of a bookcase were common articles which on such occasions were lustily turned by one of the younger brothers. Don Luis gave a ball at his house once every two weeks, and some of the French and Spanish families occasionally returned the compliment.

While our occupation and amusements were thus going on, several remarkable occurrences took place in which I had a share, as well at that time as subsequently, and which I therefore have to relate, perhaps, more minutely than I would otherwise have done. Great Britain being at that time (1805–6) at war with the allies, Spain and France, the government of the island of Cuba was frequently disturbed by predatory English parties, but no serious attempt at a landing on any part of the coast by a British naval force had as yet been apprehended. The alarm, therefore, at Baracoa was very considerable when, early one morning two British frigates were discovered off the coast to the eastward, apparently standing for the harbor. Everybody was instantly on foot. The captain of the Spanish brig-of-war, Leopard, then in port, put springs on her cables to command the entrance to the harbor. The fort, on a flat but elevated piece of ground, formed a crescent of nearly two-thirds of a circle, and protected the harbor on the left and the city and coast on the right, having sixteen pieces of forty-two pound ordnance mounted. This fort had not been regularly manned for a great length of time, but could, if necessary, be supplied with men and ammunition at short notice. To this place Don Luis and some other officers repaired to ascertain if steps more decisive were deemed necessary. Every American citizen in port volunteered his services for the defence of the city, and accompanied Don Luis to the fort. While we were contemplating the manœuvres, one of the frigates fired several shots in the direction of the fort, which, although quite harmless in consequence of the great distance, terrified the wealthy citizens to such a degree that several made hasty preparations to move their money and valuables into the interior. The cannon at the fort, although the fort itself was not manned, were always kept loaded with balls; and after the first gun was fired from the frigate, Don Luis primed one of them which bore in the direction of the vessel and touched it off with his lighted cigar, coolly observing, "I only want to show the fellows that we are prepared for them." The garrison of the barracks was by this time getting ready to man the fort; but before they approached a solemn procession of priests arrived, headed by the Grand Inquisitor. They walked up with much solemnity to the first loaded cannon, and the high-priest, unclasping his mantle, spread it over the touch-hole,

thereby forbidding any further firing. The effect of this action on the common soldiers and others was electric and they sank down on their knees. Don Luis and other officers, though obliged to make a slight genuflection, looked daggers and seemed greatly vexed at this interference, the cause of which I was never able to learn, except, perhaps, that the priests were satisfied that no serious attack was meditated and sought to avoid creating a useless irritation. In the course of a few hours, however, it was apparent that the frigates had altered their course and stood farther off the coast, having probably attempted this feat from mere wantonness.

While engaged in these various pursuits some of the seamen in port discovered, at a very great distance, a schooner, apparently standing for the harbor, but evidently in distress and unmanageable, as her approach was hardly perceptible. The American captains, ever ready to render assistance, after having satisfied themselves by the aid of spy-glasses that the schooner was water-logged and without help could not reach the port that day, promptly offered to man a couple of boats for her relief, but as no boat could leave the harbor without permission, I was requested to obtain it from Don Luis. We soon set out on our expedition with twelve stout sailors, four captains, and myself, and after rowing with all possible speed for two hours at length came up with the distressed schooner. She proved to be the Newbern, of North Carolina, laden with boards, staves, and shingles, bound for Jamaica. The vessel was nearly new, but slightly built, and had sprung a leak soon after leaving port, which greatly increased when she encountered the stormy weather before spoken of, of which, however, she fell in only with the tail end. Finding themselves unable to keep the vessel free by incessant pumping, they gave up the idea of reaching Jamaica and endeavored to reach Baracoa. We found the whole ship's company, consisting of only six men, so much worn out by fatigue, pumping, and watching, that they could hardly support themselves on their feet. No set of poor fellows ever seemed more rejoiced at succor in time of need. Our fresh and hardy boys succeeded, with pumping and towing, in reaching the harbor before dark, but we were obliged to run her on the beach on a fine sandy bottom. This schooner was abandoned to the underwriters, under protest of the captain, in legal form, and vessel and cargo were advertised for sale for the account of the concerned. Hathaway and myself became the purchasers at a low rate, it is true, but we spent much money to get her pumped free of water so as to find and repair the leak. We had to hire two gangs of lazy Spaniards, to relieve each other night and day for several days. We were compelled to watch them ourselves, as they frequently attempted to take resting spells, during which as much water entered again as they had pumped out. When the leak was at length found and stopped, which was under her bows, the repairs were very expensive, as she wanted a new mast and anchor, which had been lost, and some rigging and sails, besides which the cargo had to be landed and reshipped.

In the meantime we had gained our suit against the captors of our bark, and the cargo, which had been during a year in the king's stores was delivered over into our hands. The hemp and iron were unsalable, and excepting a part which we traded away in barter, had to be reshipped. The canvas and Russian sheeting, however, were in great demand, the latter commanding twenty-eight dollars a piece. We chartered an American schooner, which we freighted with the bulk of the hemp and the iron, and after considerable trouble and expense for the different commissions, despatched this vessel for Providence, R. I., under charge of Captain Nichols. The day after she sailed we had invited Don Louis and the ladies, as well as our counsellor, to partake of a morning ride and breakfast at a beautiful spot on the sea-coast, about one mile and a half from Baracoa. These little attentions were naturally expected, in consequence of the many favors and kindnesses we had received, and we had a delightful ride in the

early part of the morning. We had not yet finished our breakfast when a vessel hove in sight standing for the port, and I soon recognized her to be our unfortunate schooner which had sailed the day before. This circumstance completely marred my pleasure and broke up our party several hours sooner than we had intended. We found, however, on our return that she had carried away her main-boom and put back for repairs, which were completed on the following day. Having in the meantime repaired our water-logged schooner and sold our bark from St. Petersburg, which was perfectly worm-eaten and good for nothing, we prepared to reship our lumber and staves, in order to take them to Jamaica as the best market, the cargo having been designed for that island.

Our business at Baracoa drawing now rapidly to an end, we deemed it indispensable, as a token of our gratitude to the Governor and authorities of that place, to give them a public dinner before our departure. For this purpose we engaged our host, the French restaurateur, to whom we gave *carte blanche* as to the particulars of a sumptuous dinner for about forty persons, and authorized him to rent a room, capable of containing at least one hundred and fifty persons. We then fixed a day and sent our cards of invitation to all the great personages in Baracoa. But as the dinner was intended for men only, we distributed about one hundred cards more, inviting the Spanish ladies and a number of French gentlemen and ladies to participate in a ball in the evening. The whole affair went off with great *éclat* and to the satisfaction of all parties. The Governor, the Inquisitor-General (the highest clerical functionary), the Intendant, the Collector of the Customs, and the commander of the brig-of-war, Leopard, were among the most distinguished guests. I was much surprised at a little incident which occurred during dinner. In pledging a glass of wine to the health of the most distinguished of our guests when I drank that of the Inquisitor he made himself known to me as a brother Mason, and notwithstanding the austerity of his general character was subsequently on the most friendly and familiar terms with me.

The dinner was ended at about six o'clock, and while the room was being prepared for the ball most of my Spanish company retired to a wide piazza surrounding the house to amuse themselves with various games at cards and dice. At eight o'clock our galaxy of beauty and fashion began to assemble, and at nine we were in the full enjoyment of dancing and gaming. Nothing occurred to mar our hilarity and pleasure. Those who lost at the various tables were used to the temporary change of fortune, and at least did not seem to mind it. Those who gained had an additional spur for mirth, among whom was our worthy Governor, Don Repilado, who, it was said, came off winner to a considerable amount. Participating in doing the honors of the day, I alternately attended in the ball-room and visited the company at play in the piazza, but did not deprive myself of the pleasure of dancing. We broke up about three o'clock, and what with the exertion of the day, dancing, and drinking more wine than I did in a week, I had my full burden to stand upright under. Captain Hathaway and our jovial counsellor, as well as some others of our masters of ceremonies, were no better off than myself, though we all kept in a suitable condition to escort several of the young ladies to their homes. The expense of the entertainment, about two hundred dollars, Captain Hathaway charged to the account of the concern, with explanations of the reasons which made this expenditure proper, observing that if the slightest objection was made we would stand the cost ourselves. We had, however, the satisfaction to learn that our course was approved.

When we were ready to reship our lumber, we engaged a mate, crew, and colored cook. These cooks are great vagabonds. On shipping they generally plead poverty, insist on having a part of their wages paid in advance to pay their store debts, after which they contrive every means of making their escape before sailing. In this manner we had already lost two cooks and six-

teen dollars of advance money. When we engaged the third I seriously warned him that if he attempted to abscond I would pay one hundred dollars, if necessary, to have him caught and punished.

While the vessel was loading Captain Hathaway and myself slept on board, the cabin being prepared for our reception. One evening before ten, when we went on board for the night, I missed, on entering the cabin, my greatcoat, which I had placed at the foot of my berth ; and while inquiring for the same we were hailed from on board a vessel, not far off, asking whether we had lost anything, and informing us that not long since a man had been seen descending from the cabin window into a boat with something dark across his shoulders and something white under his arms, and that the boat had been previously seen coming from the direction of the Spanish brig-of-war Leopard. On this information Captain Hathaway also missed a favorite cat, which had been made a present to him. We resolved that I, accompanied by the mate, should immediately go on board and lodge my complaint with the officer of the day. Being well known I was very politely received, and after being listened to with much attention the crew was mustered on deck and the roll called, when it appeared that there were three absentees whose names were marked, and I was politely assured that all necessary inquiries would be made on the following day. I was informed by Don Luis, about fourteen hours after the event, that the three absentees had been arrested and that there was no doubt that one of them, named Pisano, was the guilty thief, but that no trace of the greatcoat or cat could be discovered, though the culprit had been punished by receiving a severe lashing.

I put up with the loss of my coat and soon forgot all about this business, when, a few days after, and the day before we intended to sail for Jamaica, our third cook absconded. I was much vexed at this audacity after the warning I had given him. By advice I sent his name and a description of his person to the barracks, with an offer of ten dollars reward for his arrest. In the meantime, learning where he had boarded when he had shipped, our mate accompanied me to some obscure place in a street along the beach of the harbor, about half a mile from the city. Here we got no information ; he had no clothing there, and had not been seen since he shipped. On our return along the beach we were stopped by a Spaniard with whom I was well acquainted, as he had assisted as overseer of the gang that pumped out the schooner. This man with great humility begged of me the favor of stopping a few minutes to acquaint him with the contents of a note written in French which he could not understand. Little courtesies of that kind on my part had been common, and I therefore consented without hesitation or suspicion. I requested the mate to walk slowly forward that I might overtake him, and followed the Spaniard up an alley to a mean-looking one-storied house. We entered, and he opened the door of a room darkened, but not sufficiently to prevent me from discerning a figure standing upright in one corner, and another sitting huddled up near a table, who when he entered suddenly thrust his hand in his bosom. My acquaintance entered first, and at the threshold took hold of the wrist of my left hand and said to the man sitting, "Here, Pisano, I have him." This exclamation saved me, and the truth flashed instantly on my mind that I had been decoyed in order to be made a victim of revenge to the thief Pisano for the flogging he had received. No sooner had he uttered these words than I violently flung him from me, exclaiming in a thundering voice, "Not yet, you villain," and the next moment found me on the beach. Our mate, an athletic man and true Yankee sailor, was not yet out of ear-shot and instantly answered my hail. When we met and I had briefly stated to him my narrow escape, he wrought himself up to so great a degree of passion as to propose to go back *instanter* and root the villains up, stock and fluke, as he expressed it, and I had much difficulty to convince him that two unarmed men were no match for three armed ones, who could besides at any moment of

peril command the assistance of a dozen more desperadoes. He swore, however, that in the evening he would muster a ship's crew and scatter the fragments of their dwelling about their ears. On my return I lost no time to acquaint Don Luis with all the circumstances and ask his advice how to proceed. He said he had no doubt that this vagabond was capable of having executed the foulest revenge, and he would immediately arrest him and his associates, provided my departure could be postponed for a day or two in order to give my testimony on oath as to the conspiracy and attempt at violence. But this I could not agree to, as we were ready to sail on the following morning.

On arriving on board I was informed that a soldier from the barracks had caught our runaway cook and lodged him for safety on board the man-of-war. I proceeded, therefore, accompanied by Captain Hathaway, for the second time on board the Leopard, where we found our fugitive, a very good-looking young mulatto, in irons. He was brought before us and identified by Captain Hathaway as the person who shipped himself for cook. I addressed him without anger, but reminded him of the consequences which I had solemnly assured him would follow any attempt on his part to escape and break his engagement. I told him that I thought a dozen lashes well laid on his bare back by the boatswain of the man-of-war the mildest punishment he deserved, and that if I could obtain the consent of the officer of the day it should be done forthwith; and I threw a Spanish dollar on the table as a fee for the boatswain. Leave was politely granted, but it was observed that twelve lashes were far too few, and that he ought at least to have thirty-nine. This I as politely declined, being naturally averse to severe corporal punishment. We then took our cook on board and kept him confined until we had quitted the harbor. That evening our mate was too much engaged in preparations for sailing to enable him to execute his threatened vengeance, which, moreover, had been strictly forbidden by Captain Hathaway and myself.

We paid a short adieu visit to our numerous friends and spent the remainder of the evening at Don Luis's house, from whom and his family for more than one hundred days we had received so many tokens of kindness. I felt as sincerely attached to them as if they had been near relatives, and although there was no *affaire de cœur* between me and Senorita Dolores Delabatt, there was, notwithstanding, a freedom of intercourse between us based on mutual esteem and regard. She presented me that evening, as a token of remembrance, with a landscape drawn and painted by herself, stating it would have been worthy of my acceptance if she had not been so ill-provided with painting materials. I on my part begged permission on arrival in the United States to send her a paint-box of water-colors—an offer which was accepted with a bewitching smile, which seemed to me to indicate that her hopes of ever seeing such a box were but small. However this may have been at that moment, she did receive a splendid and completely furnished paint-box in the early part of 1808, as acknowledged by a letter of thanks I received in her name from Don Luis.

On the next morning we set sail for Jamaica.

(To be concluded.)

SUBTROPICAL FLORIDA.

By Charles Richards Dodge.

Illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE Northern tourist who reaches Jacksonville comfortably, luxuriously, on the Limited, does the St. John's River, runs up the Oclawaha, enjoys a fortnight of gayety at St. Augustine, and then makes a flying trip through the Indian River, spending a few days on the beautiful Lake Worth, thinks he has seen Florida. Or, being a lover of piscatorial sports he may run for the Charlotte Harbor region direct, possibly resting at Tampa for a few days *en route*, bringing up on the Caloosahatchie River at Myers, where tarpon fishing for a time becomes the most serious business of life. But he has only seen a part of Florida.

Northern Florida does not differ materially in its vegetation, topography, or people from portions of South Carolina and Georgia. Central Florida is more interesting, particularly on what is known as the Orange belt; but when one crosses the boundary line of subtropical Florida, say on a line of latitude twenty-seven, he is in a new world.

After leaving Titusville, on the east coast, at the head of the Indian River, and Tampa on the west coast, the port of departure for Key West and Havana, the shriek of the locomotive becomes a memory. Perhaps the tourist—nay, call him adventurer—has heard of the beautiful Bay Biscayne, or remembers those old stories of the pirates of the keys—the wreckers of the reef—who were able to ply their nefarious occupation until Uncle Sam's splendid lighthouses and the inroads of a primitive





A Cocoa-nut Tree in Fruit.

civilization put a stop to the enterprise. Perhaps in a spirit of adventure he longs to enter this dreamland—to sail amid green isles under a genial winter sun, and imagine himself a latter-day Ponce de Leon, searching for the mythical fountain of youth. I say "sail," because the steamer, or its apology, is rarely seen in the sinuous Hawk Channel or amid the "Huckleberry shoals" of fair Bay Biscayne.

In these days of the glorification of the deeds of Columbus, it is interesting to note that the English claim priority of discovery of Florida, basing this claim upon a passage in the narrative of Sebastian Cabot, which fixes the year of discovery 1497, or just five years after the landing of Columbus. Sixteen years after Cabot's landing, March 27, 1513, Easter Sunday, Juan Ponce de Leon sighted the coast near St. Augustine, which he named in honor of the day, and landing at a more northerly point, a little later, took formal possession in the name of the King of Spain. In the fifty years which followed, such illustrious names as De Cordova, De Quexos, De Soto, Menendez, Jean Ribault and Laudonnière became associated with the history of early discovery in Florida, and with the darker history of the early struggles between the French and Spanish for occupancy. And, at brief intervals, down to the time of the War of the Rebellion, the history of Florida is a story of sanguinary conquest.

The writer has twice traversed the entire coast of subtropical Florida, once from east to west, and once from west to east, but under different circumstances, the latter experience proving the more delightful. Should the voyage of discovery begin on the west coast, Port Tampa is the objective point in planning that part of the journey to be accomplished by rail. Should there be no temptation to break the journey for a day at that huge caravansary, the Tampa Bay Hotel, in the town of Tampa, there is an "Inn" nine miles farther, at the port where, with quiet and cool breezes, the idler may await the tri-weekly steamer for Key West and Havana, and, as I was assured, fish out of the hotel windows.

At the time of my first visit to Tampa, the Plant system had in contemplation a new steamer line to Fort Myers, and the initial trip was made with three



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

At Lake Worth.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

passengers, the writer being one of the party. Passing over sundry breaks in the schedule, necessitating vexatious waits, and transference to two other steam craft before getting to Myers, the last boat reaching her wharf in almost a sinking condition, the journey proved both profitable and interesting.

At Fort Myers, which is about mid-



Indian Key, where Dr. Perrine was Massacred at the Time of the Seminole War.

way between Tampa Bay and Cape Sable, there is but one topic of conversation in the fishing season—the tarpon. The writer, fortunately, did not catch the fever, although a positive interest was soon developed in the hotel bulletin board whereon was recorded from day to day the names of those who had secured a "silver king," with the guide's assistance possibly, accompanied by the weight of the fish, and such other information as might be deemed important. The stories told on the piazza, after supper, were oftentimes larger than the fish caught, for a tarpon weighing one hundred and fifty pounds is game to the death. Men have been known to spend an entire season in the Charlotte Harbor region without once seeing their names upon any of the numerous bulletin boards at the fishermen's hotels, and I was informed upon very good authority that every fish caught in a season represents an average outlay of $500 for the whole season, for guides, boats, costly tackle, and hotel bills and travelling expenses, though there are lucky ones who find all the sport they desire during a short stay. They tell a story of a young New Yorker, who could spare but two days on the Caloosahatchie. He secured his boats, tackle, and guide in advance, and when, one evening, he made his appearance at the hotel in a dudish outing suit, the veterans on the piazza exchanged knowing glances. The next morning he was up bright and early and off for the fishing grounds. The next evening he saw his name inscribed on the bulletin board, against a high weight record, gave an order to have the beauty stuffed and mounted on a mahogany panel, and on the following morning started on the return journey. But such instances of luck are rare indeed.

I did not catch the enthusiasm, though it is very contagious. Fancy playing for two hours at the end of a slender bass line, over thirty fathoms long, a gamey fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and some idea will be formed of the skill required to keep the fish on the line, or the line from parting, and the excitement attending the final capture.



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Source of Miami River—Entrance to The Everglades.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.



Sisal Thicket.

But let us imagine ourselves at Key West, and look over the dusty old town while the yacht is being made ready for the cruise up the coast. The name Key West is in one sense a misnomer, as the Dry Tortugas group are the more westerly keys, lying fifty-four nautical miles from *Cayo Hueso*, or "bone island," as Key West was known in the times of Spanish occupancy, the modern name doubtless being a corruption. There is very little of interest here to hold the tourist. Cigar manufacture is the chief commercial enterprise, the wages paid to the cigar-makers alone amounting to $3,000,000 in a single year. Key West is also the market centre of the sponge industry, which gives employment to hundreds of small boats and sailing craft, and amounting to $1,000,000 annually. The turtle trade is another local industry, though not so important now as when the sea turtles were more plentiful. It is a thoroughly Spanish city, there being less than a thousand English-speaking whites out of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, the population being made up for the most part of Cubans, Spanish-speaking negroes, and Bahamians. On



Lone Cocoa-nuts at New River.

my first evening in Key West, I made inquiry of four persons as to the locality of the post-office before receiving a reply in English.

The Government buildings and the dismantled old Fort Taylor are the only structures on the island that are at all imposing. The tobacco factories are two to four story wooden buildings, while the houses are small and cheap, a marked peculiarity being the absence of chimneys, for fires are only needed for cooking. In the markets are found the finest of fish, and tropical fruits in profusion. Prime beef is received from the North by the steamers, though the bulk of the supply is native beef, ferried across from Punta Rassa, on the mainland. Between Punta Rassa beef and semi-starvation, should such an alternative be forced upon the average Northern tourist, I fear there would be no doubt whatever about his choice.

Key West belongs to a large group of Keys lying south of the Bay of Florida and extending thirty-five miles eastward to Bahia Honda, which is the widest



Abandoned Light, Cape Florida.

open water along the entire line of keys. These islands are for the most part uninhabited, and, as they are heavily wooded, abound with game. Eastward of this large group lie the Vaccas Keys, as they are known, numbering a dozen or more islands, covered for the most part with a fine hammock growth. This brings us to an exceedingly interesting group of islands of which Indian Key is the centre, where cultivation has been attempted, and the scene of Dr. Perrine's attempted sisal hemp culture sixty years ago. From this point onward to Cape Florida there is an almost unbroken line of keys from one mile to thirty miles long, separated only by narrow channels, the more northerly of which are chiefly devoted to the culture of pineapples and tomatoes for Northern markets.

A very common, but erroneous idea prevails among uninformed people, that the waters lying between the keys and the mainland are navigable. In point of fact, it is only a shallow inland sea, the rock in many places coming to the surface, and in hundreds of years, no doubt, the coral insect and the mangrove-tree will have reclaimed the entire area, and the map of Florida will have a very different appearance.

The fact that the water is so shoal makes perfectly feasible the project to run a railroad down the east coast and over the keys to Key West, the only bridging requiring any engineering skill being the spanning of the open waters of Bahia Honda. The railroad is destined to be constructed southward to Miama on Biscayne Bay at no remote period, and from that point southward to the final terminus, it is only a matter of one hundred and fifty miles or less of construction.

For my operations along the keys and up the east coast, I was very fortunate in securing the thirteen-ton schooner-yacht Micco, at that time one of the crack boats of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, but now flying the Eastern Club's colors. She was expressly built for the shoal waters of the Florida coast by her designer and former owner, Commodore R. M. Munroe, of the B. B. Y. Club, and has a record of nine hundred and fifty-six miles, from Cape Florida to New York City, in six and a half days, which is creditable.

Leaving the Government dock, Key West, at about six o'clock, on the morning of February 9th, we were able to make a landing on the historic Indian Key early the next morning. This island, which is one of the smallest of the group of keys, is one of the most interesting, for here occurred the Indian massacre of August 7, 1840, in which the botanist, Dr. Henry Perrine was killed, his family escaping almost miraculously by concealing themselves for nine hours in the water under a wharf, the house being plundered and burned almost over their heads.

Early in the thirties, while Consul at Campeachy, the doctor became inter-



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Club House, Biscayne Bay Yacht Club

ested in the introduction of economic plants into the United States, and through his efforts, among other species, the sisal hemp plant was given a foothold on Indian Key. Descendants of these plants now occupying the greater portion of this key, with numbers of cocoa-palms, their feathery leaves silhouetted against the sky—for there is entire absence here of wooded vegetation—gives the island a tropic picturesqueness which does not pertain to many other keys of the group.



Sisal Plantation at New River.

Landing upon these keys, the scanty soil, for the most part, is discovered to be confined to the crevices and pockets worn into the white coral rock of which all the keys are composed. A footpath is a natural pavement, though a rough one to shoe-leather, the little soil that exists anywhere being only disintegrated rock, or shells and decayed vegetation. On those keys that are more or less covered with "hammock" growth (hard-wood trees), there is quite a surface layer of decomposed vegetation, but in a comparatively short time after being cleared and "cultivated," the white, honey-combed rock comes to the surface and predominates. On some of the keys, like Long Key, twelve miles southwest from Indian Key, the surface is sand to a considerable depth, and such situations are most favorable for growing cocoa-nut trees. There is a grove of cocoa-nuts, numbering over seventeen thousand trees on Long Key, planted by Mr. Thomas Hine, of Newark, N. J., many of which have already come into bearing. The cocoa-nut flourishes throughout subtropical Florida, however, so much so that its absence would sometimes be a relief to the amateur photographer, who wishes diversity in his tropic landscapes. Apropos of the camera, this part of the world is the amateur photographer's paradise, despite the apparent monotony of a topography only a few feet above sea-level, with a vegetation often monotonous to the last degree.

During one of my trips to Long Key, an unexpected opportunity occurred to test the sea-going qualities of the Micco, which proved an experience. Yachting in Florida waters is not always accompanied by sunshine, and the dreamy existence amid balmy breezes while floating over emerald seas sometimes gives place suddenly to discomfort and anxie-

ty, not to say positive danger. A norther, never enjoyable, is frequently to be dreaded.

One drowsy mid-February afternoon found us just inside Long Key in company with the Nethla, well known in these waters. After luncheon we parted company with the white yacht, and set sail for Indian Key, fortunately by the inside course. A sudden darkening of the sky was our only warning. Then the wind began to freshen, and we were forced to take in sail. But the wind increased in violence, and when blowing a half gale the Commodore was glad to run for a sheltered situation near Jew Fish Bush, and anchor. It blew great guns all night, and when the dawn came was still blowing. Some anxiety was felt for the Nethla, as she was nowhere to be seen even with the ship's glass. A sharpie lay near us almost down to her rail, and as the morning wore on we were much interested in the persistency with which the two men aboard of her by turns paced the deck or worked at the pumps. Despite the nasty sea that was running, the Commodore had the tender lowered and we pulled over to them. They were laden with ice, and out of coffee, and considering the chill, raw wind that was blowing, they were a pair of very uncomfortable sailors.

"Why didn't you hail us?" demanded the Commodore.

"'fraid to," was the laconic reply.

"Afraid?"

"Ain't that a Gov'nment boat?"

"Perhaps," the Commodore answered with a smile, "But come aboard and get some coffee."

In the afternoon we landed on Jew Fish Bush which is one of the lesser keys of the group. Cutting our way through the dense growth of hammock skirting the shore we found ourselves overlooking an open stretch several hundred yards across, as level as a floor, and almost waist high in a growth of wiry grass. I paused to light a cigar. "Don't throw away the match," said the skipper.



Best "Carriage" in Town.

Taking the half-burned fusee in his fingers, in an instant it was touched to a tuft of grass near, and in less time than it takes to write it, the air was hot with seething flames. The strong winds carried the fire across the area in a very few moments, the heat causing us to



Yacht Micco.

draw back toward the hammock. An hour later, when aboard the yacht, we saw little tongues of flame in the grass almost at the water's edge, and soon a half cord of driftwood that had been thrown together in a pile by some neighboring squatters, burst into a huge bonfire. Late in the afternoon we were joined by the Nethla, which had weathered the gale with the aid of two anchors, and a merry night we made of it.

The next morning dawned clear. As we ran out, the sea was tumbling over the bar in fine style, for the protecting reef is broken for some fifteen miles at this point, and we were exposed to the full force of the swell. The Micco behaved nobly, and in due time the yacht was lying comfortably in the lee of Indian Key, the landsman aboard of her heaving a deep sigh of relief as the anchor dropped. The two or three hours following were occupied in getting on a cargo of two or three tons of sisal hemp leaves, already cut and bundled by the islanders, and again we were under sail.

The sisal hemp plant is one of the most interesting growths of key vegetation. Its bayonet-like leaves will average five feet in length by four inches broad, each being armed at the tip with a stout spine of needle-like sharpness. As a ton of these leaves will contain almost one hundred pounds of strong white cordage fibre, it is a most valuable species in the vegetable economy.

A marked peculiarity is the mode of reproduction. A plant is old at seven years, when it sends up a huge blossom stalk or "mast" to a height of fifteen to twenty feet. Branches appear at the top, and in time these are covered with tulip-shaped blossoms, of a faded yellowish green color. These wither in time, and now starts forth, from the point of contact with the blossom stalk, a bud which soon develops into a tiny sisal hemp plant. One blossom stalk will support two thousand of these little plants, which detach themselves when several inches long, and fall to the ground. Those that strike soil take root and grow, but the others perish. So tenacious of life are they, however, that some plants kept by me for eight

months in a pasteboard box, took root upon being placed in soil, and have grown into good plants.

An allied species of plant, known as "False Sisal," has a similar habit of growth and reproduction, though the two plants are very dissimilar. It was my wish to secure some of the fibre of the false sisal, particularly as our Bahamian neighbors had been carrying off the young plants by shiploads to stock their hemp plantations, not knowing how worthless the fibre is, commercially, and at a later period a special trip was made to Sands Key, to obtain a quantity of the leaves. This key lies almost at the mouth of Bay Biscayne and is uninhabited. Even a photograph does not do justice to the appearance of the vegetation on some of these uninhabited keys, where everything grows in rank luxuriance and the tangles of sisal, Spanish bayonet, prickly-pear, and low shrub growths, are so dense as to be almost impenetrable, save as one cuts his way in with sheath knife and *machete*.

I have a very vivid recollection of my explorations along this portion of the keys. It was in the latter part of February, and the air as balmy as a spring morning, while the pale green waters glinted and sparkled in the sunlight like a sea of emerald and tourmaline. "Dody" Curry was to be my companion for the day, and the tossing of my hip-boots into the tender was a very strong suggestion of something more interesting than lounging in the stern. The yacht lay a mile from the shore, on the inside of the key, though in the clear morning air the island seemed only a few rods away. For the first half mile the boat glided smoothly over the waters of the bay, showing an average depth of five or six feet, the gleaming white bottom clearly visible, covered with coral, sea-plumes, sponges, and many colored weeds or marine life. At this point there was a sudden shoaling, and the grinding sound made by the rough edges of the coral on the boat's bottom became audible. The rowing was often impeded, and when yet a quarter of a mile away from the shore it became necessary to don rubber boots and disembark to draw the boat after us. The walking was not as good as on Broadway, the feet often sinking into treacherous holes filled with an oozy, chalklike mud. It was impossible to find a landing on the bay side owing to the dense tangle of mangrove with its interlacing roots, and for a mile or more we floundered over the shoals, until at length the western end of the key was reached. Here the tide was running swiftly through the natural channel, forming eddies between the jagged masses of outcropping coral. The view of the island at this point was so striking that the camera was set up in two and a half feet of water, and a plate exposed. It was photography under difficulties, and was decidedly a new experience.

We now rounded the point, and turning westward, struck the shoal as soon as the channel was passed, which necessitated veering several hundred yards off-shore. It was now row and wade by turns, the open sea before us, in our progress surprising the fish that were sunning themselves in the deeper pockets, frightening the gulls or clumsy pelicans, and once coming suddenly upon a half-grown shark stranded by the outflowing tide. Dody was thoroughly tired of it, as the harder part of the work had fallen to him, and so, with the camera under my arm, I left him to reflect on the uncertainty of navigation in Florida waters, and waded ashore.

As I stepped upon the beach-sands the picture that met my gaze was one to live long in the memory, and for the moment even the camera and its use were forgotten. The silence, the solitude, the wild grandeur of this bit of sea-girt wilderness was most impressive, and the sparkling water, the glistening sands filled with shell fragments, the beach-drift, and the harmonious blending of color in the rich, rank vegetation, I recall, even now, with pleasure. I tried to imprison it all upon a $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ plate. The negative made is a superb one, but the sentiment of the picture was too subtle, too evanescent, to catch and hold.

We made the entire round of the island, bringing away many trophies of our explorations, and late in the afternoon ran alongside the yacht, a pair of

tired mortals. During the afternoon the Commodore and Dick had not been idle, for the spoils of a different kind of an expedition lay around over the deck. It was hard to believe that several black objects, disgusting in appearance, and as large as cabbage-heads, were sponges in the natural state, but such was the fact. Two kinds of sponges abound in these waters, that known as the "Loggerhead," a coarse form, being avoided by the spongers. A long pole with a claw or fork at the end is the implement usually employed to detach the sponge from the rock bottom. The mass of polyps covering its surface soon die, and must be removed, and the semi-fibrous mass cleaned and bleached, before the sponge takes on the appearance with which everyone is familiar. There were other interesting "spoils," including branch-coral, sea-plumes, and cup-sponges, but the object of real interest was a lot of crawfish which had been speared on the shoals. Fancy a very rough shelled lobster without claws, and a vague idea can be formed of a Florida crawfish. We had a royal supper that night, the chief dish being a kind of crawfish stew, done with tomatoes and ship biscuit, and I regret to say that nothing was left for "manners."

How some of the "Conchs," or Bahamians, who inhabit these keys make a living does not appear. On Indian Key, for example, there is a slight attempt at truck farming; the natives do a little "sponging"—I should hardly dare say in a facetious sense—gather a few sea-plumes and corals, or shells, and the story is told. Higher up, toward Bay Biscayne, however, on Elliott's and adjacent keys, pineapples, bananas, tomatoes and similar vegetable products are grown with profit. One of the largest of these pineapple planters is Mr. Edgar Higgs, who ships to Baltimore, from his own wharf, schooner-loads of pines in the season, for which he secures good prices. No doubt a quick means of transportation to the North would rapidly develop this industry, for it would enable the shippers to reach the tables of the consumers not only with fresher fruit but with that more naturally ripened. To properly appreciate a Florida pine it should be eaten fully ripe from the parent stalk.

Elliott's Key lies southeast from Sands Key, with only a narrow channel between. It is about eight miles long, by only half a mile wide, and is largely under cultivation. Landing one morning at the Higgs plantation several hours were very pleasantly spent with the manager and owner. From Mr. Higgs I learned much that was interesting regarding the rude agriculture of the keys, though it is too long a story for these pages. I have previously described the "soil" of these cultivated keys. The first operation in starting a pineapple plantation is to cut off the hammock growth and clear the area, though the stumps of the larger trees are left standing. The "slips," which are simply growths from the old plants, are usually put in with a pointed stick at the rate of twelve thousand to the acre. The first crop matures in about eighteen months, and when three crops are secured, in as many years, the fields are abandoned for this culture, the surface again cleared, and planted in tomatoes. Sweet potatoes also grow to perfection, and, as I was assured by a gentleman of experience, are frequently quarried from these fields of coral rock with a crowbar.

I was much interested in the pineapple industry, as the leaves of the pineapple contain a beautiful soft white fibre, which I have no doubt might be utilized. The leaves soon die after the fruit is gathered, to give place to the new plant, so their utilization for fibre, if practicable, would give to Florida a new industry.

A little to the eastward of Sands Key, and near the Ragged Keys, which are shoals scarcely showing above the surface, is the principal southern entrance to Bay Biscayne. Soldier Key is an isolated island lying a few miles beyond, and due south from Cape Florida; upon this key are still to be seen the Government buildings used when the Fowey Rocks Light Tower was constructed in 1878. This is the most northerly of the reef keys, and though limited in area is one of the most interesting visited. Here the "coral-insect" covers great areas of the shoals,

the masses of the polyp forming a velvet like covering to the irregular rock bottom over which we waded.

When the coral structure reaches low-water sea-level the life of the coral-insect ends, and the winds and tides, and the mangrove finish the work. The mangroves live just at the edge of the shore, throwing outward into the salt water their straight, forked roots, thus forming an interlocking net-work into which the drift is carried and finds lodgement. The storms bring in solid material, and the sea is slowly but surely encroached upon, and the naked reef in time covered with vegetation. By means of the seed-vessels of the mangrove, which are in the form of smooth, round sticks, known as "cigars," the work is hastened in an interesting manner. The cigars seem to be weighted at one end, and after becoming detached and floating for a time, the heavier end catches in some hole or crevice while the tide is falling, and immediately fixing itself it begins its life as a young mangrove.

There is no more trying or exhausting ordeal, in exploring these keys, than that of attempting to force a way through a growth of mangrove, for sometimes there is no other course to be followed. An old mangrove swamp, such as I visited at Cocoaplum on the mainland, is less trying, for the growth is not so dense, and it is possible to climb or jump from root to root, with only an occasional ugly fall.

Before the Fowey Rocks Light was established, the lighthouse was on the southern extremity of Key Biscayne, or Cape Florida. The old tower is now abandoned, and the Government property about it has been leased to the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, for a nominal consideration. We anchored and spent a night on the bay-side of Key Biscayne, where the shore goes off into deep water very abruptly. The key abounds with wild-cats, bears, and other "varmints," though we were only attacked by mosquitoes—which are formidable. Were it not for the hordes of insects which overrun southern Florida, and which flourish at all seasons, save in a few favored localities, it would be an earthly paradise, for the temperature on Bay Biscayne averages about eighty-five degrees the year round, and the nights are always cool.

The sand-flies are particularly annoying where they abound, being so infinitesimal that their presence is not known until the victim has been bitten. The Indian name "No-see-'em" is apropos. During the summer months the keys are almost uninhabitable, save to pachydermatous natives, and even they are forced at times to close the wooden shutters of their houses and live in an atmosphere of smoke. These insects will attack a yacht in clouds, though I was informed, as a singular fact, that such attack is usually made when the wind is blowing *from* the water to the shore, rather than off shore, the theory being advanced that the winds enable the pests to distinguish the whereabouts of their victims. I cannot vouch for the correctness of this theory.

Kingfishing off Cape Florida is royal sport. A stanch yacht, a few twenty-five-fathom trolling lines, and a stiff breeze are the essentials. A line is made fast to the yacht abaft the wheel, and the fisherman takes his position. A slight jerk tells when the cord has all run out, and in an instant the polished spoon sinker is seen merrily cutting the tops of the waves, away astern. The yacht is rippling through the water like a thing of life, the excitement of anticipation becomes intense, but it is only momentary—Zip! The line is suddenly taut, a beauty between three and four feet long is thrown high out of the water, the scales glistening like burnished silver in the sunlight; it is tough work starting the fish yachtward, but in a moment the hand over hand work comes easier, the line is almost in, and then begins the struggle. My first kingfish would have pulled me overboard at this stage of the game, but for the strong arm of the ever-watchful Dody. I landed the prize unaided, stunned it with a club, and as it fell into the cockpit, I felt that I owned a continent. This is kingfishing in Florida waters, and with two or three pairs of hands at the sport, a catch of two hundred and fifty fish in a day is possible. After a few hours of such exciting sport, capturing in this manner the near cousin

of the kingfish, the Spanish mackerel, which also abounds in these waters, is tame indeed in comparison. We saw tarpon on this part of the coast, but they are never caught with the line as on the west coast. There are other kinds of fish, however, which it is good sport to catch, and a joy to eat, the pompano being especially esteemed as a table fish. The kingfish, also, is food for the epicure when cooked shortly after capture.

Biscayne Bay is about forty miles long by five to six miles wide, and lies along the southeastern curve of the Florida peninsula, on the very edge of the Gulf Stream. The mainland between the bay and the Everglades is hardly as wide as the bay itself, and upon this strip are located the few settlements of this portion of Florida. The bay is only navigable for boats of light draught, a yacht drawing five feet of water being sure to go aground on many of its sand-bars and shoals ; even the native yachtsmen often find navigation difficult, the sudden chalky appearance of the water in the wake of the vessel showing too close proximity to land in a vertical direction. The eastern boundaries of the bay are the narrow spur of the mainland which ends at Narres's Cut, and Virginia Key, and Key Biscayne lying just below in the same line, these keys separated by a broad inlet known as Bear Cut, the main easterly outlet to the ocean.

Were it not for its inaccessibility, the Biscayne Bay region would have long ago been one of the most popular tourist resorts in Florida, on account of its equitable climate, for which its proximity to the Gulf Stream is largely responsible, and from the easterly breezes which blow almost incessantly.

At Cocoa-nut Grove, the largest settlement on the bay, we are in a new atmosphere. Here is the headquarters of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, and consequently a port of entry for all Northern yachtsmen who find themselves in these waters. The Secretary of the Club, the genial Kirk Munroe, well known to these pages, met the writer, on his first appearance, as a friend of former days and gave him a warm welcome.

There is a very fair hostelry at this place, and in the winter months the society of the settlement is delightful, for with the cultivated people who are now identified with the locality, there are always a few strangers from the North, who come down here to lead a *dolce-far-niente* existence in this dreamland, all unmindful of the blizzards that are sweeping over the wintry North. One soon becomes accustomed to the absence of fresh beef and ice, though fresh venison and sea-turtle more than make up for the lack of the former, and the necessity for the latter is soon overlooked.

The roads here are mere trails through the bush, the waterways being the usual highways for travel or transportation. Madame took a trip "into the country" one afternoon, and though she had the best team in town, the experience was not altogether enjoyable.

This portion of Florida has been filling up very rapidly in the past three or four years, and now there are few, if any, homestead lands on the four-mile strip not occupied. On the bay-shore land has risen rapidly in value, and I would not dare say at how many hundred dollars an acre choice situations are held.

Three or four miles above Cocoa-nut Grove is Miami, the oldest "town" on the bay, numbering not more than half a dozen houses. As Miami is located at the mouth of the river of the same name, which flows directly from the Everglades, it is the chief Indian trading-post on the bay, the store being located on the south bank, at Brickell's landing. Just across the river is all that remains of the old Fort Dallas, which holds a conspicuous place in the history of the Seminole wars. It is now the residence of Mrs. Tuttle, a Northern lady of culture and indomitable energy, who is doing a great deal for this section of Florida. I was a guest for several days at Fort Dallas, which, under her touch has been transformed into a little tropic paradise. What with the growing of all kinds of vegetables, the planting of fruit-trees, and the advent of a herd of valuable Jersey cattle, Fort Dallas is an object-lesson to many a plodding homesteader as to the future possibilities of this re-

gion. Good transportation facilities are sorely needed, however, but the skilful manipulation of sundry wires will doubtless erelong find response in the shrill scream of the locomotive, at Miami, where now is seen only the sail-boat and the Indian canoe.

Only last season, the representative of a powerful Florida railway system penetrated and crossed the Everglades, from west to east, a bit of exploration beset with many dangers, which I think was never before undertaken by white men. The expedition was crowned with success, when the half-famished party, stepped ashore at the Fort Dallas landing.

To Mrs. Tuttle I was indebted for boat and guide for my trip into that wonderland, the Everglades. The Miami River is one of the principal outlets from the glades on the east coast, and though a sluggish stream at its mouth, it tumbles over the coral rock near its source in splendid rapids against which a boat is dragged, not rowed, with difficulty. We entered the glades by the north fork of the Miami, as beautiful a stream as ever flowed through an unbroken wilderness, the trees in places almost arching the water, its banks clothed with strange vegetation and stranger flowers, the bottom presenting a kaleidoscopic picture of many-colored grasses and aquatic vegetation.

The guide told of festoons of moccasin-snakes sunning themselves amid the branches of these trees in former times, and of prowling beasts in the bush, but we saw nothing to make us afraid. When the boat had been dragged over the point where the water makes its first plunge, at the head of the rapids, and we were rowing again in smooth water, what a surprise was in store for us! I had always associated with the term "Everglades," on the map of Florida, the picture of a low-lying, dank, dark, malarial swamp, the abode of venomous creeping things; a morass where the rank vegetation luxuriating in decay formed shadowy dells, on entering which one might well leave hope behind.

But instead I found an inland lake, of drinkable water, lying high up in the sunshine, while stretching away toward sunset as far as eye could reach was only a vision of blue waters, green isles, and vast areas of sedge-grass or reeds, moving in the balmy breeze like ocean billows. This is the picture of the Everglades in winter; in summer it might be something very different.

The water in many places is so shallow that if it could be drawn off for a depth of two feet, I fancy the Everglades would resemble a vast prairie filled with little lakes and winding streams. Some of these watercourses were too deep for the bottom to be seen; others were only a few feet in depth, the vegetation below the surface clearly visible, and with banks sharply defined, while in many places the levels varied in depth from only a few inches to a couple of feet. In one place when I wished to take a picture I stepped out of the boat, with camera under my arm, and waded to the point of view through not over eight inches of water. The bottom is old coral rock, covered with a shallow substratum of soft mud. It is not safe to enter the glades without a guide, on account of danger of bewilderment, in pushing through the winding channels and tall grass and reeds. The Indians will rarely act as guides, and intrusion upon their "preserves" is liable to be resented.

The keys or islands, which always form the distance to a picture taken in almost any part of the glades, vary in size from a mere mound a few feet across, to areas of many acres. Many of them are cultivated by the Seminoles, who are no mean farmers, though their agricultural practice extends little further than the raising of corn and pumpkins. Many of the keys are heavily wooded, and all are interesting. What gives them a particular interest is the fact that they form the abiding-places of these Seminoles, who are supposed to number somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred souls. Unquestionably the Seminole is a very decent Indian—save when he has been drinking "cider with a little Jamaica ginger in it"—(a trader told me that was the formula) and their squaws are models of womanly virtue and industry. That the race remains pure, notwithstanding the inroads of "civilization," is due to

the severity of the punishment of those of either sex who are guilty of a breach of the law, for chastity is prescribed by their religion, and the penalty is death.

In late years they are pushing deeper into the glades, as the footsteps of the white man encroach upon their domain. They live upon game, fruits, and the products of their agriculture, though many wants must be supplied at the trading-posts or stores in the settlements, with money or through barter. For many years the trade in alligator skins and the plumage of birds has been a great source of revenue to them, but the alligators are almost exterminated, and the bird laws are now so strictly enforced that the trader no longer dares to buy their plumes and wings, at least in paying quantity. They still bring in game, and turtles, and a few alligator skins, or moccasins and other rude manufactures, but every year it grows harder and harder for them to get money; and as if to add insult to injury, some of their most fertile keys have recently been homesteaded by white men, after the Indians had tilled the soil for years.

The women are dressed neatly—I was told that many own sewing-machines—and they show a degree of taste in the fashioning of their garments. Although a Seminole of either sex has little love for a camera, Mrs. Dodge was able to secure nearly a dozen fine negatives, chiefly of Indian women.* The native costume of the younger men and boys is comfortable, if *not* picturesque—this is but one garment, and it resembles a shirt more than anything else. They do not wear their fine toggery at the lodges, but when approaching the settlements in their canoes, push into some sheltered nook, and in due time appear in gay turban, gaudy calico shirt, and leggins, and sometimes moccasins, although some of them wear a loose outer garment belted at the waist. They are not quarrelsome, save when under the influence of liquor, and then only in a degree, for they usually become limp in a very short time, and are unceremoniously tumbled into the bottoms of their canoes by the squaws, and taken home to sleep it off.

I had a pleasant "talk" with old Matlo, or, as he pronounced the name for me, at least half a dozen times, O-pi-o-ma-tah. He is over eighty years old, and is still a vigorous specimen of aboriginal manhood. The Seminoles do not think much of white women. They say, "White squaw pretty too much—no good." At the same time I was informed that their own women are not forced to perform *all* the work, with a hint that many New England farmers' wives are more in slavery, though doubtless the case might be stated less offensively.

Arch Creek, almost at the head of Bay Biscayne, is a romantically beautiful stream that must be seen to be fully appreciated. Like the Miami River it forks two or three miles from its mouth, the banks of the north fork in places rising to a height of twenty feet in wonderful cliffs. The vegetation is tropic to the last degree, and even more strange than that of the Miami. The creek takes its name from a natural bridge or arch not far from its mouth.

But one cannot linger forever amid such scenes. We had planned our homeward journey by way of Lake Worth, which meant a cruise of eighty miles up the Atlantic coast in a twenty-four-foot sharpie, the Egret, for only boats of lightest draught can enter the dangerous inlets in safety. As it was, we waited five days for the right kind of a sea, and at five o'clock one afternoon made a sudden departure, all things being propitious. It was dark when we sailed out through Bear Cut, with Dody at the helm, leaving behind us many delightful friends and many pleasant memories. Silently we sped on our way, the roar of the surf that was piling up on the bar a half mile ahead of us becoming each moment more audible, and seeming almost ominous. In a very few minutes we could discern vaguely the long line of white, just over our bow—a sudden plunge, a cloud of blinding spray, a sensation of settling in the water, and our little cockle-shell was on the broad Atlantic.

*See "A Forgotten Remnant," by Kirk Munroe, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, vol. vii., p. 303.

THE SUMMER INTIMACY.

By George A. Hibbard.



HAPPENED to be staying with Mrs. Van Curler at the time, and that is the way—But, really, I must not tell you that now.

I have always liked Mrs. Van Curler. I do not think that she would care to go to the stake as a martyr under any circumstances. I cannot even imagine that she would wish to do anything by which she might be known as a benefactress to her own generation, or, at least, to such part of it as could not give her invitations to dinners and country-houses. I believe that she would not desire to identify herself with any losing cause whatever, much less suffer for it, and I am persuaded that she has an unusually strong appreciation of the good things directly in sight and, being very pleased with herself, can logically conclude that she is quite as much entitled to have them as anyone else. This conviction may often make her appear selfish to those who are not so thoroughly impressed with her conclusions, but she generally carries her way so calmly and strongly that very many find themselves confident that she is doing right—sometimes convinced that she is acting nobly. Still I am sure I like Mrs. Van Curler very much, for she has always been very kind to me. She always has made it a point that I should have everything attainable—that can be got from anyone else—and I once knew her to give up a consolatory visit she was about to pay upon an old friend, who had lost all her money, in order to see that I might have a new frock sent home.

I had always thought that I was a very matter-of-fact and, indeed, rather uninteresting young person until something happened quite recently which raised me very much in my own estimation and certainly in the estimation of everybody else. But, though my wedding is to come off very soon and I am therefore quite—perhaps a little too important, I will say nothing of myself, and will only tell you of certain incidents that happened upon what Mrs. Van Curler rightly considers the most momentous day of her life.

I live in the country, but I am at the Van Curler's through Lent, and I have even suspected at times that Mrs. Van Curler may have come to regard me as a sort of penance she feels it is her annual duty to undergo. This year, however, in view of my approaching marriage, she asked me to stay with her through January and February, and what I am about to relate happened at that festive time of the year.

I do not want to mention in what street the Van Curlers live, or what is the number of their dwelling, for these are facts of no consequence; but I will content myself with saying that their house is not too far down-town or up-town, and that its number is not so large as to indicate an unpleasant longitudinal distance from that Avenue which is the country's social meridian, and from which more or less everyone takes his or her society "bearings."

I should like to add, however, that Mrs. Van Curler prides herself upon what she calls her "position," though what that intangible and very considerable something is, it would be rather hard to state exactly. As far as I can see, its chief outward manifestation is the possibility of entering on stated occasions certain well-guarded houses, and of having the owners of those houses at like times choose to enter her own. Mrs. Van Curler has devoted a great deal of her time and energies to the increase of these possibilities, for, between ourselves, there are a few houses access to which is not as easy as she desires. Still you must not think she is not a person of great importance, and that you would not be glad to go to her dinners or to have her come to yours.

We, Mr. and Mrs. Van Curler and I, were at breakfast one morning, when I

received a letter from Charley Van Curler, my cousin, and the Van Curler's only son. I had not seen him for a long time, as he had been for the summer at one of the sea-side places, and had then gone to the West to shoot what I understood to be bears. He spoke of my engagement very prettily, and ended the letter with a mysterious postscript that puzzled me greatly.

"I shall have something very important to tell you when I see you, and shall expect your help." What was the matter with the boy? Could he have got in debt again?

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Van Curler, who had recognized the writing.

"That he may be at home almost as soon as I get this," I replied, refraining from mentioning the postscript.

"Everything is ready for him whenever he comes," she said; "at least I have given orders to the servants to have everything done, but," continued Mrs. Van Curler, meditatively, "there are two things about servants that one never knows: first, what they will do, and second, what they won't, and both are rather important."

Here, Lupton, the new butler, entered with a note for Mrs. Van Curler at which she first glanced carelessly, and then carefully read.

"This is just what I might have expected," she said, severely.

Mr. Van Curler looked up.

"The Strykers again!" she exclaimed in answer to his questioning glance.

They both sat silent in the vast uneasiness of guilty consciences.

"What do they want?" asked Mr. Van Curler at length.

She picked up the note. "'My dear Mrs. Van Curler,'" she read, "'won't you dine with us this evening at seven and go to the opera? I hope you have no engagement, for I want to see you and I have not had that pleasure since coming to town. Faithfully yours, Maria Stryker.'"

"She writes," continued Mrs. Van Curler, "as if we were most intimate."

"Well," responded Mr. Van Curler, reluctantly, "you know we were."

"In their box," she exclaimed, "everyone would see us. It would never do. I must, of course, decline."

Going to a table in the next room, she began to write.

I had already heard something of the intimacy confessed by Mr. Van Curler, and therefore knew of whom they were speaking. The Strykers were people who bore a name that had been used somewhat too freely over the rocks and fences of the country to be altogether satisfactory to exclusive prejudice. At any rate, there was nothing of the sanctity about it that a name may gather from proper association, and the Strykers were as yet "unknown." Their offences were too flagrant and too recent to be quite forgiven, but though such sins are visited heavily upon the first generation, the second and third are generally visited in quite another manner, and I did not doubt that in time the name would become highly distinguished. However, according to Mrs. Van Curler's ideas, the time for such visitation had not come. Certain reticences were still advisable and necessary, and she evidently proposed that they should be maintained. In the meantime the Strykers were allowed to find what consolation they could in the possession of one of the very finest country-houses near a place, half farm, half summer residence, owned by the Van Curlers, and where they occasionally retired for a few months when Mr. Van Curler could arithmetically, and by what Mrs. Van Curler thought rather lowish mathematics, prove that it was wise to do so. There the Van Curlers had spent a part of the past summer, and being without other resources, had allowed themselves to fall into that last weakness of social minds enfeebled by the lassitude of July and August, a Summer Intimacy.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Van Curler.

"I have written refusing, politely but firmly," said Mrs. Van Curler, very firmly but not very politely.

"Do you know," continued Mr. Van Curler, in his non-committal, matrimonial way, "I wonder if that is wise."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Well, you see," he went on, doubtfully, "Stryker has been interesting himself somewhat largely in stocks lately,

and we buy and sell for him. Now you understand—you know——"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Van Curler, reflectively.

They evidently understood one another, for nothing else was said by either.

I had always been so much at the Van Curlers that I was quite one of the family, and I had become so thoroughly accustomed to the few scattered bones that might be about—we really did possess a whole family skeleton—that no one ever thought of attempting to hide them from me or of treating them otherwise than as the usual and proper belongings of any respectable household. I went on eating my breakfast, in no way astonished, but only again wondering what Charley could want, when I saw Mr. Van Curler turn over a leaf of the newspaper, and heard him, after he had read a few lines, exclaim, somewhat hurriedly:

"My dear, have you finished your note?" he said. "Here is something that may make it best not to accept, after all."

"I did not need a newspaper to tell me that," Mrs. Van Curler replied, sharply.

"I see," continued her husband, "that Stryker has been making large purchases of N. E. and S. W., but as I know nothing about it, he must be acting through someone else."

"And I am to send the first note, then," said Mrs. Van Curler, who always kept the nuptial promise about obedience—when she could.

"It might be well, just to show them that we are not afraid," remarked her husband, experimentally.

I am really beginning to fear that you will think the Van Curlers are very worldly people, and that even I am somewhat worldly. I am very sorry, and I suppose it may be so, but I am sure if you met us you would like us very much, and as I have intimated before, would want to ask us to dinner at once.

Mr. Van Curler stood for a moment contemplatively before the fire and then sat down. He had hardly taken up the paper when he again called to Mrs. Van Curler.

"Stop—stop—I did not notice this."

I began to fear for Mrs. Van Curler's temper, which is very good as far as it goes, but really does not extend over much ground.

"The end is torn off," he went on. "It might be better to see the whole article before we do anything."

Mrs. Van Curler rang and sent resignedly for another paper.

"Now," she said, turning to me, when Lupton had left the room, "let this be a lesson to you. Know whom you please, but be careful with whom you are intimate—even in the country. I never say anything about it, for I am an American, but I think it is *impious* to contend that one person is as nice as another, when Providence has expressly told us that we must do our duty in *that* state of life to which we are called, and clearly means therefore that some people shall be better placed than others. I am not illiberal, but that is the way I look at it."

In a few moments the paper was brought from the stand around the corner.

"Now," cried Mr. Van Curler, after he had spread open the sheet and glanced down the column, "this is too bad. They say the purchase was made through me, so it is all false."

"And we shall have to go," said his wife, "and I am to accept?"

I really think it was very annoying, but I never express pity for Mrs. Van Curler, as she does not seem to like it, though she constantly affirms that she is a person to be deeply commiserated.

As I was dressing to go out with Mrs. Van Curler to keep an engagement we had at eleven o'clock, I thought regretfully that if Charley had got into a scrape, how peculiarly unfortunate it was that he should come just after the Stryker incident. I knew a little thing like that would put Mrs. Van Curler out. I was careful, therefore, not to keep my hostess waiting, for I did not want to increase the difficulties, and I knew that any delay might annoy her. When I came down I found Mrs. Van Curler standing at the foot of the stairs, holding a note in her hand.

"Here," she said, "is a note from Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten, written in one of

her hurries, asking me quite informally to dine with them to-night."

I realized at once the significance of the situation.

Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten was one of those living in a house difficult of access—not that the way to it was rough, for it was up a broad, smooth flight of stone steps —not that the door was narrow, but rather unusually wide. Still, as I have said, the house was difficult of access, and we had accordingly offered much incense before its mistress. At last we were to be rewarded, and as Mrs. Van Curler pathetically observed, "quite informally."

"She wants us to meet Mr. Christopher Bowker, the great railroad man, whom it is so important Mr. Van Curler should know."

I was silent, and I hope it will not seem that it was unamiable, for I really knew what she wanted me to say.

"Of course," she continued, "I have written to the Strykers accepting—but they would never know this came last."

I still said nothing.

"I really would not do it, if it were not so important for Mr. Van Curler," she said, musingly; "I suppose it is not quite right."

Into such positions are respectable, middle-aged ladies sometimes led, when they allow themselves to fall into friendships other than those that society ordains. A strict moralist might have said that Mrs. Van Curler's path was clear and easy; that she had only to refuse the later invitation; but then how many strict moralists have ever been invited to dine with Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten "quite informally."

"I really think I had better accept Mrs. Spuyten's invitation," said Mrs. Van Curler, at length. "Will you ring for Lupton? He can take both answers."

I rang and brought the desired Lupton. He had only been with us a few days, but I had noticed that he was possessed with a deeper gloom than is usual even with his class. He bore the afternoon tea quite as if it were the cremated remains of the most valued member of the family, and had a sacrificial sort of way of offering up breakfast and dinner.

Mrs. Van Curler returned in a few moments with the two notes.

"I have done it," she said, "and this may be added to my list of sins as soon as ever they please."

Mrs. Van Curler was always delightfully vague when there was anything unpleasant.

"But don't you think," she continued, "that this transgression is so small that it ought to take several—say at least ten—to make a sin?"

The Duyvil Spuytens's invitation had put her in better spirits, and after giving the notes to Lupton we entered the carriage.

At eleven Mrs. Van Curler and I were due at the meeting of a Committee — I won't say what Committee, whether it was for the management of a Series of dances or of Something for disabled Somebodies — for you might guess what one it was. But it was a very high and mighty Committee, and those upon it were the very bulwarks of Society. Mrs. Van Curler herself had only been elected a member a short time before, and as the honor was very recent and had not been won without considerable exertion, she usually enjoyed the meetings very much. And indeed they were extremely pleasant. I don't think I heard as much about my friends or my enemies at any other time.

This morning there was not much to discuss, and we got around very quickly to the really important matter that we knew was to come up. A lady stated that one of our most active members had gone to Europe, to be absent for some time, and that it was necessary to choose her successor, adding that she did not of course want to say anything about it, but she thought it would only be proper that a certain lady very favorably known to us all should be elected.

Another lady—one somewhat older—then said that, though she did not know to whom the other referred—it being perfectly clear that she did—she felt called upon to remind us that we owed a duty to each other, and that it was right we should be careful about those whom we brought so closely into association with ourselves; that really it

was a distinction to be upon this Committee, and that it would be very unfortunate for anyone to be placed upon it upon whom we ourselves could not depend, and who might even use the connection for their own individual advancement, without reference to ourselves.

There was a good deal of talk and various names were mentioned — then the first lady proposed Mrs. Stryker, and the second, after whispering to two or three not opposing, Mrs. Stryker was quickly elected.

I was surprised and also perplexed, as was also Mrs. Van Curler.

"Are you not astonished?" I heard her say to the lady who had besought us to be careful.

"No, oh, no," she answered; "they are making every exertion, and you have no idea how they are coming on."

As we drove home Mrs. Van Curler was silent for some time. "What a very great pity we did not accept, after all," she sighed at length. "They always feel such things so when they are just starting."

When we arrived at the house we found that Miss Sibthorpe had been waiting for some time to see Mrs. Van Curler.

"Was there ever anything so provoking!" exclaimed that lady. "Of all persons—and *now* of all times."

Miss Sibthorpe was perhaps the most aggravated — corrugated — form of an old maid in town. It seems occasionally to dawn upon the minds of some beings of that sort that they have had their day. Miss Sibthorpe—she was known as "Miss Sib" by the irreverent—did not seem to have suffered that kind of illumination. The flight of years—and men—appeared to have had no effect upon her. She was always aggressively cheerful, which was very trying. Such people should be conscious of their own misfortunes—but she always silently insisted that everyone should act as if she was, what she was, of her own free will. I hope I have not been too hard on "Miss Sib," but I really do not think she is nice.

I do not remember what brought her to see us on that particular afternoon, but Mrs. Van Curler's was one of her strongholds, and her visits were frequent. During Miss Sibthorpe's stay she disclosed, however, the fact that she had stormed another fastness—I knew it was at point of tongue and without giving quarter to any of the garrison—one evidently, in her opinion, of great strength. In other words, she had recently become a friend of the Strykers.

At the mention of that name I glanced at Mrs. Van Curler and saw her shudder.

"Miss Sib" told us of the Stryker horses, of the Stryker pictures, of the Stryker plate; and indeed, she told us of all that might impress us with their importance, or rather with her importance in being the friend of people so important.

Mrs. Van Curler, I noticed, was visibly affected.

"But," continued "Miss Sib," "you've no idea of the sensation there will be when their niece comes out."

Mrs. Van Curler's interest became intense.

"No one has seen her yet," went on the other, "but they intend to give a great ball for her, and she will be the most beautiful *débutante* for many a year."

"Oh," moaned Mrs. Van Curler, after Miss Sibthorpe had departed, "if I *have* made a mistake in not going after all."

As it happened, we were to go to a large luncheon that day, and we left the house almost immediately. We were very despondent. Our path we felt was strewn too thickly with very sharp and troublesome social thorns.

I am afraid I was not very interesting to the women with whom I happened to be, but as my engagement had only recently been announced, I have no doubt that I was supposed to be thinking exclusively of *him*. And so I might have been, if there had been the slightest need of it. But I am glad to say that in our case everything ran smoothly — that everyone consented, and for that matter everyone was very much pleased, and that therefore we did not have to think much of each other. If we had been kept apart—if I had been told that he was ineligible —if I had been ordered not to see him, I do not know but that I might have

become a strong-willed, which is much better than a strong-minded, heroine. Still I have latterly been very thankful, and thought it a great blessing that my affections did happen to be bestowed, so to speak, *popularly*, and that I was able to meet all my friends with the sweet consciousness that I was doing exactly what they would do—if they had the chance.

I shall say nothing of what happened at the luncheon, which was gorgeous, except so far as may be necessary to show the trials and tribulations of Mrs. Van Curler.

We had not been feasting very long when my neighbors, not finding me very interesting, began talking among themselves, and I was soon aroused by a question I heard.

"My dear," said some one on my right, "did you see who was in the Stryker box the night before last? I could hardly believe my eyes."

"Yes," answered another, in awed astonishment, "Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten. At first I thought I must be mistaken, but it was *surely* she."

I glanced at Mrs. Van Curler and saw that she had heard what was said. I really think she had become so sensitive that if anyone had whispered the Stryker name in the next house, she would in some way have known it.

She left the house with something of a routed, demoralized air, and when we were in the brougham she spoke despairingly.

"It would not have been in the least bad," she cried, "if Mrs. Spuyten went with her; indeed it would have been quite an association with her in bringing them on."

As we alighted before the house we saw Mr. Van Curler, who had come up from down-town, ascending the steps. When we met at the door he turned to his wife with a self-satisfied smile, and said:

"Wasn't it fortunate we accepted! I met Stryker going down on the 'Elevated,' and could tell him we were coming."

I do not think that I ever experienced such a shock in my life. I turned to Mrs. Van Curler. I have read of looks that blight—of looks that blast—of looks that do many strange things; but Mrs. Van Curler's look on this occasion was really incinerating.

"I told him," Mr. Van Curler continued, innocently, "that it was so lucky we did not have an engagement."

"And I wrote that we had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Duyvil Spuyten," gasped Mrs. Van Curler.

"What!" exclaimed her husband.

"An invitation came from the Duyvil Spuytens, and of course I accepted it."

Mr. Van Curler was no uncommon man, and when he was angry he was emphatic. On this occasion he was—not uncommon.

"An invitation from the Duyvil Spuytens, 'quite informally,' and Christopher Bowker is to be there," urged Mrs. Van Curler.

"Bowker!" cried her husband. "Grain is away off and Bowker is half-way to Chicago by this time."

Mrs. Van Curler said nothing.

As we were passing through the hall, Mr. and Mrs. Van Curler being before me and busily engaged in conversation, I saw the door of a small reception-room open and Charley appeared at it, quite as if he were in a play. He beckoned to me mysteriously. He evidently wanted to see me — and to see me alone—but I thought that it was best he should first speak to his mother. I therefore exclaimed "Oh!" as loud as I could and have it seem natural. Mrs. Van Curler turned around, of course, as did Mr. Van Curler, and there was something quite resembling a touching domestic scene over the return of the somewhat prodigal son.

"Why did you not let us know certainly you were coming?" she asked.

"I wanted to take you by surprise," he answered, as I thought rather lamely, but Mrs. Van Curler was too much absorbed to notice anything.

"You will help me," Charley said, the moment we were alone.

"Of course," I answered, "but what is it now?"

"It's worse than all the rest — it's matrimony."

"Are you married?" I cried, and instantly made up my mind that I would do everything that I could for him—poor fellow

"No, only engaged."

"Really!" I exclaimed, somewhat disappointed. "Who is she?"

"I don't think you'd know her—her people are not——"

"She's nothing *too* awful?" I interrupted.

"Now look here," he exclaimed, "I won't have it; she is——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, for I wished to avoid a too violent and lengthy description of her charms. "But who is she?"

"Her name is Letitia Dicks."

"Where does she live?" I asked, blankly.

"Around everywhere, I should say—at school—in Europe——"

"But who are her father and mother?"

"She hasn't got any."

"But don't you know anything definite," I cried, in desperation. "She must belong to someone—come from somewhere."

"I'm sure I don't know much to tell you," he replied, "but she's a niece of those Strykers—the people who made so much money in something to eat."

"Really!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Don't say 'really' again," said Charley, petulantly. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nothing—but how did it all happen?"

"Up at Mount Oasis this summer; I was with her most of the time, and when I wasn't I wanted to be. Then I went to the West, but it was no use—that even wasn't big enough to forget in—so I thought I'd try the East, and I started, saw her in Boston, and here I am."

"A niece of the Strykers," I said half to myself. "*The* niece of the Strykers."

"Do you think there will be any trouble?"

"I can only tell you," I answered, "that we have probably just succeeded in making the Strykers our deadliest enemies."

"Now, what was the use of doing that sort of thing?" asked Charley, querulously.

I told him briefly the events of the morning, culminating in the distress brought about by Mr. Van Curler.

"There are other reasons," I began.

But just then Mrs. Van Curler entered the room. I was, I must say, very curious to see what effect the news would have upon her. I never regarded her as a blind believer in any abstract philosophy, holding that perfect happiness arose from moral and mental sources; but rather one with a very lively recognition of what more material things could do in that direction. Mrs. Van Curler was, so her friends said, extremely practical. I knew that the confession had to come, and thought that we might as well have it all out; for there is nothing more distressing than having anything hanging over one, no matter if it is only the fear that the wrong man is going to take you in to dinner, or to ask you to marry him after it. I therefore concluded to leave them alone, but just before I went I said "Tell" to Charley, but so low that he alone could hear me.

Charley must have broken the news to his mother in a very gradual and expansive manner, it took so very long, but finally Mrs. Van Curler came to me in the library.

"I suppose you know?" she said.

I replied that I had been told everything.

"This is very serious."

I asked her to explain her meaning.

"If it only were their daughter!" she exclaimed.

I innocently inquired why, when she knew so much about the Strykers, she would prefer a closer relation.

"She would have direct claims upon them—not that I do not think of Charley's happiness, but I do wish that he could be happy with someone who had direct claims."

I have already said that Mrs. Van Curler was deliciously general at critical time, and her phrase seemed to please her.

"They have no children," I suggested, even as a most hardened worldling might have done.

"That is very true, and we may have mortally offended them."

"Did they ever say anything of her?" I inquired.

"Why, yes—I remember now that

Mrs. Stryker quite—really very often—spoke of a niece who was at Mount Oasis with some friends; but it might be either one thing or the other. Oh—if we only had accepted the invitation!"

Here we were interrupted by a maid, who told us that Miss Sibthorpe had returned to us.

"I cannot see her," gasped Mrs. Van Curler, "and find out if you can."

I forgot what it was that "Miss Sib" had forgotten, but she was there, and I did my best to extract from her all the information I could. It was not a difficult undertaking, for Miss Sibthorpe was ever ready for gossip, and I quickly brought her to the subject of the morning.

"I don't know whether I should tell or not," she said, finally, and in answer to my observation that the young lady would be rich; "but," and here she almost whispered in very awe, "I have it from Mrs. Stryker herself that almost all the money will go to her, and that, you know, is something enormous."

How I suffered for Mrs. Van Curler.

"He'll be a lucky fellow who gets her," continued Miss Sibthorpe; "I should hardly think she would be satisfied with anything in this country."

I must say I hurried the call after that, and hastened back to Mrs. Van Curler. I felt as I finished, that with this revelation she would be beyond the reach of consolation.

"If I had only accepted—if I only had," cried this respectable malefactor.

Her grief was not exactly the kind that would do for the *motif* of a tragedy. There was, I fear, nothing heroic about it. But still she suffered as deeply as if she had been a heroine of grand opera, and it would have afforded her great relief to let down what hair she had, to come forward to the foot-lights, and sing a confidential solo about her troubles.

"What can we say to satisfy them?" she asked.

Here a maid entered. "Some books," she said to Mrs. Van Curler, "that have just been left."

Mrs. Van Curler merely glanced at them and let them drop.

"There," she said, "I told you so."

"What is it?" I cried.

"They have returned them."

I was utterly unable to understand the awful significance of what had occurred.

"I lent them to her in the country—just paper-covered things that I never dreamed she would return. And now she has sent them back. She must be furious. It's just what such people would do if they were."

It was one of those little social actions that seem so trivial, but often mean so much; for the ways of society are wonderful, and the same thing can be used to convey a warning, offer a propitiation, or declare deadliest hate.

"There can be no doubt, they must be furious," declared Mrs. Van Curler, solemnly.

She sat and gazed upon me as if I were some great natural curiosity, worthy of intent study. I looked very steadily at her, and so we remained, neither of us really seeing the other for some moments.

Here the maid again entered, this time with a note for Mrs. Van Curler.

"What can it be now?" cried Mrs. Van Curler, excitedly.

She tore open the envelope nervously.

"I don't understand," she said, after she had glanced at the page hurriedly. "It's very strange—listen."

"'Dear Mrs. Van Curler,'" she read, "'I regret very much that Mr. Bowker has been called from town, and that therefore our little dinner must for the present be postponed. I hope, as I have not heard from you yet, that this, although so late, will reach you in time to prevent you from making any change in what you would have done had you not received my invitation. Sincerely yours, Eleanor Spuyten.'"

Mrs. Van Curler looked at me questioningly.

"'As I have not heard from you!'" she repeated in wonder. "What can she mean?"

I was vainly trying to imagine, when Mrs. Van Curler rose as if a thought had suddenly occurred to her, and rang the bell.

"Send Lupton to me directly," she said to the maid who came in response.

Neither of us spoke, and that functionary soon appeared.

"I gave two notes to you this morning," said Mrs. Van Curler, severely.

I saw his face change; he was shaken; he became human.

"Yes, madam," he said, in tone quite different from his usual late lamented voice.

"What did you do with them?" she demanded.

"Indeed, I'm very sorry," he answered, "and I hope you won't lay it up against me; but I met a friend who was going to be married——"

"What did you do with the notes?" again demanded Mrs. Van Curler, "did you forget to deliver them?"

"I did, madam."

My heart gave a sympathetic bound. In an instant I realized that Lupton's carelessness had saved us. We could accept the Stryker invitation. They would never know we had refused it, and all would be well.

And all was well.

How quickly Mrs. Van Curler took those notes, how quickly they were torn up, how quickly two new ones were written and despatched, anyone who has done anything for which he or she is sorry — and that is everyone — can readily understand.

The dinner was perfect. The opera was charmingly given before a great house. The Strykers themselves were very nice. All the people that should, came to the box, and none of those who shouldn't — and indeed it was a very pleasant evening.

The next day the Strykers very gladly gave their consent to the marriage.

And this is what I was going to tell you at first—how Charley Van Curler came to marry the great heiress, and how, in Mrs. Van Curler's opinion, he nearly lost her.

THE CABLE STREET-RAILWAY.

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

ON August 1, 1873, at five o'clock in the morning, several engineers and a few workmen stood at the top of Clay Street, San Francisco, listening to the noise—probably they called it music — made by the first cable in this country. Clay Street runs up Russian Hill, one of the steep bluffs of San Francisco, and rises three hundred and seven feet in about three-quarters of a mile. For a long time horse-cars had been tried up this incline, for owing to the view the top of the hill had become a favorite place for dwelling-houses; but, although five horses were used at a time in pulling a car uphill, it was found hard work when the cars were loaded, and in going down hill the danger of the brakes giving way was enough to frighten timid passengers from riding at all. Andrew S. Hallidie, a San Francisco engineer, taking his fundamental ideas from the cable roads used in English and Welsh collieries, devised the system used upon this first road and it remains practically that of the twenty-seven cable roads in this country to-day. Hallidie interested three fellow-citizens in the project of running a cable road up Russian Hill when horse-cars failed. Books were opened for subscriptions to the scheme in 1872. Not a share of stock could be sold at any price. The four original projectors persevered, however, and having obtained a franchise from the city, the cable began moving on August 1, 1873. Before the first car had made its second trip up the hill, the delighted citizens assembled in force and not only cheered the engineers, but pelted the cars with flowers. Hallidie had solved the problem and opened some of the most beautiful parts of the city to settlement.

The original patents provided for an endless chain or cable running in a covered trench, the connection with the cars being made by means of a grip passing through the open slot in the trench. It was expected that the cable would prove a costly investment, as compared to horse-cars, but up that steep incline it was that or nothing. Engineers who criticised the scheme, expressed doubts

whether a longer line than that could be operated. The success of the road was, however, so marked in every respect, mechanically and financially, that in less than ten years San Francisco had seven cable lines and the system spread to a number of other cities. Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati took up the new device. At an important meeting of the American Street Railway Association in Chicago in 1884, the reports made as to the working of the cable system were so favorable as to lead still other cities to get rid of the horses if they could, and in the following year, on August 25, 1885, the first cable-car in the city of New York made its trip on the line running along One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street and up Tenth Avenue. The Third Avenue Railway Company, the richest street railway corporation in the country, constructed the line as an experiment before introducing the system along its eight miles of track on Third Avenue from the Harlem River to the City Hall. From the first day the success of the system was apparent and the Third Avenue Company began to lay plans for putting a cable along its whole line. Meanwhile cable roads were making their way elsewhere with astonishing rapidity. A number of towns on the Pacific coast, such as Los Angeles and Seattle introduced them, and they made their appearance in Denver, Cleveland, and Providence.

In New York City there were other than mechanical difficulties in the way of laying cables for street railways. When application was made to the municipal powers that be for the necessary permits to do the work, it was found that labor, as represented by the thousands of car-drivers, hostlers, and stablemen employed by the street railways of the city, objected to the introduction of the cable. To the five hundred stablemen employed by the Third Avenue line, such a change would mean discharge, as ten furnace men and ten engineers would do their work. To the car-drivers it meant a more difficult task, involving more skill and judgment, for the famous grip is rather more difficult to manage than a pair of horses. Moreover, as the new cable-cars would carry one-half more passengers than the horse-cars, the change meant a reduction in the number of cars and consequently of drivers and conductors required to man the road. The protesting voice of labor was heard by the aldermen of New York, and for a long time it was found impossible to obtain the necessary permits for the work. The great public, however, had something to say in the matter, and when the Broadway road began laying its trench for a cable, the Third Avenue line was not long in following its example.

The advantages of the cable over horses are many, both to citizens and to the railway company. In the city the change means vastly cleaner and better streets. The two thousand horses used on the Third Avenue line not only spread tons of manure along the streets to poison the air and foul the crossings, but they battered the pavements out of shape. Cable-cars also run faster than horse-cars. They may prove to be more dangerous, even with better appliances for stopping, but this is perhaps the price we have to pay for greater speed.

It need scarcely be said that in the end the cable-car is more profitable to the railway company than the horse-car. Exactly how much more profitable, it is not easy to say, as corporations refuse to give exact figures. But from current talk among engineers familiar with the subject, it may be assumed that as compared to operating a road with horses, the cable effects a saving of thirty per cent.

From the reports made to the *Street Railway Journal* it was computed that the average operating expenses, taking the figures of a dozen cable roads, are 8.4 cents per car and per mile. The operating expense upon the average horse-car line is said to be 10.2 cents, which shows a saving of less than twenty per cent. In large cities, however, the results are more favorable to the cable than this. The average cost of construction and equipment of a cable line in a small city is put by experts at $175,000 a mile. For a city like New York such figures have to be doubled.

The first outlay for a cable plant is of course enormous as compared to a horse-car road, but the deterioration is



The Difficulties of Making a Cable Trench.

(View of underground work at Broadway and Fourteenth Street, New York.)

insignificant. Steam engines and driving machinery last a lifetime, while the hard work required of a car-horse uses the animal up in less than five years. Another item of saving is in the wages of stablemen and hostlers. Wherever a machine can be made to do the work of a man there is a saving, and the force of men now required at the power houses of the Broadway road in New York City to run the machinery is only one-eighth of what it used to be when horses were used. Still another advantage is in the smaller quarters required. A building half the size of the old stables will contain the boilers and engines required for the cable. The enormous stables of the big horse-car lines have long been a menace to the city on account of the danger from fire, and a source of foul odors at all times. The carting through the streets of vast quantities of manure from the stables is also done away with.

There is also one advantage which the cable road has over horse-cars that few persons not familiar with the subject realize. Both cable roads and horse-car roads have to be prepared at all times to carry an exceptionally large number of passengers. During certain hours of the day the business requires four times as many cars as at other times; then upon occasions of public ceremony, parades, celebrations, etc., the whole force of cars may fall short. In order to be ready for such emergencies, both daily and occasional, the horse-car road has to keep in readiness a large number of horses, probably twice the number required for the average work of the road. And of course the car-horse costs as much to keep in idleness as when at work. With the cable roads a greater demand means simply more steam, more coal to be shovelled into the furnaces. Finally, the cable roads expect not only to save money in the ways I have indicated, but they expect to receive a larger income than from horse-cars because of the better service offered to

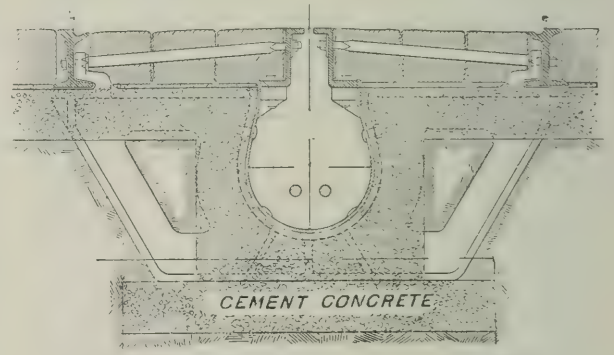


A Forty-two Ton Cable Spool on its Way to the Power-house.

the public. They expect to attract customers from the elevated roads and the horse-car lines, and they are probably justified in so doing.

The chief reason why New York, aside from the difficulties of obtaining the necessary permits from the city authorities, was so far behind other cities in replacing horse-car lines by cable roads, was that here the cost of laying the cable was much more than in smaller cities. The expense of cutting a path through the net-work of pipes of every description in the New York streets frightened capital away. The illustration [p. 373] showing the work of laying the cable-trench at Broadway and Fourteenth Street gives some idea of the difficulties which had to be overcome. Here were no less than thirty-two different pipes belonging to more than a dozen different companies—gas, water, sewer, steam, pneumatic, electric, etc. All these companies had rights which the cable company was under bonds to respect. The work of getting the pipes out of the way had to be done without interfering with the service of each of these corporations. Sometimes days were wasted in trying to find the owners of pipes that had been abandoned, perhaps for years. Gas companies and steam companies had gone out of business, but had left their pipes to make the confusion under the pavements worse confounded. The enormous cost of this work explains the high price asked by some of the contractors for certain parts of the lines in New York City. Some blocks along the lower part of the Bowery are said to have cost the contractors at the rate of $300,000 a mile.

The construction of the cable trench is simple enough, and may be plainly seen from the accompanying illustration. It consists virtually in a sectional iron tube, with a slot open at the surface of the street. In the tube are the wheels or sheaves upon which runs the cable. At intervals of thirty-one feet are openings by means of which the workmen may get at the sheaves for purposes of oiling and observation. The castings used in keeping the cable tube in place also support

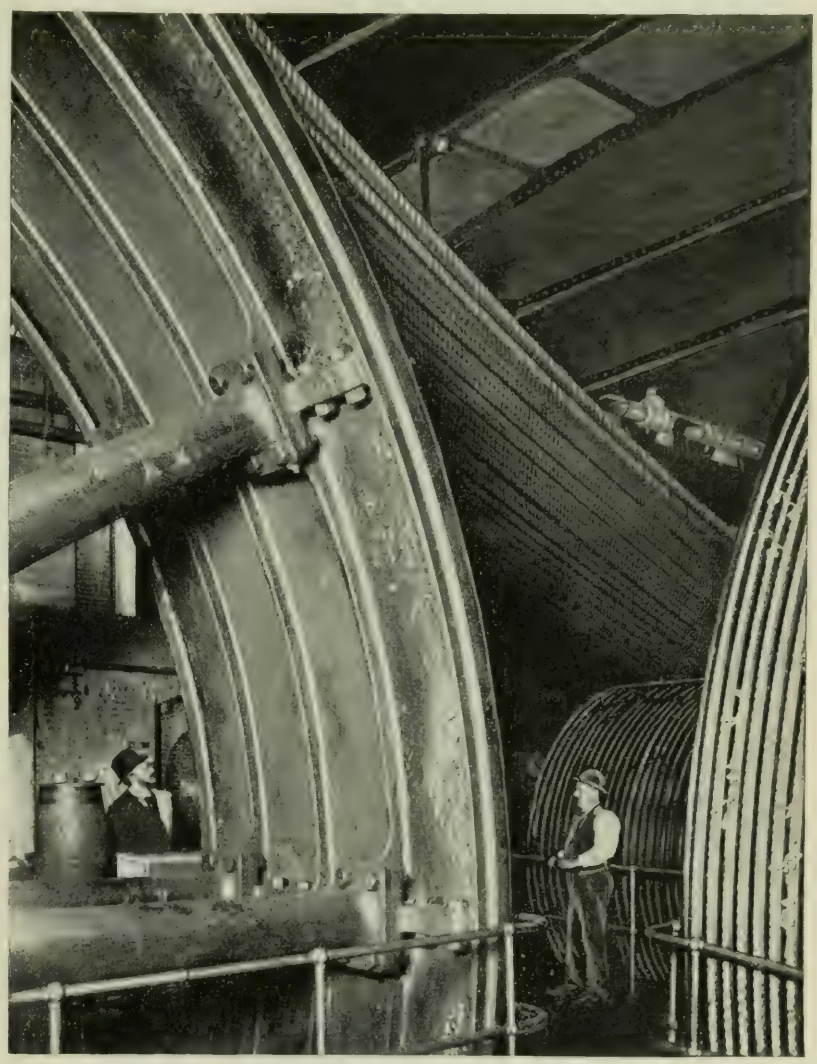


Cross-section of the Road-bed of a Cable Railway.

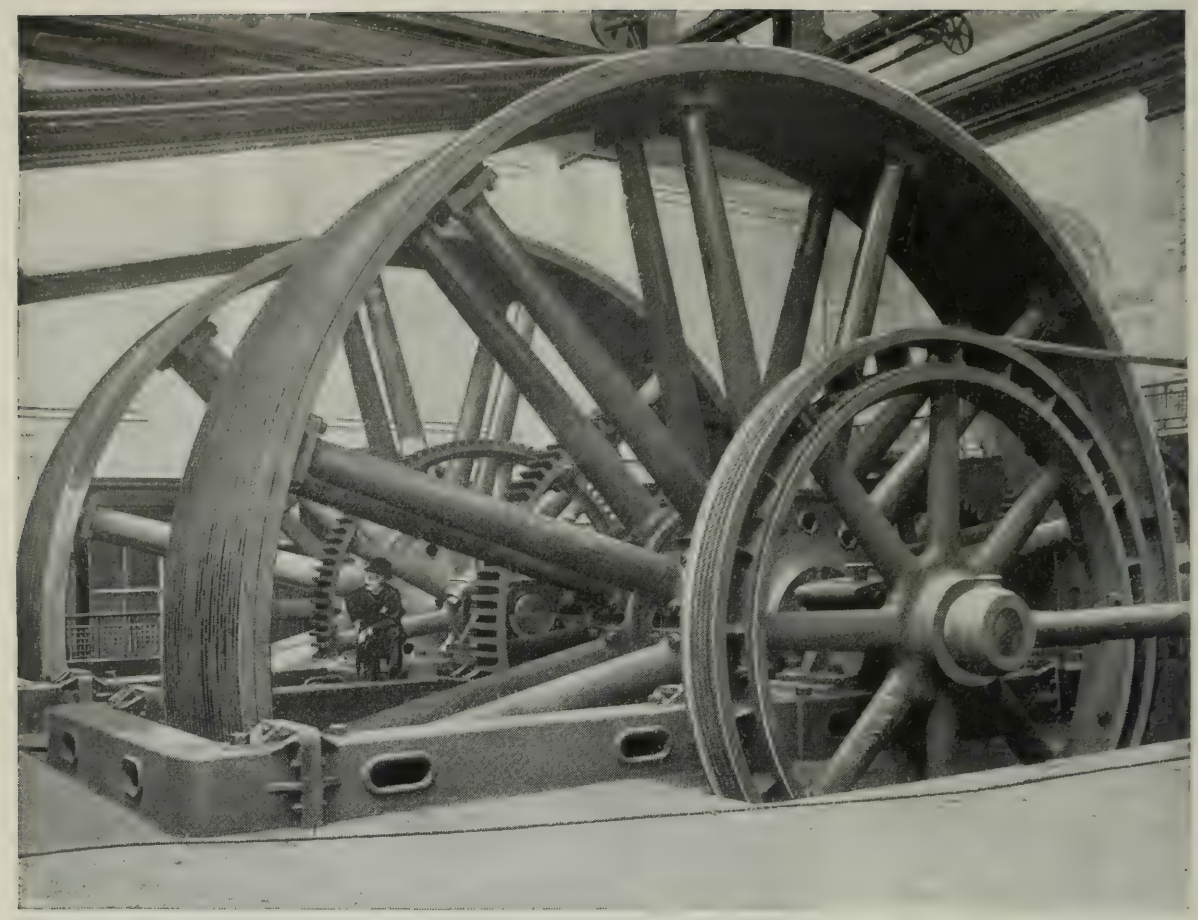
the rails upon which the cars run. In a street not already filled up with pipes, this work would be easy. In crowded

parts of New York it was disheartening, and one contractor threw up his contract in despair.

The most interesting part of the cable system to a layman is unquestionably the power-houses containing the machinery which moves the cable. In principle this machinery is simple enough, consisting of a steam engine which turns the drum or series of drums around which the cable passes. In practice the apparatus is more complex. Taking one of the most simple of the driving plants, that in the power-house of the Broadway road, at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, the piston of the 1,000 horse-power Corliss engine turns a big fly-wheel weighing 56 tons, measuring 24 feet in diameter and revolving at the rate of 66 revolutions a minute. Geared upon the same shaft with this fly-wheel is a drum 14 feet in diameter connected by cotton cables with another drum 32 feet in diameter. Geared on the same shaft with this big drum is a pair of 12-foot wheels, around which the street cable passes and from which it gets its power. The 2-inch cotton cables connecting the engine-shaft drum with the big driving-shaft drum are known as Lambeth cables, and were first made in England for some cable plants established in Australia, where more than a dozen cities are now supplied with such street railways. As yet we have to import these cables from England, and the four men in this country who understand how to splice such cables are in the employ of the English manufacturers and are kept busy travelling from city to city making the necessary splices. These are necessary when the cotton cables stretch too much. These big cotton cables, which when in use look very much like wire, are thought by most people who have seen illustrations of the cable machinery to be part of the cable which runs in the street. In reality, they simply take the place of the leather belts used in ordinary machinery to communicate power from one wheel to another. Upon some of the drums twelve or fifteen or even thirty cables are used. Upon the largest drums in this country, those in the power-house in the basement of the building at Broadway and Houston Street, the big drums are 32 feet in diameter, with a face 8 feet 4 inches wide, and carry 30 cables. Some idea of the enormous size of the largest of these drums may be obtained from the illustration showing the inside surface of one of these gigantic



Under Side of a Great Drum at Houston Street and Broadway.
Diameter, 32 feet; weight, 106 tons; face of wheel, 8 feet 4 inches, carrying 30 cotton cables.



The Big Drums at Third Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street. Driving Wheel and Street Cable in foreground.

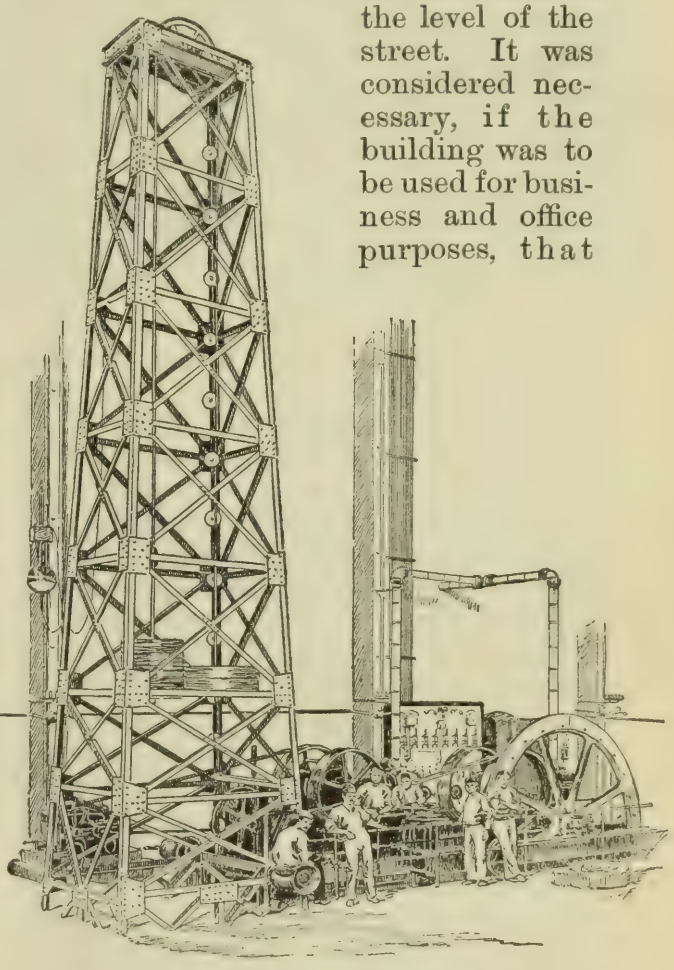
wheels, weighing 106 tons. After passing around the driving drums, the cable, before starting on its long journey through the streets, is straightened out automatically, in order to keep its tension about the same all the time, notwithstanding the pull to which it may be subjected by the cars. In the illustration on the opposite page will be seen the device by which this is accomplished in the power-house at Fiftieth Street. The cable, as it leaves the driving drum, passes over a big wheel mounted upon a movable carriage; this carriage is attached to a wire cable at the other end of which is fastened a huge weight of several tons, so arranged as to rise and fall according to the pull upon the street cable. When comparatively a few cars are running along the cable it is apt to be slack, and this movable carriage takes in this slack of the cable by pulling it toward the tower in which the weight, seen in the illustration, moves up and down according to the pull upon the main cable.

The Broadway and Third Avenue cable lines each have two power-houses. The engines at Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue run the Broadway cable from Fifty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue down to Thirty-fifth Street; those in the building at Houston Street run the other sections—from Thirty-fifth Street down to Houston Street, and from Houston Street down to the Battery. On the Third Avenue line the engines in the power-house at Sixty-fifth Street, the old horse-car stables, run the cable from Sixth Street to 130th Street. Those at Bayard Street, in the Bowery, continue the work to the City Hall terminus of the line. Thus the longest piece of cable in use in New York is that from Sixth Street up to 130th Street, a distance of about six and one-half miles, making 13 miles of cable. The weight of this wire rope is something like two hundred and sixty tons. It has been estimated that to move this cable slowly through the trench, without the weight of any cars, would require the combined strength of one thousand two hundred men. The cable

is sent to New York from the Trenton Works wound upon gigantic spools which hold from forty to sixty tons of wire. The illustration on p. 374 shows a spool, weighing 42 tons, in transit from the boat to the power-house. Thirty horses were used in this instance, and though the wheels of the truck are immensely wide, they are apt to leave their mark on the paved roadway.

The finest power-house in New York and the largest cable-plant in the country, is that of the Third Avenue line at Sixty-fifth Street. The engine-room measures 137 feet in width by 170 feet in depth; its glazed roof is 84 feet high. In handling the machinery, most of which is of extraordinary weight, a Sellers electric crane of 24 horse-power has been used; this crane consists of an immense double girder stretching across the engine-room and running upon tracks near the roof. Upon the girders themselves runs the lifting apparatus. Thus by this double movement, any object weighing less than thirty tons may be picked up, and carried to any part of the big room, as quickly and easily as a workman can carry a ten-pound casting. Both the motive power of the crane and its lifting power are electric. Four engines of the Providence-Corliss type, 40 inches diameter of cylinder and 72-inch stroke, one thousand horse-power, are used to propel the cable machinery. The fly-wheels are 23 feet in diameter and weigh 40 tons; the driving drums are 22 feet in diameter, connected with the 32-feet shaft-drums by 22 two-and-a-half-inch Lambeth cotton cables. The drums around which the street cable passes are 15 feet in diameter. The boiler-room of this fine plant faces on Second Avenue, and is one of the largest and best lighted in the country. It contains 32 horizontal tubular return boilers of 125 horse-power each. The coal used in each furnace is weighed automatically as it passes in, so that, at the end of the day, the engineer can tell by a glance at the dials what each boiler has consumed.

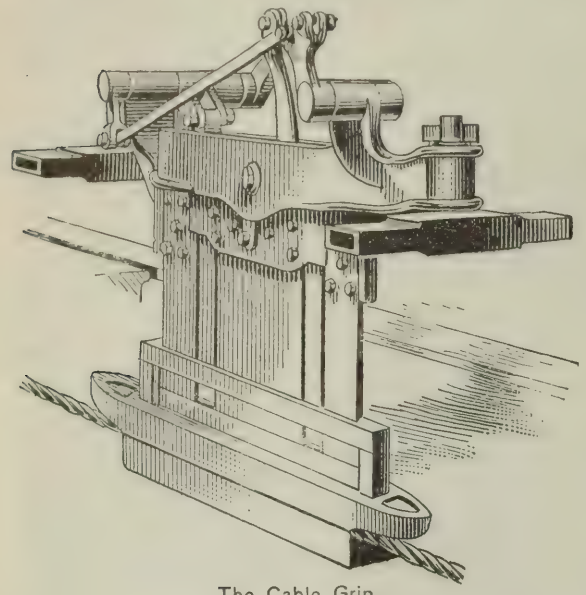
The power-house at Houston Street and Broadway offers no such picture of comfort and convenience as that at Third Avenue, for it is crowded with machinery, and so dark that electric lights have to be used everywhere, even at noon. In the construction of this power-house great ingenuity was displayed by Major G. W. McNulty, the engineer in charge of the line. The problem was to provide sufficient room for the gigantic machinery used, and yet get some income out of the property, which at this point is valuable for renting purposes. The excavations upon the plot, 100 feet wide on Broadway by 200 feet on Houston Street, were carried to a very unusual depth, 40 feet below the level of the street. It was considered necessary, if the building was to be used for business and office purposes, that the vibrations of the machinery should be felt as little as possible, and with this end in view the whole plant of the cable road stands upon its own foundations, while the iron pillars and stone piers which support the building above, are independent of the floors which contain the machinery. The plant at Houston Street varies but little from



Tower and Weight for Keeping the Cable Taut.

(Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue.)

that in the other stations, and consists of four engines of the Corliss type, 1,000 horse-power, geared to a series of drums. The gearing is more



The Cable Grip.

complicated and expensive than at Fiftieth Street, or over at Third Avenue, owing to the cramped space. As compared to the other power-houses, the engineers employed here have rather a hard time of it, owing to the darkness and the heat. Last summer, before all the steam-pipes were properly jacketed with non-conducting material, the heat in the engine-room often rose to 120°.

The cable used in New York is similar to that employed all over the country. Upon its perfection and durability largely depends the successful working of the road. The grip by which the cars are made fast to the cable is the same upon both lines. This famous grip is the source of constant wonder to the public, and yet it is extremely simple, consisting virtually of a clamp two feet long through which the cable passes. The upper part of the clamp is raised or depressed by the brake under the driver's hand. When depressed, it grips the cable more or less firmly; if not very tight, it allows the cable to slip somewhat, thus carrying the car along at a slow speed. When tight enough to allow no slipping, the car of course moves along at the same speed as the cable, which in New York is about eight miles an hour in the upper parts of the city, and six miles down town. It might be thought that the friction and wear of this system would be destructive to the cables, and it unquestionably does shorten their lives. But the steel cable is of extraordinary strength and endures the constant clamping of these grips a thousand times every day without showing much wear. The first Broadway cable lasted six months, and it had to stand all the hard usage of inexperienced hands when the gripmen were new to the business. The accidents which at one time made New Yorkers rather nervous as to cable-cars on Broadway, were due to the unravelling of cable strands worn out by the friction of the grip. These strands twisted themselves around the grip, and it was found impossible to let the cable go. So upon one or two occasions the car went on at full speed, carrying everything before it and accumulating quite a collection of other cars and vehicles before a frantic telephone message to the power-house resulted in stopping the cable.

The cable-cars that run on the East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, carry more people than any other cable road in the world, the average traffic last year exceeding 105,000 passengers a day, or about forty millions a year. Upon this bridge line the driving machinery is very similar to that of our street railways. The grip in use, designed by the late Colonel W. H. Paine, is upon a different principle, and consists of a group of wheels,



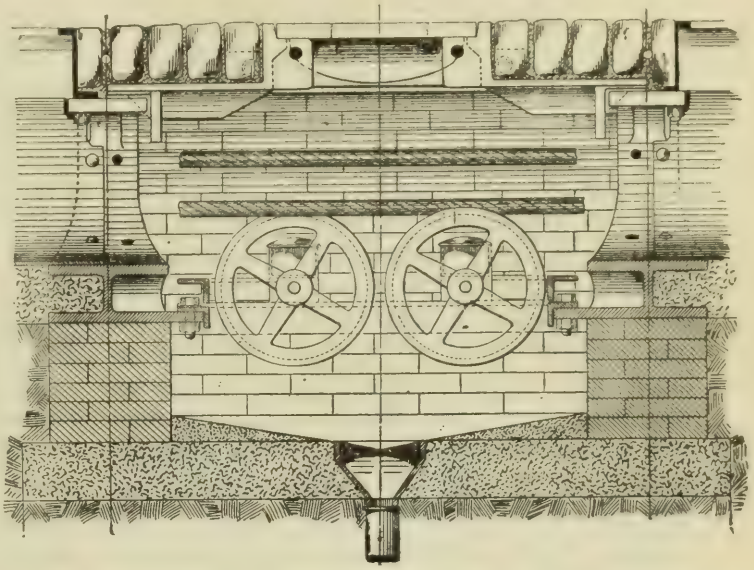
Connection of Grip with Cable.

against the periphery of which the cable rubs. The brake which stops the grip-wheels also forces them against the cable. This grip is said to be less severe upon the cable than the clamp-grip, but it is not so direct, and consequently so rapid, in its action, and rapidity is needed for the constant stoppings and startings of street-railway traffic.

A broken strand is the bugbear of the cable engineer. It is a costly as well as a dangerous affair. The piece of damaged cable has to be cut out and the ends spliced—a delicate operation for which only a few skilled workmen in the employ of the cable manufacturers are competent. In order to guard so far as possible against this danger, the whole cable plant is virtually double—engines and cable. One plant runs for twenty-four hours, when the other plant takes its place and allows the engineers an opportunity to give the plant which is resting a thorough examination. Besides this, a man is always stationed at the spot where the cable leaves the power-house; he keeps his eye on the cable and gives the signal to stop when he detects signs of anything wrong.

As it may be a matter of life and death to be able to stop the cable instantly, the driving drums in all the power-houses are held in place upon their shafts by friction-brakes which may be loosened in two seconds, thus stopping the cable though the engine continue at work. Were it not for this friction-brake, it would be necessary to stop the engines before the cable could be brought to a standstill, and with a 50-ton fly-wheel going at the rate of 60 or 70 revolutions a minute, such an operation requires time. Meanwhile a runaway car may be spreading havoc along Broadway.

One of the engineers of the cable road, in speaking of the accidents in which the cable-car takes the bit in its mouth, so to speak, and runs away, said that the public seemed apt to become much more frightened when this occurred than there was any reason for. Some people have an idea that when anything goes wrong with the cable, the car may suddenly begin moving at some terrific rate of speed, carrying everything before it until it dashes itself and its unfortunate passengers to pieces. Any one who takes the trouble to think about the matter, will realize that under no circumstances can the car go faster than the cable itself, or eight miles an hour. The passengers who remain in a run-away cable-car are perfectly safe—except as they may be injured by flying glass and splinters when the car runs down other vehicles in its way. If, by any means, the car is brought to a standstill while the grip is still fast and the cable going, the whole grip apparatus would be torn from the bottom of the car; and this has been provided for.



Longitudinal Section, showing Conduit, Sheave Pit, and Grip Hatch.

A runaway cable-car is a far more dangerous affair to those who get in its way than to its own passengers. The most effective object-lesson in teaching one the tremendous power of the cable is to see the playful manner in which a heavy truck is thrown out of the way by the cable-car when the brakes fail to work quickly enough, or the driver of the truck fails to obey the cable-man's warning gong.

Within the last six months more than a score of devices designed to lessen the danger of running over people who may get in the way of a car have been offered to the cable companies. Not only is the speed more than that of horse-cars, but the force is a hundred-fold greater. That which appears to meet the approval of most experts is a species of guard or shield, almost touching the ground, or so near the pavement that it will push before it or out of the way any large object, thus acting as the cow-catcher of a locomotive. Several fatal accidents have made imperative the adoption of some adequate safety device.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XVI.

ARRIVALS AT ROSEMONT.

THE air was mild down on the main road which, because it led from Suez to Pulaski City, was known as the Susie and Pussie pike. The highway showed a mere dusting of snow, and out afield the sun had said good-morning so cavalierly to some corn-shocks that the powder was wholly kissed off one sallow cheek of each. The riders kept the pike northwesterly a short way and then took the left, saying less and less as they went on, till the college came into view, their hearts sinking as it rose.

The campus was destitute of human sounds, but birds gossiped so openly on every hand concerning the tardy intrusion that John was embarrassed, and hardly felt, much less saw, what rich confusion the red and yellow browns of clinging and falling leaves made among the purple-gray trunks and olive-dappled boughs, and on the fading green of the sod.

The jays were everywhere, foppish, flippant, the perfection of privileged rudeness. They would have John understand this was a bluejay's government.

Other birds showed milder manners. One prophesied, "sleet, sleet," another said cheerily, "We wish it! We wish it!" and a wren, delightedly mistaking John for someone else, cried—"Peterkin! Peterkin Peters!"—hushed a moment in doubt, began again—"Pete!"—saw his error, flew to a tree farther away, and pretending not to have discovered John at all, called into the opposite distance, "Peterkin! Peterkin Peters!"

It seemed a great way through the grove. At the foot of the steps John would have liked to make the acquaintance of some fat hens that were picking around in the weak sunshine and uttering now and then a pious, housewifely sigh.

There was an awful stillness as the two ascended the steps, carrying the broken carpet-bag between them. Glancing back down the campus avenue, John hoped the unknown woman just entering its far gate was not observing. So mild was the air here that the front door stood open. In the hall a tall student, with a sergeant's chevrons on his gray sleeve, came from a class-room and led them into a small parlor. Major Garnet was in Suez, but Mrs. Garnet would see them.

They waited. On the mantel an extremely Egyptian clock—green and gilt—whispered at its task in servile oblivion to visitors. John stared at a black-framed lithograph, and his father murmured,

"That's the poet Longfellow, son, who wrote that nice letteh to yo' dear motheh. This colo'ed picture's Napoleon crossing the Alps."

A footstep came down the hall, and John saw a pretty damsel of twelve or thirteen with much loose red-brown hair, stop near the door of the reception-room and gaze at someone else who must have been coming up the porch-steps. He could not hear this person's slow advance, but presently a voice in the porch said, tenderly, "Miss Barb?" and gave a low, nervous laugh.

Barbara shrank back a step. The soft footfall reached the threshold. The maiden retreated half a step more. Behind her sounded a faint patter of crinoline coming down the hall stairs. And then there came into view from the porch, bending forward with caressing arms, a slim, lithe negress of about nineteen years. Her flimsy dress was torn by thorns, and her hands were pitifully scratched. Her skirt was gone, the petticoat bemired, and her naked feet were bleeding.

"Miss Barb," said the tender voice again. From the inner stairs a lady appeared.

"What is it, son?" Judge March asked, and, rising, saw the lady draw near the

girl with a look of pitying uncertainty. The tattered form stood trembling, with tears starting down her cheeks.

"Miss Rose—Oh, Miss Rose, it's me!"

"Why, Johanna, my poor child!" Two kind arms opened and the mass of rags and mud dashed into them. The girl showered her kisses upon the pure garments, and the lady silently, tenderly, held her fast. Then she took the black forehead between her hands.

"Child, what does this mean?"

"Oh, it mean nothin' but C'nelius, Miss Rose—same old C'nelius! I hadn't nowheres to run but to you, an' no chance to come but night."

"Can you go upstairs and wait a moment for me in my room? No, poor child, I don't think you can!" But Johanna went, half laughing, half crying, and beckoning to Barbara in the old-time wheedling way.

"Go, Barbara."

The child followed, while John and his father stood with captive hearts before her whom the youths of the college loved to call in valedictory addresses the Rose of Rosemont. She spent a few moments with them, holding John's more than willing hand, and then called in the principal's first assistant, Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew, a smallish man of forty, in piratical white duck trousers, kid slippers, nankeen sack, and ruffled shirt. Irritability confessed itself in this gentleman's face, which was of a clay color, with white spots; and yet it was a face that had the merit of reminding John of home, for the mouth was like his dear mother's, and the thin, yellow hair, combed straight back, looked as if it might rise in moments of anger as the feathers did on the very similar forehead of John's pet hen. Mr. Pettigrew presently declared himself a Virginian, adding, with the dignity of a fallen king, that he—or his father, at least—had lost over a hundred slaves by the war. It was their all. But the boy could not shut his ear to the sweet voice of Mrs. Garnet as, at one side, she talked to his father.

"Sir?" he responded to the first assistant, who was telling him he ought to spell March with a final e, it being always so spelled—in Virginia. The Judge turned for a lengthy good-by, and at its close John went with his preceptor to the school-room, trying, quite in vain, to conceive how Mr. Pettigrew had looked when he was a boy.

XVII.

A GROUP OF NEW INFLUENCES.

All Rosemonters were required to sit together at Sunday morning service, in a solid mass of cadet gray. After this there was ordinary freedom. Thus, when good weather and roads, and Mrs. March's strength permitted, John had the joy of seeing his father and mother come into church; for Rosemont was always ahead of time, and the Marches behind. Then followed the delight of going home with them in their antique and precarious buggy, and of a day-break ride back to Rosemont with his father—sweetest of all accessible company. Accessible, for his mother had forbidden him to visit Fannie Halliday, her father being a traitor. He could only pass by her gate—she was keeping house now—and sometimes have the ecstacy of lingeringly greeting her there.

On stormy Sundays he would gladly have spent an afternoon with Mrs. Garnet, when, silently supported by Barbara, she gave the students an hour which professed to be little more than social, but which one of them enthusiastically called "religion made easy." Mrs. March, however, said no, John must not make one of that group.

"Judge March, she owes that time to the private religious instruction of her daughter and servants. I cannot consent for my son to snatch advantage from such an oversight. It would not be blest, Powhatan; religion is not a grab game—if you'll forgive so coarse a word. Judge March, she's an unbeliever. Fifteen years ago I heard her say it was nothing to her whether the Deluge was fact or fiction. Powhatan, may I not even protect my child's soul?"

"Oh, my deah, who could question yo' right? But now, suppose that next Sunday——"

"Please call it the sabbath, Powhatan."

"Yes, deah, the sabbath. If it should chance to rain——"

"Oh, Judge March, do you believe rain comes by chance?"

"Oh, no, Daphne, deah. But—if it should be raining hard——"

"It will still be the Lord's day. Your son can read and meditate."

"But if it should be fair, and something else should keep us fum church, and he couldn't come up here, and should feel his loneliness——"

"Can't he visit some of our Suez friends—Mary and Martha Salter, Doctor Coffin, or Parson Tombs, the Sextons, or Clay Mattox? I'm not puritanical, nor are they. He's sure of a welcome from either Cousin Hamlet Graves or his brother Lazarus. Heaven has spared us a few friends still."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Dead loads of them; if son would only take to them. And, Daphne, deah"—the husband brightened—"I hope, yet, he will."

But John didn't. In the afternoon of the first bright Sunday that his parents failed to meet him at church he passed General Halliday's gate three times in vain, and then called on Mr. Ravenel, now chief owner of the Suez *Courier*, and one of the strongest factors in the politics of the State.

Ravenel still lived in the widow's cottage. His room had an east and south window, and a sweet odor of good tobacco. John found him in a low hammock between the windows, surrounded by papers and reading a law book. Mr. Ravenel took one of the papers to brush off—but not till John had blushed for them—some crumbs of ginger-cake from the lad's gray jacket.

The visitor enjoyed himself. An unexpected facility of speech elated him. Mr. Ravenel needed only to make some trivial inquiry, and John's talk would gurgle forth in a way to make silence seem strange, when once in a while it came.

And Ravenel was entertained. He was half the time in a broad smile, and more than once dropped face and hands into the hammock and laughed till he shuffled his feet. John took slight care as to the drift of his chat, except to keep out of the bucolic vein, a precaution he had learned on the campus. Once only he dropped into it to tell of Brandy and Doctor, his father's two steers. One evening, when these horned dissemblers had been to Suez and were nearing home again with a quantity of new crockery, long needed and bought at last, they took fright at his mother in pure pretence, and ran away, strewing the road with broken plates, cups, and saucers for a hundred yards. That was the only time, he said, that he had ever seen his father angry.

John had not dreamed to find Mr. Ravenel so boyish. He could hardly understand why one should laugh till the tears came—just at two runaway oxen.

"You've got a mawnstus good daddy, John. Don't you reckon he's wondering what sort of chap Rosemont's going to make you?"

"I dunno, sir. He says all he asks me is to always be a perfect gentleman."

"D' you reckon you can do it?"

John smiled up at the ceiling. "I've got to try." Then, with a grave, faraway look, "I know one who does believe it."

"Does she?" softly drawled his friend; and the lad grew red. But after a dreadful pause Mr. Ravenel added, "It's a good thing to try."

"D' you know," asked John, "where I can get a 'Gentleman's Complete Book of Etiquette?'"

"Yes, I do."

"I hope it's easy."

"No, it's not easy." The speaker smiled. "But it's short; my mother made me learn it by heart when I was a little boy. It begins: 'And seeing the multitudes he went'—you may not like it; I don't often recommend it, but——"

John's smile was broad and knowing. As it faded he said, "All mother asks me is to go into good company or none."

"Is that good scripture?" inquired Ravenel, drowsily.

"I dunno. I reckon so, ain't it? It's mighty hard to do."

"That's a scandalous good sign. You're a long way from doing it now."

The boy looked sadly quizzed. But

Ravenel simply drew forth a cigar, and watching his match's flame grow clear, said, "Tain't the company you seek that counts most; it's what you seek it for. Of course, when you seek company *for* company, always get the best." He lighted the cigar, John gazing in noble envy. "But all company's dangerous, and solitude isn't any safer. No company's infallible."

"No," responded John, "no more than the Pope is."

"Or the Bible," said Ravenel. He blew upward a fine thread of smoke.

John stared like a fledgling too silly to fly. But presently he replied, with an unconvinced jerk of the chin: "I can't see it!" And then, as if the connection was close and vital, he asked:

"Don't you think our side was right in the war?"

Jeff-Jack smiled merrily and let his face sink into his hands, saying, "Right! It was better than right."

"I—I don't quite understand."

"Don't you? Why, it was our side."

John mused. A clock struck and he rose to go. Ravenel followed to the gate and seemed willing to prolong the visit. "You must come again," he said, "you talk like a thinker."

John gave him the quick, sham-despising glance of a healthy boy; but Ravenel—"Yes! We'll not talk so much religion next time. Good-by."

The young visitor went some way before he was willing to steal a last glance back. Ravenel stood in the mottled shadows of the garden walk, gazing after him.

School terms came and went. Mrs. March attributed her son's failure to inherit literary talent to his too long association with his father. He stood neither first, second, nor last in anything. In spiritual conditions he was not always sure that he stood at all. At times he was shaken even in the belief that the love of fun is the root of all virtue, and although he called many a droll doing a prank which the law's dark lexicon terms a misdemeanor, for weeks afterward there would be a sound in his father's gentle speech as of that voice from which Adam once, in the cool of the day, hid himself.

Mr. Ravenel's talks only kept him stimulated, never really fed him, for bad or good. In church the sermons he sat under dwelt mainly on the technical difficulties involved in a sinner's salvation, and neither helped nor harmed him; he never heard them. One clear voice in the midst of the singing was all that engaged his ear, and when it carolled, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass," the notes themselves were to him the cooling shower.

Mothers of Montrose girls saw magnanimous valor in his expanding—or rather his alarmingly lengthening—figure, and called him promising. Spinsters saw danger in his eye.

"He's destined by nature faw the ahmy!" said Captain Champion.

"Or the gallows," replied Miss Martha Salter.

One Sabbath afternoon, after a specially indigestible sermon which Sister Usher said enthusiastically to Major Garnet, ought to be followed by a great awakening—as, in fact, it had been—Barbara, slim, straight, and fifteen, softly asked her mother to linger behind the parting congregation for Fannie. As Miss Halliday joined them, John, from the other aisle, bowed so pathetically to his Sunday-school teacher, that when she turned again to smile on Barbara and her mother, she laughed, quite against her will. The mother and daughter remained grave.

"Fannie," said Mrs. Garnet, her hand stealing into the girl's, "I'm troubled about that boy." Barbara walked ahead pretending not to hear, but listening hard.

"Law! Cousin Rose, so'm I! I wish he'd get religion or something. Don't look so at me, Cousin Rose, you *make* me smile. I'm really trying to help him, but the more I try the worse I fail. If I should meet him on the straight road to ruin I shouldn't know what to say to him; I'm a pagan myself."

XVIII.

THE ROSEMONT ATMOSPHERE.

About this time Barbara came into new surroundings. She had been wondering for a month what matter of dis-

agreement her father and mother were trying to be very secret about, when one morning at breakfast her father said, while her mother looked out the window:

"Barb, we've decided to send you to Montrose to stay." And while she was still gazing at him speechlessly, a gulping sob came from behind her mother's chair and Johanna ran from the room.

Barbara never forgot that day; how her mother sat down with her alone, took both her hands, and with never a hint that this change was all her father's doing, told her such new, strange things about life's temptations and responsibilities, and told them so sweetly, that when—without stopping the words—two tears fell unhindered down those cheeks which these many months had been growing paler and paler, she sank to her knees, dragged the dear neck down, and could speak no reply save in kisses.

Nor did her memory ever lose the picture of her father, as he came alone to see her the next day after her entrance into the academy, standing before the Misses Kinsington—who were as good as they were thin, and as sweet as they were aristocratic—winning their impetuous approval with the confession that the atmosphere of a male college—even though it was Rosemont—was not good for a young girl. Still another lasting memory was that, while neither of the Misses Kinsington gave a hand to him either for welcome or farewell, when Mademoiselle Eglantine—who taught drawing, history, and French—happened in upon father and daughter a second time, after they had been left to say good-by alone, the hand of Mademoiselle lingered so long in his that Barbara concluded he had forgotten it was there.

"She's quite European in her way, isn't she, Barb?"

The daughter was mute, for she had from time to time noticed several women shake hands with her large-hearted father thus.

Twice a week Barbara spent an afternoon and night at Rosemont. Whether her father really thought its atmosphere desirable for her or not, she desired it, without ceasing and most hungrily. On Sunday nights, when the house had grown still, there would come upon her door the wariest of knocks, and Johanna would enter, choose a humble seat, and stay and stay, to tell every smallest happening of the week. The maid would have been sufficiently interesting if only for her ability to make full and correct reports of matters unwitnessed by herself.

Not infrequently these recitals contained points in the history not only of Rosemont but of John March. Once her narrative caused her visible tears of indignation while she spoke. Suez was not a "dry" town, and its dampness sometimes had a distempering effect upon Rosemont fellows. Two of these, on a certain holiday, had, contrary to every tradition of the college, quarrelled on the open turnpike, and one had whipped out a weapon and fired at the other.

Old Uncle Leviticus rarely visited his daughter Johanna, but on that day he had been to see her—"an' Miss Rose!"—and was returning home by way of the pike, when the student fired at his opponent. The ball whizzed by its intended victim, and, far beyond, struck and killed the mule under Uncle Leviticus. The aged rider left carcass, saddle, and bridle, and "skedaddled for the woods like a rabbit for the briers," said the fellows who saw it; at any rate, so Johanna reported them to Barbara. Or, as she further quoted them,

"He thought the Ku-Klux had got him this time, shore!" The dark maid dashed away her tears. Barbara's silence was full of sympathy; so full that Johanna smiled up to her fondly. Whereupon Barbara said,

"Uncle Leviticus must be paid for his loss, Johanna. Doesn't pop-a say so?"

"Law, Miss Barb, how yo' paw gwine eveh fine it out, when don't nobody but Rosemont boys know Rosemont boys done it?"

"Why, if it comes to that, I'll tell mom-a!"

Johanna lighted up. "Miss Barb, d' ain't no needs to tell him. Mule done paid fuh!"

Her enthusiasm grew.

"Miss Barb, I tell you. Hit all come o' that ve'y se'fsame tall young ma-an what seem like you neveh wants to b'-lieve no good about him, an' I ain't yet meck out why, less'n it's caze he's so bony an' freckle' up."

"Why, what nonsense! Who do you mean?"

Johanna tittered. "You knows who I means. Hit commence with a G, an' hit en' with a Mahch. He uz jis a-browzin' round the campus sawt o' like a hobble hawss, fum de spraim he got de night he drap de poppin' crackers into Mr. Pettigrew' windeh, an' so, pooty soon, he git win' o' dis wile shootin'. Bymeby he meet up wid de one what do it, and he say,

"'O' co'se you 'llow to pay fo' de mule, don't you?"

"An' d' yuther ans' up an' say, s'e, 'Why, hit on'y a acci*dent*.'"

"An' den Mr. Mahch he sawt o' laugh an' say, s'e,

"'All right, seh; 'f you don't, I'll jis take a susscription papeh to ev'y felleh in dis-yeh college, an' we'll pay yo' debt faw you, seh. De disgra-ace o' such a debt shayn't res' on Rosemont!'"

Barbara started up with delight. "Johanna, he didn't!"

"Yass'm, he did. An' whass mo', dat ain't all. He not on'y *said* it but he done it. Leas'wise he staht in to do it, but when he teck it to one o' de senio's, de senio' tell 'im how hit gwine to cos' 'im ev'y las' frien' he got."

"Why, how could he say that?"

"O, he say hit make a split in Rosemont, an' de Susie high school reap de benefits of it, he say. But Mr. John, he ain't say nothin', but he tear up de pa-apeh into fine bits an' snow it ove' de grass—I see dat myseff—an' up an' plank down de whole cos' out'n his own pocket—so dey say."

Barbara stared. "Out of Mr. Ravenel's pocket, they'd better say," she murmured to herself: "He oughtn't to have done it, Johanna. Did no one offer to help him?"

"Yass'm, dey did. But you know how boys is, Miss Barb. Dey want de one what shoot de mule to head de list, an' he say, all right, ef John Mahch simply 'pologize to him faw his brash way o' speakin'——"

"Which he declined to do," prompted Barbara.

"Yass'm. He sen' him words he couldn't 'zac'ly 'pologize, but he kin give him any otheh sawt o' satisfaction he incline to desiah. Well, den dey *wuz* a to-do—but quiet as a bee-gum—dough Mr. Mahch neveh 'pologize an' t' otheh neveh he'p pay fo' de mule. But faw 'bout two da-ays it jes all de bes' heads in de senio' cla-ass kin do to keep dat mule f'm costin' de life o' one o' dem boys, an' de Lawd on'y know which'n."

"If John March was the first to speak rudely," said Barbara, "he should have apologized. A Rosemont student won't offer an unprovoked insult any more than he will submit to one."

"Yass'm," replied the maid, "an' Rosemont do see pow'ful few qua'ls. But when dey does qua'l like de common trash, why can't dey qua'l on de tit-fo'-tat rule *like* de common trash?"

"No!" responded Barbara.

"Well, den, Miss Barb, when one do git impose on, why cayn't he tell yo' paw aw Mr. Pettigrew?"

"No!"

In Rosemont no student ever appealed, in any matter of strife, to any semblance of law or authority either in Rosemont or beyond.

Mr. Pettigrew was so fond of saying this that even Barbara and Johanna knew it by rote.

"You, young gentlemen, are bound not only to honor the law, but to become its protectors."

To which John March, with daring pretense of delighted surprise, would respond,

"You mean in the same way a man honors and protects his mother."

"Precisely! For personal protection or satisfaction a true gentleman will no more go to law than a grown man will run to his mother."

And thereupon the class would laugh approvingly.

Only Mr. Pettigrew did not smile. Smiling is not so easy for one who—or whose father, at least—had lost all his slaves in the war.

The tournament was all the rage in Dixie in those days. Horsemen—accoutred with lances, but without pot-

metal—tilted at rings hung in air ; and what knight bore off the goodliest number of rings, he was let name the Queen of Love and Beauty.

Then it was that Barbara saw in even the average Rosemont student a type of Dixie's knighthood. One blazing day she beheld every ring carried off on the lance of Sir John March. She rejoiced —for the honor of Rosemont ; and also, let us hope, for the love of her distant and pretty cousin—when, amid shouts and clappings—with some titter and even open laughter, the victor laid his prizes at the feet of Fannie Halliday.

"That's all right, Champion," said Sir Tom Shotwell, "they're jest where we'd a-put 'em."

In the hum of conversation that followed it pleased Barbara profoundly to hear Miss Kinsington praising the Rosemonters right and left; their masterful grace, whether mounted or afoot. "You'd know any one of them at a ball as easily without his uniform as with it," said Miss Kinsington.

"By the graceful abandon of his dancing," suggested Mr. Ravenel.

"Ye-es. They show such an admirable appreciation of family and descent," observed Miss Kinsington.

Barbara saw no irrelevancy even in Mr. Pettigrew's three times telling the ladies of this group that "every Rosemonter was taught to regard himself as the law's grown-up son, instead of its child or servant, in a country where not to be a gentleman is to be a varlet."

"But understand!" cried Garnet, "we don't teach politics."

And this was true. The variegated boys and girls of the Suez high school, studied a United States history so political, that Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew once kicked a copy of it into the fire, as if it had been a tarantula. In Rosemont studies political, "so calculated to engender strife—just at this juncture—could only do harm." Instead, Garnet guaranteed every parent verbally that his son should receive the full equipment, mental and moral, of a Southern gentleman—even if it took five years to do it. As, indeed, for some cause or other, it was taking John March, who, near the close of that interval, fell into new embarrassments.

XIX.

MATRIMONIAL.

Rosemont gave one of its unexpected holidays. John March and another senior got horses and galloped joyously away to Pulaski City, where John's companion lived. The seat of government was there. There, too, was the Honorable Mr. Leggett, his party being still uppermost in Blackland. He was still custodian, moreover, of the public school funds for the three counties.

Very late that night, as the two Rosemonters were about to walk past an open oyster saloon hard by the Capitol, John caught his fellow's arm. They stopped in a shadow. Two men coming from an opposite direction went into the place together.

"Who's that white man?" whispered John. The other named a noted lobbyist, and asked,

"Who's the nigger?"

"Cornelius Leggett." John's hand crept, trembling, to his hip-pocket.

His companion grasped it. "Pshaw, March, are you crazy?"

"No, are you? I'm not going to shoot ; I was only thinking how easy I could do it."

He stepped nearer the entrance. The lone keeper had followed the two men into a curtained stall. His back was just in sight.

"Let's slip in and hear what they say," murmured John, visibly disturbed. But when his companion assented he drew back. His fellow scanned him with a smile of light contempt. There were beads of moisture on his brow. Just then the keeper went briskly toward his kitchen, and the two youths glided into the stall next to the one occupied.

"Yass, seh," Cornelius was tipsily remarking, "the journals o' the day reputes me to have absawb some paucity o' the school funds. Well, supposen I has ; I say, jess *supposen* it, you know. I antagonize you this question : did Napoleom Bonapawt never absawb any paucity o' otheh folks' things? An' yit he was the greates' o' the great. He's my patte'n, seh. He neveh stole jiss to be a-stealin'! An' yit wheneveh he found it assential of his *destiny* to steal anything, he stole it!

"O' co'se he incurred and contracted enemies; I has mine; it's useless to translate it. My own motheh's husban'—you riccolec' ole Unc' 'Viticus, don't you?—Rev'en' Leviticus Wisdom—on'y niggeh that eveh refused a office"—he giggled—"well, he ensued to tu'n me out'n the church. Yass, seh, faw nothin' but fallin' in love with his daughteh—my step-sisteh—an' sayin' I run her out'n the county!"

"But he couldn't p'ocure a sufficient concawdence o' my fellow-citizens; much less o' they wives—naw evm o' mine! No, seh! They brought in they verdic' that jess at this junction it'd be cal'lated to ungendeh strife an' could on'y do hahm." He giggled.

"My politics save me, seh! They always will. An' they ought to; faw they as pyo as the crystial fountain."

The keeper brought a stew of canned oysters. The lobbyist served it, and Mr. Leggett talked on.

"Thass the diffunce 'twix me and Gyarnit. That man's afraid o' me—jess as 'fraid as a chicken-hawk is of a gun, seh!—An' which nobody knows why essep' him an' me. But thass jess the diff'ence. Nobody reputes him to steal, an' I don't say he do. I ain't ready to say it yit, you un'stan'; but his politics—his politics, seh; they does the stealin'! An' which it's the lowdowndest kind o' stealin', for it's stealin fum niggers. But thass the diff'ence; niggers steals with they claws, white men with they laws. The claws steals by the pound; the laws steals by the boatload!"

The lobbyist agreed.

"Jess so!" cried Mr. Leggett. "Ef Gyarnit'd vote faw the things o' one common welfare an' gen'l progress an' program, folks—an' niggers too—could affode faw him to vote faw somepm fat oncet in a while an' to evm take sugar on his vote—an' would sen' him to the ligislatur' 'stid o' me. Thass not sayin' I eveh did aw does take sugar on my vote. Ef I wins a bet oncet in a while on whether a certain bill 'll pass, why, that, along o' my official emoluments an' p'erequisites evince me a sufficient plenty.

"Wife?—Estravagant?—No!—Oh! you thinkin' o' my secon' wife. Yes, seh, she was too all-fired estravagant! I don't disadmire estravagant people. I'm dreadful estravagant myseff. But Sophronia jess tuck the rag off'n the bush faw estravagance. Silk dresses, wine, jewelry—it's true she mos'ly spent her own greenbacks, but thass jess it, you see; she was entirely too p'omiscuous, seh, in a social way. I jess had to paht with her, seh! You can asphyxiate that yo' seff, seh.

"Now this wife I got now—eh? No, I ain't never exac'ly hear the news that the other one dead, but I suspicioned her, befo' she lef', o' bein' consumpted, an'—O anyhow she's dead to me, seh! Now, the nex' time I marries—eh?—O yes, but the present Miss Leggett can't las' much longeh, seh. I mistakened myseff when I aspoused her. I'm a man o' rich an' abundant natu'e an' ought to a-got a spouse consistent with my joys an' destinies. I may have to make a sawt o' Emp'ess Josephine o' her—ef she lives.

"Y'ought to see the nex' one!—Seh?—Engaged?—No, not yit; she as shy as a crow an'—ezac'ly the same color!—I'm done with light-complected women, seh.—But y'ought to see this-yeh one!—Shy as a pa'tridge! But I'm hot on her trail. She put*tend* to be tarrible shocked—well, o' co'se thass right!—Hid away in the hills—at Rosemont. But I kin git her on a day's notice. All I got to espress myseff is—Majo' Gyarnit, Seh!—Ef you continues faw twenty-fo' hours mo' to harbor the girl Johanna, otherwise Miss Wisdom, the black Diana an' sim'lar names, I shall imbibe it my jewty to the gen'l welfare an' public progress to renovate yo' rememb'ance of a vas'ly diff'ent an' mo' financial matteh, as per my letteh to you of sich a date about seven year' ago an' not an's'ed yit, *an' tell what I know about you.* Thass all I'll say. Thass all I haf to say! An' mebbe I won't haf to say that. Faw I'm tryin' love-letters on her; wrote the fus' one this evenin'; on'y got two mo' to write. My third inevasively fetches 'em down the tree, seh!"

The lobbyist revived the subject of politics, the publican went after hot water for a punch, and the eaves-droppers slipped away.

XX.

HIC SUNT LEONES.

THE next day was Saturday. John March stood in the Suez post-office.

"What name did you say?" asked the postmaster, narrowly.

"Miss Johanna Wisdom." The youth clutched the letter so dubiouly held out and made off with a companion. The postmaster shook his head.

"That boy's father wouldn't suspicion that of him."

"Wouldn't suspicion what?" asked a lounger.

"O, I don't know what, but it's something, shore. He's into some new devil*ment.*"

Early the following week, Mr. Leggett reclined in his seat in the House of Representatives. His boots were on his desk and he tapped them with his sword-cane, while he waited to back up with his vote a certain bet of the Friday night before. A speaker of his own party was alluding to him as the father of free schools in Blackland and Clearwater; but he was used to this and only closed his eyes. A page brought his mail. It was small. One letter was perfumed. He opened it and sat transfixed with surprise, and a-tremble between vanity and doubt, desire and trepidation. He bent his beaded eyes close over the sweet thing and read its first page again and again. It might—it might be an imposture; but it had come in a Rosemont envelope, and it was signed Johanna Wisdom——

"Deer Cunnelius: When I got yo letter saddy i wuz ez happy ez a big sunflower. O hunny ize always luvd you even when i runned .um you, an now i runs no mo, i gives up the fight! ize yoze!! ize had to puttend to not like you aw tha woodent Lemme sta with Miss Roze an you aint never ax me to live no Whuz elts. but Ize yoze you the appolionaris o my destiniz but o dont right me no mo lettuz its so dangius ole garnit hate us both that bad heel kill ether uv us jist to spight the yuther seein is bettun rightin! Meet me"——

For sheer ecstasy he could read no farther. He closed his eyes again to live a moment in rapturous separation from everything but his triumph in the final conquest of a black Diana, and even more in the discomfiture of all who had ever lifted hand or voice for her protection. Only in the prospective defeat of one opponent did he find no exultation—the Rose of Rosemont.

The House began to vote. He answered to his name, the bill passed, his bet was won. Adjournment followed. He hurried out and away, and down in a suburban lane entered his snug, though humble, "bo'd'n' house," locked his door, and read again.

Two or three well-known alumni of Rosemont and two or three Northern capitalists—railroad prospectors—were, on the following Friday, at the Swanee Hotel, to be the guests of the Duke of Suez, as Ravenel was fondly called by the Rosemont boys. To show Suez at its best by night as well as by day, there was to be a Rosemont-Montrose ball in the hotel dining-room. Major Garnet opposed its being *called* a ball, and it was announced as a musical reception and promenade. Mr. Leggett knew quite as well as Garnet and Ravenel that the coming visitors were behind the bill he had just voted for.

Johanna, the letter said, would be at the ball as an attendant in the ladies' cloak-room. It bade him meet her that night at eleven on the old bridge that spanned a ravine behind the hotel, where a back street ended at the edge of a neglected grove. As Mr. Leggett finished reading his heart thumped hurriedly, stopped entirely, thumped three times more and stopped again. He laid his hand upon it for a moment with a frown of pain and alarm. Then he drew a black bottle from under his bed, opened it, hesitated, began to lean it over a tumbler on the mantel-piece, and suddenly set it down without pouring.

"They'll ketch me," he murmured. He looked again at the letter. "O you sweet-scented little treasure! *Is* you a treasu'e aw is you a trap?" He shook his head ruefully. "This ain't no joke o' some fool frien'. 'Tain't no niggeh play naw yit no boy's play; hit's too well done. Ef it's a trick at all it's a trick to kill me; to kill me faw votin' in the accawdeon o' my conscience!

"Lawd, Lawd! little letteh, little letteh! is you de back windeh o' heavm, aw is you de front gate o' hell? Th' ain't no way to tell but by tryin'! Oh, how *kin* I resk it? An' yit, how kin I he'p but resk it?

"Sheh! ain't I resk my life time an' time ag'in jess faw my *abstrac' rights* to be a Republican niggeh?

"Ef they'd on'y shoot me! But they won't. They won't evm hang me; they'll jess tie me to a tree and bu'n me—wet me th'oo with coal-oil, tetch a match—O Lawd!" He poured a tremendous dram, looked at it long, then stepped to the window and with a quaking hand emptied both glass and bottle on the ground, as if he knew life depended on a silent tongue in a sober head.

And then he glanced once more at the letter, folded it, and let it slowly into his pocket.

"Happy as a big sunfloweh! Is you? I ain't. I ain't no happier'n a pig on the ice. O it's mawnstus p'ecipitous! But it's gran'! It's mo'n gran'; it's muccurial! its puffic'ly nocturnial!" With an exalted solemnity of face, half ardor, half anguish, he stiffened heroically and gulped out,

"I'll be thah!"

Friday came. John March was chairman of a committee whose business it was to furnish "greens" for garlanding the walls and door-ways. He and a half-dozen other Rosemonters hurried about betraying an expectancy and perturbation, now gay, now grave, that seemed quite excessive as the mere precursors of an evening dance. They gathered their greenery from the grove down beyond the old bridge and ravine, where the ground was an unbroken web of honey-suckle vines. About sunset one of the committee, on a ladder in the hotel dining-room, said to another who came with cedar sprays,

"Has March seen that everything is hid in its right place?"

"Yes, but don't talk so confounded loud." The inquirer smiled, but his fellow beckoned him to the foot of the ladder.

"See here, I don't like the looks of this thing. It's bad enough as a practical joke, but——"

"But what?"

"Why, I'm afraid March isn't in this thing for a joke at all."

"Shucks! Johnnie March ain't ever going to do anything wonderful."

"If he doesn't do something mighty awkward I'll feel better than I do now."

The young man's suspicions were wrong only in part. John, rather too grimly, it is true—yet withal honestly—had gone into this puerile conspiracy as a harmless practical joke; but he had miscalculated his power to play, and only play, with all its advantages and appliances for the revenge of a shameful, a deadly wrong. The day of fierce retaliation, the day for which he had pined for years, had sprung out upon him at a single leap, as one might be surprised by some awful beast he has been stalking. Again and again he pledged himself not to seize his opportunity; yet all the promises of moderation and forbearance with which he tried to hold his passions in leash, had the bewildering instability of dreams. His opportunity had seized him.

XXI.

THE PANGS OF COQUETRY.

Night fell. The hotel shone. The veranda was gay with Chinese lanterns. The muffled girls were arriving. The musicians tuned up. There were three little fiddles, one big one, a flageolet, and a bassoon.

> "Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
> Laughing on you and me"

—sang the flageolet and little fiddles, while the double-bass and the bassoon grunted out their corroborative testimony with melodious unction. Presently the instruments changed their mood, the flageolet pretended to be a mocking-bird, all trills, the fiddles passionately declared they were dreaming nowow of Hallie—tr-r-r-ee!—dear Hallie—tr-r-r-ee!—sweet Hallie—tr-r-r-r-ee! and the bassoon and double bass responded from the depths of their emotions, "Hmmh! hmmh! hm-hm-hmmh!"

Ravenel and his guests appeared on

the floor; Major Garnet, too. He had been with them, here, yonder, all day. Barbara remained at home, although her gowns were the full length now, and she coiled her hair. General Halliday and Fannie arrived. Her dress, they said, was the prettiest in the room. Jeff-Jack introduced everybody to the Northerners. The women all asked them if Suez wasn't a beautiful city, and the guests praised the town, its site, its gardens, "its possibilities," its ladies—!—and its classic river. The music reminded Columbia that her banners make tyranny tremble when borne by the red, white, and blue, and every third or fifth male resident, as he shook hands with the prospectors, said, "You see we play the national airs," and called attention to the peace and harmony with which the whole land was soaked.

Try to look busy or dignified as he might, all these things only harried John March. He kept apart from Fannie. Indeed, what man of any self-regard—he asked his mangled spirit—could penetrate the crowd that hovered about her, ducking, fawning, giggling, attitudinizing—listening over one another's shoulders, guffawing down each other's throats? It hurt him to see her show such indiscriminating amiability; but he felt sure he knew her best, and hoped she was saying to herself, "Oh, that these sycophants were gone, and only John and I and the twinkling stars remained to laugh together. Why does he stay away?"

He could afford to wait, he thought. His name was on her card for the second dance. Ravenel had the first, but she did not like Mr. Ravenel; she had told him so in confidence.

"O my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken you away," wept the fiddles, and "Who? who? who-who-who?" inquired the basses in deep solicitude.

Well, the first dance would soon come, now; the second would shortly follow, and then he and Fannie could go out on the veranda and settle all doubts. With certainty established in that quarter, whether it should bring rapture or despair, he hoped to command the magnanimity to hold over a terrified victim the lash of retribution, and then to pronounce upon him, untouched at last, the sentence of exile. He spoke aloud, and looking up quickly to see if anyone had heard, beheld his image in a mirror. He knew it instantly, both by its frown and by the trick of clapping one hand on the front of the thigh with the arm twisted, so as to show a large seal-ring, bought by himself with money that should have purchased underclothes for his father. He jerked it away with a growl of self-scorn and went to mingle with older men, to whom, he fancied, the world meant more than young women and old scores.

He stopped in a part of the room where two Northerners were laughing at a keen skirmish of words between Garnet and Halliday. These two had gotten upon politics, and others were drawing near, full of eager but unplayful smiles.

"Never mind," said Garnet, in retort, "we've restored public credit and cut the rottenness out of our government."

The Northerners nodded approvingly and the crowd packed close.

"Garnet," replied the General, with that superior smile which Garnet so hated, "States, like apples—and like men — have two sorts of rottenness. One begins at the surface and shows from the start; the other starts from the core and doesn't show till the whole thing is rotten."

For some secret reason, Garnet reddened fiercely for an instant, and then, with a forced laugh, addressed his words to one of the guests.

Another of the strangers was interested in the severe attention a strong-eyed Rosemont boy seemed to give to Halliday's speech. But it was only John March, who was saying, in his heart:

"She's got a perfect right to take me or throw me, but she's no right to do both!"

Only the Northerners enjoyed Halliday. The Suez men turned away in disdain.

The music struck a quadrille, sweetly whining and hooting twice over before starting into doubtful history.

"In eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-one —to the war! to the war!"

The dance springs out! Gray jackets and white trousers; tarletan, flowers, and fans; here and there a touch of powder or rouge; some black broadcloth and much-wrinkled doeskin. Jeff-Jack and Fannie move hand in hand, and despite the bassoon's contemptuous "pooh! pooh! poo-poo-pooh!" the fiddles declare, with petulant vehemence that—

"In eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-one, the Yankees, *they* the war *begun*. But we'll all! get! blind! drunk! when Johnnie comes marching home."

"You see we play the national—oh! no, I believe that's not one—but we do play them!" said a native.

John didn't march home, although when someone wanted a window open which had been decorated to stay shut, neither he nor his committee could be found. He came in, warm and anxious, just in time to claim Fannie for their schottische. At ten they walked out on the veranda and took seats at its dark end. She was radiant and without a sign of the mild dismay that was in her bosom. When she said, "Now, tell me, John, why you're so sad," there was no way for him to see that she was secretly charging herself not to lie and not to cry.

"Miss Fannie," he replied, "you're breaking my heart."

"Aw, now, John, are you going to spoil our friendship this way?"

"Friendship!—Oh, Fannie!"

"Miss Fannie, if you please, Mister John."

"Ah! has it come to that? And do you hide that face?"—For Fannie had omitted to charge herself not to smile at the wrong time—"Have you forgotten the day we parted here five years ago?"

"Why, no. I don't remember what day of the week it was, but I—I remember it. Was it Friday? What day was it?"

"Fannie, you mock me! Ah! you thought me but a boy then, but I loved you with a love beyond my years; and now as a man, I——"

"Oh! a man! Mr. March, there's an end to this bench. No! John, I don't mock you; I honor you; I've always been proud of you—Now—now, John, let go my hand! John, if you don't let go my hand I'll leave you; you naughty boy!—No, I won't answer a thing till you let me go! John March, let go my hand this instant!—Now, I shall sit here. You'll keep the bench, please.—Yes, I do remember it all, and regret it!" She turned away in real dejection, saying, in her heart, "But I shall do no better till I die—or—or marry!"

She faced John again. "Oh, if I'd thought you'd remember it forty days it shouldn't have occurred! I saw in you just a brave, pure-hearted, sensible boy. I thought it would be pleasant, and even elevating—to you—while it lasted, and that you'd soon see how—how ineligible—indeed I did!" Both were still.

"Fannie Halliday," said John at last, standing before her as slim and rank as a sapling, but in the dignity of injured trust, "when year after year you saw I loved you, why did you still play me false?"

"Now, Mr. March, you're cruel."

"Miss Fannie Halliday, have you been kind?"

"I meant to be! I never meant to cheat you! I kept hoping you'd understand! Sometimes I tried to make you understand, didn't I? I'm very sorry, John. I know I've done wrong. But I—I meant well. I really did!"

The youth waved an arm. "You've wrecked my life. Oh, Fannie, I'm no mere sentimentalist. I can say in perfect command of these wild emotions, Enchantress, fare thee well!"

"Oh, fare thee fiddlesticks!" Fannie rose abruptly. "No, no, I didn't mean that, John, but—aw! now, I didn't *mean* to smile! Oh, let's forget the past—oh! now, yes, you can! Let's just be simple, true friends! And one of these days you'll love some sweet, true girl, and she'll love you and I'll love her, and—" she took his arm. He looked down on her.

"I love again!—I—? Ah! how little you women understand men! Oh, Fannie! to love twice is never to have loved. You are my first—my last!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Fannie, blithely and aloud, as they entered the room. Then softly, behind her fan, "I've a better one in store for you, now!"

"Two!" groaned the bass viol and bassoon. "Two! two! two-to-to-two!" and with a propitiative smile on John's open anguish, Fannie, gayer in speech and readier in laughter, but not light in heart, let a partner waltz her away. As John turned, one of his committee seized his arm and showed a watch.

XXII.

OLD SCORES.

Across the street, behind Swanee Hotel, two wooden storehouses stood with a space between them not much wider than a pair of shoulders. In the darkness of this spot Mr. Leggett was flattening himself against the side of one of the warehouses, watching the scene of revel. He had reconnoitred the bridge and encountered nothing.

All at once he flattened more. Out of a shadow under the hotel came a feminine figure darkly muffled above but lightly draped below, passed, glanced about, and then moved toward the bridge. Cornelius followed. The night was only half clear. Soft, dusky clouds left alleys of starry blue through which a slender moon hurried like Cinderella in one slipper. Near the ravine the figure looked back, beckoned, and vanished.

The lover whistled low, a tender sigh gave answer, and presently the object of his pursuit reappeared on the bridge.

Cornelius, unseen and shivering in the blackness of the bodark hedge, stood captive before those limpid draperies palpitating in the mild breeze about a voluptuously rounded form, and filling the air with ravishing perfume; full three minutes passed before he issued from the hedge's eclipse, and even then he would have gone straight by the enchanting apparition which leaned against the wall with face averted. He could not, dared not, believe such midnight radiance shone for him.

But the voice began to hum a song in a low girlish quaver, that thrilled him beyond endurance. An African quality in its tone, moreover, reassured him. He halted.

"Johanna? — Why, I declare — escuse my impression—is that you?"

The vision replied in faltering accents, "Is dat you, Cunnelius, honey?"

The lover's legs grew valorous and carried him forward. "Yass, Johanna, my joyful, it's me. Don't you reco'nize the sweet voice you ain't listen to faw five years? Thass ezacly whom it ah, angel dearess, come accawdeon to comp'omise!"

The temptress shrank against the rail and motioned him back. "Don't come so close, love. O Cunnelius, I'm so frighten'!"

"What, you frighten'! An' notinstanin' yo' long-beloved Cawnelius in sich eminent proclivity? What scare you?" He took another step, but she gave such a start that he fell back.

"Oh, dearess," she gasped, "de managehs! de five ball managehs! Ef dey——"

"Good Lawd! you ain't responsive to the f-five ball managehs, is you, Johanna?"

"Yass, an' Majo' Gyarnit, too! Oh, dearess! dearess! Ef dey'd miss me fum de ball an' meet up wid us here it'd be instant death!"

Cornelius moved into the tree's deepest shade. "Air you especkin' of 'em?"

"No, but oh, love——"

"Well, then, my sweet ceda' o' Ledanum, thass pow'ful good tidin's faw them! Why, Johanna—why, Johanna! ef they wus ev'y one here now, an' one of 'em so much as raise his han' to us—ef he jess opm his jaw—this here fis' 'd on'y hit him once—jess one crushtacean blow!"

"Oh, my rackless loveh!" tremorously murmured the girl. She took an attitude of terror—"Dah deh is now!" Cornelius vanished behind her robes. "Oh," she panted, "I ax yo' pahdon, honey, it's on'y de shadder of a tree!"

Mr. Leggett stepped forth. "I'm sawry! Oh, I'm mawnstus sawry! I uz jess a-crouchin' faw the spring! Thass the way I customa'y has to do; faw ef my enemies jess ketch my eye they gone! They sich prehensile an aconite cowa'ds in sight o' me, that I has to rambush 'em! O Johanna, my own devoted ahmadilla, you don't know what a hero you a-goin' to marry!" He opened his arms. She shrank.

"Marry me? O honey, does you

mean to marry po' pusillanimous black Johanna?"

"The blackeh the betteh! An' yit I'd marry you ef you wuz pyo white!"

"What!"—she started violently, and then—

"O Lawd! You wouldn' be afeared evm to cross de color line?"

"Fear? What is fear? I'll cross fifty colo' lines when I feels like it! Thass the ezacly espression o' this grea-at beat'n' hawt, my benevolita!"

"But, Cunnelius, honey, ain't you already done got one aw two wives?"

"Johanna, what ef I has? I don't *say* I has, but what *ef* I has? I doesn't love 'em; I neveh did! I's always love thee. You the on'y one whose pyo affection eveh win this proud, pre-adamite bosom. They shan't eveh pester you, Johanna. Befo' anybody alive, much less any played-out wife, shell pester you, I'll esculpate 'em in cole blood! Oh, lemme raise that dark, preventive veil, my fairess hummin' bird! Yo' sweet voice is so changed dat I jess hones to see yo' face."

Two timorous hands laid tenderly on his lifted wrists stayed him.

"Oh, don't doubt me, dearess, I ain't a-doubt'n' you. But, oh, honey, how it gwine be wid dem-ah wives what ain't alive—which dey blood is already cole? Ef dey ghosts should rise befo' us—There's one nah-oo-ow!"

As the shriek echoed through the grove the grasp tightened on the victim's wrists with masculine strength, a jerk brought him to his knees, and the glare of a reflector lamp fell upon two apparitions in white shrouds and clanking chains, rising through holes in the bridge.

"I—am—Trudie."

"I—am—Sophronia."

"We've come — for — you — Cornelius!"

The mulatto fell upon his face moaning. He partly rose again, but the illusion was only enhanced by Johanna rolling and writhing in an agony of silent laughter. His knees failed and he knelt, crying, hysterically, "O Lawdy-Lawdy! O Lawdy-Lawdy, the sperits, the sperits!" They were on both sides of him, shrieking with demoniac glee. "Keep 'em off! Save me, Johanna! Keep 'em off! You got me into this thing, you naysty little witch! I neveh 'llowed to marry you! I uz jess esperimentin'! It was pyo jokin'! O Lawdy-Lawdy!"

"Hold him!" cried a voice from the darkness. "Hold him, you fools, don't you see he's getting away?"

The mulatto sprang with wild leaps, off the bridge, townward. But from the hedge a tall form fell upon him, and as he rolled upon his back with two strangling thumbs on his throat, his outstarting eyes looked up into the cursing, snarling face of John March. A gurgle of new horror heaved from him, his tongue lolled out, his muscles relaxed, and as Johanna and the rest came up, John stood staring down on the motionless form, saying, stupidly, "He's dead—he had heart disease—he's dead."

"Why, March," said the youth in petticoats, "what the devil did you do that for? But it's just what I expected. You've got us into a sweet fix now." He knelt and tore off the mulatto's cravat and collar. "Bring water!—from the ravine!" The others scattered about.

John remained staring down. The counterfeit girl laid a hand on the mulatto's heart and murmured his disappointment. John threw his hands to his face, turned a step aside, and sank upon the sod. His companion ran to him.

"What's the matter, March, has he knifed you?"

John shook his head and stood up again. A slight sound drew the other's attention back to the spot they had left.

"Look!" he cried, seizing John wildly and pointing up the dark way to a dim shape that vanished before he could add, "He was possuming!"

And when, a moment later, their frightened companions joined them, "Johanna" was gayly stepping out of her flounces, and John, laughing through tears of joy, was proclaiming, in reckless metaphor, that the "possum" had flown.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

When the writers of our own day interest and entertain *us*—as some of them certainly do—it is possibly a waste of time to wonder how they will affect posterity. This kind of speculation cannot always be banished at will, however; and there is something uncommonly provocative of it in the looking over of recent book-lists.

If you ask admirers of the younger contemporary literature whether they think it will be long-lived, you will find that the most optimistic of them rather blench at the question. And if you yourself recall the most conspicuous and successful books of the last decade, not to speak of single tales or poems, is it easy to think of two of which you can say seriously that you believe they will be well known at the end of twenty years? There has been no lack of instances of great temporary vogue, quite as remarkable as similar ones in the past —and not of the lower sensational order either, but among the more thoughtful readers who make, or ought to make, the beginnings of enduring reputation. Yet I think everyone who stops to think of it feels in all that is "going" just now (the word is ominous) this peculiar lack of the permanent element—a lack which is really something more than the common fancy of the worshipper of the past or the unappeasable critic of new things. Just what is responsible for it is an interesting question, though one of those to which, just after we have settled them neatly, some suddenly arriving man of genius commonly gives the great solution that upsets all others.

Certainly it seems clear, for one thing, that its overwhelming devotion to extreme contemporaneousness, to local color, and to minuteness of characterization, is heavily against the chances of long life of even our cleverest fiction; not so much its realism as its tendency to the microscope and its use of the "instantaneous shutter"—to take a figure from the camera. The excess to which this latter has been carried is the result of a curious misconception of the laws of effectiveness, which seems to be growing in all modern art. A moment or a situation is not made interesting only by describing its trivialities with faithful minuteness, but by using that faithful minuteness to enhance the vividness of something more important—something which alone can carry interest in the trivialities over to another hour or another observer. They will be remembered only as they bear their true relation to action, fact, or thought of a really vital kind; and then they may become factors in a masterpiece—as in "Esmond," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," or (far less successfully) in "Romola." The mere careful—or even vivid—setting of a moment or a period on a page or a canvas, unless it is successfully made to fasten to the larger human relations, will interest and be remembered just so long as men supply from outside the associations that it needs, and no longer. In our days they are generally tired of supplying them in a period varying from six months to three years —which limits mark about the minimum and maximum of life of Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry's books and pictures, to their sorrowful surprise.

"Now a man of letters, in an age of battle and transition like our own," says Mr. John Morley, in a fine passage, "fades into

an ever-deepening distance, unless he has while he writes that touching and impressive quality—the presentiment of the eve; a feeling of the difficulties and interests that will engage and distract mankind on the morrow. Nor can it be enough for enduring fame in any age merely to throw a golden halo round the secularity of the hour, or to make glorious the narrowest limitations of the passing day."

This is perhaps rather solemn doctrine to be citing here *à propos* of clever work of current popularity for which no one has claimed endurance; but someone must vary this order some day with a book of a different type, and he will be one for whom Mr. Morley's words will be none too serious. Such little wanton boys as are now swimming on bladders in the sea of literature will do well to heed the passage, ere the evil days come when they shall go mourning over a lost vogue; this and another passage in the same paper, which is like unto it in that it points out another of the dangers to the width and depth of their popularity: "Man cannot live by analysis alone, or nourish himself on the secret delights of irony."

You may balance the opinions of the wise against each other all day long, if it amuses you, and the chances are that you will come out fairly even at the last, as gamblers are said to do if they only play long enough.

Thus there was an often-quoted French philosopher who wrote, "I have had of late to give up two friends—one because he was never willing to talk with me about *my*self, the other because he was never willing to talk with me about *him*self." On the other hand a man to whose opinion I attach an uncommon value said to me the other day, of an intimate whom I thought he liked: "I have never really enjoyed him, because he always talked to me either of himself or myself—neither an agreeable topic." The saying of the one man passed through my mind as the other was speaking, and at the moment it struck me only as a fine case of this balance of authority, that leaves those of us who are not wise quite at liberty to form our own conclusions on most of the great questions of life. Afterward I began to think of the matter itself.

All the fine conventions of our modern altruism — for it has its conventions — all Mr. Arnold's strong and consistent if somewhat too rarefied teaching of non-dependence upon human sympathy, seem to be on the side of the later speaker; but I do not feel altogether abandoned in going a long way with the Frenchman. A man can twaddle of himself, of course—he can twaddle of anything,—or he can talk the results of morbid introspection, or entertain his acquaintance with the insanity of self-importance known to the faculty as paranoia; but there remains the fact that to a normal and healthy man of sound sense himself and his friend must be two of the most interesting subjects in the universe, if only because they belong to the few as to which any close knowledge seems possible and any investigation lastingly fruitful. A man's real motive for seeking to know most things is, when all cant is stripped away, his desire to bring into its true relations with them just this Self that he is reproached for discussing; and this is true in the highest, even in the most religious sense if you choose, as well as in the most practical. For you may say that one believes in the most complete altruism only because he finds it the noblest adjustment of himself to his surroundings, and it will be true; and you may tangle yourself up in similar apparent paradoxes to the end of time, and they will all have the same foundation. To admit this interest squarely and frankly—and sorrowfully, perhaps, but candidly to conform his definition of friendship to it—seems to me an attitude on my Frenchman's part which commends itself to lovers of the truth.

Not only does the first essential of a friend consist in his being the one with whom talk of one's self is lastingly possible, but I think it will be found, if you reflect, that the talk of yourself or of himself that you have with your friend is commonly the least really selfish in its motives of all your talk. You have generally nothing more sordid than knowledge or moral or mental help to gain by it. You neither want nor, in the best sense, dare, to bring into it a lot of the traits that may sometimes get into your talk with mere acquaintances—pretentiousness, intolerance, the love of conversational triumphs and display, the desire to compass

personal advantages. The chances are that the most of your talk will be genuinely humble, because he knows you; healthy, because morbidness *à deux* is uncommonly difficult and brings to light its own absurdities; and in the least selfish sense helpful to the best sides of you both.

The man of whom my recent interlocutor was talking was not a real friend, and the selves of whom he talked were not real selves, but only outward manifestations—which was the reason neither was an agreeable topic. He and the Frenchman, after all, were not speaking of the same thing; and I am afraid I must confess I have been making his remark only a stalking-horse to get a shot at a kind of moral and mental asceticism the preaching of which always irritates me. To restrain one's Self is not to take no thought of it; to develop it in the right way and mutually is the good office of friendship; and a man who doesn't acknowledge it and let it come out in friendship is likely to find himself sooner or later without any Self—that is, any strong personality—to restrain.

My cousin Anthony has had the felicity to compose a book which has so stirred the benevolence of his friends that he complains to me of the embarrassment their praises have caused him. Anthony declares that if the book were really very much of a book he wouldn't mind its being praised, but being merely such a book as he knows it is, and containing only such things as he managed to get into it, the assurances that he gets of its merits make him feel like a receiver of stolen goods, and seem to him a design of the Arch Enemy to bring him low. If he didn't like it, he says, he would be less disturbed; but there is evidence that his receivership is all too agreeable to him.

I have tried to console him as far as I could, pointing out to him that in every enterprise one is bound to take the evil with the good, and that if the book is good enough to praise it may be good enough to sell. Furthermore, I have suggested to him that his excessive aspiration after humility is itself a symptom of spiritual pride, and that it may really be wiser to let his poor head swell and cure itself by natural processes than to worry unduly over it, and try to keep it down by artificial means. A good many people, I tell him, have time on their hands in these days, and some one will find leisure presently to read his poor book through, and find out how little, after all, there is in it. The cure in such cases often comes that way. Besides, I have pointed out to him, what he should have known himself, that it is a great mistake to suppose that there is nothing in a book except what the writer puts there. There is something at Rome, but the more important part is what you take there; and what the reader is able to get out of any book depends very considerably, of course, upon what he brings to it. If one is long of steel it is great luck to run across a bed of flints, but there is no occasion for the steel to assume all the responsibility for the resulting sparks.

I think I will read cousin Anthony's book myself, presently, and see if there is really any good in it. There may be. The fact that his friends praise it is not proof that there is, but neither is it proof to the contrary. But, as I told him, even if it is good it is nothing to be so swollen over. If a boy can fly a kite, it is a good sport. Let him practice it and take pleasure in it. But it is the wind that does the work, not he; moreover it is the kite that flies and not the boy, so that for him to imagine himself afloat, and impart wing-movements to his members, is an absurdity of self-deception. Let the kite be puffed up, but not the boy. "So let your book," I said, "my cousin, be borne on by any lucky gale of approbation that may come its way; without disparagement of which, be you content to hold the string and run with it when necessary. That is the business of an author, not to fly himself, but to send up good kites, and make the wind carry them. If any one have the faculty to recognize a certain measure of truth and so to work it up that it will go, and that others may know it when they see it, let him do so, for it is a good thing. But as for being personally inflated about it, that is folly, for it is not the writer who is glorious, but the truth, and truth was there before he found it."



FRANK BRAMLEY'S

OLD MEMORIES.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 423.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE FARMER IN THE SOUTH.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

ONE afternoon, at the Fair, a friend and I strolled through the wooden sheds devoted to the use of horses of high degree. We paused a moment before a stall decked with tiny ribbon streamers so gayly that it resembled rather a bazaar at a church sale than a horse's chamber. We presently puzzled out the successful career of the horse from these prize ribbons, and were admiring the beautiful animal when a voice rose behind us, "If you ladies think that's a beauty, I'd like to show you a horse and see what you think of *him*." The man who spoke was from Kentucky. There is no mistaking the rural citizen of that proud State. He was thin and straight and tall. His black broadcloth had the air of newness overcome by circumstances. No doubt he had worn it fresh and glossy to the Fair, and the stock pavilion and the stables had made it what it was. His soft black hat was carefully dented close to the rim of the crown, which helped its general resemblance to the hat of a rural dean given away in charity after a season of bad weather. He was clean shaven, white-haired, and bright-eyed. His complexion was rubicund, but the tint was not a mottled scarlet (suggesting one of the famous products of Kentucky), but the clear, even, brick-red of a fair skin burned by the sun.



He walked with an elastic step, his shoulders well braced. It seemed natural to address him as Colonel.

We had not to go far before he halted before a modest stall. No ribbons fluttered from the bars. "Only a two-year old," said the Colonel.

He motioned for the black groom, who was rubbing the horse with a wisp of red flannel, to lead him out. The horse was a beautiful creature, with the

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perfect head of his race, the soft eye, the satin skin, and the superb muscles playing under the satin. When we



stood close to him and patted his flank, while he lashed out his left hind-leg, really after flies but apparently after us, the Colonel beamed on us.

"You ladies seem to be used to horses," said he.

"Oh, I *am* used to horses," said my friend; "I was born in Kentucky." After that there was nothing he did not wish to do for us. Of course he invited us to visit him on his farm. I wonder how many acquaintances of the moment he has invited to that same farm. What a regiment would pour over his pastures if they were all to come! And every one of them would get an honest welcome.

Walking away from the kindly gentleman I said to my friend, "Now, I dare say, there are hundreds like him in Kentucky."

"Thousands just as nice," said my friend.

That is one trait to be liked in the Kentuckian. Possibly in the intimate conversation of the family circle he admits that this and that Kentuckian has his faults; but never when away from home. And it will be admitted by anyone who has lived much in the South that the Kentuckian's claims are generally acknowledged. The Kentuckian is a farmer and a gentleman. The gentleman, indeed, has taken to agriculture in the South. Before the war the whole Southern social system rested on the planter. There has been an insidious and noiseless industrial revolution since; but the planter remains the main support of the taxes. We have no class among Northern farmers that quite answers to his. He resembles more the English country gentleman of a past generation, when country gentlemen did not go to town. All the same it will not do to count the planter out of our scheme; he is the most American farmer of them all, barely excepting the New Englander, who is disappearing every year. He furnishes a conservative, native-born influence of immense account. A class that still believes in God and women and honor, that may be led astray by hot-headed prejudices, but can neither be bought nor cowed, is a class to be valued, since it is as true to-day as in Goldsmith's time, that

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

The Southern farming system is unlike that of the North. It is more feudal. Whether this makes for good or evil I leave to the economists, only hazarding the remark that the landlord system, where the landlord is a resident on his estate, has one advantage worth keeping; the personal relation between owner and tenants is so close that it is likely to be kindly; and a spirit of friendly responsibility on the one hand, and friendly dependence on the other, is a common fact on plantations.

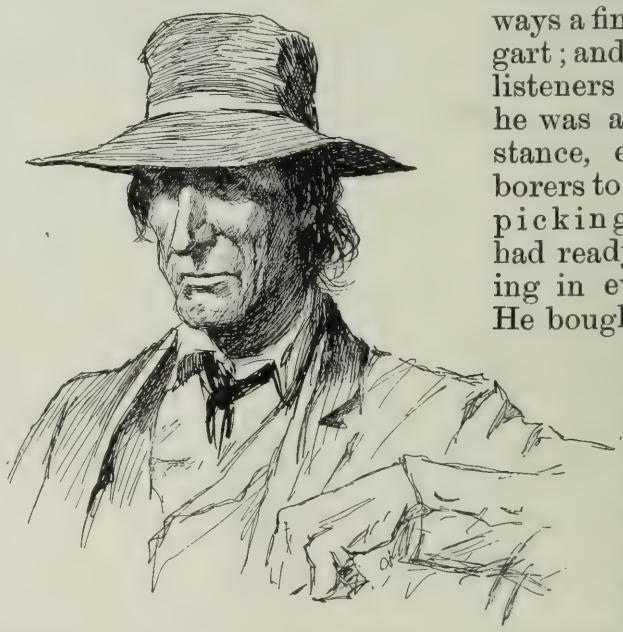


DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The Kentuckian.

There are two kinds of farmers South: the planters and the small farmers who either rent from the planters or own little farms of their own. The tenants, who call themselves renters, "make a crop" on shares, that is, they pay their rent in cotton or corn. They are assured of a living, though often a bare and gaunt one. They sometimes save enough to buy a farm. The small farmer is a recent class in the South. Generally he is a man who has saved a few hundred dollars or who expects a pension from the Government. A surprisingly large number of ex-Federal soldiers appear to have settled in the South. I know one rural neighborhood in Arkansas where a quarter of the customers at the store either enjoy or hope for pensions from a grateful country.

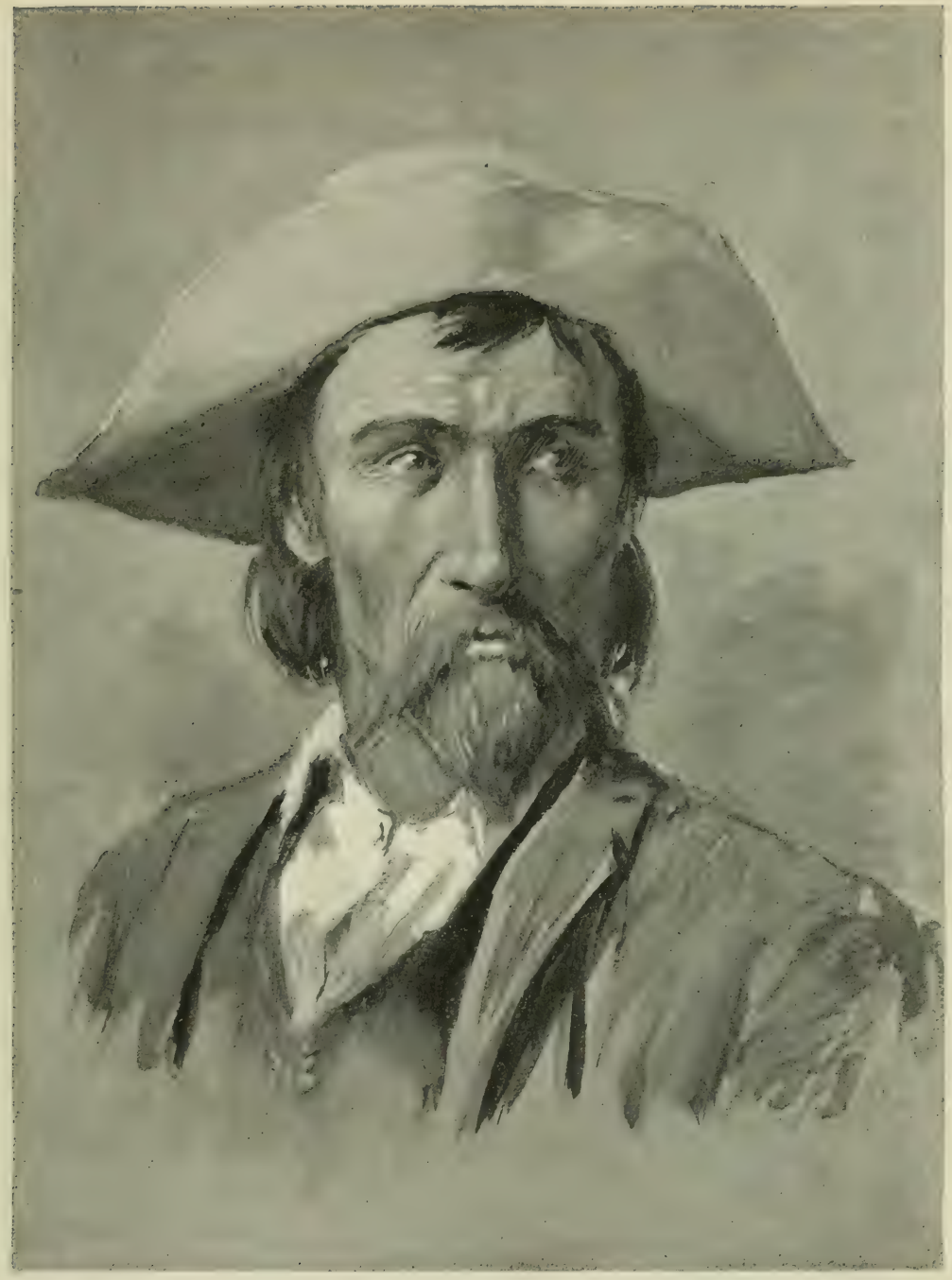
There rises before me vividly the figure of such a soldier-farmer. Madison Monroe was born in Missouri. A Missourian is not rated so high in the South at large, as a Virginian, or Kentuckian, or South Carolinian, or Georgian, or Alabamian; but he is of better standing than the Mississippian. This is like to be rank injustice; but Southerners know that the discrimination exists.



Madison Monroe, I fear me, will not rescue the fair name of his State. He served in the Union army, and he has a pension of twelve dollars a month. Before the pension came, Madison was the general utility man of the plantation. He did nothing well, but a great number of things passably. He could build a chimney or a coffin; he was a slow, but not at all sure, blacksmith; he painted houses, and mended windows, and cobbled up furniture, and he knew more about rafting logs than any man on the plantation. He can ferry cattle across the river; he works on his farm, and he will ride ten miles or walk three every rainy day to the store, and steam about the stove in his wet garments; but he has something of an afflicting nature in his left leg. That is the cause of his pension. We did not know of the affliction until we heard of the pension.

I asked his former landlord whether there was anything really the matter with Madison Monroe except compound, complicated laziness. "Well, I expect he *is* a sick man," was the answer; "he paid up his account at the store, which I never did expect to get."

Having settled his bill at the store (extending over the last five years), Madison bought a new bedstead and a yoke of oxen, led a second starved yoke of oxen, reared by him, collected together the hardy banditti of swine that had foraged for themselves ever since he had put his mark on their ears, and a gang of turkeys that had miraculously wintered and summered with him and yet survived, loaded his large family and small stock of household gear into a wagon, and set forth for his new farm. There was a mortgage of a thousand dollars on it; but did he not get a pension of twelve dollars a month? For two years the world went very well with Madison. He was always a fine, fluent braggart; and now he found listeners to his talk, for he was a man of substance, employing laborers to do his cotton-picking, a man who had ready money coming in every month. He bought a saddle at the store and a new suit of clothes. Did he not have twelve dollars certain every month? And he listened to the mellifluous pleadings of a travelling stove-seller and bought a range, not "a common cook-stove such as ever' nigger kin have, but a right big range, like they use up North in rich folks' houses." He paid (by instalments, secured by mortgage on his hogs) eighty dollars for this range. The neighbors flocked in to see it. It was only equalled by its twin, sold by the



same agent to the richest negro farmer in the county. During those golden days Madison was often at the plantation store. He praised the Republican party, the soldiers' friend. He had been a Democrat, but he could see now that the Democratic party "hadn't no more sense than a fittified sheep."

Then came the short crop of 1892. Simultaneously the first payment on the mortgage fell due. It was only two hundred dollars; but so far as the prospect of raising the sum goes, it might as well have been two thousand. At last news, Madison was living through the year of grace and planning to come back to his old quarters. He says that the Republican party has "no more sense than a fittified sheep." What this country needs is more money in circulation; if the crime of '73 had not been committed he would still have his farm, because then he could have borrowed the money. His eloquence, now, is scorching hot, and he has joined the Populists.

Nevertheless, despite these unpropitious circumstances (to the Northern mind) I am sure that I discerned the lithe and muscular form, the hand-

some, curly brown head and Southern-Greek features of Madison Monroe, one day in October, among a rustic crowd admiring the potted plants in the windows of the Grange Head-quarters, at the Fair. I presume he came on a cheap excursion. Minerva may have sold some of the turkeys. If he were wise, he was then lodging in one of the little camps near Jackson Park. In them he could be clean, retired, and quiet; but as Madison's mind does not incline to wisdom, and as he has never shown any cravings for either cleanliness or retirement, and abhors quiet, I suppose he was lodged at one of the twenty-five cents a room places. They had one compensation for dirt, noise, and danger: they could not make him dissatisfied with his cabin in the swamp. The caravansary not furnishing meals, Madison probably belonged to the vast army of frugal and fearless Americans at the Fair who lived on the Fair Sandwich. And of all the objects on exhibition was there one of more fearsome interest to a lover of honest eating than the Fair Sandwich? It was always the same—a large, pale roll, neatly cut as by machinery, smeared with an oleous substance having the rich hue of the carrot, and clasping a slice of what I heard a dissatisfied New England voice call "light-complected ham." The voice spoke from the nether dark around the glare of one of the Fair booths; I could not see the speaker, only a single sentence cut the air, "I never *was* partial to light-complected ham." The diet, I infer, had the same unintentional recommendation as the lodgings.



Let diet and lodgings be whatever they might, however, it is certain Madison had the time of his life at the Fair. He visited all the buildings and every free show on the Plaisance; and he will talk of the marvels thereof all the days that shall remain to him. When spring comes, Madison will have sunk from proprietor into renter; he will have lost his farm. But I am not passing round the hat for Madison. I do not see that either he or his will be especially unhappy. Mrs. Monroe says, frankly, that as she is so lonely on the farm she will "be plumb glad to get back to town." (She calls the little hamlet of the plantation "town.") The children are going to school, and Madison himself is already gleefully spending his twelve dollars a month in anticipation. There will be nothing in the flitting of that fierce revolt at failure, that fierce envy of those who have not failed, which stirs up a tragedy for a Northern farmer out of the loss of his farm. In fact, I foresee, the vanishing farm will simply supply a background to Madison's future boasts.

Madison came with a number of friends and neighbors. The Southern planter and his tenants are really villagers, since every plantation is a village. And there is not a great difference in appearance and habits between the villager and the farmer of the South. The village banker lives in the town; but South, the lawyer lives on his plantation. He does not only in name, but in reality, *follow* the law, since he goes from court to court, picking up his future cases as he pleads his cases of the pres-



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"Hadn't no more sense than a fittified sheep."—Page 403.

ent. That tall man, of full habit and dusty black clothes, is the leading lawyer of Madison's county. He commanded a company in the Confederate army, and since the war has been promoted by courtesy.



The General.

He is Colonel B—— now. One observes a slouchiness not only of dress but of gait in the man. His coat climbs up the back, and his trousers wrinkle at the knee ; but there is a fine, old-fashioned finish to his manner. A bit florid in its ornament, it is, yet withal, of a massive simplicity, reminding one of the colonial architecture of our grandparents. When he talks with a lady, he addresses her as "madam," using the word oftener, and with more of a flourish of respect than would a Northerner. He says sir, in the same way, to a man. His compliments have the ease of long wear. Talk with him and one will discover that he is a man of wide reading, almost of Dominie Sampson's erudition. But his reading is, like his garments, of the best materials, rather than of the newest cut. Yet he keeps in touch with the world ; for he reads the daily journals of some great city only a day later than its citizens ; and he does not merely subscribe for the magazines, he reads them from cover to cover.

He has studied the statues and the pictures both in the buildings and under the blue sky. It has never happened to him before to see so much of beauty created by the soul of man ; *his* pictures have been softly fading sunsets by a lonely sweep of river and cypress brake, the opal lights and steel-dark

shadows on a vast bayou—the terrible beauty of the swamp.

He finds an immense enjoyment in all the pictures out of doors. The grandiose statuary entrances him ; he catches his breath in a poignant joy over the wonderful sky-lines and the Court of Honor ; but although he has been conscientiously straining every energy of an acute mind to perceive the right relations of painted form to real, he is hopelessly distracted by the "lavender school."

"Do you know, madam," a man of his class and education desperately asked a lady in the presence of a group of impressions of religious art, "*how* these unfinished pictures came to be admitted?"

But I found him one day (for I know him well) staring at French's "Death and the Sculptor" in a rapt delight. "That's poetry," said he, "and that is Death as it should be, solemn, mysterious—but kind, but kind!"

Often have I wondered what memories he will carry home. We only secure a few pictures, a few statues from the hugest collection. He took his home and will look at them innumerable times. He has bought photographs of them, and will study them anew in those slight translations. It is the prerogative of a quiet and simple life to keep its vivid impressions undefaced. A mob of new thrills, new charming shivers, new noble emotions does not rush over them, trampling the soul out of them, only to be trampled in turn themselves. On many a moonlit night as the farmer-lawyer rides through the gum woods, no sound in his ears but the muffled beat of his horse's hoofs on the turf, and the stir of the forest, he will see them one by one. They will be painted before his eyes when he shall seem to be dozing in stuffy little court-rooms ; he will seek them in the glowing depths of his own fireplace.

Perhaps, some day, watching the shadows of neighbors and kindred shift on the wall by the night-lamp, and conscious that the hush in the room is because he lies there about to start on the journey every human soul must take, one picture may return to him ; he may see again a solemn, shadowed face, and repeat to himself, "but kind, but kind!"

The minds of men of his type are not sterile ; they are like the rich, untilled soil of the prairies, and there will be a harvest from the sowing of the sights of the Fair. Thousands of the farmers, North and South, carried new ideals home with them, just as more sophisticated people took Venetian glass and Russian spoons. These are the people that will buy the cheap literature of the Fair and read it. The Northern farmer, who is in a smoulder of revolt with life because he begins to see how much more of the gilding and luxury certain men have than he, may get only a keener discontent ; but the Southern farmer will "have glimpses that will make him less forlorn" of the "glory and the freshness of a dream."

He is a practical fellow in his way, and he will do something with his visions. The village architecture will reflect some of his new light ; and the new county court-houses may have a redeeming modesty.

Colonel B—— brought his wife to the Fair. And I think it was his eldest girl that I saw clinging to her mother's hand. A large ticket, sewed strongly to her jacket, no doubt gave her name and address in the most legible of letters. Mrs. B—— wore a new outing-gown, so like the outing-gown of everyone else that I did not know her back at first. She told me she had written to two editors of fashion papers and to six friends about that gown, and on the whole she was satisfied. Mrs. B—— is a pretty creature, and she became the gown and excused the hat, which was not so successful as the gown. She is a vivacious little woman of French descent, and her conversation has nothing of the Southern languor. She had been everywhere and seen all the buildings, and her single unsatisfied desire was to see Mrs. Potter Palmer.

"My head's so full of new ideas I can't sleep nights!" she cried. "Did you see the embroidery in the Woman's Building? I'm wild to do some like it ; but I'm right reconciled to our old furniture, now ; they do seem to think such a heap of old furniture up North. And did you ever see anything on earth



The agent persuaded him that these arts could be acquired almost without effort on his machine.—Page 409.

like Field's? My head buzzed so I couldn't buy anything. I just told the gentleman who waited on me he'd have to excuse me, I was from the country and I couldn't think in such a racket. I do assure you, though I've had such a lovely time, and wouldn't have missed it for anything on earth, I shall be glad to be back in Arkansas and rest. I don't know how you all live up North!"

While we were talking we were joined by another Southern friend of mine, a planter from a State farther South. He bears a historic name, and his ancestral acres, which he farms, are of historic interest also, since both armies fought over them.

He is a planter of quite a different type from Colonel B——. Perfectly dressed, with a man of the world's manner, touched kindly with the Southern warmth, and a beautiful voice, he is the Southern aristocrat at his best. He represented his district for many years in Congress; but he went down before the Populist wave in South Carolina last year. He would not yield a jot, and the wave washed him off his moorings. When they brought him the news he shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," said he; "in the words of Catiline, 'I go —but I return.'" Meanwhile it is current gossip that his arm is long enough to reach to Washington, and that his partisans have been rewarded with post-offices and marshalships, while the Populist member has clamored in vain.

My friend is a man of convictions ; but he is not a civil-service reformer. He has a large and well-managed plantation. He is very kind to his tenants. Half a dozen worn-out darkies live in comfortable little cabins, rent free, cared for comfortably in their old age.

The colored vote on his estates is generally cast solidly. I dare say, were inquiry made in the right way, some cautious old black man would unbosom himself in some such fashion as this : "Yes, boss, we all does jess natchelly vote fo' de Gineral's man. Gineral, he does do a heap fo' we all ; gives us credit in de bad yeah, holp my son Ben buy farm, do a *heap ;* dis yeah President Harrison whut he gwine do fo' ole Unk' Ben, if I does mad de Gineral and vote fo' him ? He ain't gwine liff a finger to keep me fum starvin'. An' I ain't gwine mad de Gineral fo' *him !*"

The General lunched with us that day. Behind his chair stood a black man, the image of a black Arkansas farmer. This farmer is he who owned the range like Madison Monroe's. His wife has a sewing-machine and an illustrated history of the Bible. He himself has a stout spring wagon for holidays, as well as a good farm wagon. He has horses and cattle and swine ; and besides his rented land he owns a farm without a mortgage. He may be considered a successful negro. Yet the number of times that the neighboring planter, who gins his cotton and is, in consequence, his guide and protector, has rescued him from the financial pit, is beyond counting. He was saved from a typewriter agent last spring (he can neither read nor write ; but the agent persuaded him that these arts could be acquired almost without effort on his machine), and only the fortunate circumstance that he cannot even print his name, prevented him affixing it to a recommendation of school charts which came back in the startling shape of promissory notes, to various signers. Half a dozen times would Uncle Jim have gone on the notes of utterly worthless vagabonds, for old acquaintance sake, had he not been forcibly restrained and saved. From each escape he has gone away sorrowful, the good-natured man. Such negroes as Jim need a guardian ; and they are not the ones of their race that need it most.

"Old Man F——," in the same neighborhood, on the other hand, needs no assistance to hold his own with sharpers. He is black as stove-polish, but there is nothing dark about his wits. He unfortunately, though the best of tenants, is a wicked old man who beats his children with a hickory limb and has "parted" from three wives. A better specimen of the "good negro" is Uncle Bob H——, who has reared a large family honestly, and has accumulated a competence.

"It is an ugly question, this race business," says the General ; "but it will be solved on the farms if it is solved at all. The plantation negro has some fine traits ; but the town negro has gone all to pieces, morally, under the intoxication of freedom."

"But the plantation man ?" said I.

"The plantation man is a good fellow," said the General ; "he is the hope of his race, if he does go ragged and laugh like a steam-engine. The brightest colored man in the country sees it, too, and is going to work the right way. I mean that school-teacher in Alabama. He is a gentleman and a man of real genius ; and he is turning out from his school, not dissatisfied school-teachers and preachers and general incendiaries, but honest, skilful farmers and mechanics. For one, I say, God speed to him."

Then, the luncheon being ended, we went our separate ways, nor have we seen each other since.

THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

LEE surrendered the remnant of his army, at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, and yet on April 11th, the old Colonel's battery lay intrenched right in the mountain-pass where it had halted three days before. Two weeks previously it had been detailed with a light division sent to meet and repel a force which it was understood was coming in by way of the southwest valley to strike Lee in the rear of his long line from Richmond to Petersburg. It had done its work. The mountain-pass had been seized and held, and the Federal force had not gotten by that road within the blue rampart which guarded on that side the heart of Virginia. This pass, which was the key to the main line of passage over the mountains, had been assigned by the commander of the division to the old Colonel and his old battery, and they had held it. The position taken by the battery had been chosen with a soldier's eye. A better place could not have been selected to hold the pass. It was its highest point, just where the road crawled over the shoulder of the mountain along the limestone cliff, a hundred feet sheer above the deep river, where its waters had cut their way in ages past, and now lay deep and silent, as if resting after their arduous toil before they began to boil over the great bowlders which filled the bed a hundred or more yards below.

The little plateau at the top guarded the descending road on either side for nearly a mile, and the mountain on the other side of the river was the centre of a clump of rocky, heavily timbered spurs, so inaccessible that no feet but those of wild animals or of the hardiest hunter had ever climbed it. On the side of the river on which the road lay, the only path out over the mountain except the road itself was a charcoal-burner's track, dwindling at times to a foot-way known only to the mountain-folk, and which a picket at the top could hold against an army. The position, well defended, was impregnable, and it was well defended. This the general of the division knew when he detailed the old Colonel and gave him his order to hold the pass until relieved, and not let his guns fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew both the Colonel and his battery. The battery was one of the oldest in the army. It had been in the service since April, 1861, and its commander had come to be known as "The Wheel Horse of his division." He was, perhaps, the oldest officer of his rank in his branch of the service. Although he had bitterly opposed secession, and was many years past the age of service when the war came on, yet as soon as the President called on the State for her quota of troops to coerce South Carolina, he had raised and uniformed an artillery company, and offered it, not to the President of the United States, but to the Governor of Virginia.

It is just at this point that he suddenly looms up to me as a soldier; the relation he never wholly lost to me afterward, though I knew him for many, many years of peace. His gray coat with the red facing and the bars on the collar; his military cap; his gray flannel shirt—it was the first time I ever saw him wear anything but immaculate

linen—his high boots ; his horse caparisoned with a black, high-peaked saddle with crupper and breast-girth, instead of the light English hunting-saddle to which I had been accustomed, all come before me now as if it were but the other day. I remember but little beyond it, yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, his leaving home, and the scenes which immediately preceded it ; the excitement created by the news of the President's call for troops ; the unanimous judgment that it meant war ; the immediate determination of the old Colonel, who had hitherto opposed secession, that it must be met ; the suppressed agitation on the plantation, attendant upon the tender of his services and the Governor's acceptance of them. The prompt and continuous work incident to the enlistment of the men ; the bustle of preparation, and all the scenes of that time come before me now. It turned the calm current of the life of an old and placid country neighborhood, far from any city or centre, and stirred it into a boiling torrent, strong enough or fierce enough to cut its way and join the general torrent which was bearing down and sweeping everything before it. It seemed but a minute before the quiet old plantation, in which the harvest, the corn-shucking, and the Christmas holidays alone marked the passage of the quiet seasons, and where a strange carriage or a single horseman coming down the big road was an event in life, was turned into a depot of war-supplies, and the neighborhood became a parade-ground. The old Colonel, not a colonel yet, nor even a captain, except by brevet, was on his horse by daybreak and off on his rounds through the plantations and the pines enlisting his company. The office in the yard, heretofore one in name only, became one now in reality, and a table was set out piled with papers, pens, ink, books of tactics and regulations, at which men were accepted and enrolled. Soldiers seemed to spring from the ground, as they did from the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the days of Cadmus. Men came up the high road or down the paths across the fields, sometimes singly, but oftener in little parties of two or three, and asking for the Captain, entered the office as private citizens, and came out soldiers enlisted for the war. There was nothing heard of on the plantation except fighting ; white and black all were at work, and all were eager ; the men contended for the honor of going with their master ; the women flocked to the house to assist in the work of preparation, cutting out and making under-clothes, knitting socks, picking lint, preparing bandages and sewing on uniforms ; for many of the men who had enlisted were of the poorest class, far too poor to furnish anything themselves, and the equipment had to be contributed mainly by wealthier neighbors. The work was carried on at night as well as by day, for the occasion was urgent. Meantime the men were being drilled by the Captain and his lieutenants, who had been militia officers of old. I was carried to see the drill at the cross-roads, and a brave sight it seemed to me. The lines marching and counter-marching in the field, with the horses galloping as they wheeled amid clouds of dust, at the hoarse commands of the excited officers, and the roadside lined with spectators of every age and condition. I recall the arrival of the messenger one night, with the telegraphic order to the Captain to report with his company at "Camp Lee" immediately ; the hush in the parlor that attended its reading ; then the forced beginning of the conversation afterward in a somewhat strained and unnatural key, and the Captain's quick and decisive outlining of his plans.

Within the hour a dozen messengers were on their way in various directions to notify the members of the command of the summons, and to deliver the order for their attendance at a given point next day. It seemed that a sudden and great change had come. It was the actual appearance of what had hitherto only been theoretical—war. The next morning the Captain, in full uniform, took leave of the assembled plantation, with a few solemn words commending all he left behind to God, and galloped away up the big road to join and lead his battery to the war, and to be gone just four years.

Within a month he was on "the Peninsula" with Magruder, guarding Virginia on the east against the first attack. His camp was first at Yorktown and then on Jamestown Island, the honor having been assigned his battery of guarding the oldest cradle of the race on this continent. It was at "Little Bethel" that his guns were first trained on the enemy, and that the battery first saw what they had to do, and from this time until April 11th, 1865, they were in service, and no battery saw more service or suffered more in it. Its story was a part of the story of the Southern Army in Virginia. The Captain was a rigid disciplinarian, and his company had more work to do than most new companies. A pious churchman, of the old puritanical type not uncommon to Virginia, he looked after the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his men, and his chaplain or he read prayers at the head of his company every morning during the war. At first he was not popular with the men, he made the duties of camp life so onerous to them; it was "nothing but drilling and praying all the time," they said. But he had not commanded very long before they came to know the stuff that was in him. He had not been in service a year before he had had four horses shot under him, and when later on he was offered the command of a battalion, the old company petitioned to be one of his batteries, and still remained under his command. Before the first year was out the battery had, through its own elements, and the discipline of the Captain, become a cohesive force, and a distinct integer in the Army of Northern Virginia. Young country recruits knew of its prestige and expressed preference for it of many batteries of rapidly growing or grown reputation. Owing to its high stand, the old and clumsy guns with which it had started out were taken from it, and in their place was presented a battery of four fine, brass, twelve-pound Napoleons of the newest and most approved kind, and two three-inch Parrotts, all captured. The men were as pleased with them as children with new toys. The care and attention needed to keep them in prime order broke the monotony of camp life. They soon had abundant opportunities to test their power. They worked admirably, carried far, and were extraordinarily accurate in their aim. The men from admiration of their guns grew to have first a pride in, and then an affection for them, and gave them nicknames as they did their comrades; the four Napoleons being dubbed, "The Evangelists," and the two rifles being "The Eagle," because of its scream and force, and "The Cat," because when it became hot from rapid firing, "It jumped," they said, "like a cat." From many a hill-top in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, "The Evangelists" spoke their hoarse message of battle and death, "The Eagle" screamed her terrible note, and "The Cat" jumped as she spat her deadly shot from her hot throat. In the Valley of Virginia; on the levels of Henrico and Hanover; on the slopes of Manassas; in the woods of Chancellorsville; on the heights of Fredericksburg; at Antietam and Gettysburg; in the Spottsylvania wilderness, and again on the Hanover levels and on the lines before Petersburg, the old guns through nearly four years roared from fiery throats their deadly messages. The history of the battery was bound up with the history of Lee's army. A rivalry sprang up among the detachments of the different guns, and their several records were jealously kept. The number of duels each gun was in was carefully counted, every scar got in battle was treasured, and the men around their camp-fires, at their scanty messes, or on the march, bragged of them among themselves and avouched them as witnesses. New recruits coming in to fill the gaps made by the killed and disabled, readily fell in with the common mood and caught the spirit like a contagion. It was not an uncommon thing for a wheel to be smashed in by a shell, but if it happened to one gun oftener than to another there was envy. Two of the Evangelists seemed to be especially favored in this line, whilst the Cat was so exempt as to become the subject of some derision. The men stood by the guns till they were knocked to pieces, and when the fortune of the day went against them, had with their own hands oftener than once saved

them after most of their horses were killed.

This had happened in turn to every gun, the men at times working like beavers in mud up to their thighs and under a murderous fire to get their guns out. Many a man had been killed tugging at trail or wheel when the day was against them ; but not a gun had ever been lost. At last the evil day arrived. At Fisher's Hill a sudden and impetuous charge with overwhelming numbers swept everything before it, and carried the knoll where the old battery was posted ; but all the guns were got out by the toiling and rapidly dropping men, except the Cat, which was captured with its entire detachment working at it until they were surrounded and knocked from the piece by cavalrymen. Most of the men who were not killed were retaken in hospitals before many days were over ; but the Cat was lost. She remained in the enemy's hands and probably was being turned against her old comrades and lovers. The company was inconsolable. The death of comrades was too natural and common a thing to depress the men beyond what such occurrences necessarily did ; but to lose a gun ! It was like losing the old Colonel ; it was worse : a gun was ranked as a brigadier ; and the Cat was equal to a major general. The other guns seemed lost without her ; the Eagle especially, which generally went next to her, appeared to the men to have a lonely and subdued air. The battery was no longer the same : it seemed broken and depleted, shrunken to a mere section. It was worse than Cold Harbor, where over half the men were killed or wounded. The old Captain, now Colonel of the battalion, appreciated the loss and apprehended its effect on the men as much as they themselves did, and application was made for a gun to take the place of the lost piece ; but there was none to be had, as the men said they had known all along. It was added—perhaps, by a department clerk, —that if they wanted a gun to take the place of the one they had lost, they had better capture it. "By —— we will," they said—adding epithets intended for the Department Clerk in his bomb-proof, not fit to be printed in this record—and they did. For some time afterwards in every engagement into which they got there used to be speculation among them as to whether the Cat were not there on the other side ; some of the men swearing they could tell her report, and even going to the rash length of offering bets on her presence.

By one of those curious coincidences, as strange as anything in fiction, a new general had, in 1864, come down across the Rapidan to take Richmond, and the old battery had found a hill-top in the line in which Lee's army lay stretched across "the Wilderness" country to stop him. The day, though early in May, was a hot one, and the old battery, like most others, had suffered fearfully. Two of the guns had had wheels cut down by shells and the men had been badly cut up ; but the fortune of the day had been with Lee, and a little before nightfall, after a terrible fight, there was a rapid advance, Lee's infantry sweeping everything before it, and the artillery, after opening the way for the charge, pushing along with it ; now unlimbering as some vantage ground was gained, and using canister with deadly effect ; now driving ahead again so rapidly that it was mixed up with the muskets when the long line of new and hasty breastworks was carried with a rush, and a line of guns were caught still hot from their rapid work. As the old battery, with lathered horses and smoke-grimed men, swung up to the crest and unlimbered on the captured breastwork, a cheer went up which was heard even above the long general yell of the advancing line, and for a moment half the men in the battery crowded together around some object on the edge of the redoubt, yelling like madmen. The next instant they divided, and there was the Cat, smoke-grimed and blood-stained and still sweating hot from her last fire, being dragged from her muddy ditch by as many men as could get hold of trail-rope or wheel, and rushed into her old place beside the Eagle in time to be double-shotted with canister to the muzzle, and to pour it from among her old comrades into her now retiring former masters. Still, she had a new carriage, and her record was

lost, while those of the other guns had been faithfully kept by the men. This made a difference in her position for which even the bullets in her wheels did not wholly atone ; even Harris, the sergeant of her detachment, felt that.

It was only a few days later, however, that abundant atonement was made. The new general did not retire across the Rapidan after his first defeat, and a new battle had to be fought: a battle, if anything, more furious, more terrible than the first, when the dead filled the trenches and covered the fields. He simply marched by the left flank, and Lee marching by the right flank to head him, flung himself upon him again at Spottsylvania Court House. That day the Cat, standing in her place behind the new and temporary breastwork thrown up when the battery was posted, had the felloes of her wheels which showed above the top of the bank entirely cut away by Minie-bullets, so that when she jumped in the recoil her wheels smashed and let her down. This covered all old scores. The other guns had been cut down by shells or solid shot; but never before had one been cut down by musket-balls. From this time all through the campaign the Cat held her own beside her brazen and bloody sisters, and in the cold trenches before Petersburg that winter, when the new general—Starvation—had joined the one already there, she made her bloody mark as often as any gun on the long lines.

Thus, the old battery had come to be known as its old commander, now colonel of a battalion, had come to be known by those in yet higher command. And when in the opening spring of 1865 it became apparent to the leaders of both armies that the long line could not longer be held if a force should enter behind it, and, sweeping the one partially unswept portion of Virginia, cut the railways in the southwest, and a man was wanted to command the artillery in the expedition sent to meet this force, it was not remarkable that the old Colonel and his battalion should be selected for the work. The force sent out was but small; for the long line was worn to a thin one in those days, and great changes were taking place, the consequences of which were known only to the commanders. In a few days the commander of the expedition found that he must divide his small force for a time, at least, to accomplish his purpose, and sending the old Colonel with one battery of artillery to guard one pass, must push on over the mountain by another way to meet the expected force if possible and repel it before it crossed the farther range. Thus, the old battery on the evening of April 8, 1865, found itself toiling alone up the rocky, mountain road which leads above the river to the gap, which formed the chief pass in that part of the Blue Ridge. Both men and horses looked, in the dim and waning light of the gray April day, rather like shadows of the beings they represented than the actual beings themselves. And anyone seeing them as they toiled painfully up, the thin horses floundering in the mud and the men, often up to their knees, tugging at the sinking wheels, now stopping to rest, and always moving so slowly that they seemed scarcely to advance at all, might have thought them the ghosts of some old battery lost from some long gone and forgotten war on that deep and desolate mountain road. Often, when they stopped, the blowing of the horses and the murmuring of the river in its bed below were the only sounds heard, and the tired voices of the men when they spoke among themselves seemed hardly more articulate sounds than they. Then the voice of the mounted figure on the roan horse half hidden in the mist would cut in, clear and inspiring, in a tone of encouragement more than of command, and everything would wake up: the drivers would shout and crack their whips ; the horses would bend themselves on the collars and flounder in the mud ; the men would spring once more to the mud-clogged wheels, and the slow ascent would begin again.

The orders to the Colonel, as has been said, were brief: To hold the pass until he received further instructions, and not to lose his guns. To be ordered, with him, was to obey. The last streak of twilight brought them to the top of the pass ; his soldier's instinct and a brief recognizance made earlier

in the day told him that this was his place, and before daybreak next morning the point was as well fortified as a night's work by weary and supperless men could make it. A prettier spot could not have been found for the purpose; a small plateau, something over an acre in extent, where a charcoal-burner's hut had once stood, lay right at the top of the pass. It was a little higher on either side than in the middle, where a small brook, along which the charcoal-burner's track was yet visible, came down from the wooded mountain above, thus giving a natural crest to aid the fortification on either side, with open space for the guns, whilst the edge of the wood coming down from the mountain afforded shelter for the camp.

As the battery was unsupported it had to rely on itself for everything; a condition which most soldiers by this time were accustomed to. A dozen or so rifles were in the camp, and with these pickets were armed and posted. The pass had been seized none too soon; a scout brought in the information before nightfall that the invading force had crossed the farther range before that sent to meet it could get there, and taking the nearest road had avoided the main body opposing it, and been met only by a rapidly moving detachment, nothing more than a scouting party, and now were advancing rapidly on the road on which they were posted, evidently meaning to seize the pass and cross the mountain at this point. The day was Sunday; a beautiful Spring Sunday; but it was no Sabbath for the old battery. All day the men worked, making and strengthening their redoubt to guard the pass, and by the next morning with the old battery at the top it was impregnable. They were just in time. Before noon their vedettes brought in word that the enemy was ascending the mountain, and the sun had hardly turned when the advance guard rode up, came within range of the picket and were fired on.

It was apparent that they supposed the force there only a small one, for they retired and soon came up again reinforced in some numbers, and a sharp little skirmish ensued, hot enough to make them more prudent afterwards, though the picket retired up the mountain. This gave them encouragement and probably misled them; for they now advanced boldly. They saw the redoubt on the crest as they came on, and unlimbering a section or two, flung a few shells up at it, which either fell short or passed over without doing material damage. None of the guns was allowed to respond, as the distance was too great with the ammunition the battery had, and, indifferent as it was, it was too precious to be wasted in a duel at an ineffectual range. Doubtless deceived by this, the enemy came on in force, being obliged by the character of the ground to keep almost entirely to the road, which really made them advance in column. The battery waited. Under orders of the Colonel the guns standing in line were double-shotted with canister, and, loaded to the muzzle, were trained down to sweep the road at from four to five hundred yards' distance. And when the column reached this point the six guns, aimed by old and skilful gunners, at a given word swept road and mountain side with a storm of leaden hail. It was a fire no mortal man could stand up against, and the practised gunners rammed their pieces full again and before the smoke had cleared or the reverberation had died away among the mountains, had fired the guns again and yet again. The road was cleared of living things when the draught setting down the river drew the smoke away; but it was no discredit to the other force; for no army that was ever uniformed could stand against that battery in that pass. Again and again the attempt was made to get a body of men up under cover of the woods and rocks on the mountain-side, while the guns below utilized their better ammunition from longer range; but it was useless. Although one of the lieutenants and several men were killed in the skirmish, and a number more were wounded, though not severely, the old battery commanded the mountain-side, and its skilful gunners swept it at every point the foot of man could scale. The sun went down flinging his last flame on a victorious battery still crowning the

mountain pass. The dead were buried by night in a corner of the little plateau, borne to their last bivouac on the old gun-carriages which they had stood by so often—which the men said would "sort of ease their minds."

The next day the fight was renewed, and with the same result. The old battery in its position was unconquerable. Only one fear now faced them ; their ammunition was getting as low as their rations ; another such day or half-day would exhaust it. A sergeant was sent back down the mountain to try to get more, or, if not, to get tidings. The next day it was supposed the fight would be renewed ; and the men waited, alert, eager, vigilant, their spirits high, their appetite for victory whetted by success. The men were at their breakfast, or what went for breakfast, scanty at all times, now doubly so, hardly deserving the title of a meal, so poor and small were the portions of corn-meal, cooked in their frying-pans, which went for their rations, when the sound of artillery below broke on the quiet air. They were on their feet in an instant and at the guns, crowding upon the breastwork to look, or to listen ; for the road, as far as could be seen down the mountain, was empty except for their own picket, and lay as quiet as if sleeping in the balmy air. And yet volley after volley of artillery came rolling up the mountain. What could it mean? That the rest of their force had come up and was engaged with that at the foot of the mountain? The Colonel decided to be ready to go and help them ; to fall on the enemy in the rear ; perhaps they might capture the entire force. It seemed the natural thing to do, and the guns were limbered up in an incredibly short time, and a roadway made through the entrenchment, the men working like beavers under the excitement. Before they had left the redoubt, however, the vedettes sent out returned and reported that there was no engagement going on, and the firing below seemed to be only practising. There was quite a stir in the camp below ; but they had not even broken camp. This was mysterious. Perhaps it meant that they had received reinforcements, but it was a queer way of showing it. The old Colonel sighed as he thought of the good ammunition they could throw away down there, and of his empty limber-chests. It was necessary to be on the alert, however ; the guns were run back into their old places, and the horses picketed once more back among the trees. Meantime, he sent another messenger back, this time a courier, for he had but one commissioned officer left, and the picket below was strengthened. The morning passed and no one came ; the day wore on and still no advance was made by the force below. It was suggested that the enemy had left ; he had, at least, gotten enough of that battery. A recognizance, however, showed that he was still encamped at the foot of the mountain. It was conjectured that he was trying to find a way around to take them in the rear, or to cross the ridge by the foot-path. Preparation was made to guard more closely the mountain-path across the spur ; and a detachment was sent up to strengthen the picket there. The waiting told on the men and they grew bored and restless. They gathered about the guns in groups and talked ; talked of each piece some, but not with the old spirit and vim ; the loneliness of the mountain seemed to oppress them ; the mountains stretching up so brown and gray on one side of them, and so brown and gray on the other, with their bare, dark forests soughing from time to time as the wind swept up the pass. The minds of the men seemed to go back to the time when they were not so alone, but were part of a great and busy army, and some of them fell to talking of the past, and the battles they had figured in and of the comrades they had lost. They told them off in a slow and colorless way, as if it were all part of the past as much as the dead they named. One hundred and nineteen times they had been in action. Only seventeen men were left of the eighty-odd who had first enlisted in the battery, and of these four were at home crippled for life. Two of the oldest men had been among the half-dozen who had fallen in the skirmish just the day before. It looked tolerably hard to be killed that way after

passing for four years through such battles as they had been in ; and both had wives and children at home, too, and not a cent to leave them to their names. They agreed calmly that they'd have to "sort of look after them a little" if they ever got home. These were some of the things they talked about as they pulled their old worn coats about them, stuffed their thin, weather-stained hands in their ragged pockets to warm them, and squatted down under the breastwork to keep a little out of the wind. But for the most part what they talked about was something to eat. They described meals they had had at one time or another as personal adventures, and discussed the chances of securing others in the future as if they were prizes of fortune. One listening and seeing their thin, worn faces and their wasted frames, might have supposed they were starving, and they were, but they did not say so.

Toward the middle of the afternoon there was a sudden excitement in the camp. A dozen men saw them at the same time : a squad of three men down the road at the farthest turn, past their picket ; but an advancing column could not have created as much excitement ; for the middle man carried a white flag. In a minute every man in the battery was on the breastwork. What could it mean ! It was a long way off, nearly half a mile, and the flag was small : possibly only a pocket handkerchief or a napkin ; but it was held aloft as a flag unmistakably. A hundred conjectures were indulged in. Was it a summons to surrender ? A request for an armistice for some purpose ? Or was it a trick to ascertain their number and position ? Some held one view, some another. Some extreme ones thought a shot ought to be fired over them to warn them not to come on ; no flags of truce were wanted. The old Colonel, who had walked to the edge of the plateau outside the redoubt and taken his position where he could study the advancing figures with his field-glass, had not spoken. The lieutenant who was next in command to him had walked out after him, and stood near him, from time to time dropping a word or two of conjecture in a half audible tone ; but the Colonel had not answered a word ; perhaps none was expected. Suddenly he took his glass down, and gave an order to the lieutenant : "Take two men and meet them at the turn yonder ; learn their business ; and act as your best judgment advises. If necessary to bring the messenger farther, bring only the officer who has the flag, and halt him at that stone yonder, where I will join him." The tone was as placid as if such an occurrence came every day. Two minutes later the lieutenant was on his way down the mountain and the Colonel had the men in ranks. His face was as grave and his manner as quiet as usual, neither more nor less so. The men were in a state of suppressed excitement. Having put them in charge of the second sergeant the Colonel returned to the breastwork. The two officers were slowly ascending the hill, side by side, the bearer of the flag, now easily distinguishable in his jaunty uniform as a captain of cavalry, talking, and the lieutenant in faded gray, faced with yet more faded red, walking beside him with a face white even at that distance, and lips shut as though they would never open again. They halted at the big bowlder which the Colonel had indicated, and the lieutenant, having saluted ceremoniously, turned to come up to the camp ; the Colonel, however, went down to meet him. The two men met, but there was no spoken question ; if the Colonel inquired it was only with the eyes. The lieutenant spoke, however, "He says," he began and stopped, then began again, "He says, General Lee—" again he choked, then blurted out, "I believe it is all a lie—a damned lie."

"Not dead ? Not killed ?" said the Colonel, quickly.

"No, not so bad as that ; surrendered : surrendered his entire army at Appomattox day before yesterday. I believe it is all a damned lie," he broke out again as if the hot denial relieved him. The Colonel simply turned away his face and stepped a pace or two off, and the two men stood motionless back to back for more than a minute. Then the Colonel stirred.

"Shall I go back with you ?" the lieutenant asked huskily.

The Colonel did not answer immediately. Then he said: "No, go back to camp and await my return." He said nothing about not speaking of the report. He knew it was not needed. Then he went down the hill slowly alone while the lieutenant went up to the camp.

The interview between the two officers beside the bowlder was not a long one. It consisted of a brief statement by the Federal envoy of the fact of Lee's surrender two days before near Appomattox Court House, with the sources of his information, coupled with a formal demand on the Colonel for his surrender. To this the Colonel replied that he had been detached and put under command of another officer for a specific purpose, and that his orders were to hold that pass, which he should do until he was instructed otherwise by his superior in command. With that they parted, ceremoniously, the Federal captain returning to where he had left his horse in charge of his companions a little below, and the old Colonel coming slowly up the hill to camp. The men were at once set to work to meet any attack which might be made. They knew that the message was of grave import, but not of how grave. They thought it meant that another attack would be made immediately, and they sprang to their work with renewed vigor, and a zeal as fresh as if it were but the beginning and not the end.

The time wore on, however, and there was no demonstration below, though hour after hour it was expected and even hoped for. Just as the sun sank into a bed of blue cloud a horseman was seen coming up the darkened mountain from the eastward side, and in a little while practised eyes reported him one of their own men—the sergeant who had been sent back the day before for ammunition. He was alone, and had something white before him on his horse—it could not be the ammunition; but perhaps that might be coming on behind. Every step of his jaded horse was anxiously watched. As he drew near, the lieutenant, after a word with the Colonel, walked down to meet him, and there was a short colloquy in the muddy road; then they came back together, and slowly entered the camp; the sergeant handing down a bag of corn which he had got somewhere below, with the grim remark to his comrades, "There's your rations," and going at once to the Colonel's camp-fire, a little to one side among the trees, where the Colonel awaited him. A long conference was held, and then the sergeant left to take his luck with his mess who were already parching the corn he had brought for their supper, while the lieutenant made the round of the camp; leaving the Colonel seated alone on a log by his camp-fire. He sat without moving, hardly stirring until the lieutenant returned from his round. A minute later the men were called from the guns and made to fall in line. They were silent, tremulous with suppressed excitement; the most sunburned and weather-stained of them a little pale; the meanest, raggedest, and most insignificant not unimpressive in the deep and solemn silence with which they stood, their eyes fastened on the Colonel, waiting for him to speak. He stepped out in front of them, slowly ran his eye along the irregular line, up and down, taking in every man in his glance, resting on some longer than on others, the older men, then dropped them to the ground, and then suddenly, as if with an effort, began to speak. His voice had a somewhat metallic sound, as if it were restrained; but it was otherwise the ordinary tone of command. It was not much that he said: simply that it had become his duty to acquaint them with the information which he had received: that General Lee had surrendered two days before at Appomattox Court House, yielding to overwhelming numbers; that this afternoon when he had first heard the report he had questioned its truth, but that it had been confirmed by one of their own men, and no longer admitted of doubt; that the rest of their own force, it was learned, had been captured, or had disbanded, and the enemy was now on both sides of the mountain; that a demand had been made on him that morning to surrender too; but that he had orders which he felt held good until they were

countermanded, and he had declined. Later intelligence satisfied him that to attempt to hold out further would be useless, and would involve needless waste of life; he had determined, therefore, not to attempt to hold their position longer; but to lead them out, if possible, so as to avoid being made prisoners and enable them to reach home sooner and aid their families. His orders were not to let his guns fall into the enemy's hands, and he should take the only step possible to prevent it. In fifty minutes he should call the battery into line once more, and roll the guns over the cliff into the river, and immediately afterwards, leaving the wagons there, he would try to lead them across the mountain, and as far as they could go in a body without being liable to capture, and then he should disband them, and his responsibility for them would end. As it was necessary to make some preparations he would now dismiss them to prepare any rations they might have and get ready to march.

All this was in the formal manner of a common order of the day; and the old Colonel had spoken in measured sentences, with little feeling in his voice. Not a man in the line had uttered a word after the first sound, half exclamation, half groan, which had burst from them at the announcement of Lee's surrender. After that they had stood in their tracks like rooted trees, as motionless as those on the mountain behind them, their eyes fixed on their commander, and only the quick heaving up and down the dark line, as of horses over-laboring, told of the emotion which was shaking them. The Colonel, as he ended, half-turned to his subordinate officer at the end of the dim line, as though he were about to turn the company over to him to be dismissed; then faced the line again, and taking a step nearer, with a sudden movement of his hands toward the men as though he would have stretched them out to them, began again:

"Men," he said, and his voice changed at the word, and sounded like a father's or a brother's, "My men, I cannot let you go so. We were neighbors when the war began—many of us, and some not here to-night; we have been more since then — comrades, brothers in arms; we have all stood for one thing —for Virginia and the South; we have all done our duty — tried to do our duty; we have fought a good fight, and now it seems to be over, and we have been overwhelmed by numbers, not whipped—and we are going home. We have the future before us — we don't know just what it will bring, but we can stand a good deal. We have proved it. Upon us depends the South in the future as in the past. You have done your duty in the past, you will not fail in the future. Go home and be honest, brave, self-sacrificing, God-fearing citizens, as you have been soldiers, and you need not fear for Virginia and the South. The war may be over; but you will ever be ready to serve your country. The end may not be as we wanted it, prayed for it, fought for it; but we can trust God; the end in the end will be the best that could be; even if the South is not free she will be better and stronger that she fought as she did. Go home and bring up your children to love her, and though you may have nothing else to leave them, you can leave them the heritage that they are sons of men who were in Lee's army."

He stopped, looked up and down the ranks again, which had instinctively crowded together and drawn around him in a half-circle; made a sign to the lieutenant to take charge, and turned abruptly on his heel to walk away. But as he did so, the long pent-up emotion burst forth. With a wild cheer the men seized him, crowding around and hugging him, as with protestations, prayers, sobs, oaths—broken, incoherent, inarticulate — they swore to be faithful, to live loyal forever to the South, to him, to Lee. Many of them cried like children; many offered to go down and have one more battle on the plain. The old Colonel soothed them, and quieted their excitement, and then gave a command about the preparations to be made. This called them to order at once; and in a few minutes the camp was as orderly and quiet as usual: the fires were replenished; the scanty stores were being overhauled;

the place was selected, and being got ready to roll the guns over the cliff; the camp was being ransacked for such articles as could be carried, and all preparations were being hastily made for their march.

The old Colonel having completed his arrangements sat down by his camp-fire with paper and pencil, and began to write; and as the men finished their work they gathered about in groups, at first around their camp-fires, but shortly strolled over to where the guns still stood at the breastwork, black and vague in the darkness. Soon they were all assembled about the guns. One after another they visited, closing around it and handling it from muzzle to trail as a man might a horse to try its sinew and bone, or a child to feel its fineness and warmth. They were for the most part silent, and when any sound came through the dusk from them to the officers at their fire, it was murmurous and fitful as of men speaking low and brokenly. There was no sound of the noisy controversy which was generally heard, the give-and-take of the camp-fire, the firing backwards and forwards that went on on the march; if a compliment was paid a gun by one of its special detachment, it was accepted by the others; in fact, those who had generally run it down, now seemed most anxious to accord the piece praise. Presently, a small number of the men returned to a camp-fire, and, building it up, seated themselves about it, gathering closer and closer together until they were in a little knot. One of them appeared to be writing, while two or three took up flaming chunks from the fire and held them as torches for him to see by. In time the entire company assembled about them, standing in respectful silence, broken only occasionally by a reply from one or another to some question from the scribe. After a little there was a sound of a roll-call, and reading and a short colloquy followed, and then two men, one with a paper in his hand, approached the fire beside which the officers sat still engaged.

"What is it, Harris?" said the Colonel to the man with the paper, who bore remnants of the chevrons of a sergeant on his stained and faded jacket.

"If you please, sir," he said, with a salute, "we have been talking it over, and we'd like this paper to go in along with that you're writing." He held it out to the lieutenant, who was the nearer and had reached forward to take it. "We s'pose you're agoin' to bury it with the guns," he said, hesitatingly, as he handed it over.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel, shading his eyes with his hands.

"It's just a little list we made out in and among us," he said, "with a few things we'd like to put in, so's if anyone ever hauls 'em out they'll find it there to tell what the old battery was, and if they don't, it'll be in one of 'em down thar 'till judgment, an' it'll sort of ease our minds a bit." He stopped and waited as a man who had delivered his message. The old Colonel had risen and taken the paper and now held it with a firm grasp, as if it might blow away with the rising wind. He did not say a word, but his hand shook a little as he proceeded to fold it carefully, and there was a burning gleam in his deep-set eyes, back under his bushy gray brows.

"Will you sort of look over it, sir, if you think it's worth while? We was in a sort of hurry and we had to put it down just as we come to it; we didn't have time to pick our ammunition; and it ain't written the best in the world, nohow." He waited again, and the Colonel opened the paper and glanced down at it mechanically. It contained first a roster, headed by the list of six guns, named by name: "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke," and "John," "The Eagle," and "The Cat;" then of the men, beginning with the heading:

"Them killed."

Then had followed "Them wounded," but this was marked out. Then came a roster of the company when it first entered service; then of those who had joined afterward; then of those who were present now. At the end of all there was this statement, not very well written, nor wholly accurately spelt:

"To Whom it may Concern: We,

the above members of the old battery known, etc., of six guns, named, etc., commanded by the said Col. etc., left on the 11th day of April, 1865, have made out this roll of the battery, them as is gone and them as is left, to bury with the guns which the same we bury this night. We is all volunteers, every man; we joined the army at the beginning of the war, and we's stuck through to the end; sometimes we aint had much to eat, and sometimes we aint had nothin', but we've fought the best we could 119 battles and skirmishes as near as we can make out in four years, and never lost a gun. Now we're agoin' home. We aint surrendered; just disbanded, and we pledges ourselves to teach our children to love the South and General Lee; and to come when we're called anywhar an' anytime, so help us God."

There was a dead silence whilst the Colonel read.

"'Taint entirely accarite, sir," said the sergeant, apologetically; "but we thought it would be playin' it sort o' low down on the Cat if we wuz to say we lost her onless we could tell about gettin' of her back, and the way she done since, and we didn't have time to do all that." He looked around as if to receive the corroboration of the other men, which they signified by nods and shuffling.

The Colonel said it was all right, and the paper should go into the guns.

"If you please, sir, the guns are all loaded," said the sergeant; "in and about our last charge, too; and we'd like to fire 'em off onct more, jist for old times' sake to remember 'em by, if you don't think no harm could come of it?"

The Colonel reflected a moment and said it might be done; they might fire each gun separately as they rolled it over, or might get all ready and fire together, and then roll them over, whichever they wished. This was satisfactory.

The men were then ordered to prepare to march immediately, and withdrew for the purpose. The pickets were called in. In a short time they were ready, horses and all, just as they would have been to march ordinarily, except that the wagons and caissons were packed over in one corner by the camp with the harness hung on poles beside them and the guns stood in their old places at the breastwork ready to defend the pass. The embers of the sinking camp-fires threw a faint light on them standing so still and silent. The old Colonel took his place, and at a command from him in a somewhat low voice, the men, except a detail left to hold the horses, moved into company front facing the guns. Not a word was spoken, except the words of command. At the order each detachment went to its gun; the guns were run back and the men with their own hands ran them up on the edge of the perpendicular bluff above the river, where, sheer below, its waters washed its base, as if to face an enemy on the black mountain the other side. The pieces stood ranged in the order in which they had so often stood in battle, and the gray, thin fog rising slowly and silently from the river deep down between the cliffs, and wreathing the mountain-side above, might have been the smoke from some unearthly battle fought in the dark pass by ghostly guns, yet posted there in the darkness, manned by phantom gunners, while phantom horses stood behind, lit vaguely up by phantom camp-fires. At the given word the laniards were pulled together, and together as one the six black guns, belching flame and lead, roared their last challenge on the misty night, sending a deadly hail of shot and shell, tearing the trees and splintering the rocks of the farther side, and sending the thunder reverberating through the pass and down the mountain, startling from its slumber the sleeping camp on the hills below, and driving the browsing deer and the prowling mountain-fox in terror up the mountain.

There was silence among the men about the guns for one brief instant and then such a cheer burst forth as had never broken from them even in battle, cheer on cheer, the long, wild, old, familiar rebel yell for the guns they had fought with and loved.

The noise had not died away and the men behind were still trying to quiet the frightened horses when the sergeant, the same who had written, received from the hand of the Colonel a

long package or roll which contained the records of the battery furnished by the men and by the Colonel himself, securely wrapped to make them water-tight, and it was rammed down the yet warm throat of the nearest gun, the Cat, and then the gun was tamped to the muzzle to make her water-tight, and, like her sisters, was spiked, and her vent tamped tight. All this took but a minute, and the next instant the guns were run up once more to the edge of the cliff; and the men stood by them with their hands still on them. A deathly silence fell on the men, and even the horses behind seemed to feel the spell. There was a long pause, in which not a breath was heard from any man, and the soughing of the tree-tops above and the rushing of the rapids below were the only sounds. They seemed to come from far, very far away. Then the Colonel said, quietly, "Let them go, and God be our helper, Amen." There was the noise in the darkness of trampling and scraping on the cliff-top for a second; the sound as of men straining hard together, and then with a pant it ceased all at once, and the men held their breath to hear. One second of utter silence; then one prolonged deep splash sending up a mass of white foam as the brass-pieces together plunged into the dark water below, and then the soughing of the trees and the murmur of the river came again with painful distinctness. It was full ten minutes before the Colonel spoke, though there were other sounds enough in the darkness, and some of the men, as the dark, outstretched bodies showed, were lying on the ground flat on their faces. Then the Colonel gave the command to fall in in the same quiet, grave tone he had used all night. The line fell in, the men getting to their horses and mounting in silence; the Colonel put himself at their head and gave the order of march, and the dark line turned in the darkness, crossed the little plateau between the smouldering campfires and the spectral caissons with the harness hanging beside them, and slowly entered the dim charcoal-burner's track. Not a word was spoken as they moved off. They might all have been phantoms. Only, the sergeant in the rear, as he crossed the little breastwork which ran along the upper side and marked the boundary of the little camp, half turned and glanced at the dying fires, the low, newly made mounds in the corner, the abandoned caissons, and the empty redoubt, and said, slowly, in a low voice to himself,

"Well, by God!"

PERADVENTURE.

By Anna C. Brackett.

If one should say to me, "Lo, he is dead
And gone unto the silent land," no time
For grief would be, but swift my soul would climb
The breathless way thy lingering feet had sped,
Following thee dim and shadowy, far ahead,
Swifter than happy hours, till thou from far
Compelled, should'st waver, turn, slow like a star;
And I should cry, "One thing I left unsaid:
This—take it with thee, dear!—Farewell, farewell—"
Then creep back here forspent. And since I know
That this would be, searching all days I go,
That one elusive, royal thing to tell.
Hast thou not seen it, felt it, day by day—
Dear, the one word I always fail to say?

OLD MEMORIES.

PAINTED BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.



IT is probable that the fame of what is known in England as the "Newlyn School" has already extended to America, since the painters belonging to it have been successful at Chicago; but as this magazine has a very large circulation, it seems not less probable that it may penetrate to many places where Newlyn has never been heard of. I may therefore do well to give some account of this little school or company of artists to which Mr. Frank Bramley belongs.

Newlyn is a most out-of-the-way little fishing town or big village, of about six thousand inhabitants, situated on the coast of Cornwall. Readers who are conscientious about the exactness of their geographical information may fail to discover so insignificant a place on the map of England, but its situation on county maps is about a mile and a half south of Penzance, both being in Mounts Bay. Newlyn is built on the side of a hill facing east. The material used in the construction of the houses is gray granite, with greenish slate for the roofing, and they are crowded very closely together. There are three principal streets, all going up the hill at right angles to the cliffs. From sketches kindly supplied to me by Mr. Bramley, I should infer that the dwellings are not in themselves picturesque, but simple, with severe straight lines, like the better class of cottages in the English mining and manufacturing districts. Evidently, the attraction for artists cannot be in the gray and plain masonry of the place. The little harbor, of course, is richer in variety of line and color. The roads down to it are very steep, and the boats offer the usual interest to be found in all the fishing stations of the Channel.

About twenty artists have fixed their residence in this remote corner of England, and the first question naturally asked is, "What can there be to attract them almost to the Land's End, and as far from London as they can get on the south coast?" To this question there are two or three answers. The first is that the winter climate is the mildest in Great Britain, and therefore the most favorable for working out of doors. Newlyn lies far to the south, and in the neighborhood of waters whose chill has been taken off by the Gulf Stream. "Snow," says the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "seldom lies for more than a few days. The lower vegetation, especially in the Penzance district, is almost southern in its luxuriance. Geraniums, fuchsias, myrtles, hydrangeas, and camellias grow to a considerable size and flourish through the winter at Penzance. All native plants display a perfection of beauty hardly to be seen elsewhere." Mr. Bramley tells me that the human plant attains the same exceptional perfection in that favored corner of England. He praises the physical appearance of the population, among which the painters find excellent models. Many of the girls and children are beautiful, and there is more color in their costumes than is usual in English villages. It is supposed that they have an infusion of Spanish blood from the Spaniards who landed in Mounts Bay at the time of the Armada.

The artistic colony of Newlyn has established itself, for the most part, in a meadow in the middle of the village,

* See Frontispiece.

where it has erected studios of different materials. Other members of the same colony live at a little distance. The list of their names might include few known to American readers, but about half of them have reputations in England, and some belong to the leading artistic societies of London. The school was recognized by the Royal Academy in its election of Mr. Stanhope Forbes to an associateship in 1892, and the recognition is now repeated by Mr. Bramley's own election (1894) after his having come within a single vote of it in 1893. So far from being provincial or local in their education, these artists are cosmopolitan. It is a curious sign of the present tendency to cosmopolitanism in the fine arts, that they have all received a continental training.

The picture we have reproduced tells its own story. In advancing age, an affectionate couple are thinking of a past that has evidently no bitter associations. I regret the inevitable loss of color in the reproduction, not only because color, when good, is pleasant in itself, but especially because, in the present instance, color has an important signification by conveying the idea of health. Mr. Bramley admires the healthy race of people about Newlyn. The old man in this picture has good blood and a clear blue eye, and his wife looks like the mother of sound children. The picture is in all ways a cheerful one, and a far pleasanter companion in a room than those morbid things which have come into fashion lately in France, in which youth itself is old and bloodless and saddened by I know not what personal or hereditary vice, while the painters eschew color as too happy for their melancholy mood. Mr. Bramley's picture in the Royal Academy of 1893, "After Fifty Years," was also a cheerful representation of elderly existence, but this time associated with youth. Young people were celebrating, in a little out-of-doors festival at the sea-side, the fiftieth birthday of a personage who looked cheerful, but rather too elderly for his age.* It was this picture that almost procured Mr. Bramley's election at the Royal Academy.

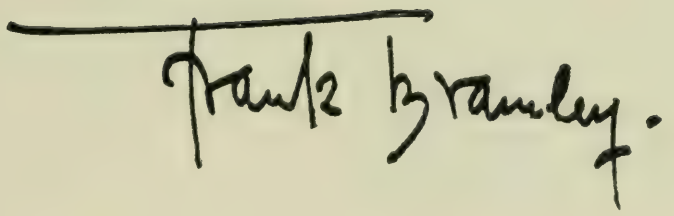
He was born in 1857, at Sibsey, near Boston, in Lincolnshire, and began his artistic education at the age of sixteen under Mr. E. R. Taylor, the present headmaster of the Birmingham School of Art. And now comes that element of cosmopolitanism which I have noticed as a characteristic of the Newlyn group. Mr. Bramley went to Antwerp in 1879 and studied in the academy there under Verlat. Next year he came first in a painting competition. He tells me that in that school the advanced students usually painted their studies the size of life, a courageous and profitable practice. In 1882 he passed from Antwerp to Venice and painted there two years, exhibiting his Venetian subjects, "Weaving Nets" and "Bead Stringers," in the Royal Academy of 1884. Then he settled at Newlyn, and since that time, except in 1890, has been a regular exhibitor. His picture for 1888, "A Hopeless Dawn," is a most touching work in the sentiment, though not the manner, of Israëls. It shows the sad interior of a fisherman's cottage when the crew of his boat are believed to have perished at sea, and anxiety in the hearts of the women is giving place to a settled conviction of their loss. This picture was purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey fund. I may explain for American readers, that the annual income from this bequest is laid out in the purchase of modern pictures, which in course of time will form an important public gallery, representing the better work of the English school from age to age.† The fund will act as an unhurried but

* It is amusing to observe how painters usually seem to think that one must be extremely old at fifty. The subject of the fiftieth birthday, "La Cinquantaine," has been frequently represented in painting, and the hero of the occasion is usually made to look sixty at the least. Indeed, I met with a picture not long since in which a peasant and his wife were represented, according to the artist's intention, as being fifty years old, but he made them seventy and bowed with toil. It is true that in some countries rural life uses the peasantry up before their time.

Young painters particularly have the persuasion that fifty is a patriarchal age. I remember hearing two youths talking confidentially about a man known to one of them, who said, "He is very old indeed, extremely old; he must be *forty* by this time." Had he been ten years older the youth would have looked upon him as a *struldbrug*. (See Gulliver's Voyage to Luggnagg.)

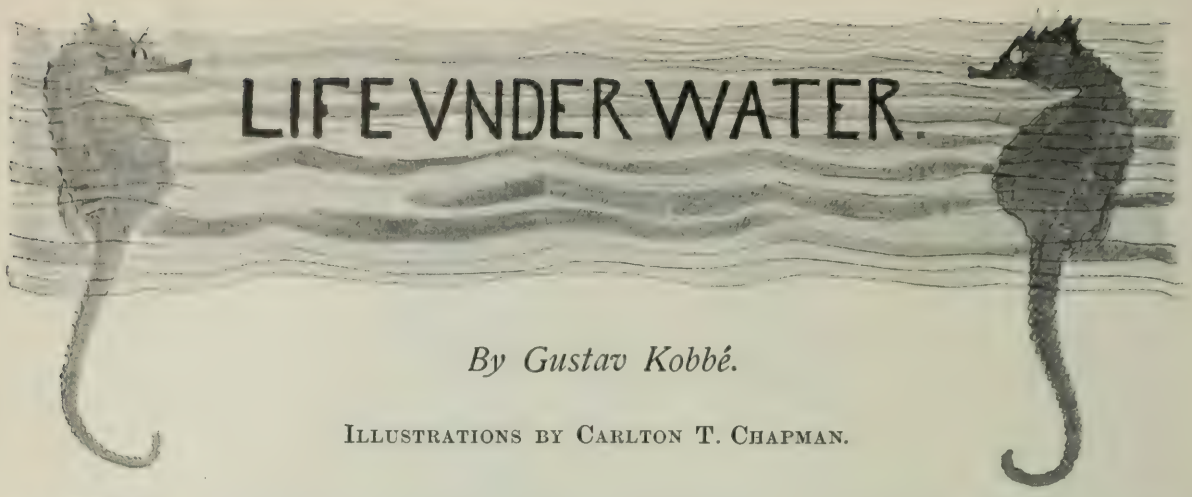
† Some of the younger critics are now saying that the money from this fund is employed to purchase unsalable pictures by impecunious academicians. Mr. Bramley is not yet an academician, and it is hardly likely that a comparatively young artist, who has passed his best years either on the Continent or near the Land's End, can have much personal influence at Burlington House. My belief is that the picture was purchased simply for its merits.





immortal and continuous collector. A replica of "A Hopeless Dawn," or the same subject painted over again from nature, appeared in the World's Fair at Chicago, where it gained a medal. Mr. Bramley's merits are also recognized in France, where the Société des Artistes Français (Champs-Elysées) awarded him a second-class gold medal in 1892, and the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts (Champ de Mars) elected him as an Associate in 1893, in recognition of the picture that we reproduce. Besides these marks of appreciation from the two leading societies of artists, Mr. Bramley has received one from the French Government, which offered to purchase both this picture and another, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," an offer most rarely addressed to an Englishman.* In the case of an American it would have been less surprising.

*Both pictures were sold already. Had they been in the market it is probable that one, at least, would now have been hanging in the Luxembourg.



By Gustav Kobbé.

Illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman.

THERE is something weird in the thought of a human being living, working, and even disporting himself a hundred feet or more under water. A diver carries out in his appearance this suggestion of the uncanny. For in his huge helmet, with its cyclopean eye, he looks more like a submarine monster than a human being. Down he goes to the bed of some river or lake, even to the bottom of the sea itself; and I am sure that of all the queer objects below there he is the queerest—a kind of man-fish unclassified by naturalists.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his "Education of an Engineer," describes his own sensations in going under water in a diver's armor for the first, and, I believe, the last time. He tells of the merging of daylight into the twilight of the depths; of the gradual subsidence of the long surface swell into a heaving, choppy coverlet; and of his meeting with another weird creature like himself below. But there is more than weirdness in life under water. There is the romance of it—the search after treasure sunk perhaps more than a century ago; and the sensation of moving about in another world bound to one's own world only by so many fathoms of hemp and rubber, slender ties the severing of which means death.

A single descent, or even many descents into the depths, cannot give an adequate idea of the strangeness of this life. Only the cumulative experience of a lifetime can do that. Attracted by the air of mystery that hangs over it, yet realizing how futile would be any endeavor to reproduce by going below once or twice the sensations and observations of men who had for years made submarine diving their calling, I sought out one of the most experienced divers in this country, and through him obtained an insight into this strange existence. From what he told me I have thrown together a kind of diver's memoir, a series of singular experiences—at least singular to us—yet every-day occurrences in the life of a submarine diver. But let him tell his own story:

I judge from the fact that we New York divers are often sent for from abroad when there is very delicate or difficult work to be done that we are considered rather expert. We ought to know our trade, for here we have to ply it under great difficulties. The waters of New York Harbor are so dark that we might as well be working at dead of night. A man considers himself pretty handy if he can ply a trade in broad daylight. But we have to do all kinds of work; pipe-laying, building, drilling holes in rock and charging them with dynamite in darkness. Dynamite is dangerous to handle under the most favorable circumstances. It is especially so under the dark waters of New York Harbor, where you are apt to strike it against some unseen object. Fairchild, who was the head diver of the New York Dock Department, and a man of many years' experience, was killed by dynamite while he was charging a rock at New Pier 14, North River.

If a man came to me to learn diving I would first find out if he was naturally handy. The diver is called upon for the most various kind of work—recovering drowned bodies, or articles of



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Diver Ready to go Down.

(Showing "tender" with life-line and air-pipe.)



The Air-pump Supplying the Diver.

jewelry, getting cargo out of a sunken vessel, looking for treasure, and plying pretty much all the land trades.

In what is to the public, perhaps, the least interesting, certainly the least romantic features of his work, a diver takes the most pride. Recovering a drowned body, or a diamond ring, or going all over a vessel in a hundred feet of water is not the greatest test of a diver's ability. To work under water, by sense of touch only, at a trade which requires skill and judgment is something only the best divers can do. C. P. Everett, a diver with twenty-six years' experience, recently did what we consider a very fine piece of work. He laid a submarine timber foundation of twenty-eight feet long 12-by-12 yellow pine, handling it alone. First the pieces were weighted to sink; and then Everett went down and weighted them for handling, for without weights they would of course have immediately risen to the surface.

I mention this to show how necessary it is for a diver to be handy. It is a great advantage for him to have been to sea and to have made himself thoroughly familiar with the rigging, and, in fact, all parts of vessels. For in going down to wrecks he must be careful not to become entangled in the rigging; and once down he has to make his way through cabins, hatches, and hold. No matter how handy a man is, he should, before he ventures down for the first time, learn to work the air-pump, and become a first-rate diver's tender. A tender is to a diver what a dresser is to an actor. He must see that there are no flaws in life-line or hose, and that the armor is properly adjusted. Some men become good tenders in a month. I know others who have been tending twenty years and are still greenhorns.

A diver's armor consists of a helmet of copper, a collar of the same metal into which the helmet is screwed, a dress of soft rubber and canvas, and iron shoes weighing fourteen pounds each. There are also eighty-pound weights on the chest and back—"horse-shoe weights" we call these, to distinguish them from weights which we sometimes wear around the waist. The helmet is roomy, and has a face-plate and a valve through which superfluous air escapes into the water. You can locate a diver by the bubbles which this escaping air drives to the surface. The apparatus above water consists of the air-pump, from which a strong hose leads to the helmet. A two-inch life-line is attached to the diver. In winter we wear heavy flannels under our suit.

Over hose and line the diver converses with his tender through signals, those above the hose relating to the air-supply. When there are three jerks at the life-line the tender never stops to answer, but hauls up at once. Three jerks always mean desperate peril — usually death. Fortunately, I have had to give them but once, and being in shallow water was brought to the surface before the fearful pressure killed me. But I felt as if my head were between hydraulic jacks. The supply of air had suddenly stopped. Examining the apparatus, we at last discovered a lot of paper-balls in the hose. They had probably been dropped in by mischievous boys, who little knew that they were jeopardizing a man's life. If a diver isn't deeper down than sixty feet of water, and they can get him up within a minute and a half at the most, they may save him; but, as a rule, he will be dead, and his features, especially his eyes, so shockingly distorted by the pressure that his friends had better not look at him. I know of one man, however, who was brought up black in the face, his eyes almost out of their sockets, who is still living. I know also of a diver whose face-plate came out in fifty feet of water who was brought to. But that was simply resuscitating a drowned man.

But to return to the signals. One jerk on the line means hoist; two, lower; a quick shake, stop. We give six jerks for a hammer, seven for a knife, eight for a crowbar, nine for a line. Then we have compass signals. If the



Exploring a Sunken Wreck.

surveyor on the pier discovers with his batten that I have placed a stone too far west he gives the line a shake and a jerk. This means east; a shake and two jerks, south; a shake and three jerks, west; a shake and four jerks, north. When divers are working together below they can talk to each other by placing their helmets one against the other and shouting. But as this is inconvenient we talk through signals given by pinching or pulling.

It might be supposed as a diver's safety is so dependent on careful tending that he would have his own tender, of whose skill he was sure. But I'm afraid we grow careless. If I were wanted immediately, and couldn't place my hand on a tender, I'd offer the job to the first man I found standing on the street corner. I was once called to a hurried piece of work down the Bay. I dove from a Swedish vessel. Not only was there no one who had ever tended a diver aboard, but no one who could even speak English. But I explained matters by signs and went down.

Men who keep themselves in prime condition do not experience very disagreeable sensations in diving, even when they go down for the first time. When I made my *début* I could breathe just as freely, except for a slight oppression, as if I were above water. On the other hand, I have seen hearty-looking men who had hardly been let down ten or twelve feet before they jerked the line three times and were hauled up bleeding at the nose and ears. If a man is subject to neuralgia he suffers greatly about the eyes. On the other hand, I have known an asthmatic man to be cured by diving. The constant supply of fresh air, and the pressure which drives the blood so rapidly, seems to open up the lungs. Divers as a rule cannot stand close rooms. They are so accustomed to a copious supply of pure air that they must have plenty of it even when they are above water. In diving, the supply of air is increased according to the depth. Every thirty feet you get what we call an extra atmosphere. At thirty feet below the surface we use fifteen pounds of air to the square inch, at sixty feet thirty pounds, and so on. It depends somewhat on the man, however; for I've known divers to work in eighty feet of water with only forty-five pounds. I don't think a man can live much deeper than one hundred and twenty feet. A diver named Green worked in one hundred and forty-five feet in Lake Ontario, but he was paralyzed and never did a day's work afterward.



One of the Strange Inhabitants.

A diver who goes down in clear water has the strange and sometimes terrifying experience of seeing objects much enlarged, perhaps twice their natural size. A few years ago I was employed



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Winter Work in the North River.

by a company which undertook to raise the machinery and boilers out of the wreck of the Commodore, which was sunk off Norton's Point, Long Island, in 1854. At the time the steamboat went down there were no derricks strong enough for the work. We anchored a little sloop about fifty feet off from the wreck, and, when all was ready, I went down. When I got below into the boiler-room I saw looking out at me, from one of the furnaces, two eyes as big as saucers. I stepped to one side, and out shot a huge shark. As he darted past me he gave me a flip with his tail that knocked me fifteen feet. That knock was not, however, as bad as it may seem; for it's easier to move objects under water than above. I myself could easily shove a man ten feet under water. Divers often encounter sharks, and huge fellows they seem too. But we don't take much stock in them. The diver is usually moving about, the escape valve gives a shrill whistling sound, and my experience is that sharks, like other large fish, are scared half out of their wits when we divers appear upon the scene.

A diver who went down to work on the steamship Viscaya, which was in collision and sunk off Barnegat light, had a grewsome experience. It was a difficult job, so two divers were sent down—one of them to remain on deck in sixty feet of water, to act as second tender to the other diver who went below. The latter had been below but a few minutes when three jerks came over the life-line. When he had been hauled up on to the deck he was so unnerved that he forgot he was still in sixty feet of water, and signalled to have his helmet removed. When both divers had been hauled to the surface, he said that while he was working through a gangway, he had seen two huge objects coming toward him; and nothing could dissuade him from the belief that he had seen two submarine ghosts—until the other diver went down and discovered that there was a mirror at the end of the gangway, and that the diver had seen the reflection of his own legs, vastly enlarged, coming toward him.



Building a Pier.

One day, when we were working on a rock in the East River, I met, as I



I saw looking out at me, from one of the furnaces, two eyes as big as saucers.—Page 432.

stepped off the ferry-boat, a diver pale as a sheet. He was hurrying so that I couldn't stop him to ask what had happened. When I came to the spot they told me he couldn't more than have reached bottom before he signalled to be hauled up, and was so unnerved that he rushed off without telling what had happened. I said I'd go down and they lowered me—right on top of a dead body. It always gives me a disagreeable sensation to come suddenly upon a dead person under water, unless I happen to be diving for him. Then I'm glad to meet him, even if he does seem twice his natural size. But there are divers who will not have anything to do with bodies, and when they come upon them suddenly, will be unnerved and useless for the rest of the day. In the dark New York waters you do not know of the proximity of a body until you chance to touch it. A diver told me that once, when he was working at the foundation of a pier, he put his hand up for support on one of the piles

and felt a small shoe. He knew right away what he had found—the body of a little girl. It was spring time and the body was beginning to rise.

In working a wreck we always get the bodies out first. It is bad enough to be "belting" around below, without having them about. The silence of the depths—unbroken but for the click of the pump—is too oppressive for us to care to have the dead staring at us. We can judge by the temperature of the water where to look for bodies in a wreck. If the water is cold they will be on the floor or lying in the berths. If the water is warm they will rise to the ceiling or against the bottom of the berth above. When we raised the tug-boat Bronx from the East River I found the fireman sitting in a chair in the fire-room.

Divers, when ready to come up from a wreck, must exactly retrace their steps, otherwise they are apt to get tangled up. For instance, if in working his way to the hold the diver passed to starboard of a mast, he should pass on the same side in working his way back, otherwise his line and hose will catch around the mast. To get tangled up below is a terrible predicament for a diver. There is but one thing he can cut — the life-line, for they can lower him another. But I have known divers become so desperate when tangled up that they have lost their heads and cut the hose—which meant death. A cargo of barrels is dangerous to break out, because they are apt to float up when you have loosened them and get foul of your hose. I once had a barrel with an iron chine jam my hose against the ceiling, and for a time it was a question whether I or the barrel was master of the situation. Jute is also a bad cargo to handle, because it tangles itself about a diver's legs, so that often it will take him several hours to clear himself. When a sunken vessel is to be raised the diver passes the pontoon-chains under her bottom. Work on vessels sunk in New York Harbor is often dangerous on account of the swift tides. When the current runs over three miles it is unsafe for a diver to remain below. His hose may snap, or line or hose become entangled in the rigging. The channels about Governor's Island and Hell Gate are spots in the harbor where divers can work only at slack water.

Hell Gate, by the way, is a great field for divers when regular work is slack. Many a time I've "worked the Gate on spec," as we say. On one occasion I stumbled upon a valise that contained $56 in money and a number of fishing reels. One tour has yielded me a crop of twenty-four anchors; and on another I came across the wreck of a sloop loaded with scrap iron, that I sold. It was the wreck of the Warrior, and had lain peacefully at the bottom of Hell Gate since 1856. "Working old bottoms," like the Warrior, is another way divers have of putting in slack time. Every diver has a record of old bottoms. Some years ago, when copper was high, two divers got 700 bars out of a wreck that had been sunk off Saybrook about forty years. They also pumped out a hundred tons of coal. On the other hand, I worked thirty days with a crew on the old steamboat Isaac Newton, sunk off Fort Lee, and took out $3 as my share, the men receiving only seventy-five cents each. I had better luck with a cargo of broomsticks. Coal bottoms are the best for us because, wherever located, we can find a near market for the coal.

There are about half a dozen treasure-ships off our shores. They have been veritable treasure-ships to the divers who have been engaged to work them, though not perhaps to the employers. An old bottom off Peekskill is said to be one of Captain Kidd's vessels. A man once hired me and a crew to raise the treasure. We had a good time all summer, and he seemed to enjoy watching us work and paying us our wages. The best known treasure-ship hereabouts is the British frigate Hussar, which struck on Pot Rock, Hell Gate, in 1780. She went down with one hundred and seven men and, it is said, a great amount of gold coin intended for the British forces. This vessel has been worked for treasure since 1818. Parties have operated with a diving-bell, have grappled with ice-tongs, and in fact have endeavored ways as numerous as they were ridiculous, to raise the treas-



Blasting Out a Reef.

ure. But I never heard of anything of value being obtained since 1819—when her guns and upper sheathing were brought up—except the anchor, and I raised that a few years ago. There lies the Hussar just where she sank, only she has worked herself a nest thirty feet below the bed of the Gate—and, if there was treasure aboard her, it is there still. If there is truth in the story that has come down from 1780, the waters of Hell Gate are eddying over a treasure



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

A Submarine Ghost.

of £200,000. Romantic possibilities attract people so strongly that a party was formed in New York, in 1881, to raise a treasure-ship in the Red Sea which was believed to have sunk about the time of Christ. The party sailed from here on the brig Gypsy, but I have never heard of them since. A wreck or other heavy objects remains where it sinks, except that it may work itself down into the bed; and, speaking of the Red Sea, it is my opinion that a diver could prove or disprove the narrative of the destruction of Pharaoh's host.

Not every treasure-ship turns out a bad venture if you go to work the right way. An English company tried to recover $40,000 in gold from the ship Golden Gate, sunk off the Pacific coast. When they had sunk all their money on English divers, they sold out to an American company which, in 1873, hired Sydney Cook, an old New York diver who had gone to California. Cook got the money within a month.

New York divers work so much in dark water — I presume it is the sewage that so fogs our water—that their sense of touch under water is wonderfully developed. If you will put brass and copper in a basin of water, you may blindfold me and I can tell them apart. Take them out of water and they'll feel alike to me. When we get into clear water, work is child's play to us. At any rate, New York divers are often sent for from abroad in especially difficult cases. I went over when the Cimbria sank in the North Sea with such great loss of life; and also to recover the body of an Englishman drowned from a yacht in the Channel. Soon after the Oregon sank off Long Island, I was engaged by a firm of New York lawyers, acting for their British correspondents, to ascertain the extent of the injury she had sustained. I found a great hole in her port-side a hundred and fifty feet abaft the foremast. The lawyers sent me to England to testify, but the suit was settled out of court. Robert Stannard, a New York diver, went to Europe in 1875 to raise a cargo of tin and lead in twenty-three fathoms of water. He there learned of an old bottom, laden with delft, that had been sunk for years. He bought it for a song, raised the delft, and came home with $20,000. In 1878 I was sent to the southwest coast of Africa to get $40,000 worth of platina out of the wreck of the Thomas Russell. I accomplished this, but it was a disagreeable job. Three of the seven men with me died on the way over, and we had, with storms and lack of provisions, a hard trip back. I was paid $4,000 for the job. A diver usually charges from $10 to $25 or $35 a day (four hours), according to the nature of the job.

I have organized a diving show. It is not absolutely the first exhibition of its kind ever given, but it is the first regularly organized diving show to make the tour of the summer resorts where deep enough water can be found. Two divers, Frank Paul and Fairchild, whose death I told of above, gave a similar exhibition one Fourth of July at Taunton Lake, Conn.; but it began and ended with that one performance. I have now been on the road several seasons.

When I am to show in a place I must first have my stage properly set; for, though it is all under water, and consequently out of sight, my success depends, nevertheless, upon the proper setting of the stage. The most important stage property is one-half of a puncheon, which I have had sawed in two. This half puncheon is my bell. I anchor it so that its head is at least six feet below the surface of the lake. From the lower and open end of this half puncheon I suspend a platform, which is kept in place by the anchor cables. This platform is about ten feet below the surface of the lake. A person standing on it would have his head well up in the half puncheon. The pumping apparatus I conceal on shore, a long hose leading to my improvised bell. To prevent bubbles rising to the surface from the escape-valve, I have another hose from shore attached to that. This is all done secretly, so that the public knows nothing about the diving-bell, whose top is only six feet below the surface. But it is a snug little spot, for the diver can stand on the platform with his head in the bell and breathe as comfortably as if he were ashore. I utilize this bell in what may, I think, be termed with propriety a theatrical act.

My assistant represents a ferryman, I a traveller. In my linen duster, stove-pipe hat, and with my grip, I arrive at the edge of the lake and bargain to be ferried over. When the ferryman has rowed me out to a point above the bell he knocks me over the head with an oar, grabs my grip, goes through my pockets and ends by throwing my body into the water. Down I go — as far as the platform. Climbing on to this I first reach for a shelf in the bell where we keep pipes, tobacco, and matches, and light a pipe. Under my travelling clothes I wear a suit of fish-spangled tights. So, while I am having a quiet smoke, I take off my duster and trousers. I usually stay in the bell from five to seven minutes. It seems a long time to those on shore, many of whom know that a man can't live under water much longer than a minute. They begin to feel alarmed for my safety, and I have even known the band to stop playing. When I think I have been down long enough I take a couple of strong whiffs at my pipe, clap my hand over the pipe-bowl and bob up serenely, smoking and gayly clad. Sometimes we keep a live duck in the bell and send it up. It goes up with a rush, fairly shoots out of the water and flies off. I tried this trick with a dog, but nearly drowned the poor fellow.

I also go down in my armor. I have, weighted, at the bottom of the lake, three barrels of kindling-wood. Then I have a long pole so weighted that it stands upright. Attached to this is a sign-board on which "Coal and Wood Yard" is painted. By cutting a weighted string I cause this board to show above water. I then smash the barrel-head and up bubbles the kindling-wood. I am presumed to have sawed and split it during the short time since I went down; for I take a saw, an axe, and a buck with me. I sometimes go down with a little harpoon in my hand exclaiming, before I disappear, "Now I'll show you how a diver catches fish." At the bottom I have a basket of fish, and when I reappear they are spiked on my harpoon.

I hold the world's record for the fastest walking under water. Off Oak Point, at One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and East River, New York, I walked five miles in eight feet of water in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, defeating William Smith, the champion English submarine walker. We had a return race of five miles in the Thames over a half-mile course between two of the London bridges, in which I defeated him by eight minutes. From the foregoing you may judge that a diver, even when under water, is not as solemn as he looks. In fact we sometimes have considerable horse-play below. It may happen that we are working in gangs of two at raising a cargo of brownstone, and that I and my mate can work faster than the other two because one of these is inexperienced. If I and my mate were to send up all we could load it would reflect on the other gang. Our experienced friend would suffer as much as the greeny who is keeping him back. So we load only about as much as they. In the spare intervals we chase crabs and lobsters, or start them on races and spear fish. Sometimes one of us slings the hoist-chain around the other and gives the signal to hoist. Sometimes a diver will take a nap under water. I never believed that possible until it happened to me myself. One warm day I went down in the creek near Catskill. I suppose the cool water made me feel drowsy. At any rate I fell asleep and slept for over an hour. But with his life depending upon the watchfulness of his tender, with all things considered, the chances against him, it is just as well for a diver to remain awake and keep his wits about him.

A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER III.

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO."



LEONARD gave the order to sell his securities, and received a liberal part of their value as a loan. Buttoning his coat securely over the funds, he went in search of his builder. But Barmasso was not to be found at his usual haunts. He was not at his shop in the Rue de France, where he kept his stock of timber piled on end in a court, nor was he at the demolitions in the Old Town, where light was being let into alleys that had not seen it in three hundred years and more. His foreman of the works said he had gone to Beaulieu for Lord Buntrock's new villa, and would certainly spend the entire afternoon there. Leonard hesitated a moment and determined to follow him thither. His better judgment prompted him not to keep about him the large sum of money he had drawn—subject to who knew what contingencies — but, since he had drawn it for Barmasso, to go and disembarrass himself of it without fail.

Beaulieu was but the next station beyond his own at Villefranche ; and as he went to take the train, he could not but wish, with a vague, uncertain trouble, that both had been in the westward direction, toward Cannes, instead of on the line to Monte Carlo. But in the waiting-room at the Station the first person he set eyes on was Miriam. She came toward him in her dark hat with plumes and the military-looking dark coat with little capes, that set off so well her slender, graceful figure, just beginning to be touched with matronly roundness, and she flushed and smiled in a deprecating way.

"No, I did not go home in the omnibus," she exclaimed. "You know I told you when *my* chance for an escapade came I was going to take it. It was an accident. I met the Skelmers and they *insisted* on my coming to help them shopping, and then to breakfast at their hotel. And then they wanted me so much to come with them to Monte Carlo as their guide. It was a sudden notion. They've never been, you know. And I knew Lucien was in perfectly good hands ; and——"

But Leonard, instead of being disposed to fault-finding, was positively relieved. He meant to tell Miriam, in a moment, what he was going to do at Beaulieu. Then she would be a witness to his having the money, understand the seriousness of his purpose, be there to see that he got off at Beaulieu, and thus no temptation could befall him. But certain complications prevented, the irruption of a lot of new acquaintances who had to be spoken to, and the like. They were in the train and he had not yet told Miriam. Then, just as they were settling themselves, more people still crowded boisterously into the compartment and filled up every available seat. Among these were two sprightly young girls, Amy Barr and Lillian Skobel, the same who had tried to attract Leonard's attention in the Promenade. They were over for the day from Cannes, with a chaperon.

"Is it *really* so dreadful at Monte Carlo?" asked the former. "Are there as many horrors as they say? You have been over often, of course ; have *you*, for instance, ever seen a suicide?"

"No, I've had rather bad luck in that way. It's always tiresomely dull and respectable when I go. They say the shrubbery is full of them, but there is a way of carting them off and tidying up the surroundings before anybody

can get there." He chose to pretend that she had come over expressly for that purpose, and went on. "But if I were you I'd go straight to the Director and beg him, as strangers and fair ladies, to let you see just one suicide—'Please, Mr. Director, just one wee little suicide; it's perhaps our only opportunity'—I think he would manage it for you."

In such lively chatter the short distance to Villefranche passed very briefly; and the distance to Beaulieu was shorter yet. At Beaulieu, Leonard got up to alight. Some of the company thought it was only his joke, and held the door shut. Then the handle stuck, the conductor had gone on up the platform and could not open it, and, before anything could be done the train moved on again. Leonard fell back into his corner, benumbed by a sort of fatality. Miriam had looked at him in surprise.

"I am glad you are with us," she said, "but you won't play even a five-franc piece to-day, will you, dear?"

Then, as he did not answer, having indeed scarcely heard her, she said again, "Oh, there is Eze, way up in the sky. Do you remember the day we went there and our first walk on the Upper Corniche? It was the most delightful excursion," she explained to the others. "Oh, how hungry we were! we ate up all our picnic provisions, and then had to lunch at a restaurant besides. We got lost on the foot-path, climbing down to Monte Carlo, and thought we should have to sleep in one of the grottos, in the pine-grove. When we got there, Leonard threw down a piece and won a good deal more than our day's expenses. I thought it very 'cute of him at the time, for I have no objection to 'spoiling the Egyptians;' but sometimes I wish he hadn't. I think it would be better if everybody should lose the first time."

They rattled in and out of the numerous tunnels which have caused someone to say that riding on this railway is like travelling in a flute and looking out through the stops. They passed the rural station of La Turbie, Monaco, seat of the castle of what Newman Skelmer took particular pains to call the un-Principality, and in a very few minutes thereafter they got out at the bustling depot, immediately below the Casino of Monte Carlo. Instead of taking the elevator, they walked up the broad stone staircase to the upper platform, taking a foretaste of the admirable prospect as they went. On the terrace was a music-stand and a little theatre for children. Over chevaux-de-frise of cactus and aloes, and over the long balustrade, you saw a bit of the green semicircle of the pigeon-shooting ground; and you saw the little port with yachts; and the quarter of the Condamine, that is rapidly filling up the interval between the two rocks; and the ivy-grown battlements of mediæval Monaco, and the grand Tête de Chien towering above it, like the head indeed of a great dog, who would make but a mouthful of the place at a given signal. The excessive trimness and neatness everywhere struck the newcomers.

"They've got the virtue *next* to godliness, at any rate," said Skelmer. "I guess they're trying to give it first place."

"It's probably their way of washing their hands of whatever happens," added Leonard, dryly.

They joked more about the suicides, as people will who, seeing all so cheerful and decorous, find it hard to believe in any ghastly ideas. Leonard offered to pilot Miss Amy Barr, of Cannes, to the chief director, to prefer her request to see a suicide.

"It would take up too much of our valuable time, but if *you* would only do it," she replied, to punish him for his teasing, "it would be a great favor."

The soldiers of His Serene Highness's miniature army, in light blue and red, trimmer and neater too than elsewhere, paced near them.

"I think they are going to ask us to move on," said Lillian Skobel; "they say they don't even allow people to linger, for fear they are thinking of making away with themselves."

"Seven of us at once!" put in Miriam; "that *would* be a novelty."

They turned the corner, to the real front of the Casino, which faces landward. People, in summer costumes, were lounging on benches before it,

watching the arrivals and departures. Skelmer declared the pretentious Casino not half as fine as it ought to be after all the praise lavished upon it, and promised to equal and surpass it with a good dozen of buildings in Chicago.

Still, they could not restrain a certain deference when within the lobby. It was a fine, large promenade, a sort of basilica, with polished marble columns, a gallery, and paintings all round the top. And again, after putting away their wraps in the cloak-rooms and going through the formal ceremony of getting their cards of admission for the day in the secretary's office, they could not forbear standing a while to admire the prospect seen through the clear glass doors like a delicious bit of tapestry hung there. The long strip of greenest turf in the centre of the esplanade, between the fine cafés, resembled an idealized play-table. Saddled donkeys were waiting to take people to the mountain, on the top of which the Roman watch-tower, a small spot of dark, drew attention to itself out of proportion to its mass. The old Roman tower had ceased to watch for the barbarians of Liguria and for Saracen pirates, and had now nothing better to do than look down upon the dubious practices of the pleasure-resort established here, when all the rest of Europe became too hot to hold it.

The visitors had been impressed in the lobby; when they entered the halls of play they were well-nigh awed. They saw a long vista of chambers stretching before them, florid in ornament, lofty, and lighted by chandeliers all sparkling with facets of crystal. Lighted thus at night—for now there reigned a grave daylight, coming through windows closed to any views of the outer world—a sort of reverential hush and whispering tone characterized the social intercourse. All heads respectfully uncovered; if any man did not remove his hat, a liveried attendant at once called his attention to the omission. It was evident that the deity of chance exacted of his worshippers a punctilious observance of propriety.

The whereabouts of the tables, spaced with liberal intervals between, were to be discovered by the crowds around them. The people stood three and four rows deep. It was difficult to get near enough even to lose one's money. There were chairs only for a favored few; and, on comfortable enshrined benches about the sides of the room and divans in the centre, rested wearily some individuals, chiefly women, tired with the long standing the amusement entailed. The dull click of coins arose over the heads of the crowd, with the spinning of the marble in the roulette-wheels, and the familiar cries of the croupiers that reecho in all the descriptions of play,

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" and "*Rien ne va plus.*"

They went at once to the nearest table and began their study of the play eagerly, fixedly. It seemed so strange a sight that it was not likely to last. If they left it, even to make an inspection of the rooms, it might cease and disappear. The real novices regarded the smooth croupiers with wondering, indignant eyes. They found the people very peculiar, and many of them disreputable. Incautiously they talked aloud. People looked around at them severely, and they lowered their voices again. The shining roulette-wheel was a sort of lake in the centre of the green table, and the green table was marked off into numbers corresponding to compartments in the wheel, and into a few simple geometrical devices, the whole brightened up with red.

Leonard explained the main points of the game. He showed how you could put down your five-franc piece, the smallest stake, so as to have it doubled, tripled, or increased thirty-five fold; how you could play odd or even, red or black, the first half of the numbers or the last half, the foot of the columns, or *carrés* and *transversales*. Meanwhile, the money he had brought with him was making itself felt in his pocket, as with a mystic life of its own. Leonard was assuring himself stoically that one could come to Monte Carlo, even with a very large sum, and keep it quite intact. It was not difficult at all.

The party drifted asunder. The two young girls went to a different table. It appeared that they were young rogues. This was not their first visit

to the place; they had come over once before, one rainy day, by themselves. They alleged, in laughing excuse, that there was really nothing one could do, on a rainy day, at Cannes. Amy Barr had brought a five-franc piece which she was going to play for a friend, Evelyn Moore, who had not been able to accompany them. She came excitedly, in a moment, to say she had seen the well-known Owlsbys, who had so disgraced themselves.

"Were they winning?" demanded Leonard, unconsciously forgetful, and more interested in the question whether any notable changes of luck were at last on the carpet than in the morality of the precious pair.

At other tables there were yet new types and higher play. It was one of the conditions of the place that you elbowed matrons, young and old, of the sort from whom no marriage certificate could ever be successfully demanded; but the most battered harridans observed the proprieties in the general respect for the greed for gain. The respectable women who came ignored all this, and it is not at all likely that any protest on their part would have been of use, since the patronage of the others was worth vastly more than their own.

Some of the old dames and others, of the select society at Mrs. Ripland-Hokes, were tucked comfortably away at corners of the tables. The young beauties were there too, playing daintily, Madame d'Ourlet, of the complexion of lily and rose, and Madame de Jablousky, of the incredibly slim waist.

Fanny Skelmer especially marvelled at the old people who pursued this passion—forgetting that it is a passion peculiarly affected by age, since it survives almost all others. The venerable old men with silvery beards and one leg in the grave, should have been at home, she thought, making their wills, and grandmotherly old ladies should have been knitting stockings at their own firesides.

"Look at the harpy clutch with which their lean hands put away their gains," mused Miriam. "There are types that make one think of Beatrice Esmond in her old age."

Thackeray having been quoted, more literary reminiscences were, for the moment, in order. One, and then another, mentioned various characters from fiction that had bent over such tables as these, and that we always think of when the subject of play is mooted. Gwendolen and Daniel Deronda were recalled, and Guy Livingston, the wondrous Guy—who was said to have "flinched no more at a great moral law than at a big fence"—and Cynthia Waters, and Gerard, from the "White Rose."

But the real players soon recalled them from these imaginary ones. Those who played to the gallery, as it was called, were the most entertaining, as they naturally meant to be. These were certain persons who threw down reckless stakes, apparently for the mere pleasure of astonishing the by-standers. They spent prodigal sums only to enjoy the wonder of a few idlers, not one of whom probably they had ever seen before or would ever see again.

Newman Skelmer was especially scornful at the expense of this. Presently he wandered away to study out the game by himself. He was seen with his shrewd business eye fixed upon it, trying to see if there were not some way of getting the better of it, of "beating" it, as he himself would have said. Whereas Leonard Bond lost a louis or so by way of showing his friends how to play, Skelmer gathered up more than thrice that amount, tucked it into his pocket with a complacent grin, and not the slightest intention of recommencing.

"It's the kind of a game," he said, "to suit a man who would bet heavy on three kings."

"What kind of a man would bet heavy on three kings?" Miriam asked.

"Why, three kings is really no hand at all, but it's just hand enough to fill some men's heads full of big ideas. They bluff on it, and go all to pieces when the big cards come out. So I say this game too looks good. It lures a man on; but he's got no real chance at all."

The blue Mediterranean, the flower-gardens, the mountain panorama were without, all the world of natural healthful delights, but the curtains were close-

drawn against all these. There must be no such distractions from the absorbing business of the time and place; scarce even a breath of the fresh outer air was admitted, to modify the hectic atmosphere of play.

"See what I have won for Evelyn," cried Amy Barr, returning anew, flushed and smiling, to show a considerable handful of money. She had Wall Street blood in her veins; perhaps it was this that made the place almost too congenial, and had developed the minx already into an enterprising little gambler.

"And how have you come out for yourself?" inquired Leonard. "As well, I trust."

"Oh! on my own account not quite so well, I'm about thirty francs behind."

"And yet we pretend that Monte Carlo is not the school of all the virtues," continued Leonard, ironically. "Where else would you find an opportunity for a high moral action like this? Amy's five-franc piece might have become easily mixed up with Evelyn's, and Evelyn's with Amy's, so that it would have been impossible to say which was played first or at any given time. In the outer world, very likely there would have been confusion, and Miss Amy Barr might have made a more equal division, a better showing of profits for herself; but here——"

"Don't be silly," promptly put in the object of this eulogy. "Tell us if anybody ever really does try to defend the place. Is anything good to be said of it?"

"Why, yes; let me see—they say that gambling is a primitive passion of human nature, and you'd better let people gamble in public than drive them away to do it in holes and corners. And then Prince Albert of Monaco goes off in a yacht and makes deep-sea dredgings and reports the same to learned societies. Prince Roland too is in science in some way or other. I don't know but all the other head stockholders are. We must make a note of it as a graphic illustration of the times."

"I don't know as I see what it illustrates," said Skelmer.

Science usurping the efficacy of religion, to be sure. The robber-baron nowadays eases his conscience by founding a laboratory or an aquarium instead of a monastery."

They came finally to a few tables at the upper end of the rooms, where the game of trente-et-quarante was in progress. The lowest stake was a twenty-franc piece, instead of five, and you might put twelve thousand francs on a single chance. Here was the veritably high play. They looked on at a very fashionably dressed individual regularly playing the maximums; the novices gazed almost open-mouthed. He handled his money and his pencil and marking-card with lemon-colored gloves. He did not even keep louis d'or beside him; he had nothing less than the splendid, large, gold hundred-franc pieces, and, for the rest of his provision a thick wallet of crisp new bank-notes, which they saw rapidly diminish.

So it was *true*, then? There *was* a place where fortunes were tossed about as nothing, gold and bank-notes were but merest trifles, vast sums were forfeited on the turning of a card or the spinning of a marble.

"I did not really believe it," said Mrs. Skelmer. "When you think what merely *one* of those coins would buy for deserving people. Oh, it is wicked, it is unendurable; why *don't* they stop it?"

Skelmer, methodically calculating the transactions of this player, checked her with a gesture.

"Well, I think *he's* got about the smallest amount of amusement on record out of forty thousand francs," he observed. "That's what he has lost in the last ten minutes."

Presently the same player began to dispute with the croupier four thousand francs of winnings which were not allowed him. Fat inspector Goldstein, looking on from a high chair of observation, sustained the croupier. The player got up in a rage, and made off, muttering maledictions. Even his maledictions, however, were hardly above a gentlemanly bated breath, which little disturbed the formidable hushed quietude of the place.

A chief inspector was called and hastened after him, talking conciliatingly. "Yes, M'seu le Duc"—"No, M'seu le Duc," they heard him say. People gathered thickly around. It was a veritable "incident."

"Bah! they can afford to give him his four thousand francs," said a bystander. "It's the Duke of Dindon. He has often lost a hundred thousand at a sitting."

The Chief Inspector thought so too, for he brought M'seu le Duc back again and made the croupier yield to him the four thousand francs. But even then, M'seu le Duc would not sit down to his game again. He thrust the bills into his pocket, and went off in unabated temper. It appeared that he would not be mollified till the next day, for such scenes were not uncommon and such was his custom. Then, as if nothing had happened, he would return and resume the egregious hazards which put his name among the foremost of all those known to this kind of disastrous financiering.

"Where *does* he get the money?" exclaimed Fanny Skelmer.

"America pays," replied her husband. "I guess you'll have to take a course of Crédit Lyonnais newspapers yourself. He's got an American wife, even richer than the one snapped up latest by that German prince who is said to be the greatest gambler in Europe."

"That would be more severe if *we* had no scapegrace husbands at home," commented Fanny Skelmer. "Oh, dear! there are some in Chicago now, that—Well, I can't tell about them here."

Leonard, too, had really been only half-hearted in his denunciation. The fever of play was mounting to his brain, his money burned in his pocket. Each of the tables they stopped at had been a centre of temptation to him. He had drunk in eagerly the small successes, and endeavored to ignore, deny, reason away the only certainty, the dire inexorable losses. He said, as each time he came,

"Perhaps the luck has changed; perhaps *this* is, at last, the day on which all is to be entirely different. Shall I be foolish enough to throw away my opportunity?"

"If we're expecting to hear anything of the concert, it's time to go in," he said to his companions.

He led them to the beautiful, rich concert-room, decorated by the masters of Parisian art. Three of the wide, easy seats that afford such comfortable rest were vacant; just three and no more. The Skelmers and Miriam sank into them; Leonard took it as a manifest sign. He made as if he would go back and look for a seat elsewhere. Miriam made a final signal to him. "Don't play."

"No," he answered, plainly; but this promise was made only with the lips, not with the heart; yet he half hoped some unseen force would enable him to keep it.

The great orchestra, that played so learnedly, gravely, tenderly, without ever a jar upon the ear of the most fastidious critic—the grand orchestra was pouring out the rich strains of the "Thousand and One Nights." He passed into the lobby and thence to the gaming-rooms again. He met almost immediately Louise Bradbury, moving about capriciously over the polished floor. People walked there as on thin ice. Her party had been out to the neighboring Café de Paris for incidental refreshment, and had made a considerable stay.

"I'm looking for a *red* table," she exclaimed, waywardly. "There's nothing but black to-day. Don't you want to help me find one?"

He went along with her almost readily. They said she was extremely lucky, and her play might serve as a guide for his own.

"So you came alone? Our party wasn't good enough for you, it seems," she chattered.

"No, I came *en famille*. The rest are in the concert-room."

"Ah! I see. Happy in love, unhappy at—" But his looks did not encourage her to continue.

"Mr. Vancoort is predicting. He's in his best vein. It's really wonderful," cried Lady Greenock, calling them. Mr. Vancoort would cover his eyes for an instant with his hand, in reflection, then announce a number. It seemed that everybody had already lost on the mystic "9" he claimed to have dreamed, and

the same result now attended all the rest.

"It is strange," the seer apologized, "I get them right in my own mind every time; I win invariably. But there seems to be something about playing in person or even in telling others that upsets the influence."

Thus he kept his reputation with his indulgent circle.

On the other hand, to stout, dignified old Mrs. Grandmore, too much of an invalid to go to the tables herself but reposing on a comfortable sofa, various obliging young people were all bringing her at once handfuls of money they had won for her.

This served to inflame Leonard Bond's infatuation. There were those who could win; why not he? He took a hundred-franc bill from his roll, changed it into silver, and staked it piecemeal, in cautious play, taking only the even chances. He tried a plan he let Miss Bradbury recommend to him. He would not put down his money till the ball had begun to spin; so that if there were really any chance that the croupiers could place it, he should be beyond the risk of those baleful arts at least. All the same, and in but a few minutes, he was at the end of this initial capital. Within, he raged furiously, though, for the sake of his company, he struggled to preserve his most impassive mien. Yet more carking care to take away with him, yet more of the bitter experience, yet more of the leaden weight each successive visit imposed upon mind and heart, in ever-increasing burden.

"*Can* I afford this?" he demanded, with an irrational sort of disgust. "With my losses purely to show the Skelmers the game, and railway tickets added in, it has cost me something like thirty dollars for the day's excursion. But this won't do; I must have it back."

He passed up a couple more bills to the croupier, and got gold. He threw down a louis, angrily, almost like throwing it in the croupier's face. It chanced to fall near the 19th. This was the date of the month on which he was born. It was something definite at least, so he took the rake and pushed it over on that number full. Then, as if this were not enough, he piled another, and yet two others, upon the first. Just at the last moment, when the ball was making its concluding turns and the croupier was about to cry his everlasting, "Nothing goes more," he quickly bent forward, with a last unreasoning movement, and placed four more louis at the corners, making the four *carrés* with 19. He seemed to hurl at destiny defiantly.

"There, take the gold, and lay double handfuls, from the man you so ill-use, and who yet deserved so well of happiness.—Only be quick about it."

"*Rien ne va plus,*" croaked the croupier.

The ivory marble danced on the incline of the wheel, caught in one compartment after another, and flew again to the outer edge. Its gyrations grew slower and slower; it knocked as it were against the very cockles of the players' hearts. It poised capriciously on the verge of 35, almost fell into 15, a hair's breadth would have made the difference, and, tottering feebly over, found rest in—19.

"*Dix-neuf, rouge, impair et passe,*" called the croupier's mechanical voice, and he began to sweep in the losings from all sides, leaving on the table the winning stakes, to be recompensed after their kind.

"Nineteen" had indeed won; it was about as improbable as being struck by lightning, but it had won. Leonard staggered, half dazed. Occupied with the effort to preserve his self-command, he could by no possibility have counted his gains. But Miss Bradbury did it for him. You were paid in proportion to your risks; and the result of his audacity was something prodigious.

"Thirty-five times for each of the louis on the number," she calculated deftly—"a hundred and forty. Eight for each of the four *carrés*—thirty-two; —a hundred and seventy-two. In all six hundred and eighty-eight dollars, American money. Not bad at all, for a single throw, *mon ami.* Keep it up!"

It was she too who supplied the enthusiasm. He affected a calm disdain for the lucky stroke, though in truth the revival of confidence within him was immense.

Some obliging person, with the air of a mere stranger, now made a place for him to sit down. There were said to be persons who kept seats at the table to resign opportunely to those who seemed promising victims.

He recollected a saying that advised one to "play high with the money of the bank"—that is, with money one had gained—and he followed it.

An unerring vision seemed given him now to place his money to the best advantage. If he, momentarily, lost, he would play a martingale — with increasing stakes—and would recover in a final profit the sum of many losses.

"Will you mind if I play with you, *cher monsieur?*" tremulously demanded an old woman, in a very shabby gown.

She might have played as she pleased without consulting him; it was a superstitious way of trying to borrow his luck. But when she played with him they both lost, and she abandoned the attempt.

He was as much as two thousand dollars to the good. Then a slight nervous contraction, a foreboding, passed over him. He felt that this could not last; it was too good to be true; and he rose to go.

"*Id*-iot! you have perfectly unheard-of luck," protested Louise Bradbury, in excited whispers at his elbow. "You're not going to get up and throw it away now?"

He sat down again. All still went well. He doubled his money and more; he had some fifty-two hundred dollars in all. Then he *knew* it could not last. He pushed back his chair and got up briskly, without waiting to listen to any further expostulations. He had enough for Barmasso, all the deferred payments, enough to make good his impaired capital, and something over and above even that. *He*, the unlucky one, had done this, at last. It was too wonderful for belief. A *cocotte*, with remains of a half-innocent sort of good looks, beset him, as he went away, saying impudently:

"Give us a louis, for dinner, will you? It was me being next to you, that gave you good luck."

He did not stop to dispute her claim; he had enough for all now. He handed her out the coin, and she continued her rounds, to beg still other louis from still other winners. In the warmth of his gratitude, Leonard gave a fee to his croupier also. The man took it and sent a keen little glance at his patron from half-closed eyes. Perhaps he did not feel that the august Principality had seen the last of its money yet.

Leonard threw himself upon a sofa, to think. Louise Bradbury was leaning in a plastic pose against its well-cushioned back. Piqued with him already for having repulsed her invitation to come with her party, she was almost alarmed too at the way in which the entanglement in play, into which she so ardently desired to lead him, was unexpectedly turning out. If such success should continue he would be likely to escape entirely beyond her reach. He was indifferent and distrait again. She could not turn the exaltation of his success to any sentimental account in her own favor.

"What a strange man you are!" she complained, impatiently. "You not only do not answer me, you do not even hear me."

"In this place, one is not a man; he is a gambler," he replied.

CHAPTER IV.

DINING EN PRINCE.

"I TELL you what," burst out Leonard Bond, presently, "as the upshot of this I want to give a dinner. I want to give the biggest kind of a dinner the Hotel Metropole can lay its hand to. We must have a lot of people. You can help me about this."

Louise was very willing to do so; Mrs. Lanfoot, the lively woman with the very bright hazel eyes, still more so. She charged herself to go about and give some of the invitations. Her financial resources were slender, and she got credit in this way, after a fashion she had, for paying off some of her own social debts. Any slight informality there was was easily arranged. Some of the party had been watching his play, and they were all good-naturedly ready to eat a lucky gambler's

dinner without feeling themselves under any great obligations for it.

When Miriam and the Skelmers came out from the concert-room, Leonard was brimming over with what he had done. He walked the lobby of marble columns with the port of a king. Though this luck at play should, logically, have been the very proof he was looking for of being unhappy in love, he found he could talk it over with Miriam better than with anybody else. He rattled on to her as eager as a school-boy, told her just how it happened, what hopes and fears he had had, what *coups* he had made. He felt himself the spoiled child of fortune, the favorite of all the fates. Others might lose; others might toil and drudge through life; but he was as one created apart, everything was to turn to good in his hands.

Miriam approved the project of the dinner. They could afford it, for once, at that rate; and it would be an outlet for his excited spirits. But she hoped they were going to take this money and go away from the place and never come back to it again. He took her along with him over to the beautiful new hotel to have the aid of her delicate insight in such matters in ordering it. On the way he hailed three or four other friends, or rather acquaintances, and retained them to dine with him.

"I countermand it absolutely," he cried to Amy Barr, Lillian Skobel, and their chaperon, who purposed to go off by the 6.20 train. "We insist upon your remaining, and we will see to your getting safely home later."

To the *maître d'hotel* in the expensive restaurant he said: "Make arrangements for a *lot* of people; see that there is enough for three or four more in case we should run over the list. Don't spare anything. And, mind you, nothing but your choicest performances; there are *gourmets* coming who will appreciate them. Give us a field-day."

It was arranged that Miriam with her friends should stay in the comfortable parlor of the hotel to rest a bit before dinner, and he would rejoin them in time to receive the guests.

"And you will not go back to the tables, will you, Leonard, dear?" asked Miriam, affectionately.

But this was, by no manner of means, in Leonard's ideas. He answered her with a certain astonishment.

"Why, Miriam, what are you dreaming of? I've got the hang of it. I've got the tide with me, at last, and do you suppose I'm going to stop? What is twenty-six thousand francs? I am perfectly capable of making a hundred and seventy thousand, like Lord Buntrock, or even a million, like the Prince de Berlingot."

"Oh, Leonard, how do you know they made it?"

"*Everybody* knows they did. All the newspapers state it."

He could not forbear a twinge of conscience to think how very lately he had taken the opposite view. And yet, perhaps, under the stimulus of winning, he now began to believe the stories himself.

"You have often told me the newspapers are subsidized to spread alluring tales, and keep quiet about all the dreadful things that happen here."

The young husband pooh-poohed all this, and was so positive in his opinion, that Miriam herself was almost convinced. He strolled over to the rooms again, leaving her behind.

It wanted then but half an hour to the time for the banquet. When all the guests had assembled, the host was not yet on hand. Much more than the polite delay that custom sanctions elapsed, and still he was not forthcoming. Miriam slipped away with Skelmer to bring him. She found him deep in play again at the same table as before. She put her hand on his shoulder, and he looked around with a haggard air, saying:

"Oh, yes, Miriam, to be sure. I'm not very hungry and I had almost forgotten the engagement."

He waited for the moving wheel to stop, gathered up some small winnings it brought him, and rose and accompanied her.

"And it still continues?" she asked, with misgiving.

"No, I'm sorry to say I've lost part of it."

"How much?"

"Let me see—about two thousand dollars, I should say."

Miriam turned pale. Two thousand dollars of that most welcome money, that delightful money, after it was actually gained and was theirs to do as they pleased with! "Oh, Leonard, how could you let any of it go? You are always saying you must have money to make you happier. We needed it *so* much."

"It was that cursed zero. Twice I was on the point of making an immense stake, but the zero knocks out everything, you know. If it hadn't been for that we should have had enough to satisfy us for one while. But I'll make it good. I know the trick now."

"Oh, don't, don't play again," clinging to his arm, fluttered and frightened.

"The mistake I made was in playing in off-time, between daylight and dark. I ought to have waited. Full daylight is favorable to me, or else night. We must hurry up the dinner as much as we decently can. The train doesn't go till eleven, and I'll get in another hour or two of good work, and put the record back where it was."

"I should like it so, so much, if you wouldn't try any more. Only let us keep what we've got."

He continued to disregard her protests with an extremely superior air. "Another thing, Miriam," said he, "I notice I have peculiar physical sensations when I'm going to win—a sort of warm feeling and quickened pulse way down to the ends of my fingers. On the other hand, when I'm going to lose there's a sort of chill about me. I must make a study of that and attend to it. I got too confident, you see, and went on playing on mere whims of my own."

At the dinner he was involuntarily *distrait*, and under other circumstances it might have proved a constrained affair, instead of the jollification it should be *apropos* of such a peculiar occasion. But the people of the world exerted themselves and at least amused one another very well.

Scaithwaite, with the serious burden of his "systems" off his mind, was a good *raconteur*. So, too, was even bald old Vancoort, who knew everybody and everything, having been a comfortable ornament to society all his days. Bright-eyed Mrs. Lanfoot was currently known among her acquaintance as "great fun," and Miss Bradbury was scarce her inferior. Together, they stirred up the men. They made a yachtsman, who had just raced his craft across the Atlantic, promise breakfasts on his yacht, and a naval officer a ball on his cruiser in Villefranche Harbor.

"What! not know my story about the man hanging on under a railway-bridge who let go to get a better hold?" cried Louise Bradbury. "Where have you all been? You must hear it."

And Leonard thought the implication was for him, and meant that he should not have stopped his more fortunate play when he did.

Louise Bradbury's peculiar gifts fitted her better to shine in the entertainment of a circle than in quiet *tête-à-tête*. Her mother had let her—in truth been forced to let her—do about as she pleased. Of two kinds of virtue, it might be said of her that she had that which was founded on a thorough knowledge of evil instead of an ignorance of it. It may have been founded on expediency rather than high principle; yet it was, after all, an inflexible sort of virtue. She would associate affably with free livers, and perhaps had no great prejudice even against their doings; but, beyond a certain point, all that was not for her; she had no wish to go into it; it simply did not suit her.

Her mother talked of a plan they had of taking up their permanent abode at Nice. "It is more or less cosmopolitan," she argued. "You can see people if you want to, and you need not if you don't. It has climate, comforts, and you can drive somewhere every day. As we have nothing to fix us anywhere in particular, I don't see why we should not make Nice our headquarters."

Lady Greenock showed, at an adjoining table, a lady dining in a rather flirtatious way with a young man, at dessert even puffing a cigarette.

"She gives smart parties in London. I introduced those two people," she complained, rather innocently. "They stayed at my house in Surrey, and ever

since they have completely left me out of it. They have treated me shamefully."

Leonard had said to Miriam, in arranging for the dinner, that he wanted for once to see how it would feel to do things *en prince*. He had duly impressed the restaurateur with his ideas of magnificence, and the bill-of-fare showed it. They had *huîtres de Marennes au gratin*, with Chablis; they had *côtelettes de grives*, with Chambertin; they had *chaud-froid de filets de poulets, à la Russe*, and *petits pois à l'Anglaise*, with Château Yquem of '58.

The viands won open admiration from the guests. "It's just simply *épatant, stupéfiant*," commented Vancoort. "It knocks you out."

Naturally, this excellence showed in the bill also. "If it comes within the odd two hundred dollars—out of the five thousand two hundred—I shall call it about right," said Leonard to Miriam. But this was when his capital was at the highest. And when the accounts were in, his dinner was much nearer three hundred dollars than two.

"Lucky we didn't have to chip in and pay the shot ourselves. Well out of it, eh?" Scaithwaite let fall to Vancoort at a favorable opportunity. They had divined perfectly well what was passing during Leonard's failure to appear.

The host had bunches of beautiful roses for the ladies, though, fortunately, this was not one of the luxuries that cost dear. The party sipped their coffee and *liqueurs* with epicurean deliberation; for all his impatience to be gone, Leonard could not politely hurry them away. The restaurant opened from the bright new arcade above the Casino park. As they stepped out into the arcade, they heard merriment from another restaurant of the same luxurious sort alongside. It was the toasts and jesting of a Punch of Honor given by young officers to celebrate the advancement of a comrade to a higher grade. The windows of the few shops were hung with fine gifts for full purses, ablaze in the electric light. They strolled to the end of the terrace before turning back to separate. The moonlight whitened, like a softer daylight, the little-frequented gardens in front of the sea, and the landscape of mountain and cliff. They could plainly see Roquebrune, a little village — all ready made to the water-color brush— which had slid part way down the mountain-slope. The legend was that it had been miraculously stopped in its course by a diminutive plant, a mere sprig of broom. Some of the smokers thought good to exercise their wit upon the legend and the village.

"Town heard the climate was better below, and took a tumble to the idea," said the yachtsman, in smart American slang.

"I guess it was a sort of co-operative toboggan-slide," suggested the navy-officer. "I don't see why they didn't make a go of it, as they came down so handsomely with the rocks."

"Lacked bowld-er-ness, after all, ha ha! ha ha!" laughed Mr. Vancoort. But even his lady admirers thought the pun much too atrocious and worthy of reproof.

Leonard had after all, therefore, but a brief while at the table before train-time—the train that adapts itself to the closing of the Casino, and takes back all who have waited to see the last of it. He won or lost a trifle in this short experience, but the grand result of the afternoon remained unchanged.

There was the same group in the compartment going back as in coming, with the addition of Hazlitt, the consul, who got in at Monaco. He had by no means come in connection with the reprobate casino, but to visit his consular agents, at the Prince's seat of government proper. He listened to the story of Leonard's winnings repeated in full.

"Now then, Bond," said he, "I'm going to talk to you. You've got a very comfortable little sum, snatched from the jaws of destruction. Everything they have got is the spoil of victims, and you needn't trouble your conscience about keeping it. Your title to it is good. If you stop now, you will be a man in a million. If you go back, you lose all, as certainly as you are alive. It is only a question of a little time. If I were you I'd be the one man to laugh at Monte Carlo on the right side of my mouth. I'd stow away that money and never go near the confounded man-trap again."

"Hazlitt cultivates us only on condition that we let him give us advice," said Leonard, indulgently explaining the Consul to the party. "Well, it does us no harm and does him lots of good; so why not?"

"So it's preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron, is it?" almost a trifle offended.

"If I'm a man in a million, why not have a little advantage of it? It's pretty hard to stop without getting back to my best figure. If I were there, I'd be satisfied to call quits."

"The true gambler spirit. If he lose he bemoans his lot in the bitterest terms, if he wins, no matter how much, he's as doleful because he hasn't won more. I appeal to Skelmer, as a practical business man, to say if my views are not correct."

"Oh, yes, *do* talk to him, both of you," appealed Miriam, eagerly. "He's so dreadfully set in his way, sometimes."

"If you want straight common-sense, I tell you Hazlitt is sound."

"Consul, this makes us prouder than ever to know you."

"You may not think it, but I haven't been always the quiet sort of party you see me now," Skelmer proceeded. "When I was in business out Denver way, before the doctors got in so much of their fine work on me, I was about as wild as they make 'em."

"Were you, indeed?" put in his wife, but, as she must have known by long experience the thoroughness of his conversion, it is possible that she was hardly less pleased than shocked at his admission.

"I've seen some tall games, and I sum up for you as the result of it all that the successful gambler does not exist. If he has lost, then he must play to get even; if he has won, then he must play to win more; and so it goes till the end."

"Granting all that is claimed of honesty over here, it's a brace-game; a mantrap all the same," added the Consul. "The percentage is such in their favor that they are bound to get you, as sure as the sun shines. Otherwise, they couldn't keep open a season."

"You are too many for me. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll deposit the bulk of the money in the morning and keep out only the loose coin I've got about me," examining his pockets to see what it was—"five hundred francs, to start me again. You recollect I made all I've got from an original hundred francs."

And further concession than this he would not listen to.

For upward of a week after this Leonard Bond did not return again to Monte Carlo. He himself was cooler and calmer in his mind on the succeeding day. He looked with greater respect at even the diminished figure of his winnings, and manifested no desire to go and play the surplus he had reserved for that professed purpose. He even began to work with new courage, taking up several unfinished projects, and starting an important new one.

They waked betimes at the Villa Soleil. At the first light of dawn the bugles of the Chasseurs-à-pied were wont to sound the *reveille*, and the drill-sergeants to begin putting through the awkward squads, with their monotonous "*Un, deux!*" "*Un, deux!*" down on the parade of the Place d'Armes. Earlier yet, the whole battalion sometimes started for their target-practice, at the Var, at three o'clock in the morning, going over the old road of Villefranche with their pack-mules and mountaineering apparatus complete. Somewhat disturbed at first, they came to like these evidences that people were astir. They by no means rose at once; a whiff of fragrant smoke would come up to them, they knew Barbara was kindling the kitchen fire with pine-cones, and soon she brought them their coffee in bed.

This, too, was peculiarly the hour of Little Son. No soldier that the bugles roused was a tithe as active as he. Once it was done, he was irrepressible in play. Sometimes he pretended to drive "Jojo," with strings attached to the canopy of his large antique nut-wood cradle. More often, he pattered over the floor from his father's bed to his mother's, diving into either one like a little battering-ram, and calling chiefly for a game which consisted of his being thrown down upon his back

time after time, and greeting this with shrieks of delight. If there had been misunderstanding between the parents of Little Son over-night, his unconscious innocent gayety was a solvent of unpleasantness, an influence in the direction of better feeling hard to resist.

Leonard was nicer, too, to Miriam these late days. So, one morning, when Lucien had been talking with much zest about "the big country," by which he meant the large open country away from the houses of men, Leonard proposed to her:

"Let's go over to the new cottage, to-day. We'll take our lunch, stay there, and boss Barmasso at our ease."

His work was at that cheerful preliminary stage where he saw his way with confidence to the end, and so thought he could well allow himself a holiday at present.

On their way, Miriam wished to stop to add something to their picnic provision from the little shop of the *laitier* who supplied them with butter, milk, and eggs. A frumpish old man, a member of the Knope family, which was said to have lived in grand style at Beaulieu, but now occupied a modest châlet just above the port, was concluding some friendly words to the young market-woman in the shop.

"*Vous comprenez bien ce que je vous dis là, n'est-ce-pas?*" he said, in French having a German accent. "You must not work too hard; you must take great care of your health. Tell your husband I said so. A young woman like that must not work too hard," turning to the new-comers. "*C'est une très brave femme.* We are very fond of her."

"*Mon dieu!* yes, that is all very well," commented the *laitière*, with a half-resigned sigh, when he had gone; "but I wish they would pay us the money they owe us. It is more than a hundred francs. They have finally given us a note for it, but that was all we could do."

"And where does their money go to?"

"To Monte Carlo. They take every cent of their income over there before anybody can get any good of it."

"That eternal Monte Carlo! it seems as if we heard of nothing else in the country but the losses it occasioned," said Miriam.

"That's because people don't know how to play," said Leonard, complacently. "If you had observed my play you would have noticed its prudence as well as boldness. I am satisfied, from my late experience, that I could go over there with a moderate capital and make, say, $200 a day, right along. I don't speak now of high play, you see, but only of a moderate policy."

"I don't know what more to say to you, Leonard; I've exhausted all my arguments."

"That's a dear good girl; that's quite right; don't say anything at all; leave it to me. Two hundred dollars a day, that's, say, $70,000 a year, to be made by devoting one's attention exclusively to it. A good deal better than sending over problematic designs to unappreciative publishers, or even to appreciative ones—eh? If I had but $70,000, better still $100,000, product of only a little over a year's work, I could afford to let the place alone for good. It isn't much, but it would be quite a modest fortune for people like us. We'd give dinners, and show Nice then what good taste with a little money really could do. I should also have double or quadruple prices for my work; for not being obliged to sell, people would have to come to my terms instead of my going to theirs. When you think, though, of the difficulty of finding good investments and the low rates of interest nowadays," he went on, in his sanguine process of counting his eggs, "I think I ought to make the limit $200,000, instead."

"No, no," exclaimed Miriam almost piteously. And her protest against the higher limit had, by implication, the air of permitting him to try for the lower.

(To be continued.)

THE BOWERY AND BOHEMIA.

By H. C. Bunner.

ONE day a good many years ago an old gentleman from Rondout-on-the-Hudson—then plain Rondout—was walking up Broadway seeing the sights. He had not been in New York in ten or twelve years, and although he was an old gentleman who always had a cask of good ale in his cellar in the wintertime, yet he had never tasted the strange German beverage called lager-beer, which he had heard and read about. So when he saw its name on a sign he went in and drank a mug, sipping it slowly and thoughtfully, as he would have sipped his old ale. He found it refreshing—peculiar—and, well, on the whole, very refreshing indeed, as he considerately told the proprietor.

But what interested him more than the beer was the sight of a group of young men seated around a table drinking beer, reading—and—yes, actually writing verses, and bandying very lively jests among themselves. The old gentleman could not help hearing their conversation, and when he went out into the street he shook his head thoughtfully.

"I wonder what my father would have said to that?" he reflected. "Young gentlemen sitting in a pot-house at high noon and turning verses like so many ballad-mongers! Well, well, well, if those are the ways of lager-beer drinkers, I'll stick to my good old ale!"

And greatly surprised would that honest old gentleman have been to know that the presence of that little group of poets and humorists attracted as much custom to good Mr. Pfaff's beer-saloon as did his fresh, cool lager; and that young men, and for the matter of that, men not so young, stole in there to listen to their contests of wit, and to wish and yearn and aspire to be of their goodly company. For the old gentleman little dreamed, as he went on his course up Broadway, that he had seen the first Bohemians of New York, and that these young men would be written about and talked about and versified about for generations to come. Unconscious of this honor he went on to Fourteenth Street to see the new square they were laying out there.

Perhaps nothing better marks the place where the city of New York got clean and clear out of provincial pettiness into metropolitan tolerance than the advent of the Bohemians. Twenty-five years earlier they would have been a scandal and a reproach to the town. Not for their literature, or for their wit, or for their hard drinking, or even for their poverty; but for their brotherhood, and for their calm indifference to all the rest of the world whom they did not care to receive into their kingdom of Bohemia. There is human nature in this; more human nature than

there is in most provincialism. Take a community of one hundred people and



An Old Gentleman from Rondout.

let any ten of its members join themselves together and dictate the terms on which an eleventh may be admitted to their band. The whole remaining eighty-nine will quarrel for the twelfth place. But take a community of a thousand, and let ten such internal groups be formed, and every group will have to canvass more or less hard to increase its number. For the other nine hundred people, being able to pick and choose, are likely to feel a deep indifference to the question of joining any segregation at all. If group No. 2 says, "Come into my crowd, I understand they don't want you in No. 1," the individual replies: "What the deuce do I care about No. 1 or you either? Here are Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 all begging for me. If you and No. 1 keep on in your conceit you'll find yourselves left out in the cold."

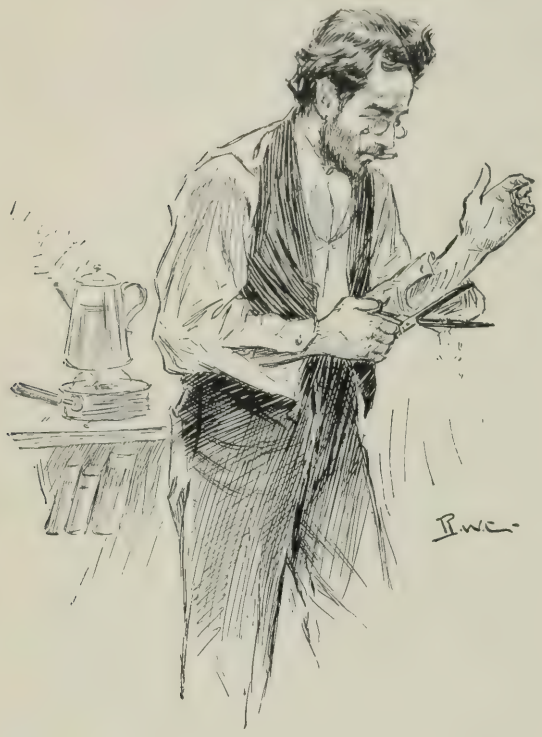
And as it frequently happens to turn out that way, the dweller in a great city soon learns, in the first place, that he is less important than he thought he was; in the second place, that he is less unimportant than some people would like to have him think himself. All of which goes to show that when New Yorkers looked with easy tolerance, and some of them with open admiration, upon the Bohemians at Pfaff's saloon, they had come to be citizens of no mean city, and were making metropolitan growth.

A Bohemian may be defined as the only kind of gentleman permanently in temporary difficulties who is neither a sponge nor a cheat. He is a type that has existed in all ages and always will exist. He is a man who lacks certain elements necessary to success in this world, and who manages to keep fairly even with the world, by dint of ingenious shift and expedient; never fully succeeding, never wholly failing. He is a man, in fact, who can't swim, but can tread water. But he never, never, never calls himself a Bohemian — at least, in a somewhat wide experience, I have known only two that ever did, and one of these was a baronet. As a rule, if you overhear a man approach his acquaintance with the formula, "As one Bohemian to another," you may make up your mind that that man means an assault upon the other man's pocketbook, and that if the assault is successful the damages will never be repaired. That man is not a Bohemian; he is a



The First Bohemians of New York.

beat. Your true Bohemian always calls himself by some euphemistic name. He is always a gentleman at odds with fortune, who rolled in wealth yesterday and will to-morrow, but who at present is willing to do any work that he is sure will make him immortal, and that he



A Bohemian Toilet.

thinks may get him the price of a supper. And very often he lends more largely than he borrows.

Now the crowd which the old gentleman saw in the saloon—and he saw George Arnold, Fitz-James O'Brien, and perhaps N. P. Shepard—was a crowd of Bohemians rather by its own christening than by any ordinary application of the word. They were all young men of ability, recognized in their profession. Of those who have died, two at least have honor and literary consideration to-day; of those who lived, some have obtained celebrity, and all a reasonable measure of success. Murger's Bohemians would have called them Philistines. But they have started a tradition that will survive from generation unto generation; a tradition of delusion so long as the glamour of poetry, romance, and adventure hang around the mysteriously attractive personality of a Bohemian. Ever since then New York has had, and always will have, the posing Bohemian and his worshippers.

Ten or fifteen years ago the "French Quarter" got its literary introduction to New York, and the fact was revealed that it was the resort of real Bohemians—young men who actually lived by their wit and their wits, and who talked brilliantly over fifty-cent table-d'hôte dinners. This was the signal for the would-be Bohemian to emerge from his dainty flat or his oak-panelled studio in Washington Square, hasten down to Bleecker or Houston Street, there to eat chicken badly *braisé*, fried chuck-steak, and soggy spaghetti, and to drink thin blue wine and chiccory-coffee that he might listen to the feast of witticism and flow of soul that he expected to find at the next table. If he found it at all, he lost it at once. If he made the acquaintance of the young men at the next table, he found them to be young men of his own sort—agreeable young boys just from Columbia and Harvard, who were painting impressionless pictures for the love of Art for Art's sake, and living very comfortably on their paternal allowances. Any one of the crowd would think the world was coming to pieces if he woke up in the morning to wonder where he could get his breakfast on credit, and wonder where he could earn enough money to buy his dinner. Yet these innocent youngsters continue to pervade "The Quarter," as they call it; and as time goes on, by much drinking of ponies of brandy and smoking of cigarettes, they get to fancy that they themselves are Bohemians. And when they get tired of it all and want something good to eat, they go up to Delmonico's and get it.

And their Bohemian predecessors, who sought the French fifty-cent restaurants as *their* highest attainable luxury—what has become of them? They have fled before that incursion as a flock of birds before a whirlwind. They leave behind them, perhaps, a few of the more mean-spirited among them, who are willing to degenerate into fawners on the rich and habitual borrowers of trifling sums. But the true Bohemians, the men who have the real blood in their veins, they must seek some

other meeting-place where they can pitch their never-abiding tents, and sit at their humble feasts to recount to each other, amid appreciative laughter, the tricks and devices and pitiful petty schemes for the gaining of daily bread that make up for them the game and comedy of life. Tell me not that Ishmael does not enjoy the wilderness. The Lord made him for it, and he would not be happy anywhere else.

There was one such child of fortune once, who brought his blue eyes over from Ireland. His harmless and gentle life closed after too many years in direst misfortune. But as long as he wandered in the depths of poverty there was one strange and mysterious thing about him. His clothes, always well brushed and well carried on a gallant form, often showed cruel signs of wear, especially when he went for a winter without an overcoat. But shabby as his garments might grow, empty as his pockets might be, his linen was always spotless, stiff, and fresh. Now everybody who has ever had occasion to consider the matter knows that by the aid of a pair of scissors the life of a collar or of a pair of cuffs can be prolonged almost indefinitely—apparent miracles had been performed in this way. But no pair of scissors will pay a laundry bill; and finally a committee of the curious waited upon this student of economics and asked him to say how he did it. He was proud and delighted to tell them.

"I-I-I'll tell ye, boys," he said, in his pleasant Dublin brogue, "but 'twas I that thought it out. I wash them, of course, in the basin—that's easy enough; but you'd think I'd be put to it to iron them, wouldn't ye, now? Well, I've invinted a substischoot for ironing—it's me big books. Through all me vicissichoods, boys, I kept me Bible and me dictionary, and I lay the collars and cuffs in the undher one and get the leg of the bureau on top of them both—and you'd be surprised at the artistic effect."

There is no class in society where the sponge, the toady, the man who is willing to receive socially without giving in return, is more quickly found out or more heartily disowned than among the genuine Bohemians. He is to them a traitor, he is one who plays the game unfairly, one who is willing to fill his belly by means to which they will not resort, lax and fantastic as is their social code. Do you know, for instance, what "Jackaling" is in New York? A Jackal is a man generally of good address, and capable of a display of good fellowship combined with much knowledge of literature and art, and a vast and intimate acquaintance with writers, musicians, and managers. He makes it his business to haunt hotels, theatrical agencies, and managers' offices, and to know whenever, in his language, "a new jay comes to town." The jay he is after is some man generally from the smaller provincial cities, who has artistic or theatrical aspirations and a pocketful of money. It is



Jackal and Jay.

the Jackal's mission to turn this jay into an "angel." Has the gentleman from Lockport come with the score of a comic opera under his arm, and two thousand dollars in his pocket? Two thousand dollars will not go far toward the production of a comic opera in these days, and the jay finds that out later; but not until after the Jackal has made him intimately acquainted with a very gentlemanly and experienced manager who thinks that it can be done for that price with strict economy. Has

the young man of pronounced theatrical talent arrived from Keokuk with gold and a thirst for fame? The Jackal knows just the dramatist who will write him the play that he ought to star in. Does the wealthy and important person from Todunk desire to back something absolutely safe and sure in the line of theatrical speculation? The Jackal has the very thing for which he is looking. And in all these, and in all similar contingencies, it is a poor Jackal who does not get his commission at both ends.



Saturday Night on the Bowery.

The Jackal may do all these things, but he may not, if he is treated, fail to treat in return. I do not mean to say at all that Jackaling is a business highly esteemed, even in darkest Bohemia, but it is considered legitimate, and I hope that no gentleman doing business in Wall Street, or on the Consolidated Exchange, will feel too deeply grieved when he learns the fact.

But where have the real Bohemians fled to from the presence of the too-well-disposed and too-wealthy children of the Benedick and the Holbein? Not where they are likely to find him, you may be sure. The true Bohemian does not carry his true address on his card. In fact, he is delicate to the point of sensitiveness about allowing any publicity to attach to his address. He communicates it confidentially to those with whom he has business dealings, but he carefully conceals it from the prying world. As soon as the world knows it he moves. I once asked a chief of the Bohemian tribe whose residence was the world, but whose temporary address was sometimes Paris, why he had moved from the Quartier Latin to a place in Montmartre.

"Had to, my dear fellow," he answered, with dignity; "why if you live over on that side of the river they'll call you a *Bohemian!*"

In Paris the home of wit in poverty has been moved across the Seine to the south side of the hill up which people climb to make pilgrimages to the Moulin Rouge and the church of St. Pierre de Montmartre. In New York it has been moved not only across that river of human intercourse that we call Broadway—a river with a tidal ebb and flow of travel and traffic, but across a wilder, stranger, and more turbulent flood called the Bowery, to a region of which the well-fed and prosperous New Yorker knows very, very little.

As more foreigners walk on the Bowery than walk on any other street in New York; and as more different nationalities are represented there than are represented in any other street in New York; and as the foreigners all say that the Bowery is the most marvellous thoroughfare in the world, I think we are justified in assuming that there is little reason to doubt that the foreigners are entirely right in the matter, especially as their opinion coincides with that of every American who has

ever made even a casual attempt to size up the Bowery.

No one man can thoroughly know a great city. People say that Dickens knew London, but I am sure that Dickens would never have said it. He knew enough of London to know that no one human mind, no one mortal life can take in the complex intensity of a metropolis. Try to count a million, and then try to form a conception of the impossibility of learning all the ins and outs of the domicile of a million men, women, and children. I have met men who thought they knew New York, but I have never met a man—except a man from a remote rural district—who thought he knew the Bowery. There are agriculturists, however, all over this broad land who have entertained that supposition and acted on it—but never twice. The sense of humor is the saving grace of the American people.



In Mulberry Bend.

I first made acquaintance with the Bowery as a boy through some lithographic prints. I was interested in them, for I was looking forward to learning to shoot, and my father had told me that there used to be pretty good shooting at the upper end of the Bowery, though, of course, not so good as there was farther up near the Block House, or in the wood beyond. Besides, the pictures showed a very pretty country road with big trees on both sides of it, and comfortable farmhouses, and, I suppose, an inn with a swinging sign. I was disappointed at first, when I heard it had been all built up, but I was consoled when the glories of the real Bowery were unfolded to my youthful mind, and I heard of the butcher-boy and his red sleigh; of the Bowery Theatre and peanut gallery, and the gods, and Mr. Eddy, and the war-cry they made of his name—and a glorious old war-cry it is, better than any college cries ever invented: "*Hi*, Eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy!" of Mose and his silk locks; of the fire-engine fights, and Big Six, and "Wash-her-down!" of the pump at Houston Street; of what happened to Mr. Thackeray when he talked to the tough; of many other delightful things that made the Bowery, to my young imagination, one long avenue of romance, mystery, and thrilling adventure. And the first time I went in the flesh to the Bowery was to go with an elderly lady to an optician's shop.

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!"

But the study of the Bowery that I began that day has gone on with interruption for a good many years, and I think now that I am arriving at the point where I have some faint glimmerings of the littleness of my knowledge of it as compared with what there is to be known. I do not mean to say that I can begin to size the disproportion up with any accuracy, but I think I have accomplished a good deal in getting as far as I have.

The Bowery is not a large place, for I think that, properly speaking, it is a place rather than a street or avenue. It is an irregularly shaped ellipse, of notable width in its widest part. It begins at Chatham Square, which lies on the parallel of the sixth Broadway block above City Hall, and loses its identity at the Cooper Union where Third and Fourth Avenues begin, so that it is a scant mile in all. But it is the alivest mile on the face of the earth. And it either bounds or bisects that square mile that the statisticians say is the most densely populated square mile on the face of the globe. This is the heart of the New York tenement district. As the Bowery is the Broadway of the East Side, the street of its pleasures, it would be interesting enough if it opened up only this one densely populated district. But there is much more to contribute to its infinite variety. It serves the same purpose for the Chinese colony in Mott, Pell, and Doyers Streets, and for the Italian swarms in Mulberry Bend, the most picturesque and interesting slum I have ever seen, and I am an ardent collector of slums. I have missed art galleries and palaces and theatres and cathedrals (cathedrals particularly) in various and sundry cities, but I don't think I ever missed a slum. Mulberry Bend is a narrow bend in Mulberry Street, a tortuous ravine of tall tenement-houses, and it is so full of people that the throngs going and coming spread off the sidewalk nearly to the middle of the street. There they leave a little lane for the babies to play in. No, they never get run over. There is a perfect understanding between the babies and the pedlers who drive their wagons in Mulberry Bend. The crowds are in the street partly because much of the sidewalk and all of the gutter is taken up with venders' stands, which give its characteristic feature to Mulberry Bend. There are displayed more and stranger wares than uptown people ever heard of. Probably the edibles are in the majority, certainly they are the queerest part of the show. There are trays and bins there in the Bend, containing dozens and dozens of things that you would never guess were meant to eat if you didn't happen to see a ham or a string of sausages or some other familiar object among them. But the color of the Bend—and its color is its strong point—comes from its displays of wearing apparel and candy. A lady can go out in Mulberry Bend and purchase every article of apparel, external or private and personal, that she ever heard of, and some that she never heard of, and she can get them of any shade or hue. If she likes what they call "Liberty" colors — soft, neutral tones — she can get them from the second-hand dealers whose goods have all the softest of shade that age and exposure can give them. But if she likes, as I do, bright, cheerful colors, she can get tints in Mulberry Bend that you could warm your hands on. Reds, greens, and yellows preponderate, and Nature herself would own that the Italians could give her points on inventing green and not exert themselves to do it. The pure arsenical tones are preferred in the Bend, and,



A Mulberry Bend Baker's Store.



Here Dwell the Polish Jews with their Back-yards Full of Chickens.

by the bye, anybody who remembers the days when ladies wore magenta and solferino, and wants to have those dear old colors set his teeth on edge again, can go to the Bend and find them there. The same dye-stuffs that are popular in the dress-goods are equally popular in the candy, and candy is a chief product of Mulberry Bend. It is piled up in reckless profusion on scores of stands, here, there, and everywhere, and to call the general effect festal, would be to speak slightingly of it. The stranger who enters Mulberry Bend and sees the dress-goods and the candies is sure to think that the place has been decorated to receive him. No, nobody will hurt you if you go down there and are polite, and mind your own business, and do not step on the babies. But if you stare about and make comments I think those people will be justified in suspecting that the people uptown don't always know how to behave themselves like ladies and gentlemen, so do not bring disgrace on your neighborhood, and do not go in a cab. You will not bother the babies, but you will find it trying to your own nerves.

There is a good deal of money in Mulberry Street, and some of it overflows into the Bowery. From this street also the Baxter Street variety of Jews find their way into the Bowery. These are the Jew toughs, and there is no other type of Jew at all like them in all New York's assortment of Hebrew types, which cannot be called meagre. Of the Jewish types New York has, as the printers say, "a full case."

But it is on the other side of the Bowery that there lies a world to which the world north of Fourteenth Street is a select family party. I could not give even a partial list of its elements. Here dwell the Polish Jews with their back-yards full of chickens. The police raid those back-yards with ready assiduity, but the yards are always promptly replenished. It is the police against a religion, and the odds are against the police. The Jew will die for it, if needs be, but his chickens must be killed *kosher* way and not Christian way, but that is only the way of the Jews: the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Anarchist Russians, the Scandinavians of all sorts who come up from the wharfs, the Irish, who are there, as everywhere, the Portuguese Jews, and all the rest of them who



Anarchist Russians.

help to form that city within a city—have they not, all of them, ways of their own? I speak of this Babylon only to say that here and there on its borders, and, once in a way, in its very heart, are rows or blocks of plain brick

houses, homely, decent, respectable relics of the days when the sturdy, steady tradesfolk of New York built here the homes that they hoped to leave to their children. They are boarding- and lodging-houses now, poor enough, but proud in their respectability of the past, although the tide of ignorance, poverty, vice, filth, and misery is surging to their doors and their back-yard fences. And here, in hall bedrooms, in third story backs and fronts, and in half-story attics, live the Bohemians of to-day, and with them those other strugglers of poverty who are destined to become "successful men" in various branches of art, literature, science, trade, or finance. Of these latter our children will speak with hushed respect, as men who rose from small beginnings; and they will go into the school-readers of our grandchildren along with Benjamin Franklin and that contemptible wretch who got to be a great banker because he picked up a pin, as examples of what perseverance and industry can accomplish. From what I remember I foresee that those children will hate them.

I am not going to give you the addresses of the cheap restaurants where these poor, cheerful children of adversity are now eating *goulasch* and *Kartoffelsalad* instead of the spaghetti and tripe *à la mode de Caen* of their old haunts. I do not know them, and if I did, I should not hand them over to the mercies of the intrusive young men from the studios and the bachelors' chambers. I wish them good digestion of their goulasch: for those that are to climb, I wish that they may keep the generous and faithful spirit of friendly poverty; for those that are to go on to the end in fruitless struggle and in futile hope, I wish for them that that end may come in some gentle and happier region lying to the westward of that black tide that ebbs and flows by night and day along the Bowery Way.



All sorts who come up from the wharf.

AFTERWARD.

By Dorothea Lummis.

A DYING moon fell down the sky,
As one looked out to see
The place where once her soul endured
Its lengthened Calvary.

Of all the mem'ries gathered there,—
Their faces wan with tears,—
One only smiled—a baby's smile—
To rectify the years.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXIII.

MR. RAVENEL SUGGESTS A "MORE EXCELLENT WAY."



URGED by all sorts and on all sides, the Northerners lingered a day or two more, visiting battle-fields and things. At Turkey Creek Halliday was talkative, Garnet overflowed with information, Captains Champion and Shotwell were boyish, and Colonel Proudfit got tight. They ate cold fried chicken and drank—"Whew!—stop, stop!—I can't take—Why, half that would"—etc.

"Where's Mr. Ravenel?"

"Who, Jeff-Jack? Oh, he's over yonder pickin' blackberries—no, he seldom ever touches—he has to be careful how he—Yes, sometimes he disremembers."

In town again, Halliday led the way to the public grammar and high schools. Garnet mentioned Montrose boastfully more than once.

"Why don't we go there?" asked one of the projectors, innocently.

"Oh—ah—wha'd you say, Colonel Proudfit? Yess, that's so, we pass right by it on ow way to Rosemont"—and they did, to the sweet satisfaction of the Misses Kinsington, who were resolved no railroad should come to Suez if they could prevent it.

At Rosemont Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew told each Northerner, as soon as he could get him from Mrs. Garnet's presence, that Virginia was the Mother of Presidents; that the first slaves ever brought to this country came in Yankee ships; that Northern envy of Southern opulence and refinement had been the mainspring of the abolition movement; and—with a smile of almost womanly heroism—that he—or his father, at least—had lost all his slaves in the war.

At Widewood, whither Garnet and Ravenel led, the travellers saw only Judge March and the scenery. He brought them water to the fence in a piggin, and with a wavering hand served it out in a gourd.

"I could 'a' served it in a glass, gentlemen, but we Southe'ne's think it's sweeteh drank fum a gode."

"We met your son at the cotillion," said one, and the father lighted up with such confident expectation of a compliment that the stranger added, cordially, "He's quite noted," though he had not heard of the affair with Leggett.

On the way back Garnet praised everything and everybody. He wished they could have seen Daphne Dalrymple! If it were not for the Northern prejudice against Southern writers, her poems would—"See that fox—ah! he's hid, now."

But the wariest game was less coy than the poetess. She wrote, that day,

> "O! hide me from the Northron's eye!
> Let me not hear his fawning voice,
> I heard the Southland matron sigh
> And saw the piteous tear that" . . .

Thus it ended; "as if," said Garnet to John, who with restrained pride showed him the manuscript, "as if grief for the past choked utterance—for the present. There's a wonderful eloquence in that silence, March, tell her to leave it as it is; dry so."

John would have done this had he not become extremely preoccupied. The affair at the old bridge was everybody's burning secret till the prospectors were gone. But the day after they left it was everybody's blazing news. Oddly enough, not what anybody had done, but what Leggett had said—in contempt of the color line—was the microscopic germ of all the

fever. From window to window, and from porch to porch, women fed alarm with rumor and rumor with alarm, while on every sidewalk men collaborated in the invention of plans for defensive vengeance.

"Well, they've caught him—pulled him out of a dry well in Libertyville."

"I beg your pardon, he crossed the Ohio this morning at daylight."

John March was light-headed with much drinking of praise for having made it practicable to "smash this unutterable horror in the egg!"

Ravenel, near the *Courier* office, stopped at the beckon of Lazarus Graves and Charlie Champion. John was with them, laboring under the impression that they were with him. They wanted to consult Ravenel about the miscreant, and the "steps proper to be taken against him."

"When found," suggested Ravenel, and they pleasantly assented.

"Oh, yes," he said again, as the four presently moved out of the hot sun, "but if the color line hadn't been crossed already there wouldn't be any Leggett."

"But he threatens to cross it from the wrong side," replied John, posing sturdily.

Ravenel's smile broadened. "Most any man, Mr. March, could be enticed across."

The mouth of the enticer opened, but his tongue failed.

"A coat of tar and feathers will show him he mustn't even be enticed across," rejoined Lazarus.

Ravenel said something humorous about the New Dixie and a peace policy, and John's face began to show misgivings; but Captain Champion explained that the affair would be strictly select—best citizens—no liquor—no brawl—no life taking, unless violent resistance compelled it; in fact, no individual act; but——

"Yes, I know," said Ravenel, "you mean one of those irresistible eruptions of a whole people's righteous indignation, that sweeps before it the whining hypercriticisms of effeminated civilizations," and the smile went round.

"Gentlemen, there's an easier way to get rid of Cornelius; one, Captain, that won't hurt more by the recoil than by the discharge."

They were all silent. John folded his arms. Presently Graves said, meditatively,

"We don't care to hang him, just at——"

"This juncture," said Ravenel; "no, better give him ten years in the penitentiary—for bigamy."

Sunshine broke on Mr. Graves's face, and he murmured, "Go 'way!"

Champion, too, was radiant, "Hu-u-ush!" he said, "who'll get us the evidence?"

"Old Uncle Leviticus."

The more questions they asked the more pleased with the plan were John's two companions. "Why didn't you think of that?" asked each of the other in mock contempt. The youth felt his growing insignificance reach completeness as Ravenel said,

"In that case you'll not need Mr. March any longer."

"No, of course not," said John, quickly. "I was"—he forced a cough.

The other two waved good-by, and he turned to go with them, but—

"Don't you want to see me about something else, Mr. March?" said Ravenel, to detain him.

"No, sir," replied John, innocently. "Oh, no, I was——"

There came between them, homeward bound, an open parasol, a mist of muslin as sweet as a blossoming tree, a bow to Mr. Ravenel, and then a kinder one to John. "No, sir, I only——"

"Go," said Ravenel, softly. "Didn't you see? She wants you."

John overtook the dainty figure, lifted his military cap, and slackened his pace.

"Miss Fannie?" He caught step with her.

"Oh!—why, good-morning." She was delightfully cordial.

"Did you want to see me?" he asked. "Mr. Ravenel thought you did."

Fannie raised her brows and laughed. "Why, really, Mr. Ravenel oughtn't to carry his thinking to such an excess. Still, I'm not sorry for the mistake—unless you are." She glanced at him archly. "Come on," she softly added, "I do want to see you—only——"

XXIV.

FANNIE SUGGESTS.

"Don't look so gruesome." She laughed.

John walked stiffly, frowned, and tried to twist the down on his upper lip. When only fenced and gardened dwellings were about them she spoke again.

"John, I'm unhappy."

"You, Miss Fannie?"

"Yes. As I passed you, you were standing right where you fell five years ago. For three days I've been thinking how deep in debt to you I've been ever since, and—how I've disappointed you."

The youth made no answer. He felt as if he would give ten years of his life to kneel at her feet with his face in her hands and whisper, "Pay me a little love." She laid her arm on her cottage gate, turned her face away, and added,

"And now you're disappointing me."

"I've got a right to know how, Miss Fannie, haven't I?"

Fannie's averted face sank lower. Suddenly she looked fondly up to him and nodded. "Come, sit on the steps a minute"—she smiled—"and I'll pick you a rose."

She skipped away. As she was returning her father came out.

"Why, howdy, Johnnie—Fan, I reckon I'll go to the office."

"You promised me you wouldn't!"

"Well, I'm better since I took some quinine. How's y' father, Johnnie?"

"Sir? Oh, she's not very well. She craves acids, and—Oh!—Father? he's very—I ain't seen him in a right smart while, sir. He's been sort o' puny for ——"

"Sorry," said the General, and was gone.

Fannie held the rose.

"Thank you," said John, looking from it to the kindness in her eye. But she caressed the flower and shook her head.

"It's got thorns," she said, significantly, as she sat down on a step.

"Yes, I understand. I'll take it so."

"I don't know. I'm afraid you'll not want it when"—she laid it to her lips—"when I tell you how you've disappointed me."

"Yes, I will. For—oh! Miss Fannie——"

"What, John?"

"You needn't tell me at all. I know it already. And I'm going to change it. You shan't be disappointed. I've learned an awful lot in these last three days—yes, and these last three hours. I've done my last sentimentalizing. I—I'm sure I have. I'll be too good for it, or else too bad for it! I'll always love you, Miss Fannie, even when you're not—Miss Fannie any more; but I'll never come using round you and bothering you with my—feelings." He jerked out his handkerchief, but wiped only his cap—with slow care.

"As to that, John, I shouldn't blame you if you should hate me."

"I can't, Miss Fannie. I've not done hating, I'm afraid, but I couldn't hate you—ever. You can't conceive how sweet and good you seem to anyone as wicked as I've been—and still am."

"You don't know what I mean, John."

"Yes, I do. But you didn't know how bad you were f-fooling me. And even if you had of—it must be mighty hard for some young ladies not to—to——"

"Flirt," said Fannie, looking down on her rose. "I reckon those who do find it the easiest and prettiest wickedness in the world, don't they?"

"Oh, I don't know. All my wickedness is ugly and hard. But I'm glad you expected enough of me to be disappointed."

"Yes, I did. Why, John, you never in your life offered me a sign of regard but I felt it an honor. You've often tripped and stumbled, but I—Oh, I'm too bad myself to like a perfect boy. What I like is a boy with a conscience."

"My guiding star!" murmured John.

"Oh! ridiculous!—No, I take that back! But—but—why, that's what disappoints me! If you'd made me just your first mile-board. But it hurts me—oh, it hurts me! and—far worse—it's hurting Cousin Rose Garnet! to—now, don't flush up that way—to see John March living by passion and not by principle!"

"H—oh! Miss Fannie!" He strained up a superior smile. "Is passion—are

passions bound to be ignoble? But you're making the usual mistake——"

"How, John?" She put on a condescending patience.

"Why, in fancying you women can guide a man by——"

"Preaching?" the girl interrupted. Her face had changed. "I know we can't," she added, abstractedly. John was trying to push his advantage.

"Passion!" he exclaimed. "Passion? Miss Fannie, you look at life with a woman's view! We men—what are we without passion—all the passions? Furnaces without fire! Ships without sails!"

"True! John. And just as true for women. But without principles we're ships without rudders. Passion ought to fill our sails, yes; but if principles don't steer we're lost!"

"Now, are you not making yourself my guiding star?"

"No! I won't have the awful responsibility! I'm nothing but a misguided girl. Guiding star! Oh, fancy calling me that when your dear old——"

"Do—o—on't!"

"Then take it back and be a guiding star yourself! See here! D'you remember the day at the tournament when you were my knight? John March, can you believe it? I! me! this girl! Fannie Halliday! member of the choir! I prayed for you that day. I did, for a fact! I prayed you might come to be one of the few who are the knights of all mankind; and here you—John, if I had a thousand gold dollars I'd rather lose them in the sea than have you do what you're this day——"

"Miss Fannie, stop; I'm not doing it. It's not going to be done. But oh! if you knew what spurred me on—I can't expl——"

"You needn't. I've known all about it for years! I got it from the girls who put you to bed that night. But no one else knows it and they'll never tell. John," Fannie pushed her gaiter's tip with her parasol, "guess who was here all last evening, smoking the pipe of peace with pop."

"Jeff-Jack?"

"I mean besides him. Brother Garnet! John, what is that man mostly, fox or goose?"

"Oh, now, Miss Fannie, you're unjust! You're—you're partisan!"

"Hmm! That's what pop called me. He says Major Garnet means well, only he's a moss-back. Sakes alive! That's worse than fox and goose in one!" Her eyes danced merrily. "Why, that man's still in the siege of Vicksburg, feeding Rosemont and Suez with its mule meat, John."

"Miss Fannie, it's my benefactor you're speaking of."

"Aw! your grandmother! Look here. Why'd he bring Mr. Ravenel here—for Mr. Ravenel didn't bring him—to pow-wow with pop? Of course he had some purpose—some plan. It's only you that's all sympathies—no plans."

"Why, it's not an hour," cried John, rising, "since Jeff-Jack told me he wasn't a man of plans, other men's plans were good enough for him!"

Fannie's mouth opened and her eyes widened with merriment. "Oh—oh—mm—mm—mm." She looked up at the sky and then sidewise at the youth. "Sit down, sit down; you need the rest! Oh!" She rounded her mouth and laughed.

"Now, see here, John March, you've no right to make me behave so. Listen! I have a sneaking notion that, with some reference to your mountain lands, Brother Garnet—whom, I declare, John, I wouldn't speak to if it wasn't for Cousin Rose—has for years built you into his plans, including those he brought here last night. In a few days you'll at last be through Rosemont; but I believe he'd be glad to see you live for years yet on loves, hates, and borrowed money. Oh! for your father's sake, don't please that man that way! Why can't you plan? Why don't you guide? You plan fast enough when passion controls you; plan with your passions under your control. Build men—*build him*—into your plans. Why, John, owning as much of God's earth as you do, you're honor bound to plan."

"I know it, Miss Fannie. I've been feeling it a long time; now I see it." He started to catch up the rose she had dropped, but the laugh was hers; her foot was on it.

"You—don't you dare, sir! John,

there's my foot's sermon. D'you see? Everybody should put his own rose and thorn, both alike, under his own foot. Shod or unshod, sir, we all have to do it. Now, why can't you bring Mr. Ravenel to see pop with a plan of your own? I believe — of course I don't know, but I suspect—Brother Garnet has left something out of his plan that you can take into yours and make yours win. Would you like to see it?" She patted her lips with her parasol handle and smiled bewitchingly.

"Would I?—what do you mean, Miss Fannie?"

"Why, I've got it here in the house. It's a secret, but"—lips and parasol again, eyes wickeder than ever — "it's something that you can see and touch. Promise you'll never tell, never-never-never."

He promised.

"Wait here." She ran into the house, trolling a song. As John sat listening for her return the thought came abruptly, "Hasn't Jeff-Jack got something to do with this?" But there was scarcely time to resent it when she reopened the door coyly, beckoned him in, passed out, and closed it; and, watchworn, wasted, more dead than alive, there stood before John the thing Garnet was omitting—Cornelius Leggett.

XXV.

UNLOADING ON JOHN.

So abject were the mulatto's smiles that John's quick loathing turned in upon himself as Leggett began, in a husky dejection——

"Mr. March, this is high tone, seh. I's proud to p'oclaim it. But I always allow this the kine o' gentleman you'd become to. Mr. March—is—is I safe?"

"You're safe from me."

"Yass, seh; thank you, seh. Of co'se you don't want to espress yo'seff of others, esceptin' this: Mr. March, is it Jedge Lynch, aw is it Jedge Law?"

"It's the Law."

In spite of himself the mulatto showed joy. "The Lawd's will be done," he sighed, giggled and sobered hurriedly.

"Mr. March, since we las' met, I's become a chile o' grace! An' therefore shell I not fear"—his tears flowed—"what the law shell do unto me! Oh, Mr. March, escuse these rivehs o' watehs—repentance is easy—salvation is light!" He stopped with a long grimace of bodily pain.

"It's my heart-complaint, p'ecipitated by the alarums an' downfall o' the other night. Death's at my do', Mr. March. Yit, I can't blame you, seh. I on'y begs yo' pahdon, seh, faw all betwix us." Tears again.

"Yass, Mr. March, I'll soon be pas' all pain. Faw I can't ass nobody to hide me fum the *Law*, an' one night in Clairwateh jail with this yeh heart-complaint 'll land me on Canaan's side. An' oh! that'll be joyful! An' yit I longs to live—jess a few days, a few days'——"

"I'll hide you," said John, gnawing his lip and tightening his folded arms.

But Cornelius soliloquized. "Yass, I longs to live to make the necessa'y repairs o' my sins. The law cayn't do that—'specially while Jedge Law jess on'y on the bench an' Jedge Lynch und' it. Oh, faw a few adhesive hours!"

"I say, I'll hide you."

"Where'bouts at, Mr. March?"

"Widewood, just inside the county line. I know a dry cave that no one else——"

Mr. Leggett's small eyes snapped. "But how kin you transpose me?"

"I'll contrive something," murmured John. "I'll be here by dark."

He passed out. Fannie saw purpose in his face and smiled.

"Well?—Can you build him in?—into your plans?"

The youth stared unintelligently. She laughed at him.

"My stars! you forgot to try! I'd like to bet he's built you into his. See here, John March, where's that rose I left on the walk, sir? John March, you're a thief and a hypocrite. Thess you get right out'n this yard befo' I sick my dog on you! there!—you made me say a bad word! I shan't stay here another second!" She flirted in, only sending back a playful glance before she shut the door with a clap, and tripped up-stairs to drop a glad line to Mr. Ravenel.

John reached Rosemont on a badly heated horse, in time to make a rather poor show in one or two examinations, and receive written notice that he had violated certain stringent rules.

It was late at night when Lazarus Graves and Captain Champion, returning from Pulaski City, where they had been hurrying matters into shape for the prosecution of Leggett, rode down the Susie and Pussie Pike toward Suez. Where the Widewood road forked off into the forest on their left they stopped, having unexpectedly come upon a third rider bound the other way. He seemed quite alone and stood by his horse in deep shade, tightening the girth and readjusting blanket and saddle. Champion laughed and predicted his own fate after death.

"Turn that freckled face o' yo's around here, Johnnie March; we ain't Garnet and Pettigrew, an' th' ain't nothin' the matteh with that saddle."

"Howdy, Cap'm," said John, as if too busy to look up.

"Howdy yo'seff! What new devilment you up to now? None? Oh, then we didn't see nobody slide off fum behine that saddle an' slip into the bushes. Who was it, John? was it Johanna, so-called?"

"No, it was Leggett," said John.

"Oh, I reckon!" laughed the Captain.

"Come on," grumbled Graves, and they left him.

XXVI.

MR. LEGGETT'S CHICKEN-PIE POLICY.

The youth whistled his charge out of the brush and moved on, sometimes in the saddle with the mulatto mounted behind, sometimes, where the way was steep, walking beside the tired horse. When both rode he had to bear a continual stream of tobacco-scented whisperings poured into his ear.

"Mr. March, that crowd wouldn't do me this a-way if they knowed the patri'tisms I feels to 'em. You see, it's they financialities incur the late rise in Clairwateh County scrip. Yass, seh; which I catch the fo'cas' o' they intentions in time to be infested in a good passle of it myseff."

"So that now your school-funds are all straight again?"

"Ezac'ly! all straight an' comp'ehensive. An' what shell we say then? Shell we commit sin that grace may aboun'? Supposin' I has been too trancadillious; I say jis' *supposin'* I may have evince a rather too wifely pretendencies; what does they care fo' that? No, seh, all they wants is to git shet o' me."

"And do you think they're wrong?"

"Mr. March, I does! Thass right where they misses it. Why, they *needs* me, seh! I got a new policy, Mr. March. I 'llowed to espound it las' week on the flo' of the house, same day the guvneh veto that bill we pass; yass, seh. The guvneh's too much like Garnit; he's faw the whole hawg or none. Thass not my way; my visions is mo' perspectral an' mo' clairer. Seh? Wha' d' you say?"

"Oh, nothing," laughed John. "Only a shudder of disgust."

"Yass, seh. Well, it is disgustin', ev'm to me. You see, I discerns all these here New Dixie projeckin'. I behole how they all a-makin' they sun'ry chicken-pies, which notinstanin' they all diff'ent, yit they all alike, faw they all tu'novers! Yass, seh, they all spreads hafe acrost the dish an' then tu'n back. I has been entitle Slick an' Slippery Leggett — an' yit what has I always espress myseff? Gen'le*men*, they must be sufficiend plenty o' chicken-pie to go round. An', Mr. March, if she don't *be* round, she won't *go* round. 'Tis true the scripter say, To them what hath shell be givened, an' to them what hath not shell be takened away that which seem like they hath; but the scripter's one thing an' chicken-pies anotheh."

"Listen," whispered John, stopping the horse; and when Mr. Leggett would have begun again—"Oh, do shut your everlasting——"

"P-he-he-he-he!" tittered the mulatto under his breath. John started again and Leggett resumed.

"Whew! I'm that thusty! Ain't you got no sawt o' pain-killeh about yo' clo'es? Aw! Mr. March, mos' sholy

you is got some. No gen'leman ain't goin' to be out this time o' night 'ithout some sawt o' corrective—Lawd! I wisht you had! Cayn't we stop som'er's an' git some? Lawd! I wisht we could! I'm jest a-honin' faw some sawt o' wetness.

"But exhumin' my subjec', Mr. March, thass anotheh thing the scripters evince—that ev'y man shell be jedge' by his axe. Yass, seh, faw of co'se ev'y man got his axe to grime. I got mine. You got yo's, ain't you?—Well, o' co'se. I respec' you faw it! Yass, seh; but right thar' the question arise, is it a public axe? An' if so, is it a good one? aw is it a private axe? aw is it both? Of co'se, ef a man got a good public axe to grime, he espec'—an' you espec' him—to bring his private axe along an' git hit grime at the same junction. Thass natchiul. Thass all right an' pufficly corrosive. On'y we must take tu'ns tunnin' the grimestone. You grime my axe, I grime yo's. How does that strack you, Mr. March?"

John's reply was enthusiastic. "Why, it strikes me as positively mephitic."

"Mr. March, thass what it is! Thass the ve'y word! Now, shell me an' you fulfil the scripter—'The white man o' the mountains an' the Etheropium o' the valleys shell jine they han's an' the po' man's axe shell be grime'?' Ain't them words sweet? Ain't they jess pufficly syruptitious? My country, 'tis of thee! Oh, Mr. March, ef you knowed how much patri'tism I got!—You hear them Suez fellehs say this a white man's country, an' cayn't eveh be a rich man's country till it is a white man's——"

"See here, now; I tell you for the last time, if you value your life you'd better make less noise."

"Yass, seh. Lawd, I cayn't talk; I'm that thusty I'm a-spitt'n' cotton!—No, seh! White man ain't eveh goin' to lif hisseff up by holdin' niggeh down, an' that's the pyo chaotic truth; now, ain't it?"

"Best way is to hang the nigger up."

"Aw, Mr. March, you a-jokin'! You know I espress the truth. Ef you wants to make a rich country, you ain't got to make it a white man's country, naw a black man's country, naw yit mix the races an' make it a yaller man's country, much less a yaller woman's; no, seh! But the whole effulgence is jess this: you got to make it a po' man's country! Now, you attenuate yo' reflections on that, seh!—Seh?"

"I say that's exactly what Widewood is."

"No, seh! no, seh! I means a country what's good faw a po' man, an' Widewood cayn't eveh be that 'ithout schoolhouses, seh! But thass what me an' you can make it, Mr. March. Why, thass the hence an' the whence that my constituents an' coefficients calls me School-house Leggett. Some men cusses me that I has mix' the races in school. Well, supposin' I has—a little; I'se mix' myseff. You cayn't neveh mix em hafe so fas' in school as they mixes 'em out o' school. Yit thass not in the accawdeons o' my new policy. Mr. March, I'm faw the specie o' schools we kin git an' keep——"

John laughed again. "Oh, yes, you're sure to keep all the specie you get."

Mr. Leggett giggled. "Aw! I means that *kine* o' school. An' jiss now that happ'm to be sep'ate schools. I neveh was hawgish like my frien' Gyarnit. Gyarnit's faw Rosemont an' State aid *toe* Rosemont, an' faw nothin' else an' nobody else, fus', las', an' everlastin'. Thass jess why his projeckin' don't neveh eventuate, an' which it neveh will whilse I'm there to *pre*ventuate! Whoever hear him say, 'Mr. School-house Leggett, aw Mr. March, aw Mr. Anybody-in-God's-worl', pass yo' plate faw a few pieces o' chicken pie?' What! you heard it? Oh, Mr. March, don't you be fool'! An' yit I favo's Rosemont——"

"Why, you've made it your standing threat to burst Rosemont wide open!"

"Yass, te-he! I has often prevaricate that intention. But Law! that was pyo gas, Mr. March. I favors Rosemont, an' State aid to Rosemont—perwidin'—enough o' the said thereof to go round, an' the same size piece faw ev'y po' man's boy as faw ev'y rich man's boy. Of co's with gals it's diff'ent. Mr. March, you don't know what a frien' you been a-dislikin'!"

"They say you're in favor of railroads."

"Why, o' co'se! An' puttickly the

Pussie an' Susie an' Great South Railroad an' State mawgage bawns in accawdeons — perwidin! — one schoolhouse, som'er's in these-yeh th'ee counties, faw ev'y five mile' o' road they buil'; an' a Leggettstown braynch road, yass, seh. An', Mr. March, yit, still, mo'over, perwidin', the movin' the capital to Suez, away fum the corrup' influence of Pulaski City. Faw, Mr. March, the legislatu'e will neveh be pyo anywher's else esceptin' in Suez, an' not even myseff! Whew! I'm that thusty——"

XXVII.

CLIMBING LOVER'S LEAP.

THE woods grew dense and pathless, and the whispering gave place to a busy fending off of the strong undergrowth. Presently John tied the horse, and the riders stepped into an open spot on a precipitous mountain side. At their left a deep gorge sank so abruptly that a small stone, casually displaced, went sliding and rattling beyond earshot. On their right a wasted moon rose and stared at them over the mountain's shoulder; while within hand's reach, a rocky cliff, bald on its crown, stripped to the waist, and draped at its foot in foliage, towered in the shadow of the vast hill.

"Why, good Lawd, Mr. March, this is Lover's Leap! We cayn't neveh climb up here!"

"We've got to! D' you reckon I brought you here to look at it? Come on. We've only got to reach that last cedar yonder by the dead pine."

The mulatto moaned, but they climbed. As they rose the black gorge seemed to crawl under them and open its hungry jaws.

"Great Lawd! Mr. March, this is sut'n death! Leas'wise it is to me. I cayn't go no fu'ther, Mr. March; I inglected to tell you I's got a pow'ful lame foot."

"Keep quiet," murmured John, "and come on. Only don't look down."

The reply was a gasp of horror. "Oh! mussy me, you spoke too late! Wait jess a minute, Mr. March, I'll stan' up ag'in in a minute. I jess mus' set here a minute an' enjoy the view; it's gr-gran'!

"Yass, seh. I's a-comin', seh. I'll rise up in a few minutes; I'm sick at my stomach, but it'll pass off if I kin jiss set still a shawt while tell it passes off."

The speaker slowly rose, grabbing the face of the rock. "Mr. March, wait a minute, I w-want to tell you. Is-is-is you w-waitin'? Mr. March, this is pufficly safe and haza'dous, seh, I feels that, seh, but I don't like this runnin' away an' hidin'! It's cowardly; le's go down an' face the thing like men! I'm goin' to crawl down back'ards; thass the skilfullest way."

"Halt!" growled John, and something else added "tick-tick."

"Oh! Mr. March, faw God's sake! Ef you mus' shoot me, shoot me whah I won't fall so fuh! Why, I was a-jokin'! I wa'n't a-dreamin' o' goin' back! Heah I come, seh, look out! Oh, please put up that-ah naysty-lookin' thing! — Thank you, seh!—Mr. March, escuse me jiss a minute whilse I epitomize my breath a little, seh, I jiss want to recover my dizziness—This is fine, ain't it? Oh, Lawd! Mr. March, escuse my sinkin' down this a-way! Oh, don't disfunnish yo'seff to come back to me, seh; I's jiss faint and thusty. Mr. March, I ain't a-scared; I'm jiss a-parishin' o' thust! Lawd! I'm jiss that bole an' rackless I'd resk twenty lives faw jiss one hafe a finger o' pyo whiskey. I dunno what'll happ'm to me ef I don't git some quick. I ain't had a drap sence the night o' the ball, an' thass what make this-yeh flatulency o' the heart. Oh! please don't tech me; ev'm ef you lif' me I cayn't stan'. Oh, Lawd! the icy han' o' death is on me. I'll soon be in glory!"

"Glory!" answered an echo across the gorge.

John laughed. "We're nearly to the cave. If I have to carry you it will double the danger."

"Oh, yass, seh! you go on, I'll jine you. I jis wants a few minutes to myseff faw prayer."

"Cornelius," said the cautiously stooping youth, "I'm going to take you where I said I would, if I have to carry you there in three pieces. Here—wait —I'd better tote you on my back. Put

your arms round my neck. Now give me your legs. That's it. Now, hold firm; one false step and over we go." He slowly picked his way. Once he stopped while a stone which had crumbled from under his tread went crashing through the bushes and into the yawning gulf. The footing was terribly narrow for several rods, but at length it widened. He crouched again. "Now, get off; the rest is only some steep climbing in the bushes."

"Mr. March, I ain't eveh goin' to git down to God's blessed level groun' ag'in!"

"Think not? You'll be there in five seconds if you take hold of any dead wood. Come on."

They climbed again, hugged the cliff while they took breath, climbed once more, forebore to look down, and soon, crowding into what had seemed but a shallow cleft, were stooping under the low roof of a small cavern. Its close rocky bounds and tumbled floor sparkled here and there in the light of the matches John struck. From their pockets the pair laid out a scant store of food.

"Now I must go," said John. "I'll come again to-morrow night. You're safe here. You may find a snake or two, but you don't mind that, do you?"

"Me? Law, no! not real ones. Di'mon'-back rattle-snake hisself cayn't no mo' scare me 'n if I was a hawg. Good-by, seh."

How the heavy-eyed youth the next day finished his examinations he scarcely knew himself, but he hoped he had somehow passed. He could not slip away from Rosemont until after bedtime, and the night was half gone when he reached the cliff under Lover's Leap. A light rain increased the risk of the climb, but he reached the cave in safety only to find it deserted. On his way down he discovered ample signs that the promiscuous lover, an hour or two before, had slowly, safely, and in the "skilfullest way" reached the arms of his most dangerous but dearest love; "cooned it every step," John termed it, talking to his horse as they trudged back toward Rosemont. "What the rattlesnakes couldn't do," he said, "the bottle-snake had done."

Mr. Leggett's perils might not be over, but out of the youth's hands meant off his indulgent conscience, and John returned to his slighted books quickened in all his wilful young blood by the knowledge that a single night of adventurous magnanimity had made him henceforth master of himself, his own purposes, and his own mistakes.

XXVIII.

A SUMMONS FOR THE JUDGE.

Baccalaureate Sunday. It was hot, even for Suez. The river seemed to shine with heat. Yet every convenient horse-rack was crowded with horses, more than half of them under side-saddles, and in the square neighing steeds, tied to swinging limbs because too emotionally noble to share their privileges with anything they could kick, pawed, wheeled, and gazed after their vanished riders as if to say, "'Pon my word, if he hasn't gone to *church*."

The church, Parson Tombs's, was packed. Men were not few, yet the pews and the aisles, choked with chairs from end to end, were one yeast of muslins, lawns, and organdies, while everywhere the fans pulsed and danced a hundred measures at once in fascinating confusion.

In the amen pews on the right sat all Montrose; facing them, on the left, sat all Rosemont, except the principal; Garnet was with the pastor in the pulpit. The Governor of Dixie was present; the first one they of the old *régime* had actually gotten into the gubernatorial chair since the darkies had begun to vote. Two members of the Governor's staff sat in a front pew in uniform; blue!

"See that second man on the left?" whispered Captain Champion to an old army friend from Charleston; "that handsome felleh with the wavy auburn hair, soft mustache, and big, sawt o' pawnderin' eyes?"

"What! that the Governor? He can't be over thirty or thirty-one!"

"Governor, no! *he* wouldn't take the governorship; that's Jeff-Jack Ravenel, editor of the *Courier*, ablest man in

Dixie. No, that's the Governor next to him."

"That old toad? Why, he's a moral hulk, look at his nose!"

"Yes, it's a pity, but we done the best we could—had to keep the alignment, you know. His brother leases and sublets convicts, five stockades of 'em, and ought to be one himself.

"These girls inside the altar-rail, they're the academy chorus. That one? Oh, that's Halliday's daughter. Yass, beautiful, but you should 'a' seen her three years ago. No use talkin', seh—I wouldn't say so to a Yankee, but — ow climate's hard on beauty. Teach in the acad'? Oh! no, seh, she jus' sings with 'em. Magnificent voice. Some Yankees here last week allowed they'd ruther hear her than Adelina Patti—in some sawngs.

"She's an awful man-killeh; repo't-ed engaged to five fellehs at once, Jeff-Jack included. I don't know whether it's true or not, but you know how ow Dixie gyirls ah, seh. An' yet, seh, when they marry, as they all do, where'll you find mo' devoted wives? This ain't the lan' o' divo'ces, seh; this is the lan' o' loose engagements an' tight marriages.

"D' you see that girl in the second row of Montroses, soft eyes, sawt o' deep-down roguish, round, straight neck, head set so nice on it? That's Gyarnet's daughteh. That gyirl's not as old as she looks, by three years."

He ceased. The chorus under the high pulpit stood up, sang, and sat again. Parson Tombs, above them, rose with extended arms, and the services had begun. The chorus stood again and the church choir faced them from the gallery and sang with them antiphonally, to the spiritual discomfort of many who counted it the latest agony of modernness. In the long prayer the diversity of sects and fashions showed forth; but a majority tried hard not to resent any posture different from their own, although Miss Martha Salter and many others who buried their faces in their own seats, knew that Mr. Ravenel's eyes were counting the cracks in the plastering.

Barbara knelt forward — the Montrose mode. She heard Parson Tombs confess the Job-like loathsomeness of everyone present; but his long familiar, chanting monotones fainted and died in the portals of her ears like a nurse's song, while her sinking eyelids shut not out, but in, one tallish Rosemont senior who had risen in prayer visibly heavy with the sleep he had robbed from three successive nights. The chirp of a lone cricket somewhere under the floor led her forth in a half dream beyond the town and the gleaming turnpike, across wide fields whose multitudinous, tiny life rasped and buzzed under the vibrant heat; and so on to Rosemont, dear Rosemont, and the rose mother there.

Her fan stops. An unearthly sweetness, an unconditioned bliss, a heavenly disembodiment too perfect for ecstasy, an oblivion surcharged with light, a blessed rarefaction of self that fills the house, the air, the sky, and ascends full of sweet odors and soothing sounds, wafts her up on the cadenced lullaby of the long, long prayer. Is it finished? No.

"Oh, quicken our drowsy powers!" she hears the pastor cry on a rising wave of monotone, and starts the fan again. Is she in church or in Rosemont? She sees Johanna beckoning in her old, cajoling way, asking, as in fact, not fancy, she had done the evening before, for the latest news of Cornelius, and hearing with pious thankfulness that Leggett has reappeared in his official seat, made a speech that filled the house with laughter and applause, put parties into a better humor with each other than they had been for years, and remains, and, for the present, will remain, unmolested.

Still Parson Tombs is praying. The fan waggles briskly, then more slowly —slowly—slow-ly, and sinks to rest on her white-robed bosom. The head, heavy with luminous brown hair, careens gently upon one cheek; that ineffably sweet dissolution into all nature and space comes again, and far up among the dream-clouds, just as she is about to recognize certain happy faces, there is a rush of sound, a flood of consternation, a start, a tumbling in of consciousness, the five senses leap to their stations, and she sits upright fluttering her fan and glancing round upon the

seated congregation. The pastor has said amen.

Garnet spoke extemporaneously. The majority, who did not know every line of the sermon was written and memorized, marvelled at its facility, and even some, who knew, admitted it was wonderful for fervor, rhetorical richness, and the skill with which it "voiced the times" without so much as touching those matters which Dixie, Rosemont's Dixie, did not want touched. Parson Tombs and others moaned "Amen," "Glory," "Thaynk Gawd," etc., after every great period. Only General Halliday said to his daughter, "He's out of focus again, claiming an exclusive freedom for his own set."

The text was, "But I was born free."

Paul, the speaker said, was as profound a believer in law as in faith. Jealous for every right of his citizenship, he might humble himself, but he never lightly allowed himself to be humbled. Law is essential to every civil order, but the very laying of it upon a man makes it his title-deed to a freedom without which obedience is not obedience, nor citizenship citizenship. No man is entirely free to fill out the full round of his whole manhood who is not in some genuine, generous way an author of the laws he obeys. "At this sacred desk and on this holy day I thank God that Dixie's noble sons and daughters are at last, after great tribulations, freer from laws and government not of their own choice than ever before since war furled its torn and blood-drenched banner! We have taught the world—and it's worth the tribulation to have taught the world—under God, that a people born with freedom in the blood cannot be forced even to do right! 'What you order me to do, alien lawmaker, may be right, but I was born free!' My first duty to God is to be free, and no freedom is freedom till it is purged of all indignity!

"But mark the limitation! Freemen are not made in a day! It was to a man who had bought his freedom that Paul boasted a sort that could not be bought! God's word for it, it takes at least two generations to make true freemen; fathers to buy the freedom and sons and daughters to be born into it! Wherefore let every one to whom race and inheritance have given beauty or talent, and to whom the divine ordering of fortune and social rank has added quality and scholarship, hold it the first of civic virtues to reply to every mandate of law or fate, Law is law, and right is right, but, first of all, I was born free, and, please God, I'll die so!

"Gentlemen of the graduating class:"

Nine trim, gray jackets rose, and John March was the tallest. The speaker proceeded, but he had not spoken many words before he saw the attention of his hearers was gone. A few smiled behind their hands or bit their lips; men kept a frowning show of listening to the address; women's faces exchanged looks of pity, and John turned red to his collar. For, just behind the Governor, the noble head and feeble frame of Judge March had risen unconsciously when his son rose, and now stood among the seated multitude, gazing on the speaker and drinking in his words with a sweet, glad face. The address went on, but no one heard it. Nor did any one move to disturb the standing figure; all Suez, nay, the very girls of Montrose knew that he who seemed to stand there with trembling knees and wabbling hands was in truth not there, but was swallowed up and lost in yonder boy.

Garnet was vexed. He shortened the address, and its last, eloquent sentence was already begun when Ravenel rose, and through room swiftly made for him stepped back to Judge March. He was just in time to get an arm under his head and shoulders as he sank limply into the pew, looking up with a smile and trying to say nothing was wrong, and to attend again to the speaker. Garnet's hearers were overcome, but the effect was not his. Their gaze was on the fallen man; and when General Halliday cleared his sight with an agitated handkerchief, and one by one from the son's wide open eyes, the hot, salt tears slipped down to the twitching corners of his mouth, and the aged pastor's voice trembled in a hurried benediction, women sobbed and few eyes were dry.

"Father," said John, "can you hear me? Do you know me?"

A glad light overspread the face for reply. But after it came a shadow, and the physician said, softly,

"He's trying to ask something."

Fannie Halliday sat fanning the patient. She glanced up to Garnet just at John's back and murmured,

"He probably wants to know if——"

John turned an eager glance to his principal, and Garnet nodded "Yes."

"Father," cried John, "I've passed! I've passed, father; I've passed! Do you hear, dear father?"

The Major touched the bending youth and murmured something more. John turned back upon him a stare of incredulity, but Garnet smiled kindly and said aloud,

"I tell you yes; it will be announced to-morrow."

"Father," cried John, stooping close to the wandering eyes, "can you see me? I'm John! I'm son! Can you hear me, father? Father, I've got first honors—first honors, father! Oh, father, look into my eyes; it will be a sign that you hear me. Father, listen, look; I'm going to be a better son—to you and to mother—Oh, he hears me! He understands—" The physician drew him away.

They carried the sick man to the nearest house. Late in the afternoon Tom Hersey and two or three others were talking together near the post-office.

"Now, f'r instance, what right had he to give that boy first honors! As sho's you're a foot high, that's a piece o' pyo log-rollin'."—The physician came by.—"Doctor, I understand Mrs. March has arrived. I hope the Jedge is betteh, seh.—What?—Why—why, you supprise—why, I'm mighty sorry to heah that, seh.—Gentle*men*, Jedge March is dead."

XXIX.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

About a week beyond the middle of June, 1878, when John March had been something like a year out of Rosemont and nine months a teacher of mountain lads and lasses at Widewood, Barbara finished at Montrose. She did not read her graduation essay. Its subject was Time. Its spelling was correct, and it was duly rosetted and streamered, but it was regretfully suppressed because its pages were mainly given to joyous emphasis of the advantages of wasting the hours. Miss Garnet had not been a breaker of rules; yet when she waved farewell and the younger Miss Kinsington turned back indoors saying,

"Dearest, best girl!" the sister added, sweetly—

"That we ever got rid of."

On a day near the middle of the following month there began almost at dawn to be a great stir in and about Suez. The sun came up over Widewood with a shout, hallooing to Rosemont a promise for all Dixie of the most ripening hours, thus far, of the year, and woods, fields, orchards, streams, answered with a morning incense. Johanna stood whispering loudly at Barbara's bedside:

"Weck up, honey; sun high an' scoldin'! jess a-fussin' an' a-scoldin'!" One dark hand lifted back the white mosquito-net while the other tendered a cup of coffee.

Barbara winked, scowled, laid her wrists on the maid's shoulders and smiled into her black face. Johanna put away a brown wave of hair. "Come on, missie, dat-ah young Yankee gen'leman frien' up an' out."

Barbara bit her lip in mock dismay. "Has he de-part-ed?" She had a droll liking for long words, and often deployed them as skirmishers in the rear of her sentences.

Johanna tittered. "Humph! you know mawnstus well he ain't gone. Miss Barb, dass de onyess ma-an I eveh see wear a ba-ang. Wha' fuh he do dat?"

"I must ask him," said Barbara, sipping her coffee. "It's probably in fulfilment of a vow."

The maid tittered again. "You cayn't ast as much as he kin. But dass my notice 'twix Yankees an' ow folks; Dixie man say, Fine da-ay, seh! Yankee say, You think it a-gwine fo' to ra-ain? Dixie man—Oh, no, seh! hit jiss cayn't rain to-day, seh! Den if it jiss po' down Yankee say, Don't dis yeh look somepm like ra-ain? An' Dixie

man—Yass, seh, hit do; hit look like rain, but Law'! hit ain't rain. You Yankees cayn't un'stan' ow Southe'n weatheh, seh!"

Only Johanna laughed. Presently Barbara asked, "Have you seen pop-a?"

"Yo' paw? Oh, yass'm, he in de wes' grove, oveh whah we 'llowin' to buil' de new dawmontory. He jiss a-po'in' info'mations into de Yankee." Barbara laughed this time—at the Yankee—and Johanna mimicked: "'Mr. Fair, yo' come to see a beautiful an' thrivin' town, seh. Suez is change' dat much yo' fatheh wouldn' know it ag'in!'"

"Pop-a's right about that, Johanna."

"Oh, yass'm." Johanna was rebuked. But Barbara smiled and by and by—"Miss Barb, kin I ax you a favo'?—Yass'm. Make yo' paw put me som'ers in de crowd to-day whah I kin see you when you draps de hammeh on de golden spike—Law'! dass de dress o' dresses! You looks highly fitt'n' to eat!"

Young Fair had come to see the last spike driven in the Pulaski City, Suez and Great South Railroad.

At breakfast Mrs. Garnet poured the coffee. Garnet told the New Englander much about New England, touching extenuatingly on the blueness of its laws, the decay of its religion, and the inevitable decline of its industries. The visitor, with only an occasional "Don't you think, however"—seemed edified. It pleased Barbara to see how often, nevertheless, his eye wandered from the speaker to the head of the board to rest on one so lovely it scarce signified that she was pale and wasted; one whose genial dignity perfected the firmness with which she declined her daughter's offer to take her place and task, and had smiled her down while Johanna smoothed away a grin.

The hour of nine struck. Fair looked startled. "Were we not to have joined Mr. Ravenel's party in Suez by this time?"

"Yes, but there's no hurry. Still, we'll start. Johanna, get your lunch-baskets. Sorry you don't meet Mr. March, sir; he's a trifle younger than you, but you'd like him. I asked him to go with us, but his mother—why, wa'n't that all right, Barb?"

"Oh, it wasn't wrong." Barbara smiled to her mother. "It was only useless; he always declines if I don't. We're very slightly acquainted. I hope that accounts for it." She arched her brows.

As she and the young visitor stood by the carriage while Johanna and the luncheon were being stowed he said something so graceful about Mrs. Garnet that Barbara looked into his face with delight and the Major had to speak his name twice before he heard it.—"Ready? Yes, quite so. Shall I sit—oh! pardon; yes—in front, certainly."

The Major drove. The young guest would gladly have talked with Barbara as she sat back of him and behind her father; but Garnet held his attention. Crossing Turkey Creek battle-ground——

"Just look at those oats! See that wheat! Cotton, ah! but you ought to see the cotton down in Blackland!"

When the pike was dusty and the horses walked they were frequently overtaken and passed by cavalcades of lank, hard-faced men in dingy home-spun, and cadaverous women with snuff-sticks and slouched sun-bonnets. Major Garnet bowed to them.

"Those are our Sandstone County mountaineers; our yoemanry, sir. Suez holds these three counties in a sort o' triple alliance. You make a great mistake, sir, to go off to-morrow without seeing the Widewood district. You've seen the Alps, and I'd just like to hear you say which of the two is the finer. There's enough mineral wealth in Widewood alone to make Suez a Pittsburg, and water-power enough to make her a Minneapolis, and we're going to make her both, sir!" The monologue became an avalanche of coal, red hematite, marble, mica, manganese, tar, timber, turpentine, lumber, lead, ochre, and barytes, with signs of silver, gold, and diamonds.

"Don't you think, however——"

"No, sir! no-o-o! far from it——"

A stifled laugh came from where Johanna's face darkened the corner it occupied. Barbara looked, but the maid seemed lost in sad revery.

"Barb, yonder's where Jeff-Jack and I stopped to dine on blackberries the

day we got home from the war. Now, there's the railroad cut on the far side of it. There, you see, Mr. Fair, the road skirts the creek westward and then northwestward again, leaving Rosemont a mile to the northeast. See that house, Barb, about half a mile beyond the railroad? There's where the man found his plumbago." The speaker laughed and told the story. The discoverer had stolen off by night, got an expert to come and examine it, and would tell the result only to one friend, and in a whisper. "'You haven't got much plumbago,' the expert had said, 'but you've got dead oodles of silica.' You know, Barb, silica's nothing but flint, ha-ha!"

Fair smiled. In his fortnight's travel through the New Dixie plumbago was the only mineral on which he had not heard the story based.

A military horseman overtook the carriage and slackened to a fox-trot at Garnet's side. "Captain Champion, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Fair. Mr. Fair and his father have put money into our New Dixie, and he's just going around to see where he can put in more. I tell him he can't go amiss. All we want in Dixie's capital."

"Mr. Fair doesn't think so," said Barbara, with great sweetness.

"Ah! I merely asked whether capital doesn't seek its own level. Mustn't its absence be always because of some deeper necessity?"

Champion stood on his guard. "Why, I don't know why capital shouldn't be the fundamental need, seh, of a country that's been impoverished by a great waugh!"

Barbara exulted, but Garnet was for peace. "I suppose you'll find Suez swarming with men, women, and horses."

"Yes," said Champion — Fair was speaking to Barbara—"to say nothing of yahoos, centaurs, and niggehs." The Major's abundant laugh flattered him; he promised to join the party at luncheon, lifted his plumed shako, and galloped away. Garnet drove into the edge of the town at a trot.

"Here's where the reservoir's to be," he said, and spun down the slope into the shaded avenue, and so to the town's centre.

"Laws-a-me! Miss Barb," whispered Johanna, "but dis-yeh town is change'! New hotel! brick! th'ee sto'ies high!" Barbara touched her for silence.

"But look at de new sto'es!" murmured the girl. Negroes—the men in dirty dusters, the women in smart calicoes, girls in dowdy muslins and boys' hats—and mountain whites, coatless men, shoeless women—hung about the counters dawdling away their small change.

"Colored and white treated precisely alike, you notice," said Garnet, and Barbara suppressed a faint grunt from Johanna.

Trade had spread into side-streets. Drinking-houses were gayly bedight and busy.

"That's the new *Courier* building."

The main crowd had gone down to the railway tracks, and it was midsummer, yet you could see and feel the town's youth.

"Why, the nig—colored people have built themselves a six-hundred dollar church; we white folks helped them," said Garnet, who had given fifty cents. "See that new sidewalk? Our chain-gang did that, sir; made the bricks and laid the pavement."

The court-house was newly painted. Only Hotel Swanee and the two white churches remained untouched, sleeping on in green shade and sweet age.

The Garnets' wheels bickered down the town's southern edge and out upon a low slope of yellow, deep-gullied sand and clay that scarce kept on a few weeds to hide its nakedness while gathering old duds and tins.

"Yonder are the people, and here, sir," Garnet pointed to where the green Swanee lay sweltering like the Nile, "is the stream that makes the tears trickle in every true Southerner's heart when he hears its song."

"Still 'Always longing for the old plantation?'" asked the youth.

"Yes," said Barbara, defiantly.

The carriage stopped; half a dozen black ragamuffins rushed up offering to take it in charge, and its occupants presently stood among the people of three counties. For Blackland, Clearwater, and Sandstone had gathered here

a hundred or two of their gentlest under two long sheds on either side of the track, and the sturdier multitude under green booths or out in the sunlight about yonder dazzling gun, to hail the screaming herald of a new destiny; a destiny that openly promised only wealth, yet freighted with profounder changes; changes which, ban or delay them as they might, would still be destiny at last.

Entering a shed Barbara laughed with delight. "Fannie!"

"Barb!" cried Fannie. A volley of salutations followed: "Good-morning Major"—"Why, howdy, Doctor.—Howdy, Jeff-Jack.—Shotwell, how are you? Lemme make you acquainted with Mr. Fair. Mr. Fair, Captain Shotwell. Mr. Fair and his father, Captain, have put some money into our"—A tall, sallow, youngish man touched the speaker's elbow—"Why, *hell*-low, Proudfit! Colonel Proudfit, lemme make you," etc.—"I hope you brought—why, Sister Proudfit, I decl'—aha, ha, ha!—You know Barb?"

General Halliday said, "John Wesley, how goes it?"

Garnet sobered. "Good-morning, Launcelot. Mr. Fair, lemme make you acquainted with General Halliday. You mustn't believe all he says—ha, ha, ha! Still, when a Radical does speak well of us you may know it's so! Launcelot, Mr. Fair and his father have put some money"—Half a dozen voices said "Sh-sh!"

"Ladies and gentle*men!*" cried Captain Shotwell. "The first ha-alf—the fro'—the front ha-alf of the tra-ain—of the expected tra-ain—is full of people from Pula-aski City! The ster'—the rear ha-alf is reserved faw the one hundred holdehs of these red tickets." (Applause.) "Ayfter the shor'—brief puffawn'—cerem'—exercises, the tra-ain, bein' filled, will run up to Pula-aski City, leave that section of which, aw toe which, aw at least in which, that is, belonging toe—I mean the people contaaining the Pula-aski City section (laughter and applause)—or rather the section contained by the Pu—(deafening laughter)—I should sa-ay the city containing the Pula-as'—(roars of laughter)—Well, gentlemen, if you know what I want to say betteh than I do, jest say it yo'se'ves an'——"

His face was red and he added something unintelligible about them all going to a terminus not on that road, while Captain Champion, coming to his rescue, proclaimed that the Suez section would be brought back, "expectin' to arrive hyeh an hou' by sun. An' now, ladies and gentle*men*, I propose three cheers faw that gallant an' accomplished gen'leman, Cap'm Shotwell—hip-hip—" And the company gave them, with a tiger.

At that moment, faint and far, the whistle sounded. The great outer crowd ran together, looking, all one way. Again it sounded, nearer; and then again, near and loud. The multitude huzzaed; the bell clanged; gay with flags the train came thundering in; out in the blazing sunlight Captain Champion, with sword unsheathed, cried "Fire!" The gun flashed and crashed, the earth shook, the people's long shout went up, the sax-horns sang "Way Down upon the Swanee River"—and the tears of a true Southerner leaped into Barbara's eyes. She turned and caught young Fair smiling at it all, and, most of all at her, yet in a way that earned her own smile.

The speeches were short and stirring. When Ravenel began—"Friends and fellow-citizens, this is our Susie's wedding," the people could hardly be done cheering. Then Barbara, by him led forth and followed by Johanna's eager eyes, gave the spike its first wavering tap, the president of the road drove it home, and "Susie" was bound in wedlock to the Age. Married for money, some might say. Yet married, bound—despite all incompatibilities—to be shaped—if not at once by choice, then at last by merciless necessity—to all that Age's lines and standards, to walk wherever it should lead, partner in all its vicissitudes, pains, and fates.

The train moved. Mr. Fair sat with Barbara. Major Grant secured a seat beside Sister Proudfit—"aha—ha-ha!"—"t-he-he-he-he!" Fannie gave Shotwell the place beside her, and so on. Even Johanna, by taking a child in her lap, got a seat. But Ravenel and

Colonel Proudfit had to stand up beside Fannie and Barbara. Thus it fell out that when everyone laughed at a moonshiner's upsetting on a pile of loose telegraph poles, Ravenel, looking out over the swarm of heads, saw something which moved him to pull the bell-cord.

"Two people wanting to get on," said Shotwell, as Ravenel went to the coach's rear platform. "They in a buggy. Now they out. Here they—Law', Miss Fannie, who you reckon it is? Guess! You *cayn't* miss!"

Barbara, with studied indifference, asked Fair the time of day.

"There," said Shotwell, "they've gone into the cah behind us."

"Sister March and her son," observed Garnet to Mrs. Proudfit, and the train moved on.

(To be continued.)



SPRING SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
  Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
  In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
  Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
  As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
  Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes
  On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
  Of the vivid Maryland-yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
  From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage,
  Where the tender plants in the frames are set,
Where kneels my love Armitage,
  Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
  Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
  Through the early night.

FRENCH CARICATURE OF TO-DAY.

By Arsène Alexandre.

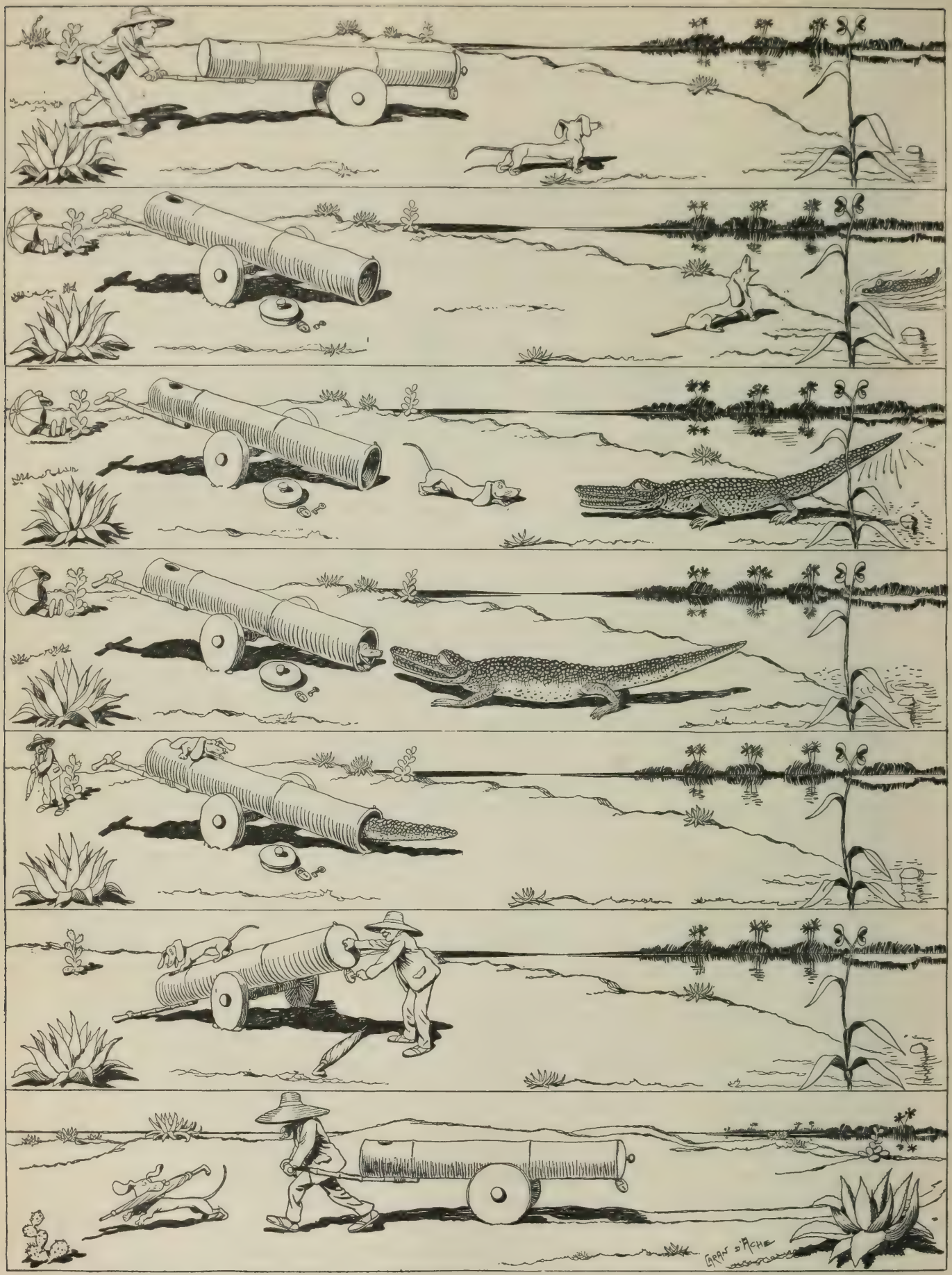
IT is not as easy as one might suppose for a Frenchman to speak fittingly of French Caricature when he addresses foreign readers. His position is equally embarrassing whether he seeks to convince these readers that his compatriots are, as they say in France, "the most *spirituel* people on earth," or prefers to recognize at once that such a compliment is not always deserved.

"The most spirituel people on earth"—that is one of the things that it is very well to say among ourselves, but that come with a bad grace when we say them to other people who may also have plenty of wit. On the other hand, to set out to prove the contrary is by no means a pleasant rôle; we generally know our faults pretty thoroughly, but we do not like to confess them. The best course is to seek a happy medium, and until we can reach some real conclusion, not to say anything in advance either on one side or the other. The best eulogium that we can give French caricature, regarded as an art, will be to show the principal caricaturists as they are.

But first of all, is there, properly speaking, a French caricature? It is easy to point out what is the characteristic of German caricature, for example, or of English caricature. Among the Germans it is a peculiar inventiveness, a turn of wit at the same time ingenious and grotesque, unexpected and full of straightforwardness. The laugh it excites is hearty and broad. There is not much depth of observation in it, but it grasps in an instant whatever in a situation or in an individual can furnish the material for a transformation or an accident. In German caricature you will constantly find ideas which are in themselves absolutely absurd, but which are perfect discoveries of drollery, such as would only be expected from a dreamy and patient race. For things like this, Wilhelm Busch and Oberländer are minds absolutely without a rival. English caricature (and by this I mean especially that of the last century) is equally easy to define, with its masters like Hogarth, Rawlinson, and Gillray. Here there is great spirit in execution, largeness of design, an imagination almost startling, and the very *outrance* of the sentiment of burlesque.

All these powers, with more or less talent, are found too in the general body of English or German caricature. In the *average* of French caricature, on the contrary, we find almost none of those qualities which distinguish the great caricaturists born now and then in our country. Even those who imitate them almost never succeed in catching the least particle of their wit. One might be tempted to say that the more they imitate them the less they resemble them. There is nothing in common between the work of our masters in caricature and the ordinary run of the productions reputed comic with us.

In this ordinary run, facile and mediocre as it is, hardly anything can be called a characteristic except a certain light and superficial gayety, not always very generous in its spirit, and often of a taste not above mediocrity—but withal a certain dash, with which the average passer-by, if he is good-natured, may be content. This is not sufficient, perhaps, to give to French caricature any very personal or attractive physiognomy, and taken generally, its greatest fault is that it does not make you *think;* but with certain masters of the art all this changes. The observation deepens and penetrates into the most intimate human secrets, and the drawing takes on an epic, magisterial character. The laugh which it excites has a shade of true philosophy, the satire stings and burns. These are no longer jokes, but real scenes in comedy. In even enumerating these strong characteristics, which break over at once the narrow limits represented by the word "Caricature," I seem to call up the figure of



The Crocodile Hunt.

(Drawn by Caran d'Ache for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

our great caricaturist and *peintre de mœurs*, Honoré Daumier. He was one of our finest painters, and one of the greatest caricaturists of any period.

Among others there is a graceful and winged fancy; a flashing *espièglerie;* an elegant impertinence, sometimes going so far that it could only be expressed in an untranslatable word—*rosserie;* especially a constant preoccupation with Woman, which, big children as we are, implies almost as much fear as raillery. But the artists in whom these different tendencies are embodied are hardly more than half a dozen (of course I speak of the present moment); those who, if it cannot be absolutely demonstrated that we have, like other nations, an excellent caricature, enable us to say that we have at least a few *caricaturists* of the first rank.

The general aspect of the *art du rire* in France and at the present time, may be studied from three points of view, politics, pure fancy, and the study of manners. It is interesting to notice the tone which fashion and circumstances have for some time past combined to give to each of these three genres. I have before me, while I write these lines, the original plaster of Daumier's *Ratapoil.* This is the statuette which the artist modelled about 1850, and which served him as a type in his vigorous series of satires against the political agents who worked for Prince Louis Napoleon, and finally assisted in the *coup d'état.* It is decidedly instructive, this statuette. In the first place, it is in itself a superb piece of work, both in action and conception. Further, it is the product of a moment of anger, an outburst of fiery passion. And it is a memorial of a time when such a caricature exposed its author to the greatest dangers. Judged by this triple distinction, it may certainly be said that, in comparison with this kind of satire political caricature no longer exists among us; or at least that it is at present in a state of lethargy.

As a matter of fact, the political caricatures of the present day have nothing remarkable in their execution. They are hardly ever inspired by any ardent passion; it seems as though the more benignant atmosphere of our day were less favorable than that of old to the hatching of ideas of vengeance. Strictly speaking, one could get on without the first condition; political caricature need not be very strictly held to keeping itself a work of art; there have been times, the French Revolution for example, where it has improvised most extraordinary productions. But *that* caricature breathed battle, hatred, vehement longings; and there are rude posters, drawn as though by a child, which are even now truly dramatic or full of a sanguinary buffoonery: they symbolize the cry of a whole nation.

But nowadays in the great body of French society hardly anyone believes in politics; the general belief is that they are a conflict of interests rather than a conflict of convictions; and therefore that, if business goes on fairly well, there is no special need of exciting one's self for or against either events or persons. Changes of ministry? there are two or three every year. It comes to be almost a matter of the almanac. The ministers themselves? they are generally good fellows enough, without any great brilliancy, neither handsome nor ugly, neither good nor bad, who come up from time to time, and from time to time retire for a chance to rest. When by the aid of a photograph they have been represented as Auvergnats, or monkeys, or bears, in a general's uniform or an acrobat's costume, there is no opportunity left for any special novelty; and it may be said that if in this sort of thing there still exists an art of political caricature, it is nothing more than an old habit. One of the skits which has had most success is that which consists in representing M. Carnot dressed in a black coat, making the angular gestures of a wooden manikin. The extreme correctness of *tenue* of the President and the seriousness of his bearing and movements have given some material for this joke; but there is no special malice in it, and it certainly could not pass for a very striking satire.

Some serious political events have happened in the last few years. Among those which brought about the most exciting crises may certainly be numbered the Boulanger affair and the

Panama scandal. Yet neither of them gave birth to a really good satire, and no striking or permanent type was created by them. It may be said that the material offered itself, had it not been that the public was indifferent; satire thrives on the wrath of the multitude, but is destroyed by its indifference. It was not infrequent, in the time of Boulangism, to see caricaturists (and by no means the worst) first hostile, then enthusiastic, and then hostile again in their attitude toward the general. As for the Panama affair, it did, as a matter of fact, excite the fancy of our best two humorists, Forain and Willette. Forain from day to day invented a series of compositions which were collected in a small album, "Les Temps difficiles," where the persons who had been disturbed by "investigations" found themselves chaffed in a highly amusing fashion. There is a company of ladies at five o'clock tea, for example; one of them, as she takes her cup of tea, says, "Do you know they have in Mazas [the prison] a kind of little biscuit of black bread that is capital buttered?" or on another page the wife of a deputy is saying to her husband, "I am entirely of your son's opinion, you have dishonored us by taking the money, but then you are going to ruin us if you give it back;" and the drawing which we reproduce, one of the most comical of all. A personage of pompous and well-fed appearance is speaking, while he is finishing his morning shave, to a reporter who is sitting by diligently taking notes: "Say, if you please, to your readers that, desiring to see France respected and prosperous, I am about to send back to the liquidator of the Panama company the 75,711 francs which I never received." Another little album, also very funny, made by Caran d'Ache, had the form of a check-book; and on each of the checks was an episode of the curious adventures of a deputy who, the victim of the insistance of a single idea, ends at last by taking the money without knowing it, during his sleep. A comical thing in the philosophy of these caricatures relating to the Panama matter, was that the victims were no better treated than the guilty. Willette, in a series of typical sketches, showed his Pierrot strumming an ironical tune on a guitar to the shop-keepers who had invested, for speculative purposes the money that they had got by selling adulterated wine, cow beef for ox beef, etc.

Clearly all this showed more "blague" than real and bitter satire. Now and then, however, there are events which more than others stir the temper and the bile of certain caricaturists. Every time, for instance, that there are troubles in the Latin quarter, or that skirmishes take place in the street (as seldom happens), one is sure to see the excellent Willette emerge from his ironical calm and elegant reverie, from his perpetual romance between Pierrot and the stylish little Montmartre Parisienne (always so prettily dressed), to represent the magistrates in a light which is anything but flattering. Then you may see the little Montmartroise, who can fire a gun in time of need without losing her smile, climb on the barricade and make a charming *pied-de-nez* at the astounded authorities.



Madame Patrie.
"She eats her own children."
A design by Luce in an anarchist journal, *Père Peinard*.

Foreign politics, thanks to Chauvinism—that narrower form of our patriotism—seem to supply a little more animation to current caricature. I do not think it would be interesting to enumerate for you the names or the pseudonyms of those who every week, in more or less crudely colored pictures, avenge on behalf of France the evil designs of the Triple Alliance; generally representing Italy by a Bersagliere or a Trasteverina with her short skirt and white cap, Germany by a more or less repulsive personage rigged out in a pointed helmet, etc. The rather habitual ignorance of the French about foreigners makes these jokes very seldom significant. It is true that the anti-French caricatures coming from the countries of the Triple Alliance are not of much more value, and perhaps the moral to be drawn is that international hatreds are rather poor sources of inspiration. On the day when we realize the United States of Europe this form of caricature will disappear, unless indeed before that time some terrible war shall bring to the front among us a truly great draughtsman, and give to art some noble pages like those which the events of 1870 inspired in Daumier, Cham, and even Grévin himself.



"The Cholera at Last!"

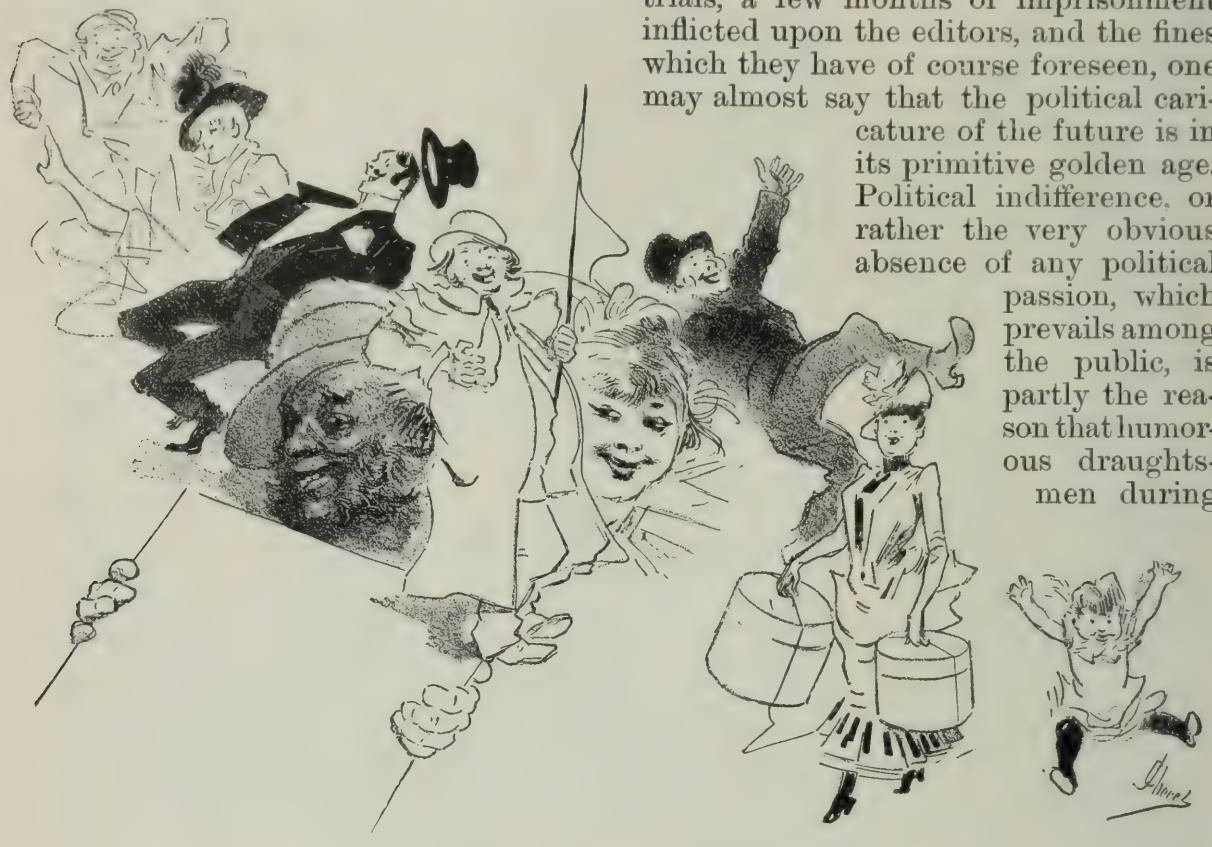
(Drawn by Willette for the *Chat Noir* in 1882.)

If hostility is not a good inspirer of international caricatures, sympathy has hardly produced a more brilliant result. The Franco-Russian fêtes only brought out, in my opinion, two good caricatures—one by Willette, in the *Courrier Français*—good on account of its elegance—a rather dishevelled little woman who is manifesting her enthusiasm by climbing a lamp-post; the other by Pépin, in the *Grelot*, on account of its frankness and good sense rather than its character: a Russian Admiral besieged with vivats and genuflexions, and underneath this legend: "But, *sacré bleu!* treat us like allies if you like, but not like saviours!" As this was the only caricature in this spirit, and as people affected not to notice it (doubtless because all truth isn't agreeable to hear), I have thought it well to point it out especially.

Without dwelling too long on this point, I ought to mention also that Anti-Semitism has occupied rather a large place in contemporary caricature. At the beginning it was the great *cheval de bataille* of Willette; but just now he is rather neglecting the Israelites. Forain, for his part, without bringing into the matter any particular bitterness or fighting spirit, has sometimes drawn them in a very biting way. Apart from these two artists, the gen-

eral run of the antisemitic caricature is rather mediocre.

The real political struggle which seems likely to have its turn, and to inspire really rancorous and sharply characterized work, is that which is beginning between bourgeois and parliamentary society and the anarchist party. Without entering here into a political discussion, it is noticeable that the younger artistic schools have always shown sympathy with the most radical parties; and therefore it is not surprising to find at this moment young artists of real worth making their profession of faith in anarchy, and collaborating more or less openly with *Père Peinard*. The recent representation of the *Ennemi du peuple* has been very curious from this point of view, and the two or three anarchist caricatures which I send you indisputably show a certain bitter *gaudium certaminis* and rude vigor like those which formerly inspired in Daumier his celebrated lithograph of the "Rue Transnonain." But one may fairly say that even here the accent belonging to true caricature or satire has not reached its maximum intensity. It takes a sanguinary struggle and merciless persecution to bring out the strength of political caricaturists, and as just now it all comes to a few press trials, a few months of imprisonment inflicted upon the editors, and the fines which they have of course foreseen, one may almost say that the political caricature of the future is in its primitive golden age. Political indifference, or rather the very obvious absence of any political passion, which prevails among the public, is partly the reason that humorous draughtsmen during these last few years have devoted themselves much more willingly to pure fancy and to the study of manners. The French fancy has continued, beyond dispute, thanks to some of these artists, to be piquant, light, and fascinating. It may be said to exercise itself chiefly on three classes of subjects: the details of the moment from day to day, general subjects of life and sentiment, and finally the evocation of the past.



The Title-page of "Paris qui Rit" (Jules Lévy, Paris).
(Drawn by J. Cheret.)

In a paper as short as this it is literally impossible to give a complete idea of the thousand and one caprices which the imagination of our artists embellishes and multiplies. I can only give a few very summary indications. In the first place it must be said that the caricature of the moment, the *caricature-faits-divers*, as one might call it, such as Cham, for instance, practises, is tending gradually to disappear; as the



chronique of "Mots" is disappearing, and of *nouvelles à la main* such as was formerly made brilliant by Villemot, Monselet, and Rochefort, and such as Aurélien Scholl still supports, always as brilliantly as at its beginning. It still exists, this *caricature d'actualité*, but under another form; and it might be said that Willette is one of those who have chiefly contributed to transform and elevate it. He introduced into it a gayety quite *sui generis*, capering and fantastic, a kind of cult of the elegance of the Parisian woman. His inspiration is like that of Pierrot—whom he has made his favorite character, by the way. But sometimes it has just a touch of bitterness and melancholy, such as poor Pierrot himself often has in his attacks of the blues. Pierrot is not only Willette's hero, he is Willette himself. His friends call him so familiarly; he has Pierrot's ways, almost his face, and he follows the same line of conduct in his life. He has his carelessness, and yet at the same time a mind which is restless and unhappy at bottom. It is more than ten years now since Willette made his début at the *Chat Noir*. Then he went to the *Courrier Français;* and then founded a journal of his own, the *Pierrot*, in which he poured out his most charming fancies. Finally he went back to the *Courrier Français*. The lack of persistence in Willette, his want of aptitude for business and advertising, his capricious and undisciplined spirit, account for his not having been favored by fortune in spite of his very important work, and of a talent always fertile in happy hits. The proverb says one cannot have everything; and without his faults Willette would not be Willette. However things may go, you will always find him in the front rank when it is a question of protesting against an injustice. His protests take a subtle form, and generally there is involuntarily mixed with them a certain sensuous grace. He showed us one day in a sketch his ideal of battle, in a drawing representing a deliciously pretty little grisette with short skirts on a barricade, loading a gun with the pen of a writer and draughtsman.

Jules Cheret is not exactly a caricaturist, neither is he a journalist; and yet in his way he, too, is tributary both to the moment and to the laugh-provoking art. In his *affiches* he announces the lighter events of the day, the popular plays, balls, and concerts, new productions, sales in the great shops, etc., and for each of these sub-



Some of Robida's Types.
(From *La Caricature.*)



"A Voice of Thunder."

CORPORAL ZEPHYR (*giving an order*). — Attention! Carry ar-r-rms!

LIEUTENANT JERIQUOT.—That's not the way. Louder, corporal! Listen to me now. CARRY AR-R-RMS!!!

(From Caran d'Ache's Album "Bric-a-Brac," Plon.)

jects, dull enough apparently, he finds a most attractive scheme of colors, files, and merry groups of characters tumbling over one another, frisking women, comic maskers, all sorts of puppets which bring a smile to the lips and give to the very walls of the houses—that newspaper of the street—an effect of gayety.

This brings us to speak of the retrospective humorists; for it is not far from fairy myth to history. Henri Pille has been of late years one of the merriest revivers of the Bacchic fêtes of olden times. In the old cities whose architecture he knows so wonderfully, there is plenty of hard drinking. His personages are magnificently clad, armed, and equipped; but by a phenomenon curiously contrasted with that which I just pointed out, if Willette has identified himself with Pierrot, Henri Pille does not in the least resemble his magnificent seigneurs, his greedy and big-paunched bourgeois. Quite the contrary, he himself has rather a puny look, a *tenue* somewhat more than negligent and almost shabby; and this again is nothing but a contrast, for he is really rich and enjoys health like iron. There is no faith to be put in appearances or actions.

Among those who know how to make us laugh or smile by subjects drawn from those ancient times, Louis Morin must also be mentioned—he who especially affects Italian comedy and Venice in the last century, at the time of the carnival; Robida, too, one of the first to revive the rococo types of the beginning of this century, keeping just a little ahead of the fashion, which seems likely soon to go wild over the Restoration, as it did a little while ago over the First Empire. Robida, it is true, has also attacked the fashions of the *end* of the nineteenth century; and even to the twentieth century he has more than once devoted a series of hypothetical caricatures showing what life will be when regulated by electricity.*

In entering on the subject of pure fancy (*fantaisie*) applied to general topics, we run very close to the caricature of manners, which forms our third

* In this field he has drawn, for instance, the illustrations to accompany a bright bit of satire by Octave Uzanne, soon to appear in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on the woes of book collectors, publishers, and amateurs, a century hence, when phonographs, etc., are in full play.

subdivision. What distinguishes one from the other is that pure fancy, when it is applied to the types and scenes of life, does not recoil before the most improbable antics, the most unexpected shocks and catastrophes, the most grotesque situations; while the caricaturists of manners, properly speaking, have for their aim only to reproduce things actually seen, or the essence of things seen. The same difference exists which there is between ironical observation and droll imaginings.

In this conjuring fancy, in these clowns' pranks played by contemporary characters, Caran d'Ache is master of the field. In his drawings, demure and correct at first sight, you see after a moment's glance that the most audacious twists and farcical grimaces are given with this imperturbable gravity. Caran d'Ache has drawn caricatures of animals—lions, camels, giraffes—which are equal to the best of the German Oberländer. He it was from whom emanated that amazing invention of the benevolent boa-constrictor who, seeing that there is a fire in a negro village, and that the unhappy people have no hose to their engine, generously lends his body to perform this function. Caran d'Ache, who was a corporal in our army, has also studied military types and manners, and has not only pleasantly noted the poses and fads of our *Tourlourous*, but going back into the past, has drawn out for us in the Chinese shadows of the Chat Noir "the Epic," that is to say, a series of splendid cavalcades from the "Grand Army." Finally, this artist, who is a perfect gentleman, taking infinite care for his personal elegance and always dressed in the fashion of to-morrow, has even drawn the most spirited caricatures of his own elegancies.

There are still to mention the demi-mondaine and very décolleté fancies of Albert Guillaume; the stories without words of the fantastic artists of the *Chat Noir*, Fernand Fau, Berbeck, etc.; the philosophic caprices of the draughtsmen of the *Courrier Français*, such as Louis Legrand and Heidbrinck. And just space enough remains to speak too briefly, in closing, of the caricature or portraiture of manners.

This picturing of manners has gradually come to be synonymous with the picturing of *bad* manners. We have gone very far from the gently agitated bourgeois interiors once so charmingly studied by Henri Monnier and Daumier; and as for Gavarni's "Lorette," she is a good little doll of a thing beside the young ladies now studied by our caricaturists, and especially by Forain. This last is a name certainly not unknown to American readers; for the reports of the American papers last summer brought us frequent news of our artist, during the visits he made to New York, Chicago, and Newport. As my colleagues of the American press have no doubt not allowed you to remain in ignorance of any detail concerning his personality, there is little left for me to say. Yet I should like to dwell for a moment on two special traits which form the key of his talent.



"But it is in the book."—By Guillaume.

(From "Les bonshommes," published by Simonis Empis, Paris.)



—— You shall have two francs.
—— Two francs! But I've come from Vaugiraud . . . and from your office they've sent me back here . . . and all that on foot!

(From Forain's Album. Simonis Empis, Paris.)

Before winning his reputation Forain led a life of great hardship, and made acquaintance with all imaginable surroundings. No one can form an idea of the extraordinary types and surroundings — types of blackguardism, and surroundings of viciousness — which the struggle for life in Paris reveals. On the other hand, being an artist possessed by a real passion for his art, Forain did not cease to study the masters of it; and his two favorites were Ingres and Goya—two geniuses, by the way, very widely separated. Now you can understand why Forain's observation is so bitter, and why his drawing is so masterly.

The name of Henri Monnier, the creator of Joseph Prud'homme, was on my pen a moment ago. Joseph Prud'homme, in spite of his extraordinary spread in caricature, is always a theatrical type made up of all manner of fragments, and consequently factitious. What is unique in Forain, on the other hand, is that the fool at whose expense he makes us laugh is always our neighbor. He is dressed like us, he talks like us, he has the same unconscious egotisms and the same ingenious basenesses. Forain has lashed vigorously both cynical daughters and complaisant mothers, but he has not been by any means more indulgent to Messieurs their victims.

One day I was chatting with Forain about the general character of his work, and about a summary which I had been making of it in a book on "The Art of Laughter" — a summary and description which seemed to have annoyed him a little. "Oh, come, my dear Forain," said I, "it would be pretty hard work to portray you as a man of benevolence" (un bienveillant). He replied with an air of perfect candor, accompanied, it is true, by that singular smile and quick, sharp glance which give such a curious character to his face, "Benevolence?— I do not know what it is." There are writers who have made a grievance of his "ferocity," as they call the caustic tone of his wit. I do not feel like sharing their indulgent care for a society which does not deserve so much solicitude. Unfortunately, work like that of Forain cannot be described in a few lines; it would need a long essay, only to treat of the biting captions given to his drawings. In such an essay, which I should like to undertake more at leisure, I should have no difficulty in showing that the satirical observations of Forain on the world of speculators, snobs, gamblers, and low women, only avenge upon these people the wrongs of the intelligent and honest classes, and so much the worse for whoever happens to be his object of attack.



Types of Boulevardiers.
(Drawn by H. de Toulouse-Lautrec for *L'Escarmouche*.)

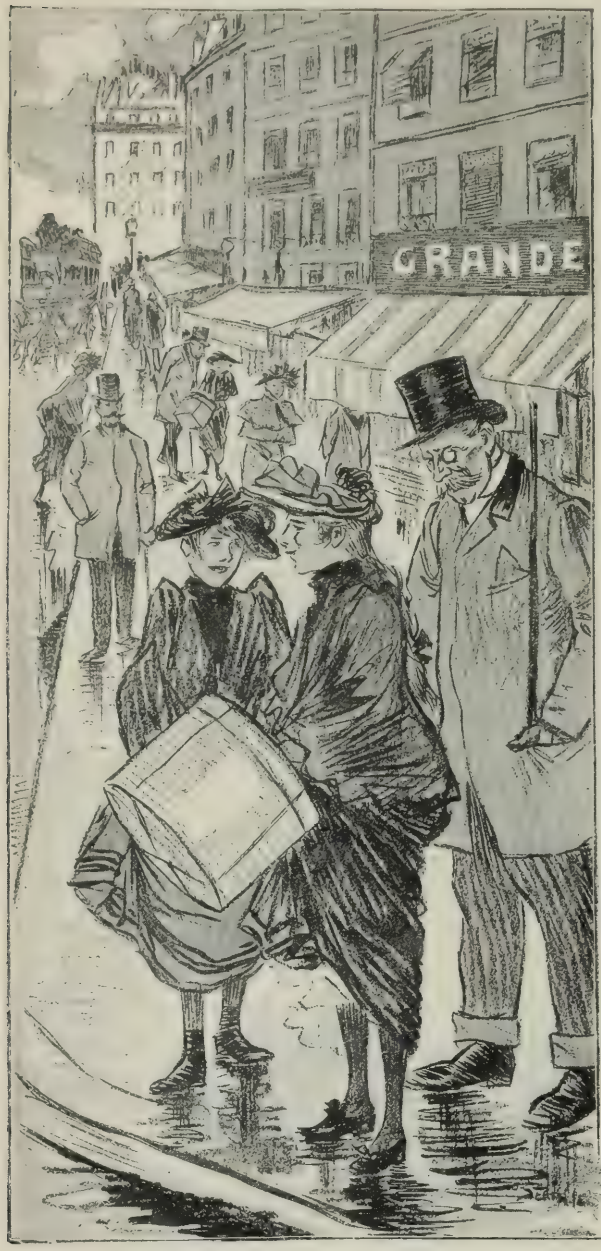
This caricature of *mauvaises mœurs* has even explored (with a visible satisfaction) regions much lower than those which Forain has visited. The gutter has become an artistic domain, and argot has reconquered a place in literature. Thus the balladist, cabaretier, and singer Aristide Bruant, has brought into fashion the chevaliers of the Outer Boulevards; and in his paper, the *Mirliton*, which has the same name as his cabaret, the artist Steinlen faithfully interprets his ideas, showing us these strange heroes in a very realistic aspect. It is decidedly amusing to notice that this class of work has had its day of very decided success in that



SUSPECTED DEPUTY (*to reporter*).—"Say, if you please, to your readers that, desiring to see France respected and prosperous, I am about to send back to the liquidator of the Panama company the 75,711 francs which I never received."

(From Forain's *Les Temps Difficiles*, Charpentier.)

world which is considered especially distinguished. At all events there is an artistic tentative in the songs of Bruant and the drawings of Steinlen (which re-



"On the Sidewalk."
(Drawn by Steinlen for *Gil Blas Illustré.*)

semble a sort of clarified Rafaelli), but while I appreciate this I should not go so far as to advise giving the "coup du père François"* to such as do not like this class of art.

In concluding I am naturally led to say a few words of a third painter, who has gone even farther than these others. This is H. de Toulouse-Lautrec ("one of the finest names of France," as a well-known painter remarked). To describe decently the kind of explorations Lautrec makes, one would have to talk Japanese. It is well known that in the last century the great Japanese artist, Outamaro, studied the types and manners of the *Yoshiwara;* and that is what Lautrec has done, with this difference—that the Japanese *Yoshiwara* is elegant and poetic, while ours is brutal and low. Toulouse-Lautrec is one of the most curious figures of the younger school of painters and humorists. An enthusiast for the art of the extreme East, calling himself a disciple of Forain and Degas, very small in stature, full of life and activity, perpetually on the lookout for novelty (he found it possible to make novelties in posters even after Cheret); he has a well-trained taste and an extraordinary tendency toward the Ugly. Perhaps there never was an artist who had the gift of seeing things as ugly as he. It is certainly a quality for a caricaturist, and yet it can hardly be said that it should be the principal one.

Let me summarize again this review of contemporary French caricature—a review already long, and yet still incomplete. Formerly French caricature held itself especially at the disposal of the hottest political passion; it was very limited in its field in what concerned either observation or fancy; when it attempted the study of manners it was superficial and lacked sharpness. About the middle of this century political passion still existed in caricature, but human observation widened its field, though it still remained relatively good-natured; pure fancy was still but little developed. To-day political indifference has become very great, but fancy has found a free and rich career; and observation has taken a bitter and pessimistic turn. Obviously, it is hard to imagine a more complete evolution; but, bah! we shall change it all again ten years from now—and besides, what difference does it make if one is sad, if only one is amused?

* In the slang of criminals who practise nocturnal assaults this is a way of attacking belated passers-by from behind, and silencing them by gagging them with a scarf.



A Fishing Station—Svolvær, with Mount Svolvægjura in the Background.

A WINTER JOURNEY UP THE COAST OF NORWAY.

By Rasmus B. Anderson.

THE winter climate of Copenhagen is disagreeable in the extreme. The capital of Denmark is situated as far north as the central part of Labrador on our continent. The days are short during the winter, and the air is frequently filled with a dense fog, making it necessary to keep the lamps burning all day long. You live, as it were, in one continual night, and the sun oftentimes omits his short visits for days together. In addition to the darkness there usually blows a raw, disagreeable east wind from the Baltic, making everybody hack and cough. Many Danes spend this season on the shores of the Mediterranean, where they find balmy sunshine, brilliancy, life, and constant renovation, instead of the piercing winds, gloom, decay, and prolonged lethargy of the frozen North. In Copenhagen the season is turned into a siege of gayeties and festivities. There are dinners, receptions, and balls without end, and half a dozen large theatres are filled every night. I had fought my way through one season of Copenhagen's hospitalities, and had also tried a journey to the sunny South. It was midwinter, and I was sick and weary of the frequent attendance upon dinners and soirées. I was tired of Holberg's and Hostrup's comedies, nor did I care to see a new play by Björnson or Ibsen. In my despair I went to my good friend Dr. Möller, and asked him if he did not know some place whither an American diplomat might fly for a breath of pure air and wholesome ozone, as Robert Buchanan would express himself.

"That place may be found, if you will go with me," answered my friend. "We will travel northward in the footsteps of Thore Helgeson, of whom you recently read to me in the Flatey-book. We will traverse the great mountains and valleys of Norway, and not halt until, like Helge, we reach the Glittering



Troldfjorden (the Fjord of Trolls), a Branch of Raftsund.

Plains, where the wise and mighty Gudmund died after he had ruled Jotunheim half a thousand years. We will not stop until we look upon that slowly heaving Polar Ocean upon which, in the utmost North, the midday moon smiles. At Stamsund, in the Lofoden Islands, where my principal factory is located and where my business requires my attention, we will feast on reindeer meat instead of Danish beefsteaks, and we will substitute stewed cod-tongues and cod-livers for *pâté de foie gras de Strasburg.* There will be no Eddas or Sagas to read and no politics to bother you."

"But will it not be dreadfully cold up there?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Dr. Möller. "You know Norway is indebted to your country, that is, to the Gulf Stream, for a far less rigorous climate than she would otherwise have, and we shall find, in the latitude of Baffin Land and the extreme north of Alaska, a climate much less severe than that you have been accustomed to in Wisconsin."

After a few necessary preparations we take a small steamer for Malmö, Sweden. Thence we travel by rail via Christiania, the picturesquely situated capital of Norway, to Throndhjem. Here we take berths in a little steamer bound for Vadsö, far around North Cape, in the Varanger Fjord, on the northeast coast of Norway. Vadsö, by the way, is situated a little beyond the 70° north latitude, supports a population of 2,200 inhabitants, and in this remote corner of our earth the late Dr. Johan Fritzner served as parish priest from 1838 to 1845. Here, far removed from libraries and intercourse with scholars, he continued his astonishing researches in Germanic philology, and gathered materials for his celebrated "Ordbog over det gamle norske Sprog," a monumental work and the greatest of all the dictionaries of the old Norse tongue. This same Vadsö was also for a long time the head-quarters of the great missionary Stockfleth, to whom the 30,000 small, slender, and dusky Lapps, with their broad faces, prominent cheek-bones, dark eyes, and black matted hair, are chiefly indebted for what knowledge they possess of the principles of Christianity and the arts of civilization. When Stockfleth came to Vadsö, in 1824, he was the only min-

ister in a district of more than three hundred square miles, and on his constant journey from one little parish to the other he became deeply interested in the condition of the Lapps, for whom nothing had been done since the days of Thomas von Westen, who converted them to Christianity in the seventeenth century. Stockfleth dressed himself like a Lapp, lived with them in their huts, and ate their food, and in this manner became thoroughly familiar with their language and customs, and won their confidence and devotion. He created a new Lappish alphabet, and with it produced translations into Lappish of the principal religious and devotional works of the Lutheran Church. He produced a grammar and dictionary of the Lappish language, and after his return to Christiania, in the fifties, he lectured on Lappish at the University of Norway. There he became the teacher of Jens Andreas Friis, for whom a Lappish professorship was established in 1874. Stockfleth and Friis have not only been an incalculable blessing to the poor Lapps, but by their extensive travels and indefatigable researches they have furnished literature and science, in a series of publications of absorbing interest, with a well-nigh complete exposition of the antiquities, mythology, ethnography, folklore, dialects, life, customs, and habits of this remarkable little race. The part of Norway inhabited by the Lapps is called Finmarken. In spite of its vast stretches of desolate tundra and impassable swamps, it presents many spots of quiet beauty, and among its fjords and mountains there is a most charming variety of color and form. As compared with the ice-bound regions of the same latitude in America, the contrast is most striking. There is, of course, but little scope for farming, but the country is well supplied with much that is useful to man. The Norwegian Arctics have great stores of timber, and near Tromsö, at nearly 70° north latitude, I was taken into a birch forest as vigorous and luxuriant as any I have ever seen in America. The trees were above one hundred feet high, with trunks more than two feet in diameter!

The mountain Lapp is nomadic and is the chief representative of the race. In the summer he lets his reindeer loose to wander as they please to find the best pastures, but he usually has his *njalla* or hut, to which he periodically returns. His reindeer constitute his sole wealth, and they supply him with meat, cheese, and clothing. In the Lofoden Islands groups of Sea Lapps may be seen among the Norwegian fishermen, from whom they are easily distinguished by their dusky skin, diminutive size, and quaint dress. One of the chief characteristics of this northern country is the distribution of daylight and darkness. Thus at Hammerfest, the most northern city on the globe, situated at 70° 39′ N., and containing 2,300 inhabitants, the sun is



A Group of Mountain Lapps with their Reindeer.



A Birch Forest near Tromsö, Norway, 69° 38′ North Latitude.

above the horizon from May 13th to July 26th, while, on the other hand, it does not appear at all from November 20th to January 26th. Aye, in those long winters all Norway wears a dark and severe mantle. No one can long more deeply for the light of summer, with its gentle breezes from the south, than the Norwegian. When he has pondered on his own thoughts during the long sunless season, when nothing but northern lights flickered and painted all the colors of the rainbow over his head, he welcomes the spring sun with enthusiastic delight. Was it not this deep longing for Balder that in olden times drove swarms of Norsemen on viking expeditions ; when Norway poured those vast multitudes from her frozen loins over all Western Europe, through the Pillars of Hercules to every part of the Mediterranean, and even across the surging main to Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland? Take a look at the map of Norway, and observe all the islands and fjords on its extensive coast, and you will not fail to appreciate how naturally the Norsemen were tempted into boats, and how reasonable is the claim that the old vikings were the first to venture out of sight of land. Every scrap of history sustains me when I say that the vikings discovered pelagic navigation and taught it to the rest of the world ; and in this sense, at least, we may say with perfect propriety that the Norsemen, and foremost among them Leif Erikson, prepared the way for the great Columbus. Is it not this same deep longing for Balder, that during the past half-century has brought thousands of Norwegians to alight upon the ancient Vinland's shores, and scatter themselves in their numberless American settlements? But no Norwegian emigrant ever forgets those weird, gigantic, snow-capped mountains that stretched their tall heads far above the clouds and seemed to look half angrily, half anxiously, after him as his bark floated toward the setting sun.

On approaching and crossing the Arctic circle there is revealed to the traveller a panorama of sea, islands, fjords, mountains, and valleys never to be forgotten. Look at that vast congregation of mountains ! Is there any form known that they do not assume? Is not this the entrance to Jotunheim



Torghatten (Torge's Hat).

itself? My friend, Dr. Möller, called me on deck immediately after breakfast to show me a landscape which all the romantic beauties of the sunny South can scarcely equal, certainly not surpass. I saw it disrobed by the cruel blasts of winter; but imagine it clothed in the profusely variegated garments of midsummer and lit up by the slanting rays of the midnight sun, and you will have a view to which not even a Sinding's brush or Wergeland's pen can do justice! Of course I did not neglect to pay my profoundest homage to the Maid of Lekö. Tradition tells of her, that in ancient times she was beloved by the Horseman, another mountain near by, but that his love was not returned. That giant of primeval times was taught the same lesson that has been learned so many times, that it is painful to love, and painful not to love, but that it gives the greatest pain to love and not to be loved again. What a powerful giant that Torge must have been, who rushed to the assistance of the Lekö Maid and flung his hat to ward off a shot from the angry Horseman! Imagine a man wearing a hat one thousand feet high! Think of the Horseman's arm and the quality of the arrow with which he pierced that hat! How sad for the actors in this great ancient drama, but how fortunate for history and for the scenery of Norway, that the sun should appear on the scene just at this moment and turn the entire group into stone! There is not a shadow of doubt in regard to the facts of this story. Seeing is believing. I saw the arrow in question. It stands there to this day as a huge obelisk, a veritable bauta-stone, on a little island not far from Torghatten.

The steamer glided slowly by Torge's Hat, and I saw the blue sky through the large tunnel made by the arrow. In its grand outlines Torghatten looked to me very much like the peaked sou'-wester worn by the sailors on board our steamer. And farther on I saw the jilted Horseman. He stands there, almost upon the Arctic circle, a huge giant on horseback, both horse and rider petrified while swimming through

the water. Now, when we consider the fact that the Lekö maid, Torge's hat with the hole through it, the arrow standing erect on the island, and the horse with his rider, are all there exactly as they appeared on that fatal morning when the sun suddenly rose and petrified them, standing there, not as living, it is true, but as dead witnesses to what happened—I see no reason for rejecting this simple and plausible explanation of their origin, and accepting the absurd and pedantic theories of the scientists, who want to make prose of everything. The geologist comes to the scene and ruthlessly brushes away the stubborn facts of mythology, folklore, and history, and, assuming an air of learning, argues that this tunnel through Torge's Hat is merely the degradation of a large mass of mica. The trouble is that the small vein of poetry in the geologist has been degraded.

To those who desire the mathematized acquaintance of Torge's Hat, I may add, that it is a little more than 1,000 feet high; the hole through it is about 75 feet wide, and situated about 700 feet above the sea. Its southern opening resembles a huge Gothic church portal.

A faithful picture of Norway's coast in the latitude of the Arctic circle, even if it could be drawn, would not be accepted as sober reality by those who have not seen the original. Precipitous mountains are piled one above the other in every variety of form, with their hundreds of snow-capped peaks, among them the Seven Sisters; but they were once seven charming giant maidens, who, in their desperate effort to escape from undesirable lovers, were surprised and petrified by the rising sun, and so doomed to stand there forever.

We pass Alstahaug, where the inimitable Peter Dass, of Scotch descent (Dundas), the most remarkable genius of his time in Norway, was born in 1647, and where he spent his life preaching the Gospel and writing his "Trumpet of Nordland" and a whole series of immortal poems descriptive of nature and life in the far North. On our right we also pass Svartisen (the Black Ice), probably the largest and most interesting mass of snow and ice in Europe. It occupies the greater portion of the large peninsula between the Ranen and Salten fjords.



Hammerfest, the Most Northern City in the World, 70° 39′ North Latitude.

The Horseman and the Seven Sisters have faded out of sight, and we are now approaching the Lofoden Islands from the south; and the weather being favorable, the captain decides to take us across the far-famed Maelstrom, by which the four large Lofoden Islands are separated from the two smaller



Hut of Mountain Lapps in Finmarken.

ones in the extreme south of the group, and in which lies the uninhabited island called Mosköen. The Maelstrom! I remembered all the thrilling tales told of this ugly whirlpool, and how vividly it was illustrated in the geography I studied as a child. I had just read a most graphic and blood-curdling description of it by Peter Dass, in his "Trumpet of Nordland." I was thinking of the countless whales that had been swallowed and digested by its vortex, and of the thousands of ships that had been entangled in its greedy current and ground fine as flour; but the captain assured us all that we need have no fear, and when we crossed it I was astonished to find it as calm and peaceful as an inland lake. The fact is, however, that the Maelstrom may at times be extremely dangerous, and a vessel caught there in a storm is irretrievably lost. The Cyclopædia tells us that the Maelstrom is an ordinary whirlpool caused by a tremendous current running in the opposite direction to the wind. It attributes it to the ebb and tide of the sea, and talks learnedly about its depth as being only twenty fathoms, while immediately outside of the strait, where the whirlpool is formed, the water suddenly becomes two hundred fathoms deep; and thus tide and gale and this Niagara-like plunge, all combined, are made to lash the water into a perfect fury.

Here, as elsewhere, the scientist utterly fails to grasp the simplicity and truth of ancient poetry. Maelstrom means "millstream" or "grinding stream." The tale is a long one, and it must suffice to give only the *finale*, which solves, in a most satisfactory manner, all the mysteries concerning this whirlpool. A man had secured within the gates of the lower regions a magic mill, that would grind out anything demanded of it. The last chapter of the long, beautiful folk-lore story tells how the owner decided to spend his declining years near the sea, where he could look out upon the grand Lofoden scenery. With his mill he ground out so much gold that he covered his house with sheets of this precious metal. The house glistened far out



Sea Lapps and Codfish Flakes (Racks).

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

upon the sea. All who sailed by had to go ashore and visit the nabob who dwelt in the house of gold, and the fame of the wonderful mill spread far and wide. Then there came a sea-captain, who was in the salt trade, and while he was being sumptuously entertained by the owner of the mill, it occurred to him that if he only had that mill he would not need to make any more voyages to distant lands over dangerous seas. The captain succeeded in purchasing the mill, and lost no time in getting it on board his ship. As soon as he had hoisted the sails again he placed the mill on the deck and told it to grind salt, and it at once began to grind both "fast and well." But the captain had neglected to secure from the previous owner the secret of making the mill stop grinding again. The ship was filled with salt and the crew were unable to shovel salt overboard as fast as it was ground. The result was that the ship, with all its contents, sank. This happened in the strait that has since become so famous, and there the ship stands on the bottom of the sea, the mill grinding salt with all its might to this very day. The awful Maelstrom is thus caused by the whirling millstone, and this further gives us the true reason why the sea is salt.

The four Lofoden Islands are unique in their strangely fantastic mountain formations. Like needles, the snow-capped peaks pierce the skies. During the greater part of the year snow fills the ravines far down the mountain-sides, which clasp their frosty arms around the valley and send down, like streams of tears along the weather-beaten cheeks of these northern Alps, innumerable foaming waterfalls and roaring cascades, falling in an endless variety of graceful shapes into the profound fjord below.

With their lofty jagged pinnacles, fantastic chasms, and rugged precipices, they present a picture of unutterable grandeur. As you look at them from the east side, they appear like an immense wall built by giant hands and crowned with towers and turrets. Summer tourists returning from this wonderland, where they saw the midnight sun in his radiant splendor, and witnessed the gorgeous blending of earth, sea, and sky into one harmonious picture, ask themselves whether it was real or only a dream.

It was my good fortune to see this majestic scenery tinted by the choicest hues of winter. The sun had gone to sleep below the horizon, and the heavens were ablaze with the restless waves of northern lights trembling and streaming upward from the whole polar region, and painting the lurid sky with all the colors of the rainbow. It made me think of the beginning, before the heaven and the earth were created, when the great Ginungagap abyss was without form and void, and the spirit of Fimbultyr, that god of the Eddas, who is from everlasting to everlasting, moved upon the face of the deep, until the ice-cold Elivagar rivers flowing out of Niflheim came in contact with the dazzling flames of Muspelheim and produced the chaotic Ymer.

I was reminded of the great Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods, when the wolf swallows the sun, and when Surt flings fire and flame over the world. I saw how the smoke wreathed up around the great ash Ygdrasil, how the high flames played against the heavens, and how earth, consumed, sank beneath the sea. I now comprehended why Norway had given the world so many masterpieces of poetry, music, and painting. It was no longer a surprise to me that the grandest of all mythologies had emanated from the imaginative childhood of the race that had its abode amid scenes like this. I found here the key to that simple and martial religion which inspired the old vikings and developed them into a vigorous Ygdrasil ash, extending long branches over all Europe. I found that religion which gave to the Norsemen that restless and unconquerable spirit, apt to take fire at the mere mention of subjection and restraint. I found that germ of liberty that was scattered in the soil of Normandy, where the Normans were the first to produce a French literature ; that germ of liberty which afterward budded in England's Magna Charta, and which in course of time developed full-blown flowers in our

American Declaration of Independence.

I gained a comprehension of the stupendous physical forces and phenomena which impressed themselves on the religion of the Norsemen, and of the mighty influence of this religion in moulding the viking age.

That age now belongs to the historic past. The old vikings of the Lofoden Islands have beat their swords into fish-hooks and their spears into fish-forks.

The thousands of fishermen engaged in catching cod here in the winter remind you most forcibly of the fleets of viking ships of which we read in the old sagas, and the form of the ships is still in a great measure preserved, being very like that viking ship which crossed the ocean and was exhibited at the World's Fair last summer.

At the various fishing-stations in the Lofoden Islands I saw numerous rows of fish-flakes, a kind of frames or racks upon which the dressed cod, united in pairs by the tails, are hung to dry in the open air. From thirty to forty million cod are caught each winter, supplying a large part of Europe with fish for Fridays and Lent, and furnishing cod-liver oil to consumers in every country on the globe. At Dr. Möller's sumptuous table, at Stamsund, a picturesque harbor in the heart of the Lofoden Islands, the bill of fare was very much the same as you might expect in London or in New York, with the promised addition of cod-tongues, cod-livers, and caviar made from cod-fish roes. Stewed cod-tongues have the flavor of oysters prepared in the same way, while the taste for the caviar and the cod-livers has to be acquired. I did not remain long enough to become passionately fond of either.

I travelled on with the polar star for my guide, and threaded my way through the many Lofoden fjords. The scene shifts constantly, the fjords now becoming wide as a lake, and now again narrow as the Hudson River. Lofty mountains with their varying forms rise on every side. In the rear of the fishing station Svolvær, the Svolvægjura lifts its lordly head far above its neighbors, and towering, like old Skrymer, over all, it defiantly refuses to hold communion with any living thing, save perhaps the eagle.

Our steamer proceeded on its way northward, and we continued to watch the Lofoden Islands as they painted their fantastic outlines on the sky. Leaving the Vestfjord and all its poetical romance, we enter the charming Raftsund. We borrow the yawl-boat from the captain, and row into Troldfjord (well named the fjord of trolls), a branch of Raftsund. All the marvellously grand scenery from base to peak, as well as the azure blue sky above, are reflected from the polished surface, as deep as it is lofty, in the calm, clear, sea-green water, perfect as in a mirror. Here, within about one thousand five hundred miles of that mysterious North Pole, of which the Norwegian explorer, Frithjof Nansen, is now in search, on the brow of the earth so to speak, we seem to be suspended in mid-air. There is no storm. The deep water of the fjord is silent and at rest. Not even the slightest breeze nor the flight of an eider-duck or sea-gull ruffles the glossy surface. There are no whales or porpoises about. As we glide along between the rocky walls of the mountains, which look as if they were only a stone's-throw distant, we perceive no sound save the occasional splashing of our unskilful oars. All else is still as the grave. We are frightened at our voices, which come back to us in cynical echoes. The naked mountains wear a sombre look, which would make us gloomy were it not for their overpowering grandeur. Would it were always so for the poor fishermen who gather in those Arctic waters! Alas, the fisherman's life is a very precarious one, as was so lamentably illustrated in the winter of 1893, when more than one hundred families lost their supporters. It is the billows of the great ocean that roll through these fjords, and sometimes the most terrific storms rage on these distant shores.

The traveller is cordially invited from the smooth-beaten tracks of southern Europe to the unique Arctic coast of old Norway. He may go there in midsummer, when Balder, the

white god of the sun, reigns supreme, when the radiant dawn and glowing sunset blend into one purple blaze. But he should not omit to repeat his visit after Balder has been slain by his blind brother Hoder, when the wintry gloom sits brooding over Nordland and Finmarken, and Mephistopheles-like Loke weeps his arid tears over the desolation he has caused, and when the star-spangled heavens look down upon those Arctic Alps and fjords through a gauzy veil of shimmering northern lights.

A WORD ABOUT PAINTING.

By William A. Coffin.

TO those who note the talk of the studios and such indications of the direction of public taste as are shown in current comment on exhibitions, and to some extent in the purchase of pictures, it has been apparent, for the last four or five years at least, that the word "art" has come to be used very often in a sense embodying some sort of a vague desire to attribute to certain pictures something different from what is included in a recognition of technical excellence and a comprehensible expression of the artist's feeling for his subject. At one time it appears in the comment of a painter, who says: "I don't care how well drawn it is; what does that matter? There's no art in it." In another instance it is the amateur who, when it has been pointed out that there is neither good drawing, good color, nor truth to nature in a canvas in which he seems to find much to admire, replies in the strain of the studio visitor in a Du Maurier drawing in *Punch*: "I don't know anything about that, I'm sure, but look at the *picture*." In the division of the French artists into two factions and the designation by the party of new ideas of the "Old Salon" exhibition as *pompier;* in the hailing of each fresh eccentricity in painting as a sign of a new "movement;" in the general tendency, as it seems to me, to decry old ways and old things because they are old, and to run hither and thither acclaiming as a genius whosoever does something that bears the brand of novelty, no matter how grotesque and insufficient it may be judged by the standards of art that have prevailed in all the great schools for centuries; in the feverishness, in a word, that seems to characterize the civilization of our period and that the phrase of the moment denominates *fin de siècle*, we find evidence that sobriety is in a conflict with sensationalism, and that its firm, persuasive voice is half-drowned in the high-pitched cackle that fills the air on every side. There is no reason to fear that the standard of educated taste will ultimately be lowered by the ignorant likings of the *parvenu*. It is not the first time they have clashed, and the issue of such conflicts is never doubtful; but with the clamoring figure of sensationalism before us we may well inquire into some of the reasons for its presence.

To bring the subject to closer quarters, why is it that the recent vagaries in paint put forth by Claude Monet are paraded before us and talked about as if in them were expressed the last word in landscape painting, while the beautiful pictures by such a master as Harpignies, for instance, are scarcely noticed at all? Why is a piece of purple modelling by Besnard—whether it be a good piece of modelling or a bad, it's all one—thought by so many to far outshine the Baudrys and Delaunays that hang beside it on the walls? Why are Carrière's shadowy, fog-enveloped figures rated wonderful, and the stanch, virile works of Aimé Morot voted commonplace? Why do we find so often what is no more than a clever sketch

accorded honor that a work of solid merit without the specious dash does not receive?

The reasons are not far to seek. The public, in the first place, asks no better than to be guided intelligently through the confusing assemblages of works of all degrees of value that surround it. It is attracted by sensationalism for the simple reason that it calls more loudly than the rest, and it finds, unfortunately, too few counsellors to point out that art is indeed long; that the only works of any school that have stood the test of posterity's judgment are those in which the artist has put much more than the depiction of a passing fancy or a pretty note that caught his eye, and that the best in the world's art is that in which the artist's thought, whether interpreted by the marvellous technical cleverness of Velasquez, or by the conscientious, all-embracing methods of Holbein, is sincerely expressed, and stamped in every line with the conviction that this, and nothing else, is the truth.

In the second place, many artists do not take the public seriously enough. They find it warped in its views by pernicious teachings and confused by the conflicting opinions of self-satisfied critics, and instead of trusting to sincere intention and unaffected technical expression to win admiration, in many cases try to attract it by pyrotechnical displays in color schemes or some novel device in composition. There is always some solemn fool nearby to cry, "Wonderful," and a host of *quidnuncs* to take it up. Fashion is no more than one man's repeating what another man says, and the public has a new lesson to learn every day. Let us take such a picture as "La Bénédiction," by Dagnan-Bouveret, and compare it with one of our latter-day "notes," or Bastien's portrait of his mother with some of the examples of portrait painting by suggestion — "A Lady in Pink," or "A Portrait in Gray," as the titles read — that dot the walls of the exhibitions, and we shall see what a difference there is between genuine artistic achievement and the semblance of it. Let us look at one of Monet's white plaster skies divided in rectangular sections by four or five brush-like poplar trees, or his series of a haystack painted at twelve different hours of the day, and then at Corot's "Biblis" or Rousseau's "Le Givre," and it will be plain what a false conception of what art is has made its way into some of the painting of the present time. How far it may be affecting the work of our own painters and the taste of the American art public is worth a moment's consideration.

At the Chicago Exhibition no intelligent observer could fail to be struck by the individuality of the work of American painters. There was a certain amount that was conventional and a good deal that was not technically very strong, but in every gallery there was evidence that in choice of subject, and the way taken to present the artist's thoughts or impressions, our painters are personal. This exhibition, good as it was, was not as good as it might have been if all the best pictures painted since 1876 could have been obtained, and room made to hang them. It showed, however, that American painting has a character of its own. It showed that there are strong men both among those at home and those abroad, and that the number of painters possessed of a technical equipment sufficient to do very creditable work is surprisingly large. In the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, and to some extent in those of the National Academy of Design in New York, this skill in the *métier* is apparent. Considering the Chicago Exhibition and these exhibitions for the past four or five years together, there can be no room for doubt that American painting is quite equal to that of any other country in variety of motive and individual force.

We are not in a "transition state," as some observers think we are, holding that painting in the United States has not yet found its bearings, and that the artists are but gradually freeing themselves from some sort of hindering influences laid on them in Paris. Anybody who will try to name native painters of positive merit before 1876 will find only Gilbert Stuart in the first part of the century, Elliott later on, and William Hunt and a few others still later,

whose pictures are all there is that will stand any sort of comparison with the work of Continental and British artists in the same period. The Retrospective Exhibition of American art at Chicago showed this conclusively enough, and if further proof need be sought, it will be sufficient to look in the museums, where examples of the work of men who had a reputation in their day are to be found, and it will be seen how little there is in the "American School," from its beginnings up to a comparatively short time ago, that deserves the name of painting at all. The fact is, that while there is an honorable record behind the painters of to-day, it is by no means a brilliant one, and without question of what is or is not "old-fashioned work," it may justly be asserted that American painting worthy of the name dates as clearly and cleanly from about 1876 as if the beginning were made at that time. Since then, when the Centennial Exhibition created in our people a wide-spread interest in everything pertaining to the fine arts, young men have been returning from study abroad bringing with them some of that atmosphere that is so necessary to progress, and gradually, as their numbers have increased and their influence has extended, the education of the people has advanced, so that in New York, at least, there is an art circle of importance, and considerable knowledge among the people in other places throughout the country as to what constitute the aims of art in civilization and right appreciation of the value of the achievements of the artists who are true to them.

But if some of our painters were to banish the word "art" from their vocabularies, and if the American people would also stop talking about it and try to find out what painting means, I am convinced that it would be of benefit to all concerned. I mean, of course, the word art in the sense in which I have referred to it in the beginning of this paper, as expressing some mysterious quality placed above those qualities that are definable, and which, when used as it is indiscriminately by those who do not know why a picture is good or bad, has, in some instances, when attributed to certain pictures, been the means of giving a bad painter the reputation of being a good one. The influence of such talk as I have in mind has been much more powerful in England than with us; but there is enough of it in the comment on our current exhibitions to show that the public is frequently invited to bestow its appreciation on such works as have a fancied meaning in them, to the neglect of others whose merits are passed over as being merely those that belong in the technical category.

The trouble is that in a picture where the technical processes approach perfection, and the painter has been able to express his thought in direct, unaffected language, the critic too often sees nothing but the skill of hand. When he sees a work by a man who has not fully mastered his trade, he is apt to give it undue praise for a meaning obscurely expressed, or expressed, as he thinks, with a fine disdain for recognized methods, and to conclude that a meaning is absent in the work of the more skilful painter simply because he (the critic) could only see superficially. In some such way it came about that the late George Fuller was held to be a great artist, and that some of the fumbling conceits of the British painter Watts have been termed masterpieces. In Browning's poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," the painter-monk, when he escaped from the durance imposed on him by his patron, Cosimo de Medici, is made to say something that is directly applicable to the question in hand:

> . . . "Now, is this sense, I ask?
> A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
> So ill the eye can't stop there, must go further
> And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
> When what you put for yellow's simply black,
> And any sort of meaning looks intense
> When all beside itself means and looks naught."

"Put soul in the eyes—I don't think it's a question of drawing," says the critic who talks glibly of "art." And how pray? we may well ask him, except by trying to make the eyes more and more like the eyes in nature. If that isn't purely a technical task, what is it? It is incontestable that all lasting celebrity in painting has come to such works as

have received it from artists, that all works in the world's art that endure obtain recognition of their merit from the artists' fellows, either their contemporaries or those who followed, that, in other words, the collective judgment of artists settles questions of art just as the collective judgment of scientists settles those in science. Sometimes art dealers have been able to make a reputation for work that does not deserve it —coupling the landscapes of Michel, a third-rate man, with those of such masters as Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny, is a case in point—and sometimes an assiduous "cult" on the part of a coterie of critics and amateurs has been successful in exalting the work of a man who in reality deserved no distinction; but posterity invariably riddles such reputations. The Titians, Velasquezes, Holbeins, and Rembrandts hold their high place in the world's art because, first of all, they are unassailable from the technical point of view.

Now if such miscomprehension of what are the true aims of painting were confined to those outside of the professional guild, there would be little danger of its affecting the work of the native school harmfully, but there is evidence, I think, that the insidious "art" has taken some hold on the painters themselves. We are accustomed to hear of the great importance of Delacroix and his followers in modern art, and their influence has indeed been very great. It may be said to have revolutionized art traditions at the time, and with the advent of the Romanticists we entered upon a new phase, a movement that reached every part of the western world where art flourishes, and that produced in the "Fontainebleau Group" and their contemporaries, Corot and Daubigny, one of the most admirable schools of art we have yet seen. At the same time, the powerful influence of M. Ingres must not be overlooked. He combated the principles of David, and among his first admirers and followers were Delacroix and Géricault; but later on, when the division of the reformers into the Classicists and the Romanticists took place, M. Ingres, whose love for form made him less esteemed than formerly by the colorists, remained the leader of the draughtsmen only. We should never have had Baudry and Delaunay if it had not been for the strong influence of M. Ingres's teachings on the French school, and it is questionable whether we should have had Millet. It must not be forgotten that Millet went through a systematic course of Academic training, and in all of his work there is a most pronounced feeling for form.

The key of the whole situation is in this—without good drawing and construction there can be no good painting. Drawing is the backbone; and if it is neglected, no matter what other qualities may be present, painting becomes colored mush. No amount of adornment of any but a perfect skeleton will produce anything but deformities; form, construction, line, are the foundations of all good work. I do not wish to be understood as saying that neglect of form is generally characteristic of American painting, for I know we have many accomplished draughtsmen; but I do mean that the tendency manifest in some quarters to rely too much on other qualities for a pleasing *ensemble* will lead in a measure to the suppression of the importance of form, and that a school of art that is wanting in this essential cannot rise to the highest point.

The influence of the methods of Monet is responsible for this tendency to a great extent. He is a painter of profound convictions, and one whose earlier work shows him as an artist of sterling merit; but his later work is formless to an extraordinary degree. It may be asked how the methods of a landscape painter can affect those of the figure painters; but in reply it is only necessary to point out that such influences are general and not particular in their effects, showing themselves in this case in the manner in which effects of light, as on the face and hands in a portrait, or on the flesh of the body where painting the nude is attempted, are made paramount to form.

Painting the figure again, as in portraits, is subjected to another influence not traceable to Monet, but equally baneful in its results, which consists in striving for mere picturesqueness of arrangement at the expense of con-

scientious delineation of character. Whatever the sources may be, it is evident, both in this country and in France, that there is a tendency with some painters to be satisfied with an attractive "scheme," and to consider a pretty note of color as important a factor in the make-up of a picture as the character of objects expressed by line and mass. And owing to mistaken conceptions of what constitutes good painting, insufficient, sketchy performances are too often accepted as complete. To carry them further, it is said, would be to destroy the charm already secured. If this is not a confession of weakness it is a cloak to conceal it.

I believe that the average of technical ability, while not so high with us as in France, is quite sufficient to enable American painters to surpass in the near future any other school in the production of works of the highest quality and true artistic interest. In distinctive expression of individual feeling and live investigating interest in the choice of subjects, none are ahead of them. With such a master as Mr. Sargent among the portrait painters; such sincere students of character and reality as Mr. Collins, Mr. Vinton, and Mr. Chase; draughtsmen of such strength and virility as Mr. Cox, of such refinement and elegance as Mr. Dewing; with a painter of such strong personality as Mr. Winslow Homer; with such men at home as Messrs. Brush, Tarbell, Mowbray, Henry Walker, Simmons, and Blashfield, and Messrs. Harrison, Gay, Hitchcock, Abbey, McEwen, Melchers, and others abroad, the American School is in no danger of deserving the reproach of weakness. We have shown since the local renaissance in 1876 less and less of the story-telling and literary sentiment that has destroyed the vigor of the English school, and a more general and increasing excellence in technical qualities. But, unlike France, where there are traditions, Government support, and an appreciation of art that seems to be innate in the Latin races, we have had but little precise knowledge infused in the art education that has been absorbed by the public at large. As in dramatic art a company of actors of the highest class would gradually fall below their standard if they were called upon to play for a long period to audiences who cared only for clownishness, so if there is not sympathetic appreciation of sincere work in painting, may we not expect to see that sort of work either lose its force in an unequal contest or disappear altogether? Must not the public endeavor to educate itself rightly and show itself equal to rebuking insincerity and shams by witholding its patronage, and supporting what is good by giving it? Let our amateurs by all means continue to buy pictures by Dagnan or Cazin, but not overlook the work of men at home quite worthy to be placed beside them, and if they want a portrait painted let them not give up having it painted at all because they cannot go to Europe for it, but apply to some painter at home whose work is a warrant of success. I do not for a moment advocate the selfish and inartistic policy of confining patronage to home artists only because they are home artists. On the contrary, we cannot do without the best works of Europe; but, so far, American collectors have not shown much discrimination in their purchases, and in many cases, as I believe, buy a picture not because they like it or understand it, but because it is by some noted artist of whom they have heard, or whose work they have seen in other collections. I know of no other way to account for the large number of poor pictures with good names on them owned in this country, and many are seen that are palpable forgeries. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are to the general proposition that the American public does not give to the best American art the support it deserves; but, as a rule, it is true that in buying foreign pictures name is as potent as merit, and that the main body of the buyers of American pictures are governed in their selections by considerations into which the question of educated taste enters but slightly.

Full appreciation of good art on the part of the public will come when the artists, by the excellence of their own work and commendation of good work by others, establish a standard by which

the public may be guided, and when the public, by embracing the opportunities for instruction that the good work in our exhibitions affords, learn to distinguish between sincerity and affectation. Outside of a course of technical study no means of educating one's taste in painting is better than intimate acquaintance with a few pictures of the best class. Many amateurs never really *know* the pictures they own. They are hung up to decorate the walls of a room, and get only passing glances. They are bowing acquaintances merely, not friends. Of course, a museum where good works are permanently on exhibition and readily accessible is a necessity in a community that wishes to make progress in art education. It would be impossible for a man who appreciated the sincerity and simple beauty of the little picture by Van der Meer de Delft in the Metropolitan Museum—a woman standing near a window—to tolerate the cheapness of much of what passes for genre painting today; and if he had once felt impressed with the nobility of aspect of Vandyke's portrait of one of the Stuart princes in the same gallery, he could never put up with the modern "official portrait." Character as it is expressed in these two pictures—I take them as examples because they are at hand—will make its presence felt as truthful, if it has been well studied by the painter, and character, it may be said here, is a distinguishing quality in all good painting. And in any picture, no matter what the subject, or what the size, or what the color scheme may be, unity and harmony of *ensemble* are to be looked for, and if they are absent the picture may well be passed by. Portrait, nude, genre picture, historical composition, landscape, or still life, every kind of painting to be good must bear on its face the evidence that the painter has learned how to see before attempting to give his thought to the world; and, be the subject what it may, every painter whose picture is worth looking at twice has had something to say, and, while employing the means of expression approved by the masters of his art, has said it with some individual force that makes it a creation of his own.

"WITH THE GODS."

(Rondel suggested by a bas-relief of Aurora.)

By J. West Roosevelt.

Somewhere in Dreamland they are hiding,
The Gods who dwelt on earth so long;
Now in the home of Art and Song
In their old majesty abiding.

Through mists of Doubt his chariot guiding,
The God of Light speeds swift and strong.
Somewhere in Dreamland they are hiding,
The Gods who dwelt on earth so long.

O'er sun-kissed waves are Nereids riding;
In shadowy groves the Dryads throng.
Above this world of pain and wrong
Bright figures through the clouds are gliding—
Somewhere in Dreamland they are hiding.

ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

V.

ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

I MUST now endeavor concisely to relate a circumstance the consequences of which were very afflicting to me, and brought me to the brink of the grave. An American vessel, belonging to Philadelphia and commanded by Captain Ballenger, had been captured on the coast of Africa by a British man-of-war, and, as she contained a cargo of slaves, had been sent, contrary to the laws of the United States, as a prize to Kingston for adjudication, and the investigation was then pending. I had understood from Captain Ballenger that the supercargo and mate had in vain persuaded him to swear to some spurious papers in order to save the vessel, and that his peremptory refusal had caused a bitter animosity against him. In order, therefore, to revenge themselves and get him out of the way, they secretly informed the government, on oath, that Captain Ballenger was one of the Hermione men; that is to say, one of the American seamen on board the British frigate Hermione when, ten years before, she had been taken by the British crew in a mutiny in which they murdered all the officers. The American seamen then on board, to the number of about forty or fifty, who were there as prisoners taken from captured merchant vessels, were accused of having assisted in the mutiny, and had been hunted up all over the world for the length of ten years. Any American, therefore, accused in any part of the world where there were British authorities, was put in chains, sent to England, recognized and sworn to by such of the British crew as had remained neutral during the mutiny and were fed and paid by government to assist recognition; after which the unfortunate man was hung without further ceremony. It was positively asserted at Kingston at that time, that already more men, both English and American, had been hung than the original crew of the Hermione consisted of. I myself saw three men hanging on Gallows Island, off Port Royal. This short digression I have deemed necessary in order to make clear the magnitude of the accusation.

One morning, when I had stepped into the counting-house of a merchant with whom Captain Ballenger was acquainted, I observed three suspicious men, at short intervals from each other, making inquiries after the captain, and I learned that they were police officers in search of him. I determined at once to hunt him up, give him warning, and if possible prevent the calamity which threatened him. I learned that he had that morning gone to a board-yard about a mile and a half from the city, on private business. To this place I proceeded at a rapid pace, and at midday in June, when the rays of the sun were nearly perpendicular. There I found him and communicated to him all that I had seen and heard, and he appeared to be much agitated. I told him that it was not my purpose to inquire whether he had ever been on board the Hermione or not; or if he had been, whether he had participated in the mutiny or not; my object was to devise means for his safety. He was greatly moved, but assured me, in the most solemn manner, that he had never had any concern with that vessel, and that the accusation was a fabrication of the supercargo and mate in revenge, as before related, and for the purpose of getting rid of him. We stood in a distant and private part of the yard, exposed to the heat of the day, but my mind was so much engaged that nearly three hours passed imperceptibly away in consultation. It was ultimately re-

solved upon that he should remain at the board-yard or its neighborhood until ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, and then proceed to my lodgings and my room to spend the night. In the meantime, I would return home and privately consult with Mr. Kraft, Captain Hathaway, and Captain Christy, the latter being then in Kingston. With Mr. Kraft I would arrange the means to procure him a temporary shelter at the plantation of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cole, a retired spot about two miles from town, where he would be conveyed at early daybreak. With Captains Hathaway and Christy I would consult on the most effective means to spirit him away from the island on board of some departing American vessel. This agreed upon, I departed on my return.

I had not been long on the road, when I began to feel the consequences of my fatigue, exposure, and agitation of mind. I felt a slight pain in the back of my head, a dry heat without perspiration, and a lassitude and pain in my limbs. When I reached home and told my host how I felt, he recommended a glass of hot punch and retiring immediately to bed. I observed that I would do the former, but could not do the latter, as I had still some business to attend to. I strove hard against the growing malady, and succeeded in keeping up until I had had an interview with my friends, who promised to execute the arrangements made relative to Captain Ballenger. From the rapidly increasing symptoms, I felt convinced that I had that day contracted the yellow fever in the natural way, from exposure, heat, and over-exertion. Still I was not alarmed. I had no sooner retired and assumed a horizontal position than I began to vomit at short intervals, and my first care was to send for an eminent physician. Accordingly Dr. Macglarthy, a Scotch gentleman, took me in hand. Although I felt much distressed that evening, I remained perfectly sensible, and well remember the arrival of Captain Ballenger between eleven and twelve o'clock, and his great uneasiness at remaining in my room until daybreak. His fear of taking the yellow fever was so great that for a time he hesitated between that disorder and the gallows. However, his better sense prevailed, and he stayed until daybreak, when Mr. Kraft, according to arrangements, took him away.

From that day until some weeks after I was not in a condition to be informed of what became of him, and only learned the proceedings when I was deemed to be out of danger. The attendance of my excellent doctor was unremitting, and he visited me five times a day up to the day of the crisis of my disorder, which was to determine my fate. His skill was great, and his delicacy in no way inferior. When I was so ill that I thought I could not possibly survive without some prompt relief, I informed Dr. Macglarthy that I was not afraid to die, and that the knowledge of my fate would therefore not hasten my departure. I entreated him, therefore, if he had no hope of my recovery to acquaint me with the fact. I stated to him that I had property both in Cuba and in the United States, and that I ought, while yet able, to arrange these worldly affairs. He listened to me with much emotion, and was in silent contemplation for a considerable time. He at length said, "Sir, it is not possible for me now to comply with your request; but of one thing you may rest assured, that in case of the worst I will give you such notice as will leave you time to make your dispositions." This was all that passed on the subject, but from thenceforward I examined his countenance whenever I was able to do so, expecting the result of his promise. In this manner about a week elapsed, during which I had been frequently delirious, when during one night I had the most horrible feelings and sensations that I ever experienced, and my nurse subsequently said that from hour to hour she did not expect me to live for many minutes. It is remarkable that my senses and recollections during the period were perfectly alive, but troubled with an acute distress and fantastic appearances. Whether my eyes were open or shut, I saw the room full of the most frightful visages glaring at me as the central object. Toward morning I fell asleep, and when I awoke found myself in the first perspiration during my illness, and

the doctor sitting alongside of my bed feeling my pulse. I was so weak that I could scarcely speak or give an answer to his question how I had spent the night. It appeared, however, that he had examined the nurse previous to my waking and was well informed of what had passed. I thought he looked less grave than usual, though I felt apparently much worse than ever. Hitherto nothing had remained on my stomach, nor had I had any evacuation except by artificial means. He asked whether I felt an appetite for anything in particular, and I responded that I should like to taste a glass of Rhenish wine, if the article could be obtained. It was immediately brought, and about half a wineglassful did not alone taste grateful, but remained with me undisturbed. The doctor remained with me the greater part of the morning, and with much sympathy and tenderness announced to me that he did not think it necessary this time that I should make my last will. The crisis of my disorder had taken place the preceding night and the result was favorable. From that day I began very slowly to recover, but it was more than two weeks afterward before I felt strong enough to walk.

During this state of my confinement I was again visited by my friends, and then learned the fate of Captain Ballenger. He reached the country-seat of Mrs. Cole in safety and unsuspected early on the morning of my illness. There he remained perfectly secluded for three or four days, notwithstanding a proclamation had been issued by the Governor, Sir Eyre Coote, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for his arrest, and issuing strict orders to the Fort at Port Royal that no vessel or boat should be permitted to put to sea without having undergone a strict search. Notwithstanding all this severity and caution, my friends succeeded in making him escape in safety. They waited for the clearing of an American vessel, the captain of which was in the secret, and made the following arrangement: The captain, after arriving at Port Royal in the afternoon and having been duly searched, should put to sea at sundown, and his course being easterly he would, in a couple of hours, find himself again opposite Kingston, with the strip of land forming the harbor and called the Palisadoes between his vessel and the city. There he should hover about under easy sail, showing lights, but not so near the shore as to create suspicion. In the meantime preparations had been made by my friends on shore. A light clinker-built boat was in readiness, stowed away among the mangrove and laurel bushes on the sea side of the Palisadoes, nearly in a line with Mr. Kraft's house in Kingston. On the evening appointed, Captain Ballenger having been transported from Mrs. Cole's to Mr. Kraft's house, was from there, in the disguise of a black man, conveyed in Mr. Kraft's common boat in company with Mr. Kraft only, whom Ballenger rowed across the harbor to his hut on the Palisadoes. This circumstance could not have given the slightest suspicion, even if they had been watched, as Mr. Kraft frequently went ten times a day to the Palisadoes on business of his own. At the hut they were waited for by Hathaway, Christy, and another American captain, who had preceded them by another route. They immediately crossed the Palisadoes, which in this place is scarcely one-quarter of a mile broad, embarked in their little pilot-boat, and had the good fortune to discover the ship in waiting. Captain Ballenger arrived safely in the United States, and I have often seen him since in Philadelphia and received his warm acknowledgments for the part I acted in this dramatic romance of real life.

I have before mentioned that I had contracted a friendship with Captain Brown, of the British Navy. During my recovery he spent much of his time in my room, and his attention was particularly engaged in my description of my adventures at Baracoa, especially that part in which the two British frigates passed the harbor and fired at the town. It having been for years my particular pleasure, when at sea, to make draughts of the shores we passed and to take bearings and distances, and when on shore to investigate the location of harbors and forts, with no

other possible object but information and amusement, I showed him, in our various nautical conversations, among other draughts and descriptions, a rude draught, but minute description, of the port of Baracoa, which he wished me to give him. This I declined because I did not want to break my collection, but having much leisure, offered to give him a copy of it. This I made and addressed it to Captain Brown, of the British Navy. It filled one sheet of fool's-cap paper in my own handwriting. You may perhaps wonder that I am so particular in minutely describing a circumstance of apparent insignificance—so much so that it is likely I myself should never afterward have remembered the fact, if by the fatalities and freaks of fortune this very paper had not placed me in the most difficult and alarming position I ever experienced in the course of my life, the particulars of which will soon be narrated.

When I at length began to gather some strength, some of my friends proposed to accompany me by water to Port Royal for the benefit of the fresh and invigorating air, and Captain Brown volunteered his services to support me to the wharf by offering me his arm. We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile and were in sight of the place to choose a boat for embarkation, when, as usual, we were surrounded by a number of watermen each praising his boat and each trying to obtain the job. While this was going on, my eye suddenly lit on a smart mulatto man, in whom I instantly recognized the runaway cook who had robbed me. Weak as I was, I sprang forward to catch him; but our recognition had been simultaneous, and before I could seize him, he sprang backward and bolted. I hallooed, "Seize that thief and I will reward you!" and my gallant Captain Brown was the first who pursued him with great energy. The fellow, however, gained on him every moment, and, as the last resort, Brown two or three times stooped to pick up stones, which he flung after him without effect. This was the first and last glimpse I ever had of this knave after his second desertion and robbery.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE HANDS OF PIRATES.

We shortly afterward prepared to leave Kingston, but as Captain Hathaway and myself had unfinished business in Cuba, we endeavored to find a chance, first to cross over to Santiago de Cuba and from there proceed to the United States. This proved more difficult than I imagined, since the intercourse between the two islands was cut off in consequence of the hostilities which existed between England and Spain. The British Government, however, winked at the illicit traffic which was carried on between Cuba and Jamaica, because it was profitable, but suffered all the risk to fall on the opposite parties. Adventurers residing at Santiago, Havana, and other Cuban ports, would laden a small schooner with profitable articles for the Kingston market, and ostensibly clearing their vessel for some Danish market, would enter Kingston in distress and be permitted to sell their cargo. On their return, they were always prepared with false papers in order to pass the Morro Castle; for the rest, there was a private understanding between them and the custom-house officers.

These adventurers, however, were subject to another interruption, which they did not always escape. Another set of adventurers, but always Spaniards, poor, bold, and wicked, and generally consisting of dilapidated privateersmen as officers and the refuse of piratical seamen as crew, would make application to the governor for license to guard the coast and harbors against illicit traders. If they obtained such permission they would fit up the long-boat of a ship, place a small carronade at her bow, man her with a crew of from ten to twenty persons armed at all points, and go forth in pursuit of prey. These licensed armed boats went generally by the name of picaroons, and it was notorious that they did not confine themselves to the limits of their commission; and if they could not fall in with illegal traders, would rob and plunder other vessels, and sometimes do even worse for fear of detection.

We found an opportunity to take passage on board a small schooner from St. Barts, bound for Santiago, which had touched at Kingston for water. This was all we knew of the character of the vessel. But even if we had known otherwise, it would have been a matter of indifference, since we, as American citizens and having no concern in either vessel or cargo, had an undoubted right to avail ourselves of the opportunity of a passage. While I was preparing my trunk and books and clothes, I recollected that I had lent the second volume of Ossian's Poems to Captain Brown, which I obtained in a few minutes by stepping into his room, and packed in my trunk without further examination.

After taking leave of our numerous friends, especially the Kraft family, Captain Christy placed in my hands a lady's gold watch and a gold neck-chain, requesting me to deliver them to some lady at Santiago whose address he gave me. Having no time to lock them up I placed them in my pocket. We at length got under way, Captain Hathaway, a French gentleman, and myself being cabin passengers, and about fourteen men, of doubtful appearance as to station in life or occupation, chiefly Frenchmen and Spaniards, had their accommodations in the hull of the schooner.

When within about forty miles of Santiago, and just in sight of the high mountains, our captain descried a small object at the distance of about ten miles, which he made out to be an armed boat, such as I have described before. After some observations he ascertained that it made directly for us, and convinced himself that it was a Spanish picaroon. He instantly turned about ship and stood back again. It appeared that this little vessel brought with her a breeze from the north, which had not yet reached us, and consequently gained sufficiently for us to ascertain her character with the naked eye. The steerage passengers seemed greatly alarmed, but the captain kept of good cheer, observing that the breeze which they brought along would strike us before they could come within three miles of us, and that then we should soon be out of sight. His prediction proved to be correct, for as soon as we took the breeze we began to lengthen the distance between us, until about 3 P.M., when the boat became invisible to the naked eye. During this chase and flight the courage of the alarmed passengers was so greatly reanimated that they behaved themselves in the most preposterous manner, jumping and capering on deck, swearing at and defying the pirate or picaroon with clenched fists and indecent postures of the body. But, alas! this mirth was not of long duration, and their subsequent fear was equal to their extravagant joy. About 3 P.M. the wind died away and left us a dead calm, while the breeze a few miles to the north of us still continued, and soon after our indefatigable pursuers hove in sight again, and we found that they must ultimately come up with us.

I asked the captain respecting the quality of the boat in pursuit of us, and he informed me that she was a picaroon, who, no doubt, would rob and plunder us — which I could not discredit, as I did not know at that time that the Spanish Government granted licenses as before described. Under these circumstances I asked him whether he would submit or resist. On this subject he was dubious, entertaining still a hope to escape. Captain Hathaway and myself offered him our services, provided he had any arms and ammunition on board, stating that we mustered twenty and they but fourteen persons, and that if we made a determined show they would not risk boarding us. On examining his armament, however, we found that there were but three muskets on board, not in the best condition, and not sufficient powder to charge them more than a dozen times. Besides, no reliance could be placed in the courage of the fourteen steerage passengers, recently so brave, but now crestfallen and desponding. Under all these circumstances we advised the captain to submit at the proper time, be guided by circumstances, and make the best of a bad bargain.

The hour of our trial was now fast approaching, for when within half a mile of us, they fired their pivot-gun,

as a signal for us to heave to. Our captain, still faintly hoping that a sudden breeze might yet enable him to escape, disobeyed the signal, the boat in the meantime laboring hard with twelve oars. When within a quarter of a mile of us, another shot was directly fired at us, and the captain hauled in sail. We were then all on deck, and although not armed, made a show of twenty men. The armed boat did not approach nearer than speaking distance, when the commander got amidships, and hailed us through the speaking-trumpet, ordering the captain and two hands to lower the boat and come on board with his papers ; commanding in the meantime that everybody on board except the mate and helmsman retire below deck. No sooner were these orders received than the valiant fourteen sheltered themselves below in quick time. I told Captain Hathaway that I was determined to remain on deck, let the consequence be what it would, in order that I might observe their further proceedings and thus be enabled to act according to circumstances. He agreed to do the same, and we seated ourselves in the most conspicuous part, namely, on the top of the companion slide, each smoking a cigar.

In the meantime the captain had got the boat ready and was on his way to the armed vessel. While this was passing, the captain of the privateer, observing that all had not gone below as directed, jumped up, snatched a loaded musket, and deliberately fired it at us. I saw the captain fall, but it was but for a moment. The whistling of the ball, which passed very near him, made him dodge and lose his balance, but he was instantly again at my side. I kept my eyes fixed upon the person who fired, and observed that when he saw that neither of us was hurt, he stooped down to pick up another musket, when his arm was arrested by an officer who drew his attention to the arrival of our boat. This saved us from the repetition of a shot. We could plainly see that on the arrival of our captain and two men, they were immediately put in irons and kept prisoners in the stern of the armed boat. Our boat then, without loss of time, was manned by six men and an officer, all armed to the teeth, who on arrival simultaneously jumped on board, with drawn swords in their hands, a carabine on their backs, two large pistols at their belts, and a double-edged knife which they carried in a sheath in a pantaloon pocket on the right thigh. They divided themselves as follows : two at the stern, near the helmsman, two amidships, and two at the bow, the officers communicating with and taking the orders of the commander of the armed boat. We kept our seat, and were no further molested, but our actions probably closely watched. The hatches of the hold, with all the steerage passengers, were bolted, and the cabin locked, which latter contained only the French passenger, who was probably the owner of the cargo.

While these preparations were making it got dark, and a favorable breeze had sprung up after sundown. We steered again in the direction of Cuba, but as we outsailed the boat, and the few remaining men in her, being probably very tired from a whole day's rowing, and the commander being afraid to let us sail without his close attendance, he ordered the boat to be taken in tow, and thus we proceeded during a fine night. It was very natural that Captain Hathaway and myself did not feel sleepy after having witnessed such stirring scenes, and not knowing what was yet to come. We, therefore, after everything was still and under proper arrangement, gently left our seats and leisurely walked up and down the quarter-deck. I, at length, occasionally made some few commonplace observations to the officer in Spanish, which were civilly answered by him in tolerably good English. This was great encouragement for me, and seemingly without any notion than to pass away the still and tedious hours of the night, we by degrees got into an interesting conversation. I gave him a short account of who we were, and by what accident we became passengers on board the schooner, with whose captain, crew, and remaining passengers we were totally unacquainted. I took care, also, accidentally to mention that we were personally acquainted with the Governor of Santiago, the king's interpreter

Ilrady, Mr. Casamayor and others, and that our friends expected us and knew we were coming by the first opportunity. He listened very attentively, asked various questions relative to the schooner and its genuine papers, which he said must be hidden somewhere on board. To all this I could of course give him no satisfactory answer. It appeared, notwithstanding, that this conversation had made a favorable impression on him, as his demeanor was more respectful and less suspicious than before. He said he had suspected that we two were stubborn Yankees for not going below when ordered on pain of being fired at, and added that he was the person who arrested the arm of the captain, when in the act of firing the second time, seeing no use in killing two unarmed men. We both thanked him kindly for this act of humanity, and a friendly and civil intercourse between us was the result.

We had thus conversed for some time, when we were suddenly disturbed by many loud voices and a violent surge of the sea at our stern, followed by a crash. The officer sprang on his feet, looked over the stern, and exclaimed that the privateer boat was missing. But the speaking-trumpet of its captain soon informed him that she had not gone to the bottom. The case was thus—the wind had freshened during the night, and while the boat was guided by the helmsman to keep in our wake, he, from drowsiness or some other cause, shifted his helm, which suddenly laid her broadside behind our stern, and had the tow-rope not that instant parted from the great resistance, the boat must inevitably have upset and the whole of them probably drowned. As it was they had shipped considerable water. We were ordered to lay to; and after they had fixed themselves again, the captain did not think it safe to try another tow, but ordered us to stand on under easy sail and not part company. Thus passed the night away, and when at the dawn of day, though far from shore, I examined the bearing of the mountains, I felt assured that we did not steer for Santiago, as pretended, but that our course would bring us at least thirty miles below it. This circumstance gave me considerable uneasiness, and I resolved if possible to get some information on the subject from my new friend. In this I was, however, mistaken. I asked him, carelessly, if we were bound for Santiago. He answered "To be sure." I then ventured to tell him that I was acquainted with the coast, and that I believed that our present course would bring us to the leeward of it. He seemed somewhat offended and merely answered, "You know nothing about it." I dropped the subject, knowing that I should soon have the mystery solved without him.

It was as I predicted. We entered at a small inlet, which led to smooth water, defended on the sea side by a ridge of rocks, and having on the land side a gently rising sand beach, and thus forming a secure but almost entirely hidden harbor. The place itself was an uninhabited wilderness, and well calculated for the perpetration of undetected rapine and murder. These reflections, however, did not trouble me much, being by that time convinced that this armed boat acted under some authority from government, and that the officers, however abandoned and rapacious, could be made amenable for their conduct, especially by Americans acquainted at Santiago. They went to this place under pretence of making a thorough search for false papers, but in reality to commit petty plunder of such money and articles as they might find in possession of passengers, who would from fear submit to their conduct. On our arrival we found the armed boat already at anchor, and we now expected the first visit from her commander. The cabin and hold had now been opened, and the immured prisoners permitted to come on deck, and help themselves as well as they could to the first meal since the preceding afternoon. I was rather anxious to observe what effect our disobedience might have on this ferocious marauder. His first visit was therefore very interesting to me. He at length made his appearance, and I must confess that the outward appearance of the man was very unprepossess-

ing. He was tall and rawboned, armed like the rest, except that he carried no carabine, and had his sword in its sheath. His complexion was swarthy and his countenance fierce and stern. He bore no marks of distinction about him, no uniform, and his habiliments were coarse, soiled, and the worse for wear. He however appeared to take no particular notice of Captain Hathaway and myself, but went down in the cabin with our prize-master, where they had a long consultation. Having settled between themselves the subsequent mode of proceedings, he returned for a while on board his boat.

Shortly after this, orders were given for a personal search, ostensibly to discover the genuine ship's papers. Hitherto, and from the first moment we were boarded, I had put Captain Christy's watch and gold chain, entrusted to my care, in my watch-fob under my own watch, and also put the chain and seal out of sight; but as soon as I heard this order, I pulled out the chain and seal, and left them hang outside in the usual way. The proceeding of this examination and search was as follows: Two officers (or ruffians who called themselves such) occupied the cabin, and the passengers were called down singly and in turn to be searched by them. I was the third or fourth person ordered to go below, which I accordingly did. I found these two men standing at the far end of the cabin, and immediately halted. One of the men stepped toward me, but I stretched out my arm, and requested him to stand back for a moment. I then asked him to state to me explicitly the purpose for which I was to be searched. He answered, that it was to ascertain whether I had secreted about me the genuine papers of the vessel of which I was, or pretended to be, a passenger. I responded, if this was the case, it would give me pleasure to convince him that I had not. Suiting the action to the words, I pulled off my hat, and handed it to him for examination, and in rotation divested myself of shoes, stockings, neck-kerchief, and jacket; vest I wore none; until I was left in my pantaloons and shirt. I offered to take off the latter, but he waived his hand in token that he did not require it. I then took out my watch, wound the chain around my forefinger and placed what money I had in the flat of the same hand, and turned my pantaloon pockets inside out, except my watch-fob. I held these objects up to his view and said, in a decided tone: "You must be convinced now that I have no papers of any kind about me; the articles I hold in my hand are my own personal property, with which I do not intend to part without violence." They whispered with one another for a moment or two, and the spokesman said he was satisfied. I returned my valuables and dressed myself leisurely, and thus ended my search. On mounting the deck, I whispered to Hathaway, "Be bold and determined, and you will keep your own." I subsequently learned from some of the other passengers that all their personal property except their clothes had been detained under pretence that it would be returned to them on arrival at Santiago, and they had suffered themselves to be searched by these two men.

No concealed papers relative to the vessel having been discovered by this operation, orders were issued after dinner to have all the trunks and baggage of the passengers brought upon deck for examination, which was accordingly done, and I witnessed the examination of several trunks and bundles, and found that all written papers were abstracted, looked at, and indiscriminately put in a two-bushel bag, which one of the men held open for that purpose. I did not care how they ransacked my trunk of clothes and books, but I had with me a small and curiously iron-bound chest, made in Russia and brought with me from Europe, which had a double lock and was very safe. In this trunk I carried all valuable papers relative to my concerns. I was determined not to have these papers disturbed, or (what was worse) have them thrown into this two-bushel bag, among a multitude of other papers. When my turn came to have my trunks examined, I pointed them out, took the small one by the handle, and presented myself before the captain, with whom hitherto I had not exchanged one word. I informed him briefly that that trunk contained my appeal and other private papers, entirely uncon-

nected with any of the concerns of the schooner. That I could not submit to have them disarranged, much less allow them to be mixed with the multitude of papers deposited in the large bag, for the purpose, as was stated, of having them examined in court after our arrival at Santiago. I therefore should refuse to open the trunk or deliver the keys, unless forced to do so by actual violence. I informed him that I did not want him to credit my assertion, but that I was willing to deliver up the trunk to his care before all the witnesses, keeping possession of the keys, and was willing, when called upon by the court at Santiago to open it in his presence and have it examined. I further stated that it contained papers and vouchers, not worth one cent to anybody, but the loss or want of which would prevent me from recovering $30,000 from the British Admiralty Court at Kingston, and that therefore I should hold him responsible for that amount, until the trunk and papers were again put in my possession. This speech had the desired effect; he accepted the charge of the trunk, and I kept the keys.

I now thought that my trials were ended, and that I could look on with indifference or amusement to the end of the proceeding. Fate, however, ordained it otherwise. My large trunk was now brought forward for examination and cheerfully opened by me. The same process as with other trunks was continued : the clothing was examined piece by piece, and several papers and bills, which for want of time I had put on the top of the clothes, but which were of no consequence to me, were first opened and then deposited in the bag. Next came my travelling library. The books were taken out one by one, opened, held by the cover and shaken. Among the first few books thus handled was the second volume of Ossian's Poems, which it will be remembered I had taken from the room of the British officer just before I departed. When this book was shaken, a sheet of fool's-cap paper folded in four dropped from it, which I instantly recognized as a minute description of the harbor of Baracoa, with my opinion that this harbor might easily be taken by a couple of British frigates. The dire consequences which would follow a discovery that I was the author of that writing, and had given it to a British captain of the Navy, rushed upon me like lightning, and never in my life did I make a greater effort to overcome my feelings than on this occasion. The captain eagerly snatched it up, opened it, and held it before the prize-master, asking him what were the contents of that paper. He could not read English, and therefore could not tell. Another officer and several of the passengers were appealed to, for the same purpose, but luckily for me none of them could read English, if they could read at all. The captain then asked me what paper it was ; I carelessly answered him, it was a paper of no consequence, but it belonged to my affairs in Kingston, and had accidentally been placed in that book. Being unable to get any further information, he refolded it and placed it in the sack.

I followed the action with the keenest glance, in order, as nearly as possible, to ascertain the place or distance from the bottom of the bag where this paper was dropped. The rest of the examination, which lasted a couple of hours more, had no interest for me. Although I had escaped instant detection of apparently plotting against the safety of the Island of Cuba with the enemies of Spain, still this very paper would find its way to a Spanish court at a place where my handwriting was known, and it was therefore necessary to prevent such a result at all risk. I therefore closely watched the bag, which, after the examination was finished, was given in charge of the prize-master, who, after tying it with a string, deposited it in a corner of the cabin. My anxiety continued to be great, which I had to keep all to myself with an outward appearance of cheerfulness, for I did not even dare to venture to communicate my dilemma to Captain Hathaway, for fear of alarming him and thus creating suspicion. I did not relish the idea of being sentenced to the mines for half a dozen years, which would probably be the result of a discovery. I therefore plotted in silence, and reviewed several schemes to remove the paper or have it destroyed

at all events. I came to the conclusion that if all other means failed, I might perhaps succeed in throwing the whole bag out of the cabin window during the night.

I had by this time become friendly, and almost intimate, with our prize-master, to whom I had made a few trifling presents the day before. On him, therefore, I determined to operate in the first place. The captain of the armed boat had returned to his post, and orders were given to get under way for Santiago. About nine o'clock in the evening I joined the prize-master on deck, and as he was fond of talking with me I opened the conversation on several indifferent subjects, and by degrees entered upon my troubles in Kingston, observing that I had made many payments there for which I had a claim against the underwriters in Philadelphia. I then lamented that six or seven of these vouchers had been thrown in the bag, and that, unless I received them back again, payment would be refused me, and in consequence I should be the loser of some hundreds of dollars without anyone being benefited, and I carelessly observed that I would willingly give a small compensation to have these vouchers returned to me. He reflected a while and said, it would take too long a time to find these vouchers, even if he consented to go down with me to look for them. Finding him not averse to favor me, I rejoined that, as my trunk had been the fourth or fifth which was examined, my papers could not be above five or six inches from the bottom, and that consequently it would not be difficult to find them; and if we did not succeed within a reasonable time I must take my chance of searching for them at Santiago. He observed that it was a pity I should be subjected to a probable loss of such an amount, or even part of it, and as he was well persuaded that the bag did not contain a single paper relative to the prize vessel, at least not the concealed papers they were in search of, he could have no objections to my looking for my vouchers. We accordingly went down into the cabin together, where we remained alone. By his permission I removed the bulk of the papers, until, as I thought, we came sufficiently near the depth where my paper had been dropped in. I then commenced my examination. For a considerable time I handled various papers, looked at some and rejected them, looked at others and sometimes pocketed them as some of the ones looked for; but in reality not knowing or caring what they contained, but solely for the purpose of making it appear that I was near the place where my papers were lodged. During the search my anxiety was so great that my mouth parched and my tongue got dry. It was the only chance I should probably ever have to recover this paper, and still it was indispensable that I should appear cool and collected. At length I got hold of the right paper; I knew it by the feeling of its shape before I saw it, and after glancing at it to make myself sure that I was not mistaken, I pocketed it without further observation. Not to create any possible suspicion, I continued the search for a few minutes longer, pocketed a couple of small papers more, and then pronounced myself satisfied, and after everything was rearranged we went again on deck.

Much had now been gained, but as long as the paper was in existence, I was not free from danger. The strict search which had been made for the ship's papers would have made it dangerous to tear up even a slip of paper with writing on it, which no doubt would have been seized, and the fragments preserved. It was therefore necessary to accomplish this in privacy; I went therefore in the starlight night, and while under sail, over the side of the ship, and stooped down in the chains, and there, unobserved by anyone on deck, gradually tore the paper into small pieces and committed them to the deep. I now felt relieved as from an incubus or a nightmare, but still my feelings remained so unsettled that, notwithstanding my fatigues, both of body and mind, and the want of sleep for two nights, I felt no inclination to go to rest. I again joined the prize-master, and after conversing with him a little longer, slipped a quarter Joe (a four-dollar gold piece) into his hands,

telling him in the meantime that his indulgence would now enable me to recover upward of a hundred dollars from the underwriters.

Before daybreak we arrived outside the Morro Castle, at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba ; but as no vessel is permitted to enter during the night, we stood off and on till daylight. When we, in the course of the morning, reached the city, both vessels were anchored in the stream, and none of the passengers permitted to go on shore. I, however, succeeded in sending a note on shore, addressed to the American consul, requesting him to procure Hathaway's and my release without loss of time, and a few hours afterward he himself, my friend Maurice Rogers, accompanied by several of my friends, brought an order for us to land. A few days after, according to previous arrangements made, I was cited before the court to have my little iron-bound trunk opened and examined. I found alongside the judge the king's interpreter, Mr. Ilrady, who, after silently examining many of the papers, declared them all to be my private commercial papers and unconnected with any of the concerns of the prize schooner. The box and papers were consequently locked up and placed again in my possession. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary adventures I ever met with.

The time had now arrived when Captain Hathaway and myself parted company. Notwithstanding our late misfortunes at Kingston, we settled all our accounts and transactions in the most friendly manner, and I had the gratification of receiving his acknowledgment for the important assistance I had rendered him. He collected considerable sums due to him on account of sales of Russia duck and sheetings, converted the funds into doubloons, and took passage for Rhode Island. I remained at Santiago to await the arrival of Captain Grafton, with whom I intended to return. He arrived in January, 1807, and nothing further of any importance occurred at Santiago, until I ultimately embarked for the last time for Philadelphia. Our voyage was unattended by any accidents, and we arrived safely on April 23, 1807.

The End.

TO IGNORANCE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Hail, mother of the young world's poesy,
  Surveying earth and heaven with widening eyes
That saw sweet Daphne in the laurel tree,
  And Ariadne in the starry skies,
Old Sylvan leaning on his oaken staff,
  The Lares smiling through the firelight gleams.
A child among thy children thou didst laugh,
  Or sigh, or tremble—telling thy strange dreams.

Come back, dear nurse of those benignant days,
  There's still a place that thou mayst call thy own,
In human hearts : for ofttimes science strays,
  And oft the sage misleading paths has shown.
This knows the poet ; therefore is he free,
  As bird or field-flower—and will follow thee !

AT "TULLY'S HEAD."

By Austin Dobson.

THE "Tully's Head" stood on the north side of Pall Mall. In those days what is now the Via Sacra of Clubland was little more than an unpaved roadway from St. James's Palace to Carlton House—the latter of which occupied the existing open space between the foot of Regent Street and the Duke of York's Column. The precise position of Mr. Robert Dodsley's shop was next the passage leading into King Street, at present known as Pall Mall Place, or, in other words, about half-way between the Old Smyrna Coffee-house of Swift and Prior (the site of Messrs. Harrison's) and the Old Star and Garter Tavern which preceded the more recent hostelry of that name. Judged by a latter-day standard, it is probable that the "Tully's Head" was not very impressive externally. Indeed, a bookseller's in the Georgian era must have been something widely different from the attractive-looking resort to which we are accustomed in this age of plate-glass and many-colored cloth bindings. Viewed through the bulged and clumsily framed greenish panes, the homely calf and sheep covers looked homelier still ; while the elaborate developments of modern book-illustration were but faintly foreshadowed by very rudimentary and appropriately entitled "wooden cuts," and by old-fashioned "coppers," often, for economy, crowding many "figures" on one plate of metal. But if, at the period here concerned, you could have peeped under the slanting sun-blind of the "Tully's Head" (the shop, be it remembered, was not on that "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," afterward so melodiously sung by Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards), you would at once have found yourself on familiar ground. You would discover the little window to be piled with pamphlets on those burning questions, the Naturalization of the Jews, the State of the Corn Trade, and the "Case" of the notorious Elizabeth Canning. You would be confronted by the latest numbers of Mr. Dodsley's new periodical, *The World*, one of which would doubtless be opened still at the passage inviting the contributions of "the Generous and the Fair" for that bankrupt Belisarius, Baron Neuhoff, otherwise Theodore of Corsica, who, with his realm for his only assets, was, at this particular moment of time, languishing as a debtor in the King's Bench Prison. And you could not fail to be attracted by the very prominent notification that on Thursdays, when *The World* was published, the editor, "Mr. Adam Fitz Adam," could be "spoke with" at the "Tully's Head."

If, moved thereto either by charity or curiosity, you proceeded to enter the dim shop, you would in all probability be greeted, not by Mr. Fitz Adam's "fetch" or "double," Edward Moore of the "Fables for the Female Sex" and "The Gamester," but by Mr. Dodsley himself—a sober-clad, quiet-voiced personage, with a courteous though somewhat over-deferential manner—who, if you looked like a book-buyer, would proceed to exhibit invitingly his latest novelties in the Belles-Lettres. Here, for example (most fitly issued from the "Tully's Head"), is Melmoth's "Letters of Cicero," a very elegant and excellent Performance, greatly commended by the Learned. Here again, in the dramatic way, are Mr. Young's tragedy of "The Brothers," and the "Earl of Essex" of Lord Chesterfield's protégé, the bricklayer poet, Henry Jones—both of them recently produced, one at Drury Lane, the other at Covent Garden. Of these "curious Pieces," Mr. Dodsley—himself an acted playwright — speaks with an appreciable note of authority. Or, if you care for poetry (and again a slight intonation reminds you that you are speaking to the author of "A Muse in Livery"), here is a very pretty copy of verses in the manner of Mr. Gray. The writer prefers to remain anonymous ; but Mr. Dodsley may tell you (though it should go no farther) that he

is a gentleman of Baliol College, Oxford. Mr. Samuel Johnson, who was in the "Tully's Head" but yesterday with Dr. Bathurst, was so pleased with one of the stanzas that he is going to quote it in his great "Dictionary," upon the second volume of which he is at present engaged, and for which work, by the way, subscriptions can still be received in this very shop. The lines are about a girl spinning. But Mr. Dodsley will show you them *in loco*, as the scholars say. They are these, at foot of page 6 :

"Verse softens Toil, however rude the Sound ;
She feels no biting Pang the while she sings ;
Nor, as she turns the giddy Wheel around,
Revolves the sad Vicissitude of things." *

If he cannot tempt you with the Rev. Richard Gifford's "Contemplation," he will display to you another work he has just received from the binder, to wit, Mr. Gray's Poems with Mr. Bentley's designs, which latter are thought, by the Connoisseurs, to be extremely fine. Mr. Gray, indeed, goes so far as to say that "the verses are only subordinate and explanatory to the drawings"—but that (between ourselves) is Mr. Gray's way. Meanwhile, by Mr. Gray's express desire, Mr. Dodsley has just despatched two copies of the volume to Dr. Wharton, at Durham. If you are wise, you will secure a third, at the modest outlay of half a guinea. And perhaps, on second thoughts, it will be well to let Mr. Dodsley put a copy of "Contemplation" with the packet. 'Tis but a shilling, stitched, with a fine device of Tully on the title-page, and 'twill certainly be heard of again !

In the first months of 1753, when the publications referred to in the foregoing paragraph were issued, Robert Dodsley had been long domiciled at the "Tully's Head." Born in 1703, at or near Mansfield, in Robin Hood's country, where his father kept a small school, he began life as a stocking-weaver, a trade so little to his taste that he changed it for that of a footman. In this capacity he was certainly at one time, for he himself in after-life admitted it to Johnson, in the service of the well-known *bon-vivant*, Charles Dartiquenave, the short cut to whose unmanageable name was Dartineuf, further abbreviated by his familiars into the "Darty" of Pope's couplet :

"Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie."

From the service of this genial epicure, Dodsley passed into the establishment of the Honorable Mrs. Lowther, where he began to develop his literary talents by birthday odes, verses on weddings, and so forth — ingenuities which had the good fortune to please those for whom they were intended, and at whose expense they were probably printed. But his first definite production in verse—and one in which he certainly observes that cardinal condition of success, the selecting of a subject within his capacity and experience—was a poem entitled "Servitude." Defoe is said to have prefaced and postscripted this modest effort, which was published by T. Worrall, in September, 1729, as a sixpenny pamphlet. The body of the book, which is described as "written by a Footman," consists of a series of rhyming paragraphs on Carefulness, Obedience, Neatness, etc., of all of which the laudable ambition is "to excite Bad Servants to their Duty." It is certainly a very different performance from Swift's famous "Directions." "We sarvints should see all, and say nothing," says Winifred Jenkins ; and Mrs. Lowther's poet, under the chapter of "Discretion," is as insistent as Lord Chesterfield himself on the importance, in the Servants' Hall, of the "*volto sciolto*" and "*pensieri stretti :*"

"Your Master's House his Closet ought to be,
Where all are Secrets that you hear or see,"

he says, adding, with undeniable but superfluous truth—

"For he who indiscreetly babbles small Things
May be suspected of the same in all Things."

Three years elapsed before Dodsley again addressed the public. This time

* Johnson duly quoted the above stanza, but not textually, in vol. ii. of the Dictionary under the word "Wheel." He also repeated it orally to Boswell in Scotland, thereby sadly puzzling that gentleman's editors, until in 1887, its source was definitely traced by Dr. Birkbeck Hill (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. v., 117, 118).

it was as the author of a volume of occasional verses entitled "A Muse in Livery; or, the Footman's Miscellany." It was prefaced by a goodly subscription list, which, in addition to a fair show of duchesses and countesses, included the names of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Steele's and Congreve's Aspasia, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings; and it was further furnished with an emblematic frontispiece engraved by Fourdrinier, which should have been worth the entire price of the volume. This represents a young man in a classic tunic who, besides being alone in a barren landscape, is manifestly in lamentable case. His right hand is chained by Poverty to Misery, Folly, and Ignorance; while he hopelessly extends his left, winged by Desire, toward Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness. Fate has further handicapped him by fettering his right foot to a box or block very legibly labelled "Despair."

> "In vain DESIRE oft wings my Soul,
> And mounts my Thoughts on high;
> DESPAIR still clogs, and keeps me down,
> Where I must grovelling lie."

So sings the poet himself in a rhymed "Effigies Authoris: or, The Mind of the Frontispiece." As for the contents of the volume, they are no worse—nay, they are rather better—than the average of contemporary "Verses on Various Occasions." There is the usual Ode, Pastoral and Fable; the usual Tale, more or less *risquée*, in the manner of Prior or Gay, the usual imitation of Cowley, and the usual Epistles. Of these last the most interesting is a letter entitled "The Footman," the compensation for whose menial calling is to be found in the privilege of listening to the "polite conversation" at dinner:

> "I hear, and mark the courtly Phrases,
> And all the Elegance that passes;
> Disputes maintain'd without Digression,
> With ready Wit, and fine Expression,
> The laws of true Politeness stated,
> And what Good-breeding is, debated."

With Despair tugging at his leg, Mr. Dodsley may perhaps be forgiven for declining to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the amiable Persons of Quality who were kind enough to patronize his little work. Unless, however, his experiences in the Lowther household were very exceptional, this description of contemporary "Polite Conversation" (it may be whispered) is greatly at variance with the encounters of Lady Smart and Lord Sparkish, of Miss Notable and Tom Neverout, as they are represented in that famous record of Swift of which Mr. Saintsbury has recently revived the interest. But if he is over-indulgent to his superiors, he is correspondingly severe upon his equals. Swearing, small-beer, obscenity, and scandal about their Masters and Mistresses, make up, he affirms, the chief resources of his "Brother Skips." "For my Part," says this ideal domestic, speaking of the last-named enormity,

> "For my Part, as I hate the Practice,
> And see in them how base and black 'tis,
> In some bye Place I therefore creep,
> And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
> And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain.
> 'Twou'd save my Ears much Noise and Jargon."

Toward the close of the book he asks, incidentally, whether future ages will join his name with that of Prior. The question is put to nobody in particular, but Posterity, it is to be feared, has long since answered in the negative.

In the meantime, Mr. Dodsley's contemporaries were more easily satisfied. They received "A Muse in Livery" so kindly that Osborn and Nourse were enabled to bring out a second edition, in the same year (1732) as the first, to the title-page of which the writer, omitting his former sub-title, added the supplementary information that he was "Footman to a Person of Quality at *Whitehall*." In his next literary effort there is a greater congruity. That a gentleman's gentleman should versify is unexpected; but, looking to the recognized importance of the eighteenth-century lackey as a playhouse critic, it is not so remarkable that he should write for the stage. Whether surveying the house from that coign of vantage, the upper gallery, or keeping his mistress's place in the boxes, Mrs. Lowther's servant must have enjoyed peculiar advantages. He turned them to account by composing, upon a hint taken from

Thomas Randolph, a little one-scene satire called the "Toy Shop." Dramatically it is weak, as the interest lies chiefly in the satirico-didactic observations which one person (the toy-man himself) makes upon his wares; and it is not difficult to conjecture the course he would take in moralizing upon (say) a lady's mirror, or a pair of spectacles. But it is neatly and fluently written; and the author had the temerity to submit it in manuscript to the great Mr. Pope. What was more, he had the good fortune to please that potentate, who acknowledged it very graciously. "I like it," he said, "as far as my judgment goes." He doubted, and doubted justly, whether it had action enough for the boards, but he recommended it notwithstanding to Rich of Covent Garden, where it was played. With its success, Dodsley's career "below stairs" came definitely to an end. He had saved something; Pope lent him one hundred pounds, and other friends came forward so liberally that, having quenched his last flambeau in Mrs. Lowther's employ, he opened the "Tully's Head" as a bookseller's shop.

This was in 1735; and he could scarcely have chosen a more favorable moment. Before the year was out, died Jacob Tonson the Younger, to be followed only a few months later by Jacob Tonson the Elder—the famous old Jacob of Dryden and the Kit-Cats. Early in 1736, too, died another survivor of the Augustan Worthies, Bernard Lintot. In each of these cases relatives of the same surname continued the business, but the old prestige was gone. And if the moment was favorable, so was the locality selected. No one of the other booksellers, either notable or notorious, was very near to Pall Mall. Edmund Curll, of disreputable memory, at the "Pope's Head" in Rose Street, Covent Garden, was closest. Of the rest, Andrew Millar was in the Strand, Dodd by Temple Bar, Lawton Gilliver of the "Homer's Head"—

> "Vendit hunc Librum Gilliverus
> Cujus insigne est Homerus—"

in Fleet Street, Cooper at the "Globe" in Paternoster Row, Wilford at the Chapter House, Roberts in Warwick Lane, Thomas Osborn (not yet knocked down by Johnson) in Gray's Inn. As far as can be judged, their new rival of the "Tully's Head" must have opened his campaign as a publisher with considerable vigor. In the first month of 1736, he issued a memorial ode by John Lockman, later known as the "herring poet," following it up shortly afterward by a reprint of Sackville's old tragedy of "Gorboduc." Poetry and the drama, as may be gathered from these items, were his chief attraction. He did not indeed put forth the effusions of Queen Caroline's thresher minstrel, Stephen Duck, to whom "A Muse in Livery" had contained an effusive tribute, and with whom he might be supposed to be in especial sympathy; but he received subscriptions for the "Works" of Richard Savage, and he issued the "Leonidas" of Glover. Pope also entrusted him with two of his wonderful imitations of Horace, and made over to him the sole property in his sophisticated letters. Nor was Dodsley's own pen idle. Early in 1737, he produced at Drury Lane a "dramatick tale" called "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," in which Mrs. Pritchard acted the heroine, and Cibber the monarch. The little piece was cleverly constructed, and it found so much favor that the author followed it up with a sequel, "Sir John Cockle at Court" (Sir John being the Miller be-Knighted), which again had the advantage of a famous heroine, Mrs. Clive. These successes, and Pope's patronage, were commemorated by Curll in snarling couplets.

> "'Tis kind, indeed, a Livery Muse to aid
> Who scribbles farces to augment his trade;
> Where you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
> The devil's in it if the plot should fail."

(The "you" is of course Pope, to whom the lines of which they are part were addressed.)

Of Spence we shall hear further. But Dodsley was to make another friend as eminent, if not yet as famous, as Pope. In 1738 came to him from Edward Cave, of the "Gentleman's," the then-unknown Samuel Johnson, bringing, for anonymous publication, the

manuscript of "London," the nervous merit of which Dodsley at once perceived. He bought it for £10, and produced it on the same day as Cooper issued the earlier of the two Dialogues which now form the epilogue to Pope's "Satires." This was in May; in July Dodsley himself published the second Dialogue. With the veiled attacks upon the court which these contained, is indirectly connected what, in Dodsley's uneventful life, almost ranks as a capital occurrence. While the irritation in high places was still simmering against the audacious censor who had not scrupled to write,

> "All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
> All that makes Saints of Queens and Gods of Kings,
> All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
> Like the last Gazette or the last Address;"

and to suggest that Queen Caroline had *not* sent her dying blessing to her eldest son—an unexpected opportunity presented itself for vicarious retributive action. A meaner quarry than Pope entered the scene in the person of Paul Whitehead, whose satire of "Manners" Dodsley issued in February, 1739. Upon the strength of a passage reflecting on Bishop Sherlock, "Manners" was voted scandalous by the House of Lords, before whom the author and publisher were promptly summoned. Whitehead, who, as Johnson says, "hung loose upon society," at once absconded, but Dodsley's shop and family made his surrender a matter of necessity. He was ordered into custody in a sponging-house in the now-demolished Butcher Row. But, in politics, the criminals of one party are luckily the martyrs of the other; and vigorous efforts were made by Pope's friends and the Leicester House Opposition for his release — Marchmont, "Granville the polite," Lyttelton, Pulteney, and Chesterfield all crowding the Strand in their carriages to bail him. After a week's confinement, and the payment of some £70 in fees, he was released upon the petition of one of the libelled personages, the Earl of Essex. He himself always regarded the proceedings as a caution to Pope; and it is certain that Pope made no further excursions into political satire. "Ridicule," he wrote (with the foresight of after-thought), "was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual."

Five years later, Dodsley stood by Pope's death-bed; and the only other works which, in the interval, he published for his patron, were a second volume of his letters, and an octavo edition of the "Dunciad." But by this time the reputation of the "Tully's Head" was well established; and its proprietor began to measure himself strenuously against his older rivals. In January, 1741, he started, in opposition to the *Gentleman's*, a threepenny quarto serial entitled the *Publick Register; or, the Weekly Magazine*, which, unfortunately, expired at its twenty-fourth number, owing, in part, to the hostility with which it was received by the other established journals. In 1748, he projected, but not by himself, a second periodical, the *Museum*, which had a brilliant list of contributors, including such varied names as those of Spence and Horace Walpole, Lowth, Akenside, and the two Wartons. The *Museum* deserved, and obtained a longer run than its predecessor. It was succeeded by the *Preceptor*, a kind of early *Popular Educator*, for which Johnson wrote the preface, and otherwise assisted. For this reason, presumably, Boswell terms it "one of the most valuable books for the improvement of the young that has appeared in any language;" but it is, nevertheless, an excellent idea well executed. Besides these, Dodsley produced two collections, one of "Old Plays," 1744; and the other, the well-known volumes of miscellany "Poems by several Hands," 1748–58. Many of the pieces included in these latter are now become classic; but those who wish to read "The Spleen" of Matthew Green, the "Eclogues" of Lady Mary, or the "Man of Taste" of Bramston, cannot do better than invest a few shillings in Dodsley's Anthology, adding thereto Pearch's continuation. But (and this is only fitting), it is as a publisher of poetry that Dodsley is most attractive. His name is to be found on the title-pages of Young and Akenside; and it was

from the "Tully's Head" that came forth both "Irene," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." More remarkable, however, than either Johnson's play or satire, was a short poem which, in February, 1751, Walpole placed suddenly in Dodsley's hands for press. It was to be struck off post haste, so as to anticipate the yawning and piratical pages of the *Magazine of Magazines*. Thus it came about that, with the modesty of a master-piece, the "Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard" was first given to a grateful world. It was "given" in another sense to its grateful publisher, since the unnamed author, Mr. Thomas Gray, from a sense of delicacy upon which it is easy to insist too much, declined to receive any money for his labors.

It is time, however, to turn once more from the works that Dodsley published to those that he himself produced. A convenient bridge to these latter, is the once-famous "Œconomy of Human Life," with which his name was long associated as "only-begetter," whereas he is now known, as a matter of fact, to have been no more than "putter-forth." This volume, a collection of moral precepts in Biblical phraseology, of which Horace Walpole had helped to set the fashion in his "Lessons for the Day," was attributed, on its publication in 1750, to Lord Chesterfield—a device which at that date (witness the success of Goldsmith's subsequent "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son"), was often employed to promote the success of an anonymous work. The difference in this case was that the book seems to have been attributed to its real author, for it has been for some time established that it was written by Chesterfield, and as such has nothing to do with Dodsley's life, although it long held a prominent place there. His own undisputed works at this date consisted of another little play, "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," which was represented at Drury Lane in 1741; a series of love songs entitled "Colin's Kisses," which show that even a plain-sailing Pall Mall bookseller may arrive at a very adequate conception of what Lien Chi Altangi denominates "perpetual anastomosis;" and an attempted new development of pantomime called "Rex et Pontifex." Another of his efforts was a vast didactic poem in blank verse on "Public Virtue," a subject which (as its author ruefully confessed to Johnson) failed to excite any appreciable Publick Interest. It consequently remains in the depressed condition of a fragment or book entitled "Agriculture," which Walpole professed to have read. Dodsley also collected his dramatic pieces under the title of "Trifles," dedicating them, with needless particularity, to "To-Morrow." But his most interesting production, to speak paradoxically, is again one which, like the "Œconomy of Human Life," is only "attributed" to him. It is another of the many eighteenth-century imitations of the *Ars Poetica*, and is entitled the "Art of Preaching." Whoever wrote it, if Dodsley did not, was certainly a creditable Popesque versifier. One of the offending lines in "Manners" had been—

> "But *Henley's* Shop, and *Sherlock's* are the same."

Perhaps the following was intended by the prisoner of the "Butcher Row" as an *amende honorable:*

> "It much concerns a Preacher first to learn
> The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn.
> Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow;
> Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow;
> The *Temple* Church asks *Sherlock's* Sense and Skill;
> Beyond the Tow'r—no matter—what you will."

But if Dodsley's authorship of the "Art of Preaching" is not above suspicion, there is no mystery about his connection with the collection of weekly essays already incidentally mentioned at the beginning of this paper. Not only was *The World*, during its career of four years, published continuously from the "Tully's Head," but it is admitted that Dodsley himself suggested its title. As a periodical it has the merit of a specific character. It was a distinctly different publication, both from its contemporaries, and from the society journals with which, in this day,

it would, from its name, be associated. Unlike these latter, it dealt with society in the abstract; unlike the *Adventurer* and its allies and predecessors, it entirely eschewed, in addressing its public, the hortatory or didactic method. Raillery and irony were its chosen weapons, and it employed them almost exclusively. Its chief defect is, that, excluding subjects which were too weighty for its light artillery, and shutting the door to fiction and criticism proper, its themes have a certain lack of variety. But it is, on the whole, a remarkably well-sustained production — not the least of its merits being that, to quote a now rather hackneyed expression, it was in reality "written by Gentlemen for gentlemen." Its editor, Moore, was a man of taste and ability; and his chief contributors, Lord Chesterfield, Richard Owen Cambridge, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Lord Orrery, Lord Hailes, and the other assistants enlisted by the friendly advocacy of Lord Lyttelton, whatever may be charged against their literary ability, could certainly not be accused of ignorance of polite society. *The World* might well furnish material for an essay to itself; but it is only necessary to add here that, in its pages Lord Chesterfield published the pair of papers on Johnson's Dictionary which provoked Johnson's memorable retort; and that Dodsley himself wrote another—a little study of Criticism considered as a contagious disorder — in which he respectably, if not overpoweringly, vindicates his claim "to converse with the Wits."

Both in its first, and in its reprinted form *The World* was exceedingly successful; and although critics like Dr. Nathan Drake deplore its lack of moral purpose, time has done something to enhance its modern value as a picture of manners. Before its race was well run, Dodsley lost his wife, an event of which we know little more than is conveyed by a sentence in Boswell, stating the fact, and referring to his sorrow. In 1758, he published anonymously an "Ode to Melpomene." The popularity of this was considerable; and as long as he preserved silence as to the authorship, it was regarded as the work of a young and promising poet. But his greatest success in this year, and indeed the greatest success of his life, was the tragedy of "Cleone" which he produced at Covent Garden. His plot was based upon the legend of St. Genevieve—a subject which Pope had already essayed and abandoned. Nevertheless when Dodsley, several years before its production, showed him his first draft, he encouraged him to extend it from three to five acts. Lord Chesterfield, to whom it was subsequently dedicated, was also of those who recommended Dodsley to complete his plan. "Cleone" is a skilful, but a very tragic tragedy. Johnson, who looked upon the bookseller as his patron (and it was, in reality, to Dodsley that he owed the first suggestion of the "Dictionary") seems to have regarded it with mixed feelings. When it was read to him by Langton (an ordeal which he detested), he said he feared it had "more blood than brains," and he spoke of it disrespectfully as a "slaughter-house." Yet he honestly admired its pathos. "If Otway had written it," he said, "no other of his pieces would have been remembered." On the other hand, Garrick, either because it contained no part in which he could outshine Mrs. Cibber, or because he was mistaken as to its acting qualities — a mistake he was unfortunate enough to make with some of the leading pieces of his day—not only refused it when offered to him, but refused it in terms of the frankest possible dislike. In his opinion it was "a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play."

Had he confined himself to this, his character as a critic would have been safer. He was, however, not only unwise enough to prophesy the failure of the piece openly at the Bedford Coffee-house, but he did his best to bring about that result by arranging to appear himself as *Marplot* in "The Busy Body" on the very evening of its production. When, in consequence of this step, the friends of "Cleone" postponed its first night, Garrick, in turn, postponed "The Busy Body." He seems, in short, to have behaved extremely ill. But he had probably an antipathy to the author, as well as to the play. "David and Doddy have had a new quarrel,"

said Johnson, a remark which implies that they were in the habit of disagreeing. In the end "Cleone" was brought out with complete success, a result to which the leading lady, the blue-eyed and beautiful George Ann Bellamy, not a little contributed. We may borrow again from Johnson. "'Cleone,'" he told Langton, "was well acted by all the characters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night and supported it as well as I might, for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side and cried at the distress of poor *Cleone*." Report adds that on the same occasion Johnson's unqualified approval of Mrs. Bellamy's charming talents was announced from the pit in the form of a sonorous "I will write a copy of verses on her myself," while "Doddy's" tears must have become historical, since they appeared years after in the last poem of Churchill, "The Journey." After bidding the Muses woo Gray modestly, and "doze" with Glover, and "bleat and bray and coo" with Mason, he goes on :

> "Let them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
> Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
> Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers,"

a stroke aimed in all likelihood at Dodsley's fast friends, Lyttelton and Chesterfield. But Dodsley could afford to laugh as well as cry, for Garrick's rival *Marplot* did not succeed, while "Cleone" ran triumphantly for sixteen nights; and according to Shenstone, who supplied the Epilogue, after a first sale in book form of two thousand copies, passed rapidly into its fourth edition. Earlier in the year in which "Cleone" was produced, Dodsley had accompanied Spence on a tour through England and Scotland, spending a week on the way with Shenstone in his Shropshire home. In the same year he established, under the editorship of Burke —whose "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" he had previously issued— the still existent *Annual Register*, with the success of which he revenged the failure of his first periodical enterprise. In 1759, after publishing Johnson's "Rasselas" and Goldsmith's "Polite Learning," Dodsley retired from business in favor of his younger brother James, who had for some years been associated with him, and (having prepared for posterity by sitting to Reynolds, whose picture of him was admirably engraved by Ravenet) devoted his energies to the preparation, upon the model of Croxall, of the once well-known "Select Fables," now vital chiefly by their inclusion, in part, in one of the rarest of the early illustrated volumes of Thomas Bewick. Shenstone lent him some aid in this costly and unremunerative work, which he followed up by a volume of "Fugitive Pieces on Various Subjects," containing, among other things, contributions by Burke. Shortly afterward Shenstone died ; and Dodsley's last production was an edition of his friend's literary remains, a task which includes a "character" and a minute account of the "Arcadian Groves rural," the valleys, "prospects," winding waters, and Gothic seats with poetical inscriptions, which went to make up that object-lesson in "landskip gardening," and rival of Spence's Byfleet, the Leasowes at Hales Owen. In 1764 Dodsley himself died of gout at Durham, while on a visit to Spence. Spence buried his friend in the Abbey Churchyard, under a fitting epitaph. As it makes no secret of his humble origin and lack of learned education, it may perhaps be assumed to speak the truth when it lays stress upon his "integrity of heart" and "purity of manners and conversation." Johnson referred to him in terms of the warmest affection ; Walpole with patronizing but genuine *bonhomie ;* while Shenstone commended his simplicity, his benevolence, his humanity, and his true politeness. That some anecdotes of him disclose a certain petulance and others a vein of sentimentality, however, cannot be denied. These are small things to set against the combined testimony of witnesses so diverse as those quoted. As will be gathered from the preceding account, his life is really little more than the record of the books he published ; but if any biography may fairly resem-

ble a catalogue, it should certainly be that of a publisher. His reputation as an author is not now very high; and indeed, when allowance is made for the adventitious interest which attached to his first efforts, little remains to him but the merits of facility and industry. He himself doubted Johnson's comparison of "Cleone" with the masterpieces of Otway; and we can no longer verify that comparison where alone it could be verified effectively, since both Dodsley and the author of "Venice Preserv'd," if they are not absolutely forgotten, have long ceased to be acted. As a verse-man, he fails to follow Prior; but he vindicated, in a tolerable epigram, the fame of Prior against the sneer of Gilbert Burnet, while in the little song beginning "One kind kiss before we part" he has the infinitesimal distinction of recalling, by its first line, the "Ae fond kiss and then we sever" of Burns; although he figures in the collections of Chalmers and Anderson, he is more eminent in his business than in his literary capacity. The man who nowadays should produce the works of the leading poets, philosophers, fine gentlemen (if there were any), historians, and critics, and at the same time acquire their esteem and affection, would certainly be entitled to rank as a remarkable personage. Such, in his own time, was the privilege of Robert Dodsley. Besides reprinting old plays and establishing the *Annual Register*, he published for Pope and Gray, for Johnson and Burke, for Warton and Spence, for Walpole and Chesterfield; and none of them spoke ill of him. This is something—enough, it may be, to justify the dedication of these brief pages to his memory.

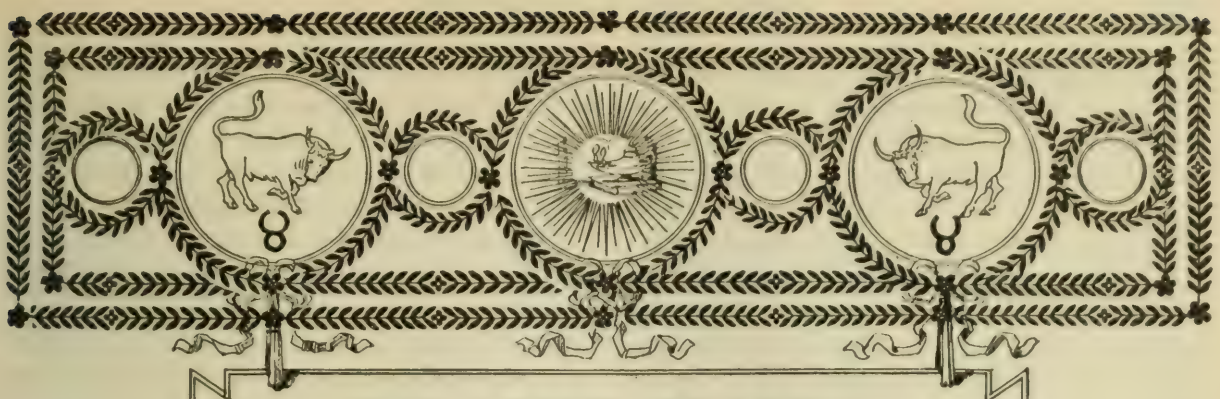
IN APRIL.

By Mary Elizabeth Blake.

In the windy April,
When the world's aglow
With crocus bell and daffodil,
And primroses do blow
Across the dawning meadow
In spray of green and gold,—
Every nook in all the land
Its secret joy doth hold.
Brightly and lightly
Drifting swallows fly;
Yet my heart is lonesome,
—Who knows why!

In the windy April
Spent is winter's pain;
Cheery, piping Robin
Struts the fields again;
Ears are glad for hearing,
Eyes are glad for sight
Of all the bonny green things
Climbing to the light;
Gay day is gray day,
Rainy day or dry;
Still my heart is lonesome,
—Who knows why!

In the windy April
Dear is Hope's unrest,
Throbbing in the frozen ground,
In the frozen breast.
Clouds fair as sunshine
Flash and fade away;
Silver is the night-time,
Golden is the day;
Best time and blest time
Of the year is nigh.
Still my heart is lonesome—
—God knows why!



THE POINT OF VIEW

My cousin Anthony, who once made a book, and relieves his mind pretty regularly in the periodical press, was saying, the other day, that he had been taken regularly to task by two dames of his acquaintance because he did not dwell oftener in his literary deliverances upon the incident of love. Love, they told him—and he said they were both matrons who had lived long enough in the world to know—was the best thing in life, and there was nothing that people liked better to read about. They insisted that it was a professional blunder on his part not to write love-stories and not to work more of the tender passion into his business generally. Anthony said that he promised to amend, but he admitted that he had small hopes of doing so, for he never had been able to make love-literature and it was late in life for him to begin. He insisted that the love that was of real value in the world wasn't interesting, and that the love that was interesting wasn't always admirable. Love that happened to a person like the measles or fits, and was really no particular credit to itself or its victims, was the sort that got most into books and was made much of; whereas the kind that was attained to by the endeavor of true souls, and that had wear in it, and that made things go right instead of tangling them up, was too much like duty to make satisfactory reading for people of sentiment. If he ever did write a love-story he believed he would have no women in it at all, unless, possibly, just one to make the necessary trouble. Not but that women did their full share of all the loving that was done, and did it to admiration, but because to portray a man's love for a man would give the sentiment of love, he thought, in its simplest and most lucid form, uncomplicated by the incident of sex. When a man loved a man you knew what you had; but when he was in love with a woman the diagnosis was full of perplexities, and how much of his seizure was passion, how much hysteria, and how much sincere affection, were subtleties too fine for mere laymen to struggle with.

I do not think that Anthony will ever write acceptably on love, and it is probably a wise instinct that steers him clear of that department of literature. Indeed, I do not think he fully understands the subject. And yet there is something to be said for his suggestion that the more admirable species of love and the worthiest to dwell upon, is not that which one falls into willy-nilly, but which is resolutely given out of the heart. The love into which volition enters is true love, quite as genuine as the involuntary emotion which figures in love at first sight. Faithfulness is surely about the best quality that love can possess, and the very idea of faithfulness implies volition. The popular mind recognizes the element of volition in love. It expects people to love persons whom they ought to love or whom they have undertaken to love. If a man has a lovable wife and does not love her, it does not pity him as an unfortunate; it blames him as a poor stick. It is right. If the man is in love with his wife, he is in luck to be sure, and he ought to be thankful; but if not, it is no excuse for his not loving her. He ought to be able to love her if he chooses, and if she will let him he ought to choose. That is the *vox populi* in the matter, but perhaps in this case it is not divine, for certainly the love-story writers are not out of breath with trying to echo it. They are almost too prone to treat the master passion as a wind that

bloweth where it listeth and nowhere else, and some of them have even been known to coddle married persons in their stories who run up against extra-parietal affinities and are wrecked in the resulting tumult. But, of course, the exigencies of story-making are imperative, and the demand for stories with love in them being urgent and steady, the people who supply it must be suffered to write them as they can, even though it may revolt some thrifty souls to see misery misbuilt out of the materials of happiness.

We have all heard, and some of us have seen, much of the audacity of American newspapers in the publication of matters essentially private, and there has been noticeable at the same time a distinct, perhaps a progressive, demoralization of the public taste as to privacy and its opposite. How far the former is the cause or the effect of the latter, I should not like to try to decide. Probably there has been interacting influence from paper to public, until neither ventures to stand up against the other. The reporter who persists in impudent questions after he has been requested to forbear, does not get kicked down the steps; the editor who sends him does not get black-balled in the clubs, or frozen out if unhappily in, or otherwise socially punished. On the other hand, the journal which is requested by an intending hostess to send a reporter to her dressmaker and her caterer for an account of her dress and a list of her viands, does not despatch an agent with the advertising rates, and does not even announce the fact of the request. Either "party" to the disagreeable business could properly follow the course indicated, but neither does. It is useless, though I find it sometimes assuaging, to swear at the newspapers, and declare that they could abate the nuisance if they would. Undoubtedly they could. The old maxim that it takes two to make a quarrel, suggests an obvious but impracticable remedy for a number of social abuses. The newspapers are not under the control of one mind, any more than are their readers; and it is as much a counsel of perfection to say that no newspaper should seek profit from the excessive prurient curiosity of its readers, as it is to say that no reader should be curious in that degree or kind. Both propositions are sound, but neither is likely to have much effect. About all one can hope for is that the number among editors and readers, with the self-respect to put them in practice, shall increase.

Meanwhile there is a melancholy interest in noting that other peoples are not exempt from the scourge, and though comparisons in such matters are very uncertain, it looks as if some of them were worse sufferers—or offenders—than we. The other day some admirers, more or less sincere, of Turguénief, unveiled a monument to his memory in one of the provincial cities of France. Thereupon a reporter of Paris—*la ville lumière*—hastened to *interviewer* the former intimates of the Russian romancer. He struck Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola, and the "indiscretions" of these gentlemen (as reported) revealed a standard of propriety and reticence which is certainly lower than prevails in any group of men of like occupation in our own very free country—to say nothing of the details as to the persons interviewed and as to himself which the reporter supplied. The Parisian reader was told, in language far from elegant, the intimate features of the little club of "Hissed Writers," made up of Turguénief, Flaubert, the brothers de Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola; how Turguénief invited them to high-priced restaurants and forced them to pay for their own dinners; how Daudet, having drunk sparingly of costly wines from consideration for his supposed host's purse, when he found that he was to pay for them, recalled them and drained the bottles; how, when Zola fumbled in his deepest pocket, raking together his last sous for his part of the *addition*, his host ridiculed him for disclosing the fact that he wore no *bretelles*. Then the reader was given an account of Turguénief's peasant appetite in cheese, and of the disagreeable effect of Flaubert's temper on his digestion, and of the Russian's turpitude in after years in expressing a low opinion of Daudet's talent, and of Daudet's reluctant but very bitter scorn of Turguénief, and was referred to the journals of the de Goncourts for further particulars—which, I regret to say, will be found to be even more disagreeable and less decently reserved.

Despite all which, it remains true that these writers are among the most gifted of our generation, and that two, at least, of

them have given us pages of such profound and tender and delicate sentiment, that if they are remembered by these, as I think they will be, their memory will be very sweet. Clearly, the complexity of human nature does not proceed in a diminishing ratio as time goes on.

In a city where the sound of īther and nīther was still so unwonted as to make a sharp impression on whatsoever ear it reached, an advocate of distinguished cunning in extorting grace for the graceless caught up this refinement and set it into an orthoëpy otherwise altogether hap-hazard and rude. It became to him such a bravery as the diamond ring worn over a shabby glove or against a chapped and grimy knuckle. He strained himself to exhibit it, framing sentences with the clear design of fetching īthers and nīthers into them, and pronouncing these words—after an instant's falter—with a special emphasis. Not rarely, but habitually, he treated the jurors whom he was trying to captivate to locutions as bad as this: "The witness īther seen what he said he seen, or he had a most remarkable imagination; īther one or the other. It couldn't be nīther. I believe myself he has saw every single, identical fact he says he did, and has nīther prevaricated nor perverted." (Lest a devastating sectional controversy spring out of the instance, let it be understood that, though the advocate lived when he acquired his prized accomplishment in a city of the West, he has latterly practised it exclusively in a city of the East, and he has enjoyed the same sort, and a like measure, of esteem in īther locality.)

Judging by the kind of emotions displayed in much of the public discussion on points in pronunciation, we may safely guess that in his heart, sooner or later, the advocate erected his īther and nīther into a sacred standard, and set to trying the breeding and refinement of the people about him by that test in preference to any other. We may safely guess also that he found a certain number of people about him, consciously or unconsciously, submissive to the standard; so extremely so some of them, perhaps, that, as they sat abashed before him, they made awkward attempts to say īther and nīther themselves. At any rate, it is in the direction of these surmises that the ordinary practice in pronunciation seems to run. One set of people cherishes an undue pride in its own, and by force of such pride drives another set into undue humiliation in its own.

Of course no one would contend that one pronunciation is precisely as good as another, and that by taking thought thereto nothing worth while is to be gained. Still it is true that even "the best usage," to which in all the discussions so elaborate a deference is paid, is best mainly by convention. The only rational perfection in pronunciation is an exact correspondence between sounds and the printed symbols of them. But does "the best usage" strive for that much more consciously or conscientiously than any other usage? That it does in the main come nearer to that than other usages come, is an accident; the accident of birth and life in conditions that favor delicacy of the vocal organs and a nice employment of them. And what accident favors, accident may also obstruct. The educated speech of New York, for example, has to contend with the same constraints of city noise and raw east wind which the uneducated speech contends with. And as for the quality of the uneducated speech: persons coming to New York from Indiana—the most uncouth of regions one might believe, if one took too seriously all the disparagements put upon it by the New York press — have found the uneducated speech here less conservative of the several parts of the word than the like speech is there. There it does not make the sacrifice of the *r* perfectly complete, and it shows the final consonant at least a little courtesy. The vowels it may flatten severely, but it seldom suppresses them. In short, under whatever usage, the vocal organs tend, like rivers, to follow the line of least resistance; and, under any, some words are scotched or smothered that, under another, are uttered with entire integrity.

The human propensity to hold in especial grace one's own possessions and performances has to be in some measure accorded to. But it is safer when exercised with a little imagination. You shall learn very little of men's hearts through orthoëpy, and so very little of their essential refinement; and not much more of their intellectual powers and acquirements. To consent that

some usage shall be the best, and conform thereto as far as we can without too manifest a self-constraint, may be very important. But with uniformity carried no farther than at present it is, and with chance playing through the whole affair in the most tricksy manner, for any of us to vaunt his own as a sure mark of good breeding is to take it altogether too seriously.

ALLUDING, in one of his addresses a year or two ago, to the great need of educated men with patriotism in American public life, President Cleveland went on to say: "If it be true, as is often claimed, that the scholar in politics is generally a failure, it may well be due to the fact that during his formative period, when lasting impressions are easily received, his intellect alone has been cultivated at the expense of wholesome and well-regulated sentiment."

Mr. Cleveland, we can well believe, meant to speak of political sentiment in the highest sense — patriotism, public spirit, sense of public duty. But what is most commonly claimed is that a lack of acquaintance with "practical" politics is what stands in the scholar's way — a lack of knowledge of methods rather than ends; and as to these the question is how to work wholesome "practical" sentiment into the budding scholar in politics while his formative period still endures. The son of a father who goes to primaries, peddles tickets on election-day, and does a man's work in the ward, takes to those duties with natural aptitude, provided he stays at home long enough to feel his father's example. The common-school children for the most part do this, and are under the paternal influence. It is not held that they neglect politics when they grow up. But a great many college-bred men leave home while they are still children, and spend their early formative period away. It is the boys who go to boarding-schools who are remiss; the boys whose education is most expensive and elaborate. How is it at Concord, or Southboro? at Andover, Exeter, or East Hampton? at Quincy, or at Groton? Is there one of these academies where the duties of citizenship are instilled deeply enough into the minds of the boys to leave impressions that will outlast four years at college?

We are not doing so now, but we may come to it. In Mr. Stevenson's story of "The Wrecker," he described an imaginary school in one of the Northwestern States where American youth were prepared for the activities of a speculative career. The new-comer upon entering was supplied with a sum of partly imaginary money, which it was his purpose to increase according to the rules and methods of Wall Street. The passage seemed the most artificial and fictitious in Mr. Stevenson's tale, but, before the serial was finished, a newspaper paragraph told how a Boston school had started a bank in its upper story, with real stock quotations and commercial paper, where the school children could learn by actual experiment and practice how banking business was done.

There will be difficulties about teaching practical politics in schools; but what are difficulties for, but to be overcome? The instruction should be both didactic and experimental. Students should be able to take apart any state "machine," name each of the parts, giving its office and value, and put the whole together again. They should learn how to hold a caucus, how to pack the same, and what remedies to employ when the caucus is discovered to be packed by the enemy. They should be thoroughly grounded also in the tactics of election-day, learning what may be done and what not. They should learn how to get out the vote, and all about printing and distributing ballots, and counting them after they have been cast. The practical application of this knowledge will interest the lads, who will think it no hardship, for example, to have school suspended for one day in November, in order that they may practise riding about in hacks to bring in imaginary voters to a fictitious poll. The most difficult accomplishment of all—the distribution of patronage where it would do most good—can hardly be learned in school except in theory; and perhaps the simpler and better way would be to neglect it altogether and teach civil service reform instead. Tests of proficiency might be found in games or problems of politics, analogous to the *Kriegspiel* of the German army; while the usefulness of the whole system could be tested within one or two decades by its fruits in real life.



ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL

JULES MUENIER'S

A CORNER IN A MARKET.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p.* 587.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. MAY, 1894. No. 5.



The Peak of the Zinal-Rothhorn from the Hörnli.

SOME EPISODES OF MOUNTAINEERING, BY A CASUAL AMATEUR.

By Edwin Lord Weeks.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"Think of the people who are 'presenting their compliments,' and 'requesting the honor,' and 'much regretting,' of those that are pinioned at dinner-tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape."
—EOTHEN.

BEFORE venturing to touch upon a theme which has already been treated by able pens, and to add a few personal impressions, it may be as well to call attention to the fact that much of what has been written hitherto is addressed to those technically familiar with the subject, rather than to the general public. It is only fair to admit that popular opinion is divided as to the attractions of one of the grandest of open-air sports, which in sustained interest and variety of incident is second to no other. There are hopeless but well-meaning sceptics, who will ask one, why take the trouble to climb a peak in order to see a view which can only be enjoyed for a few minutes, if at all, by reason of cold or fatigue; and it is not easy to convince them, since seemingly unnecessary physical exertion does not enter into their ideas of pleasure, that the contemplation of nature, however impressive it may be, is not the sole object and end of the climber; and that the interest, the charm of the thing, as

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in art, lies not so much in the subject as in *the way it is done*, in the hundred incidents of the route, and, above all, in the joy of life and the new vigor born of exertion in the bracing air of high altitudes, which are the reward of a successful season.

Sept., 1893.

I.

The statements of Baedeker, as to the relative difficulty of certain peaks, may, upon the whole, be accepted by amateurs with confidence. In the editions of "Baedeker's Switzerland," a few years ago, there was a list of the principal summits about Zermatt; and among them, a group consisting of the "Ober-Gabelhorn," "Zinal-Rothhorn," "Weisshorn," "Dent Blanche," and "Dent d'Hérens" was prefaced by the lines, "very difficult" (for thorough experts only with first-class guides), and not "altogether free from danger." In the most recent edition this last clause does not appear, from which circumstance it might be inferred that with the progress made by the Zermatt guides in the science of climbing, and with their ever-increasing experience and topographical knowledge of these peaks, the actual danger has been sensibly diminished.



Josef Marie Perren (Guide at Zermatt).

But the amateur who has already had some experience, and is confident (but not too confident) of his own powers, and is moreover in good condition, need not allow himself to be daunted by Baedeker's classification. Among the minor peaks (minor, not in regard to size or interest, but in difficulty only) the Rimpfischhorn and the Gran Paradiso, are ranked as difficult. Both of these peaks exceed the Jungfrau in height, and although care and attention are necessary at certain points, there is not the slightest difficulty about either of them. A noted Alpinist records that he has ascended the Gran Paradiso alone and without guides. There is one point, however, where most men would feel safer with a rope and at least one guide. A practised expert whom I met on the way down affirmed that it was hardly worth doing, while another, equally experienced, had made the ascent twice. As for the Rimpfischhorn, it shows, on a small scale, examples of the various difficulties common to all rock peaks, and with but one guide, "strict attention to business" is necessary. Although one of the noted Zermatt guides who accompanied the writer on a rather more trying expedition, declared it to be simply "une jolie promenade," others consider it one of the very best peaks for preliminary practice, before undertaking more hazardous ascents. Of those classified as "very difficult," I can speak from personal experience of only two, others having proved to be impossible at the particular moment when they were attempted, and although sufficiently arduous, these two do not offer any insurmountable difficulty, so long as one is not subject to vertigo, that nightmare of all beginners, and has sufficient imitative faculty to follow the movements of the guide in front. It is a very important point at the outset to save one's strength, for even should he have a superfluity of endurance, he had better store it up for emergencies. Anyone



The Ascent of the Dom—the Start at 3 a.m.

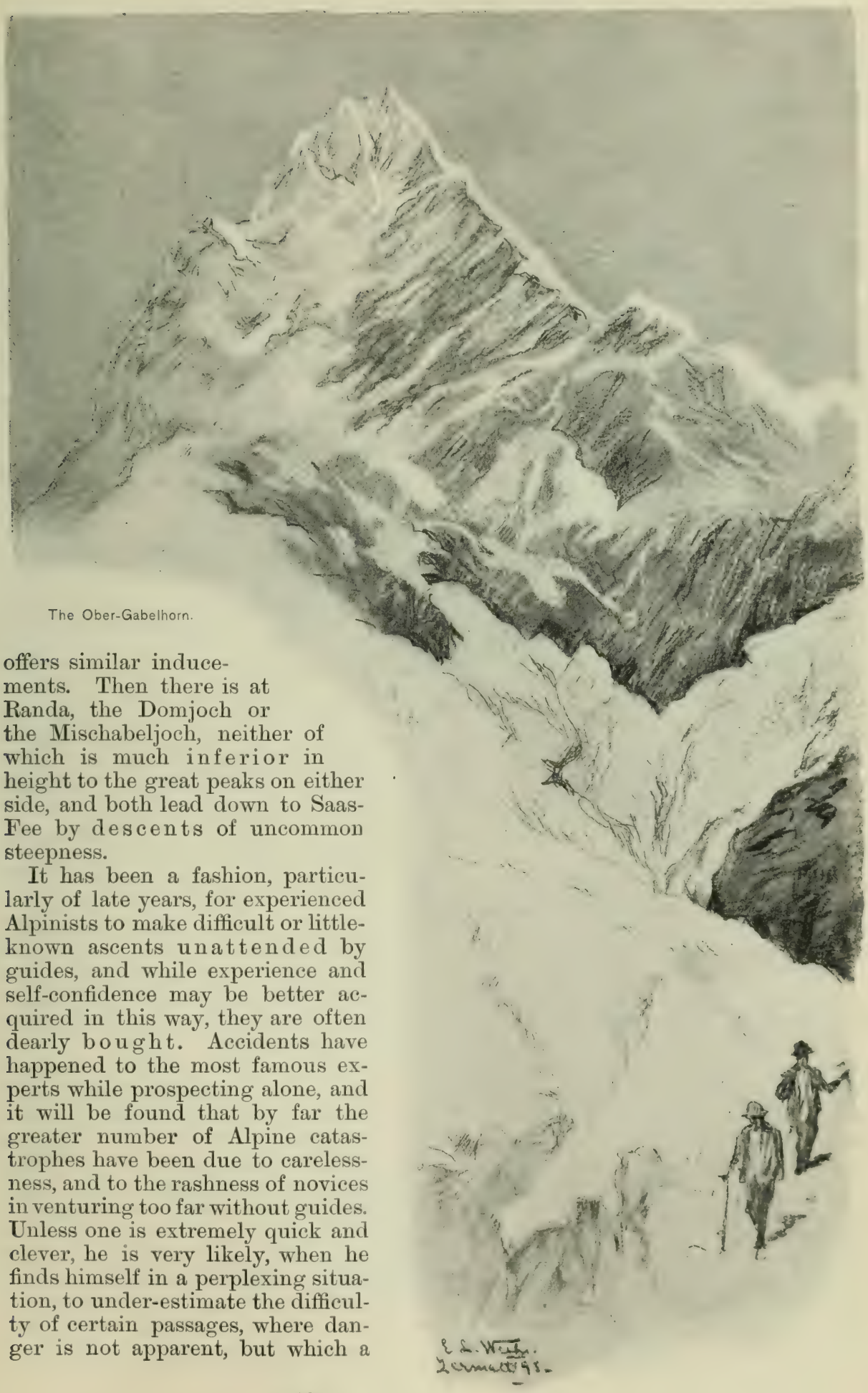
who takes notice of the gait of the guides when starting at night by lantern light, will observe that they walk with a long, swinging, rhythmic step which seems quite mechanical, as they slowly lift one foot or swing it over a rock, with scarcely any expenditure of force, particularly in mounting the tedious moraines where the bowlders are often white with frost. All the energy thus economized comes into play when one reaches the rocks, where a man wants a clear head as well, and to know just where to rest his weight to take advantage of every projection, point, and crevice.

For amateurs whose object is not so much to make a record as to obtain the greatest amount of sport with a moderate expenditure, the high glacier



A Long Step—on the Gran Paradiso.

passes afford nearly as much interest as many of the well-known peaks where the tariff for guides is much higher: some of these passes cross ridges or "saddles," from twelve to fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and have the additional attraction that every step of the way is new, as one descends into another valley at night, where the French or Italian inn replaces the Club hut which he left at daybreak. And there are some which are really more dangerous than the majority of peaks; as, for instance, the "Altes Weissthor," from Zermatt to Macugnaga. I have never crossed this pass, but once had a good view of it when descending the New Weissthor, a short distance away. While we were breakfasting on the brink of the cliffs an avalanche fell directly on the route, which is seldom free from falling stones, and yet the tariff is only forty or forty-five francs for a guide, while eighty is demanded for the Jungfrau! And there is also the Col du Lion on the Matterhorn, which



The Ober-Gabelhorn.

offers similar inducements. Then there is at Randa, the Domjoch or the Mischabeljoch, neither of which is much inferior in height to the great peaks on either side, and both lead down to Saas-Fee by descents of uncommon steepness.

It has been a fashion, particularly of late years, for experienced Alpinists to make difficult or little-known ascents unattended by guides, and while experience and self-confidence may be better acquired in this way, they are often dearly bought. Accidents have happened to the most famous experts while prospecting alone, and it will be found that by far the greater number of Alpine catastrophes have been due to carelessness, and to the rashness of novices in venturing too far without guides. Unless one is extremely quick and clever, he is very likely, when he finds himself in a perplexing situation, to under-estimate the difficulty of certain passages, where danger is not apparent, but which a

guide would never attempt: such, for instance, are the steep and sunburned grass slopes high on a mountain-side, which often terminate in cliffs or vertical



Raphael Biner, Guide—Zermatt.

ledges above a glacier; as the tufts of dry grass usually point downward, they afford little hold to the nails in one's boots, and are often as slippery as glass. There are also certain places which look appalling to a beginner, but which turn out to be perfectly easy when once the guide in front has got safely over them. Most treacherous of all to the solitary climber are the steep "glissades"* down couloirs of snow or ice, and a little accident which happened to a friend of the writer, although he fortunately escaped serious damage, had the effect of making him forever after over-cautious in regard to this extremely rapid but uncertain mode of progression.

* The sitting "glissade" is perhaps the most exhilarating way of getting down a long snow-slope, such as the one on the Dom, and does not call for the same degree of acrobatic skill as the standing glissade.

While waiting at Pra-Rayé, at the head of the desolate Valpelline valley, for settled weather in order to cross the "col" to Zermatt, he left his guides at the chalet and ventured on a little private exploring expedition up the unfrequented Glacier de Bella Cia, near the Château des Dames. He had taken an alpenstock belonging to his porter, one of the slender tourist sort, branded with names, and as he turned back to descend, he concluded to pick his way down a long slope covered with loose rocks and *débris*, which seemed a more direct route than the break-neck ledges by which he had scrambled up. The slope descended steeply, without a break apparently, but as he got down, the valley beneath him seemed to retire by some unaccountable effect of aërial perspective, which made him suspect the existence of a precipice invisible from above. Proceeding cautiously downward, he found himself on the verge of a long and vertical ledge, and keeping on along the brink he finally reached a steep "couloir" or narrow chasm filled with packed snow, which offered a short cut down between jagged walls of rock. As the inclination at which the couloir descended did not seem dangerously steep, he attempted a standing "glissade," using his stick as a brake in the usual manner. It became steeper as he slid down, and in trying to check his velocity, the stick snapped in two, and he shot down the incline feet foremost, with the speed of a rocket. Luckily the chasm made a turn at right angles, and he was landed on a heap of stones, with no further damage than the loss of considerable epidermis and the annihilation of his trousers.

To-day, when every great peak has been thoroughly explored, when famous climbers have achieved the most difficult summits, alone, or at least without professional guides, but few remain the mere ascent of which confers any brevet of distinction in this field of athletics. As in all professions and in all sports which boast semi-professional experts, the standard has been raised. In order to take a high rank, or to "make a record," the aspirant for the honors of the Alpine Club must traverse such



DRAWN BY E. L. WEEKS.

Raphael Biner on the Last Ice Cornice of the Rothhorn.

peaks as the Matterhorn and descend on the opposite side, or cross the Dom du Mischabel,* the highest peak on Swiss soil, which presents little difficulty until one descends the steep rock face above Saas. There are still a few summits left which are admitted to be somewhat "tough," and one of the most successful enthusiasts in the matter of rock peaks has recently given his verdict in favor of Chamouny as a happy hunting-ground; for he found sufficient interest in some of the slender "Aiguilles" which surround Mont Blanc, to stimulate his somewhat jaded appetite. It would, however, be quite incorrect to make an arbitrary statement that any particular ascent is easy or



Peter Taugwalder, No. 1.†

difficult. With bad weather any minor peak may become hazardous at once, or when a fierce gale of wind whistles and howls among the rocks as through the rigging of a ship, and they are crusted with "verglas" or frozen sleet; it is only just therefore to say that the expeditions referred to here, were nearly all made under favorable circumstances.

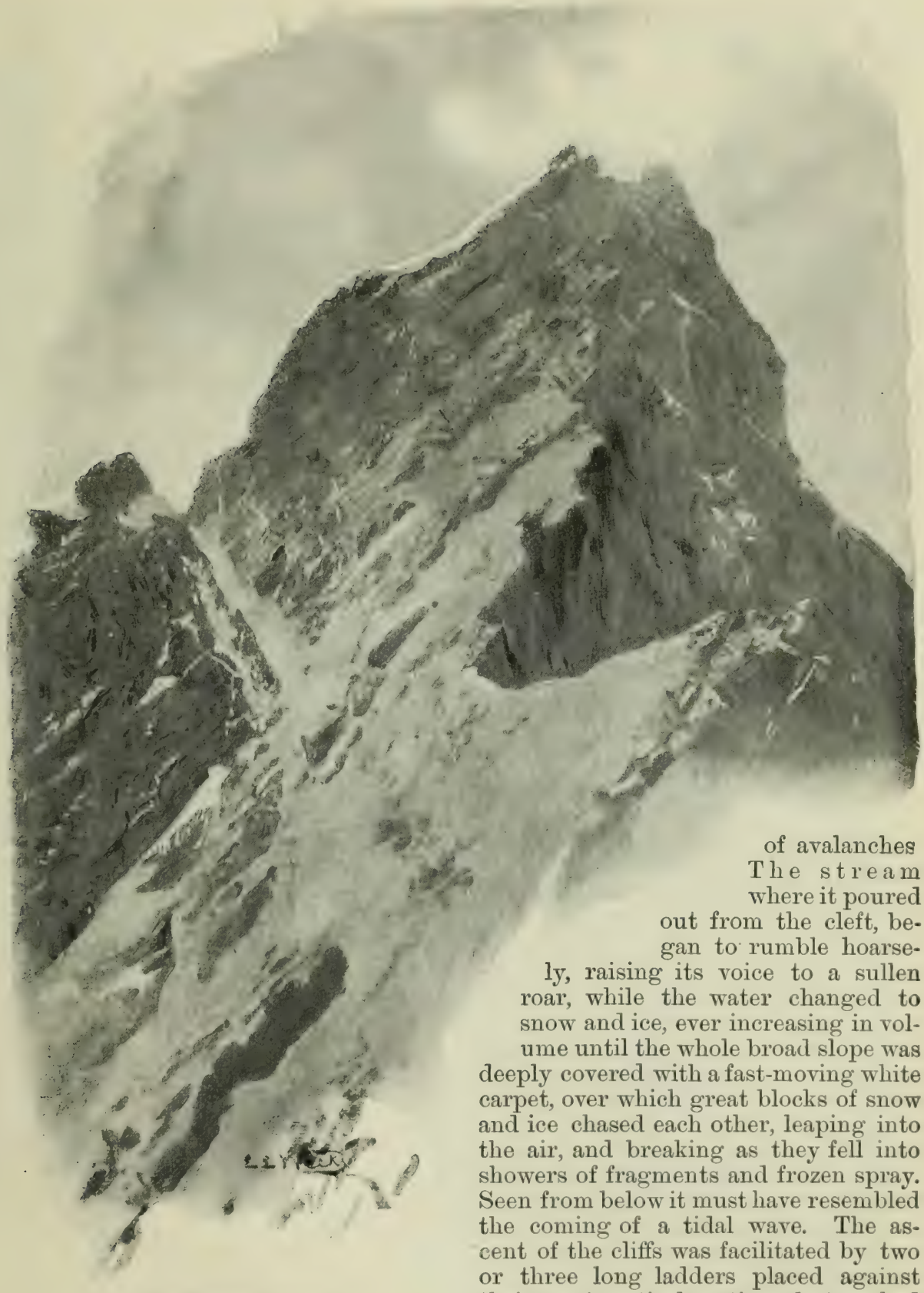
*According to Baedeker's figures the three highest summits of the Alps are Mont Blanc, 15,366 feet, Monte Rosa, 15,217, and the Dom du Mischabel, 14,941. The first belongs to France, the second is on the boundary between Italy and Switzerland, while the third alone belongs entirely to the latter country.

† The numbers 1 (above) and 2 (p. 541) are given, not in order to discriminate in favor of one or the other, but are a means of identifying them, as they are namesakes. Peter Taugwalder, No. 1, is one of the survivors of the famous Matterhorn disaster in 1865, when he accompanied his father as porter.

II.

While detained at the Eggishorn hotel by bad weather, in '86, I picked up a copy of the *Times*, or some other London daily, and found an editorial relating to a recent accident on the Dom du Mischabel, and it also contained a letter or statement in regard to the claim put forth by an Englishman who had just made the ascent, as he believed, for the first time; this presumption was contradicted by others who claimed to have made prior ascents. I have since seen guides who thought that it had been done as early as 1865. In those remote days the Dom was invested with imaginary terrors, and a certain prestige like that of the Matterhorn before Mr. Whymper made the first ascent, although of course in a lesser degree; at that time there was no cabin, and climbers were obliged to pass the first part of the night under the cliffs above Randa.

Now that the Dom has a club-hut and the route is well known, it presents no difficulty, although rather long and tedious, rising as it does more than ten thousand feet sheer above Randa. The day which we chose for the trip was the first on which it would have been feasible, after a long period of bad weather with much snow, and we overtook several other parties on the road. The great rampart of tawny cliffs above the valley, which forms the pedestal of the Dom, rises to such a height that one can see nothing of the glaciers and peaks above them. In the centre, and at the bottom of this amphitheatre of cliffs, there is a cavern, probably an extension or widening of a deep cleft which was cut through by the torrent issuing from its mouth, and which trickles across the broad delta, or sloping plain of gravel and *débris*, at the base. When we had crossed the tor-



Zinal-Rothhorn—Sunset.

rent at a point far below, and were ascending the steep pastures beyond, toward the cliffs, it was our good fortune to behold the most magnificent of avalanches The stream where it poured out from the cleft, began to rumble hoarsely, raising its voice to a sullen roar, while the water changed to snow and ice, ever increasing in volume until the whole broad slope was deeply covered with a fast-moving white carpet, over which great blocks of snow and ice chased each other, leaping into the air, and breaking as they fell into showers of fragments and frozen spray. Seen from below it must have resembled the coming of a tidal wave. The ascent of the cliffs was facilitated by two or three long ladders placed against their most vertical portions, but we had the blazing afternoon sun of August on our backs, and were sufficiently hot and thirsty by the time we reached the top and could look across the icy desolation of the Festi Glacier to the vast

bulk of the Mischabel group rising beyond it. Some English Alpinists had already installed themselves at the new Club hut, and were luxuriating in iced wine punch, which had been prepared in a flexible canvas bucket, and they held it out to us as we arrived hot and breathless. Certainly nothing ever looked more tempting than its crimson depths, with the lemons and blocks of ice swimming about, and even the strictest Mussulman might well have been pardoned if for once he forgot his creed and looked upon the wine when it was red.



A Ladder of Ice—Zinal-Rothhorn.

The cabin had a sloping platform for sleeping purposes, extending along the wall for its entire length on the side

opposite the door, which was well covered with clean straw and plentifully provided with blue blankets, each marked with the C. A. of the Club Alpine. There was a large stove at one end of the narrow space left, with a table and a few wooden benches near it, and at the other end a primitive stairway led to the loft, which was sacred to the guides. When the numerous and cosmopolitan company had tucked themselves away in the straw at the early hour of 8 P.M. the cabin presented a droll appearance, with its long row of heads, variously nightcapped, each emerging from its blue blanket. Although at such an elevation the nights are usually cold, on this particular night a blanket was quite unnecessary, and the fleas, which are never absent from the clean straw of Switzerland, were uncommonly active ; there was also a man who snored, and two or three who told stories. As there was little prospect of sleep I wandered out in search of a cool spring which bubbled up at a little distance from the door, and which could only be found after much groping and stumbling among the rocks. There was no moon, and while the ground underfoot was almost undistinguishable, the vivid starlight made all the encircling peaks clearly visible. Just across the deep gulf of Randa, which had the blackness of a pall, arose the colossal bulk of the Weisshorn, and the white chaos of seracs and glaciers leading up to it, seemed to diffuse an almost phosphorescent glimmer, while from behind the black pyramid of the Matterhorn the Milky Way rose straight toward the zenith, like a flaming sword. The dead silence would have been oppressive, had it not been broken now and then by the muffled roar of a torrent somewhere down below, which came at intervals on some stray current of air, like the hollow rumble of a distant train. In the dry night wind at this elevation there is a subtle quality which makes one feel so keenly alive, that only a modicum of sleep is necessary, and one is loath to exchange its freshness for the close, stove-heated air of a "cabane." And if one remembers for a moment the Turkish proverb which, as everyone knows, runs thus, "A man is better lying down than standing, sleeping than lying down, dead than sleeping," it is only with the impatience of the scoffer at a philosophy with which he cannot feel in touch. At one o'clock, after we had all dozed a little, there was a sound of heavy boots coming carefully down the stair, and presently the guides were all at work heating "bouillon," or making coffee over the stove. The first to start was a German with two guides, and we followed shortly after ; by the time we had picked our way by the light of the lantern over the bowlders of the moraine, and along the crevasses of the glacier, we sighted his lantern, which shone like a star, high up in a couloir of snow



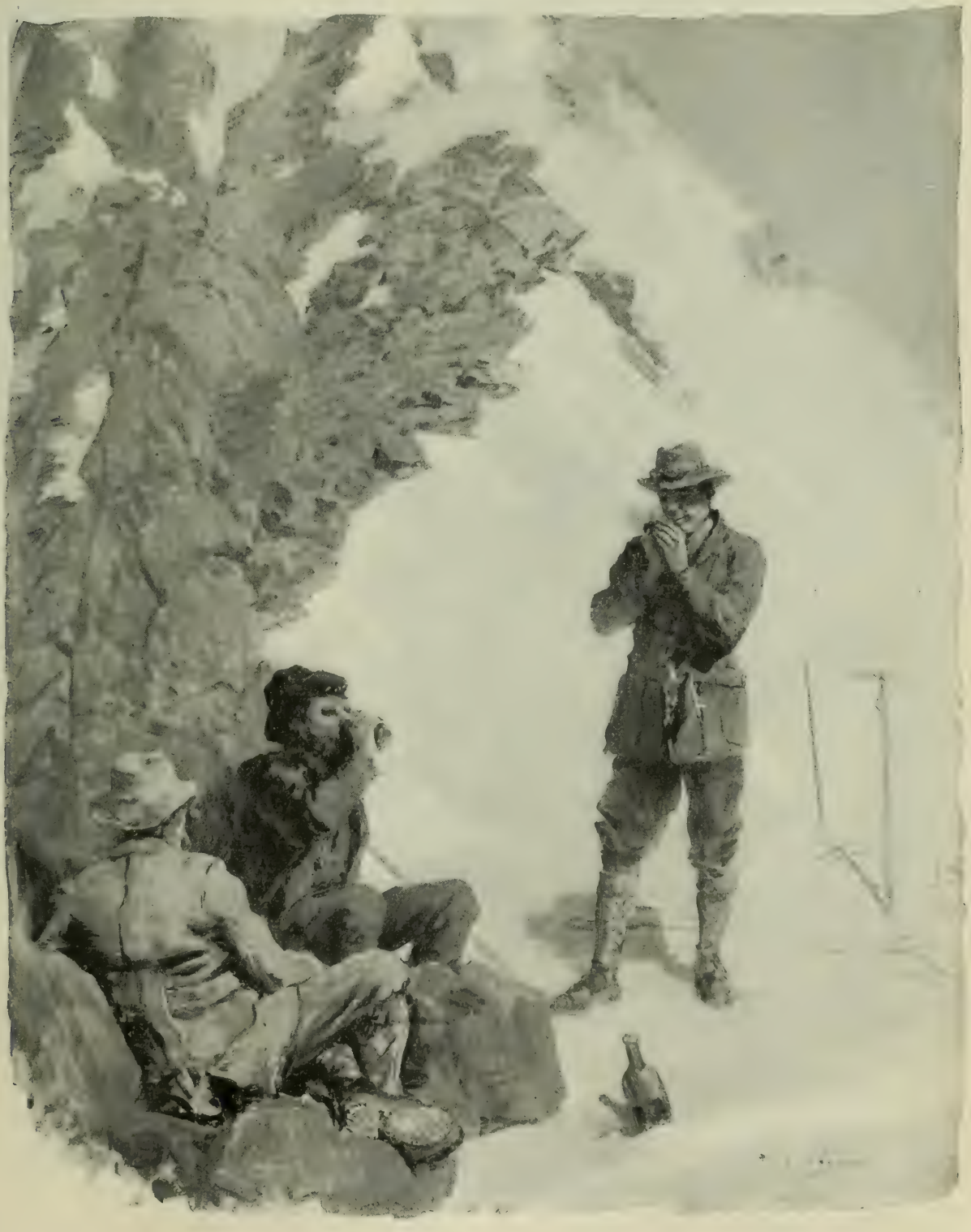
Peter Taugwalder, No. 2.



On the Gallery—near the Rothhorn Summit.

leading to the arête. Here we overtook the German, and after a consultation our guides thought it advisable that we should all be roped together. We had not proceeded far, along the wedge-like snow arête which leads, if I remember rightly, in an almost unbroken line to the summit, when we came to the only break in its continuity, a huge and jutting promontory of rocks, which seemed to cut the arête quite in two, and to bar our further

progress. The German team in front, like ants when interrupted in their travels by any obstacle, kept straight on, and scaled the cliff, but when they reached the summit, seemed unable to get down on the other side. My guides, seeing their predicament, unharnessed themselves, and we started round the ledge on the side where it rises above the Festi glacier. One by one we worked along the wall until we came to the corner: the first guide had already turned it, and having need of both hands I was beginning to find my piollet somewhat embarrassing, when we were nearly tomahawked by the piollet of one of the men over our heads, which he had dropped in his struggle to get



A Rest on the Way Down.



DRAWN BY E. L. WEEKS.

Getting Down the Ledge above the Saddle.——Rothhorn.

down. As we ducked instinctively, another piollet whizzed past like an arrow, and buried itself in the ice of the glacier far below. It must have taken them nearly an hour to recover their lost property, and after regaining the snow arête we continued serenely on until we neared the apex of the Dom, where we were the first to arrive, between seven and eight A.M. As we neared the summit, ledges of rock arose through the crusted snow on the Zermatt side, and the ridge, ever steeper as we toiled breathlessly upward, rose before us like the razor edge which all good Mussulmen must traverse if they would reach Paradise. But from the top of the Dom it was the majestic triple peak of the "Gran Paradiso" which we saw, rising over the shoulder of the Matterhorn, but far away on the Italian side. It is said that from this height the Mediterranean is often visible, but although the sky overhead was of the deepest and most cloudless blue, the nearer snows dazzling, and the long white chain of the Oberland toned by a golden haze, the plains of Italy beyond the lakes faded away into a vaporous horizon on the south. As we turned to go down, we met the others coming up along the ridge, but our guides, for some good reason—probably the steepness of the crusted snow slope — preferred to take a different route, and turning to the right we sat down in the snow, and slid or "glissaded" down what would make the finest and dizziest of toboggan slides, to the valley at the foot of the Taschhorn.

Although the Dom is undoubtedly one of the finest of the great snow peaks, the ascent of it does not present the varied interest of many rock summits far inferior in height, and the only amusing bit of rock-work which I remember, is the passage of the ledge or cliff near the beginning of the arête.

III.

The Val d'Aosta, as one leaves Courmayeur and Mont Blanc behind, opens below like the portal of a new world, and is a charming interlude between the arctic world which we have just left and that which we are to encounter on the other side of its high mountain wall. The green vineyards of Italy border the dusty highway, and each jutting promontory of rock is crowned with a castle or watch-tower. Near Villeneuve, on the south is the narrow entrance of the gorge which leads upward into the Val Savaranche, which is one point of departure for the Gran Paradiso region. When entering this valley for the first time I had come up from Turin and Cuorgné, by the "Col de la Croix de Nivollet," and by way of Ceresole Reale, entering the Val Savaranche at Villeneuve. I reached the little hamlet of Pont, a scattered group of weather-beaten chalets at the head of the ravine, late in the afternoon. An old "garde-chasse," wearing the badge of the King of Italy on his hat, met me on the road, and proffered his services as guide, as he had a key of the Cabane on the Paradiso. We put up at a cantine, the nearest approach to a hotel in the village, which was kept by a most obliging woman, surrounded by five or six tow-headed children, who sprawled over each other in front of the great open fireplace. For other furniture, the room had a pine table with a bench on each side, a spinning-wheel, and two or three closets in the wall, where our hostess kept her crockery, and supplies of chocolate, sardines, and other luxuries for improvident pedestrians. Her cuisine, naturally limited in this bleak region, included soup, eggs, and chickens, of which a goodly number strutted in front of the door or foraged on the kitchen floor, so that without leaving her fireplace she could pounce on the chosen victim at the proper moment. But this time we were doomed to disappointment; the weather changed for the worse, and after passing a night in the loft overhead, where, although the beds were sufficiently immaculate, there was hardly room to stand upright, we were obliged reluctantly to abandon the trip; a cold storm had set in during the night, and the heights around us were hidden by the driving rain. My second attempt, although it did not begin as auspiciously, ended in the most satisfactory manner. The old "garde-chasse," when I reached his

house lower down in the valley, was away hunting steinbock * with the King, and I could find no one to take his place in the village of Pont, when I arrived there for the second time: there was still an hour for a little prospecting before dark, and hoping to get a view of the hitherto elusive Gran Paradiso, I kept on to the end of the valley and turned up the bridle-path which leads to the cabane. But the great summit is not visible either from this valley or from Cogne, being environed by a circle of lesser satellites which are yet high enough to cut off the view entirely, and it is only from the heights around Zermatt that one can get a satisfactory impression of the highest peak in Italy.

The cabane, having been designed as a royal shooting-box, is superior in its equipments to any club hut with which I am familiar, and is approached by a well-kept bridle-path, which winds upward in long zigzags. When turning to come down I saw far below, at the foot of the cliffs, a party of three who were on their way up, carrying a coil of rope and various other impedimenta. They proved to be two young Italian engineers, accompanied by a guide whom they had engaged for the season, and with the amiability characteristic of Italian Alpinists, they invited me to make one of their party, only stipulating that I should bring up provisions and a few extra metres of rope. They were to sleep at the Cabane and start at five in the morning It was then about 6 P.M., and I was not long in getting down to the cantine, swallowing a hastily cooked dinner and securing a supply of provisions. Our hostess found the rope, which was crammed into a sack with the rations, and her husband, carrying a lantern, officiated as porter. The Italians were already asleep when we reached our quarters, which were truly palatial for a "hut" at this elevation; the room which they occupied opened into a large dining-room furnished with a long table and chairs, and beyond this we found a kitchen, a room for guides, and another sleeping-room provided with several bunks and mattresses. A single figure was stretched out in one of the bunks, and the room was heated by a drum connected with the stove in the adjoining kitchen. I was rather too hasty, however, in congratulating myself on such unwonted luxury, for the temperature of the room, uncomfortably hot when I turned in, became chill and frosty when the fire had gone out, and it was not until my room-mate shook himself out of bed at the call of his guides, that I discovered that there were blankets, and that he had appropriated all of them, my share as well as his own. Taking advantage of the unusually complete cooking facilities, and the generous supply of crockery provided by royalty for hungry Alpinists, we dallied late over a rather elaborate breakfast, and it was broad daylight when we struck into the path and began to clamber over the frost-covered bowlders which lead up to the snow-fields. In speaking of a path here and elsewhere, I refer always to the distinct foot-path which, in the case of mountains frequently ascended, leads from the starting-point, club hut or inn, up the moraines to the glacier. Beyond this point there may exist, during a long season of fine weather, traces in the snow left by the last party, which of course are obliterated by the first storm. The only other landmarks or indications of human life above the rudimentary path up the moraine and the occasional tracks in the snow, are the deposits of broken bottles and empty tin cans at points where the guides are in the habit of stopping. In cases where the ascent is not often made, these indications are not to be depended on. As there was only one guide and no porter in this party of four, the provisions and other baggage were divided, and each man carried his share of the weight; mine, in addition to my own personal belongings, was a bulky wooden wine-flask, of a make only found in this part of Italy, and large enough to supply the entire party. The weight was of little consequence, but its size and bulk were rather in the way when we got to the rocks, and more than once I was nearly carromed off a cliff by its rotundity.

* The adjacent hills, as well as those around Cogne, are still the haunt of the steinbock or ibex, which are reserved for the exclusive sport of royalty, although the chamois are free to all at the proper season.

While we travelled along the snow-ridge, and the first ice-slope where steps were cut, our guide did not think it worth while to put on the rope, although we struggled along one after the other, and a decidedly rapid toboggan slide led down to the edge of a cliff overhanging a glacier which we could not see. An icy wind blew down the slope, and the slowness of our progress upward did not tend to increase our somewhat sluggish circulation. The first striking feature of the route was a long "Bergschrund," or horizontal chasm in the ice, fringed with pendent icicles, and of varying width, which must first be crossed before we could mount the steep snow-covered dome on the other side, which led to the ridge of rocks at the summit; this was the most toilsome part of the ascent, as the beginning of the slope directly at the edge of the crevasse had the bulging outward curve of a Persian dome. The ice was covered to the depth of a foot or more with loose snow, which had to be scraped away before the steps could be cut. As it happened, we were none of us properly equipped for the occasion, the guide had the only piollet, the rest of us having alpenstocks, and my one pair of woollen gloves did duty for three, each taking his turn; in consequence of our improvidence, one of the party had the hand in which he held his staff so shrivelled by the cold wind that for months afterward it had a shrunken look, although not actually frost-bitten; while the fairest of the two Italians suffered from sunburn to such a degree that his face was puffed out with water-blisters; he had rubbed it with butter before starting, but far from impeding the action of the sun-glare it seemed rather to increase its effect, so that he became a sorry spectacle on the following day; as for the guide and myself, our weather-beaten hides were too well tanned to suffer much from a little additional exposure. Subsequent experience has taught me that one can never consider himself exempt from sunburn, and in going over tracts of newly fallen snow, and when the sun shines through thin vapor, what is called a "white mist," very few escape entirely.

Having reached at last the top of the snow-dome, we found ourselves near the rocky ridge backbone which crops out through the snow at the summit of the Gran Paradiso; it had a strikingly artificial appearance, and might be likened to an old Roman wall, while the three tall aiguilles, one of which is the true summit, heighten the resemblance still more by looking as if built of superimposed blocks of stone. When we had clambered up to the top of the wall, which was at least five or six feet broad, we walked easily along, sometimes climbing over a large block of stone covered with snow, until the thoroughfare came to an end at the foot of the first summit. Here we saw that it would be necessary to pass round the outer wall, which descended quite vertically for some distance, until it reached the snow-slopes and seracs which led down to the glacier. Our guide went first, showing us that there was in reality no difficulty about this "mauvais pas," which at first sight did not look invitingly easy. We all held him by the rope, while he worked along the face of the wall, clinging to the projections or searching with his fingers for the crevices, and then with a long step across space (I cannot remember now how far down the slope began, but the impression that there was both space and depth was vivid enough at that moment) he reached a sure foothold in the rocks of the second "chimney," and then we all followed one after the other. My turn came last, and being slightly embarrassed by the wine-flask, it was necessary for me to hug the wall closely; then with a brief scramble up the rocks we reached the summit.

Nowhere among the Alps is there a panorama of more impressive desolation than this. In almost every similar prospect, even the more extensive view from the Dom, the eye may travel downward without hinderance, from the Switzerland of the Alpinists, to the deep grooves haunted by summer tourists—the green valley with the railway track along the bottom, the great hotels—and one may imagine, if he cannot see, the long procession of pleasure-seekers each carrying, ant-like, a burden of some sort. But here the con-

necting links are missing; there is no populous valley just below, no summits seem to over-top us but the distant snows of Mont Blanc and the "Grand Combin," and nothing meets the eye but the world of ice and rocks, and solitude, which shuts out the nether world.

Here on the summit, one of the Italians had an ill turn, which might have been mountain sickness, or it may have been caused by indigestion, and it was evident that our guide felt some anxiety about getting him down along the wall; but after he had slept for half an hour in a sunny nook, the feeling passed off, and we reached the cabane without further difficulty.

On the following morning we started for Cogne by the Col de Lauzon,* a charming route, from the forest of fir and larch above Pont to the high green pasture slopes, and over a rocky saddle, where we had a capacious lunch. While we lay smoking on a flat rock in the sunshine, and sheltered from the wind on the "Col," a single chamois wandered across a patch of snow far below us; we all shouted at once, and he disappeared with a few leaps, followed by eight others. Down among the green slopes below we came to a hunting-lodge belonging to the King, and late in the afternoon we reached the little town of Cogne. The villagers were all sitting and gossiping on their doorsteps when we passed through, as it was Sunday afternoon, and the blonde-haired peasant-girls were in holiday attire; all wore high white ruffs, like those in portraits of the Medici period, long-waisted bodices, and short skirts of some dark blue material, relieved by narrow strips of colored silk.

There were two hotels in the village, and one of my companions said that they were going to the "Grivola." He did not like to recommend it, as it was kept by his cousins, and he even admitted that it was considered dearer than the other, but we went to the "Grivola" notwithstanding. The sign-board swung in the wind at the end of a long iron bracket, and the whitewashed stone walls were pierced by small grated windows, a prevalent fashion in Cogne, which gives to the place something of the character of a Spanish village. Within, there was a long dining-room with quaint old furniture, and quainter engravings on the white walls. In the traveller's book a noted climber had recorded his ascent of the Gran Paradiso without a guide; it may have been easy enough for him, but the casual amateur would feel more tranquil with someone at the other end of a rope.

Here our friends were made welcome and we all had a huge supper. Roast chamois was one of the principal dishes, and the wine of the Val d'Aosta was poured out by a girl with a Medici ruff. After coffee in the morning my bill was a trifle over five francs, all included; but possibly the other hotel may have been a shade less expensive.

* Col de Lauzon, 9,500 feet.

IV.

The Zinal-Rothhorn or "Moming" is, to use an Anglo-Indian phrase, a "puckah" mountain, which means that it is the real thing and not a sham; it holds a very respectable rank among the local aristocracy of rock peaks, the crowned heads which rise above the high white ridges surrounding Zermatt. Although we found no unusual difficulty on the Rothhorn, there was too much snow near the summit, and the ascent was long and fatiguing; but a quiet, gray-haired lady who dined at the *table d'hôte* at Zermatt had made the trip three years before, and did not seem to consider it by any means an unusual performance. Her companion, who was my neighbor at dinner, told of a man who, without much previous experience, had chosen it for his first essay in climbing. When he had reached the peak, with its shelving slabs of rock, and ladder of ice, he lost his head entirely, and the guides were obliged literally to carry him down, one of them placing his feet in the right spots, and the other holding him by the shoulders; this is a fine illustration of the strength, coolness, and pluck of these men.

Before attacking the Rothhorn we had sustained a defeat, or rather, we had made an ignominious and perhaps unnecessary retreat the day before.

We had first undertaken the "Ober-Gabelhorn," which, although not quite as high or as expensive, is at times even more difficult. After passing the night at the "Trift" inn, two hours above Zermatt, we were obliged to give up the trip, as the weather had changed. We made a second expedition to the Trift on the following day, and at two in the morning we set out for the Gabelhorn again. Pietro shook his head doubtfully when he saw the quantity of snow on the rocks, and seemed reluctant about starting. During the halt for breakfast, at sunrise, on the rocks below the Gabelhorn glacier, we were joined by an English climber with a "record" and a vigorous pair of long legs. He had just come up from Zermatt without stopping at the Trift, and although his guides, who were both young and ambitious, seemed very doubtful about the success of the undertaking, he decided to keep on as far as possible, and we all began the ascent of the glacier at the same time. As we got higher up, the soft snow covering the ice-slopes became deeper, and Pietro became more despondent. Both of my guides finally halted, and declared that, although they were willing to keep on, they considered it a useless waste of strength, and were quite sure that it would be impossible to reach the summit in time to return before nightfall. Yielding to the advice of the older and more experienced guide, we turned back, not without regret, and concluded to devote the remainder of the day to prowling about on the lower summits, and to attack the Zinal-Rothhorn on the following night, as it appeared to be in better condition and less buried in snow. We had not proceeded far in our descent, looking back from time to time at our friends, who were still struggling upward through the deep drifts, when Pietro was seized with the qualms of indigestion, which accounted, in a measure, for his reluctance to go on. It is quite impossible for any man, however strong, to climb rocks when suffering from even the least touch of dyspepsia ; one might as well engage in a prize-fight with a broken wrist.

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon that our friend returned to the inn, just as we were thinking of sending up after him, and narrated over his tea, and in a voice as husky as my own at the moment, how they had at last reached the "Gabel" after unusual exertion, and in spite of the overhanging cornices of snow, they had clambered up to the summit. The guide, who was still suffering from indigestion, was replaced by Peter Taugwalder (No. 2), and by 2 A.M. we were toiling up the steep and seemingly endless moraines below the Rothhorn glacier.

Now, while we are still half awake, and not wholly reconciled to being up and astir, it seems a fitting moment to make the admission that one of the least attractive features connected with the assault of any respectable peak, is the unearthly small hour at which one is routed out of bed, and compelled, for the sake of prudence, to swallow a substantial meal. When the previous night is passed on the straw of a "club hut" one may sometimes look forward to early rising without regret, but when, as at the Trift, one is luxuriously ensconced between sheets under a thick eiderdown, and the guides rap at the door at 1 A.M., it is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the condemned, when the entrance of the jailer before daylight admits of only one construction. Then one is inclined to turn over, with a vague sense of injury at the thought of the black cliffs sheathed in ice. But once out in the keen, clear air, well fortified by something hot inside, there comes to the climber a new sense of positive exhilaration at the prospect of the work before him, and the mere fact of being alive is in itself a source of rejoicing. Overhead the sky is cloudless and star-lit, with a waning moon, not powerful enough to illuminate the depths of shadow thrown across the valley by the heights behind, and for a long distance the path is undistinguishable save in the little circle of light cast by the lantern of the guide in front, so that one is obliged to mind his steps while picking his way from one bowlder to another. In front rises the ragged outline of the Gabelhorn, and the dark masses of rock which conceal the Rothhorn, all in the diffused and spectral light which comes just before dawn.

Once out of the gloom and shadow, the lantern is extinguished; behind us, and beyond the vague darkness which still lurks in the ravine of the Trift, arise the spotless snows of the Monte Rosa chain, cutting sharply against the first pink flush of the sky. Then follows the matchless pageant of early dawn, and the sunrise, which has an impressive solemnity in these high latitudes unequalled elsewhere; more than once I have seen the guides halt in their steps and turn back to enjoy it, accustomed as they are to the spectacle, and it is always a pleasure to see in their rough-hewn, weather-beaten faces, the gleam of recognition which shows that they too are keenly alive to its beauty.

Long before this, the last regret at our enforced early rising has vanished; all other regrets and cares which may have followed us to Zermatt have been left behind and forgotten for the moment: most of them lurk among our belongings left at the hotel in Zermatt, and not one has followed us beyond the little room at the Trift. For the moment the one absorbing aim in life is to see the end of this interminable moraine — one could not but think of Dante's obscure wood:

"E quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura;"

and beyond the last of the moraine we mount the ice of the Rothhorn glacier. There is but little of it, and we come almost at once to the towering barrier of rocky precipice at the left, which is the first formidable outwork of the Rothhorn itself. Although we could not have been favored with a milder day for this promenade, the way up the vertical wall, which lay along the groove worn by a cataract, was covered with a thin coating of ice where the spray had frozen during the night. The staircase cut by another cascade a little farther on, was equally slippery; but after Biner had prospected a little he found a way which would conduct us to the more gentle slopes above. One of the chief beauties of this particular Rothhorn * is, that it does not give one much leisure for retrospection, but offers in rapid succession almost every variety of climbing necessary to keep one's interest from flagging. When we had gained the summit of the rocks, high above the glacier, we were confronted with a long and exceedingly steep slope of mingled snow and ice, where step-cutting was necessary in places, and one or two halts to gain breath, before we could reach the summit of the long, winding ridge which leads to the peak. Sharp points of rock pierce the snow in some places, but in front of us stretches away, in long perspective, the sharp arête which we must traverse, never straight or even, but sinuous, winding, alternately rising and falling, or hanging over in curving cornices, which we must avoid by long detours, so that it seems at times like being on the ridge-pole of some vast white cathedral. The snow has begun to melt a little, and it is not difficult to keep one's footing, but in places where the wind, by constant friction, has left only a knife-like edge the concentrated attention which is necessary becomes at last fatiguing, so that it is with a sense of relief that we descend steeply the end of the arête, and cautiously mount a slender bridge of snow, like a white flying buttress, supported from below by a spur or thin curtain of rock which runs out from the base of the peak.

We are now at the foot of the mighty pyramid of splintered rock, powdered in places with fresh snow, which rises in front to a discouraging height, and we can realize in a measure that there is work before us. Moving carefully across the slope, through loose snow and over rocks, we reach the steep and narrow couloir filled with ice by which we mount to the "saddle." Here the guides deposit their sacks and all superfluous articles, and we fortify ourselves with a third breakfast. In doing this sort of work one feels the need of a substantial banquet at least once every two hours. The place is a veritable saddle, for on the other side the slope is quite as steep, so that it is almost like sitting astride of a wall. Even the piollets are left behind, with the exception of Biner's, who takes the lead, and does the cutting. In places like this only a

* Near Zermatt alone there are three Rothhorns. The Unter-Rothhorn, 10,190 feet; Ober-Rothhorn, 11,214 feet, guides, 10 francs; Zinal-Rothhorn, 13,855 feet, guides, 80 francs.

practised expert can carry his axe without being embarrassed by it, when both hands are needed, and where the best trained acrobat would be manifestly inferior to a Barbary ape. The thin wedge of rock on which we have been sitting stops at the foot of a wall; there is no difficulty in getting up, as the notches occur in the right places, and one gains a little extra confidence for what is before him. Now comes something quite different, a broad table-like surface of smooth rock, sloping downward with such a degree of convexity as to hide the base of the mountain below, and beyond its curving edge nothing is visible nearer than the glaciers of the Zinal valley. Too steep to walk across, and with little or no apparent irregularity of surface, it resembles the smooth rounded slope of a mansard roof. But a closer inspection discloses two or three transverse fissures, and one by one, with great caution, we manage to wriggle across, eel-like, depending on our fingers, elbows, and the friction of our clothes, but not at all on our feet. It is in reality much easier than it looks, as one feels instinctively where to bestow his weight. Upon the other side, some sharp jutting points of rock afford a safe anchorage where we may take breath for a moment, and looking upward contemplate the next bit of work. Although widely different in character, it is not a whit more inviting; a long and glassy ice-slope of exceeding steepness leads straight to the top of the ridge near the first peak; a narrow ledge or ridge of rock begins high up, and protruding through the ice, reaches about half-way down the slope; to gain this point is the object of the next effort. While Peter and I enjoy the well-earned luxury of indolence, Biner goes on and hacks away with his piollet, cutting a series of deep gashes in the hard ice; half-way to the lower end of the ledge, he reaches the end of his coil of rope, and shouts for us to come up. Leaving Peter to await his turn at the bottom, I mount this Jacob's ladder of ice as far as the rope will permit, there to wait until Biner has gained the rocks. To describe this slope as nearly vertical would be to exaggerate, but it certainly has the inclination of the average straight "mansard," and to walk would necessitate too much effort in keeping one's balance. Fortunately the steps are so deep that it is possible to rest an elbow in one, and a knee in another; the blows of the piollet above send down a shower of ice chips which fill up the steps as they are cut, and it becomes necessary to scoop them out with one's fingers. Meanwhile there is leisure to look around and enjoy the landscape; there is a remarkably fine view of the Dent Blanche, which seems to have borrowed very nearly the outline of the Matterhorn when seen from the Staffel Alp, but most of the scenery is down in the depths beyond and below the placid countenance of Peter, which stands out at the bottom of the ice slope, against the deep gulf of the Zinal Valley, for the smooth convexity of the slope effectually conceals everything between. Biner reaches the rocks, and we mount rapidly until we can lay hold of the first sharp ridge; at this point two or three slender cords * protrude from the ice; someone has evidently taken the trouble to fasten them before the ice had formed, but they are hardly strong enough to bear one's weight, and the rocks offer a more secure hold. It is not advisable, however, to attempt walking yet; as the rocks are stratified vertically they offer no transverse breaks in which to insert one's fingers, but the roughness of their surface is sufficient to allow of a firm hold. A short walk along the crest of the ridge leads us to the first of the two crags which form the summit, and the next step is a gymnastic performance in which some caution is advisable. This first peak runs up into a narrow wedge of rock crowned by thin, pointed

* This extract from the *Alpine Post*, a bright litt'e Swiss journal (September 6, 1893), will show that such improvements do not always meet with the unqualified approval of the public. "One has been accustomed to look on the Dent Blanche as unlikely ever to be degraded by being bound in ropes and chains. But, alas! a party ascending it not long ago, found to their intense disgust that a rope had been fixed from the end of the traverse below the first 'Gendarme' to the arête. In this country it is illegal to remove anything such as ropes off a mountain, otherwise no doubt the cord would have been cut away then and there. . . . Climbers will remember the piece of ground covered by this rope. Our correspondent, when ascending the Dent Blanche, found this part of the mountain in the worst possible condition, and he does not hesitate to say that for an experienced party (and 'duffers' should not attack first-class peaks) there was no danger whatever, though great care was requisite in cutting the steps."

slabs like a stone fence, or like grave-stones, slanting outward, and overhanging the perpendicular wall on the Zermatt side which seemed so grand and impressive when we looked up at it from the snow arête below. Around and under these leaning slabs it is necessary to pass, one by one, placing our feet carefully in a little fissure like the gutter along a housetop, hugging the grave-stones which hang over us, and leaning backward until we overhang the abyss, some three thousand feet below. It is easy, however, to shift our hold from one slab to another, and where the fissure ceases there are little projecting points which afford secure footing. And then it is much more agreeable to hang over, back down, than in the reverse sense.

The guide in front having reached the end of this gallery, suddenly disappears through a gap in the wall, which is like an embrasure between two battlements of a fortress, barely wide enough for us to squeeze through, one by one ; the passage descends steeply like a stairway encumbered with snow, and we come out on the Zinal side again. The last peak is just in front of us, but to reach it the way lies across a slender ice-bridge running upward to the peak at a decided angle. The accumulated snow hangs over the cornice in beautiful curves and rounded masses, fringed in places with long icicles, where it caps the wall on the Zermatt side. While Biner goes ahead and hacks out a passage with his piollet, there is barely time to scrawl a sketch of the situation in front,* and then with a brief scramble up the rocks beyond the cornice, we are on the summit. There is just room for two of us to sit on the same rock, and the third crouches below while we finish the provisions carried in our pockets, for the guides' sacks have been left on the "saddle," and the bulk of the supplies far below. Getting down is an easy matter at first, cautiously descending the cornice, along the gallery, which might be less agreeable on a cold day with a high wind, and we do not forget to exercise a certain amount of calm deliberation when we get to the steep ice-slope. Then comes the sloping rock, and here one cannot but envy the unerring judgment of that "expert" who figures so often in the pages of "Baedeker," and whose presumed superiority is particularly aggravating in the passages marked "for experts only, with the best guides." It is not so easy to find the projections or fissures as it was in getting up, and about halfway down, when Peter's head had disappeared below the verge, the last crevice seemed to have disappeared also, in the smooth surface of the rock. Hearing the hoarse voice of the guide behind I look up, and see that he has taken a turn of the rope around a rock, and has braced himself against it, so letting go I slide down to the bottom, and then down the ledge to the saddle. . . . It was sunset when we reached the glacier, and darkness overtook us before we got to the bottom of the moraines, and the Trift valley. A light far below, which we at first mistook for the window of the inn, proved to be the lantern of the hotel-keeper who had come out to meet us. We had been out over seventeen hours in all ; and the unexpected depth of the snow must in any case have added several hours to the usual time. It was our intention to keep on to Zermatt that night, but having feasted royally, and quenched our thirst, no one seemed disposed to carry out the valiant intentions of an hour ago. Moreover, we may have remembered at that moment the sad fate of the German climber who, having scaled one of the giants, was proceeding homeward at night, down an actual path, by lantern light, when he stumbled and fell into a gulley a few feet below, with most

* For those sketches illustrating climbing episodes, the writer does not claim topographical accuracy, since most of them were materialized from hasty notes, and aim merely to render his own impressions at the moment. The one showing the last snow cornice on the Rothhorn was, however, made from a more careful scrawl, and the main lines were closely followed, as there was an opportunity to do this while the leader was cutting steps. There are many places where a small camera may be used, and there are others where it would be extremely injudicious to allow one's attention to wander from the work in hand, and they are precisely the places where an amateur would want to make a snap-shot. It is no more than fair to consider the guides at such moments, and unless one is a member of the C. A., and presumably "à la hauteur de la situation" (whatever it may be), or is as clever an acrobat as the man at the Folies Bergère, who changes his clothes on a tight rope and breaks moving glass bulbs with a Winchester at the same time, he had better be content with doing one thing well, and to remember that *there is no net under him.*

unpleasant results—and we concluded then not to face the dangers of the path down the Trift valley before daylight.

V.

Between the guides of Zermatt, Evolena, and other centres of Alpinism in the Valais, it would be somewhat invidious to make any distinction ; but those whose portraits are here given have accompanied the writer on many excursions, and although each one of them has had more favorable opportunities of showing his prowess, they are all men whose strength, endurance, and general capacity are equal to any emergency. It would be hardly doing fair justice to the reader, as well as to the subject, to show only the bright side of it, and not to make the admission that it has a seamy side as well. With the yearly increase of travel, many charming excursions which were easy to make a few years ago, are becoming more difficult—the hap-hazard wandering with a knapsack from one valley to another, when one was always sure of finding a bed somewhere. In the Tyrol, for instance, where comfortable hotels are rarer, the pedestrian had better take along a shelter-tent and proceed on an independent basis. It was the writer's experience this last season to enter the valley of Sulden (near Meran) over a high pass where both he and the guide were well drenched by a sudden storm of rain and sleet, and upon arrival in the village they were unable to find sleeping accommodations, or even a place to change their clothing, the few cabarets which did duty as hotels being crammed with German and Austrian tourists. When one has only a brief space of time, a fortnight or three weeks, to spend among the giants, he may as well make up his mind to take what comes in his way, and not to set his heart upon any particular one, least of all on the uncertain and capricious "Dent Blanche," and to have some other alternative, some other seductive programme in view by way of compensation, should he chance upon a season of bad weather. When one is fairly penned up and snow-bound in some high and desolate valley, there is nothing for him to do but watch the dance of the merry snow-flakes through the window-panes, in the privacy of his own quarters, where the pattern of the wall-paper, should there be any, is often exasperating to his vexed spirit, and afflicts him as an additional grievance if he is at all susceptible to harmony of color ; or he may hang over the stove in the common room, wrapped in an ulster, and try to find oblivion in the pages of the "London, Chatham & Dover Railway Guide," or hunt for the missing pages of the "pension novel." It is then that he will think of Pallanza, where the summer still lingers, of long pulls on the lake, and breakfast in the vine-roofed portico of some little albergo on the shore—of Venice, and the swimmers at the Lido—and if he does not care to retrace his steps back to the starting-point, he will find a porter to carry his bag over one or two of the minor passes, where fresh snow has covered the green pasture slopes and has drifted neck-deep on the cols ; and thence down to the Valley of Gressonny or the Val Sesia, and so on to the chestnut-woods and the sunshine.

Legislative Library

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXX.

BY RAIL.

EVERYBODY felt playful, and nearly everybody coquettish. When Sister Proudfit, in response to some sly gallantry of Garnet's, used upon him a pair of black eyes, he gave her the whole wealth of his own. He must have overdone the matter, for the next moment he found Fannie's eyes levelled directly on him. She withdrew them with a casual remark to Barbara, yet not till they had said to him, in solemn silence:

"You villain, that time I saw you!"

Mrs. March had pushed cheerily into the rear Suez coach. Away from home and its satieties no one could be more easily or thoroughly pleased. Her son said the forward coach was better, but in there she had sighted Fannie and Barbara, and so——

"There's more room in here," she insisted, with sweet buoyancy.

Hamlet Graves rose. "Here, Cousin Daphne!" His brother Lazarus stood up with him.

"Here, John, your maw'll feel better if you're a-sett'n' by her."

But she urged the seat, with coy temerity, upon Mr. Ravenel.

"How well she looks in mourning," remarked two Blackland County ladies. "Yes, she's pretty yet; what a lovely smile."

"Don't go 'way," she exclaimed, with hostile alarm, as John turned toward the coach's front. He said he would not, and chose a standing-place where he could watch a corner of Fannie's distant hat.

"You won't see many fellows of his age staying with their mothers by choice instead o' running off after the girls," commented one of the Blackland matrons, and the other replied:

"They haven't all got such mothers!"

Mrs. March was enjoying herself. "But, Mr. Ravenel," she said, putting off part of her exhilaration, "you've really no right to be a bachelor." She smiled aslant.

"My dear lady," he murmured, "people who live in gla——"

She started and tried to look sour, but grew sweeter. He became more grave. "You're still young," he said, paused, and then—"You're a true Daphne, but you haven't gone all to laurel yet. I wish—I wish I could feel half as young as you look; I might hope"—he hushed, sighed, and nerved himself.

"Why, Mr. Ravenel!" She glanced down with a winsome smile. "I'm at least old enough to—to stay as I am if I choose?"

"Possibly. But you needn't if you

don't choose." He folded his arms as if to keep them from doing something rash.

Mrs. March bit her lip. "I can't imagine who would ever"—she bit it again. "Mr. Ravenel, do you remember those lines of mine—

"'O we women are so blind'?"

"Yes. But don't call me Mr. Ravenel."

"Why, why not?"

"It sounds so cold." He shuddered.

"It isn't meant so. It's not in my nature to be cold. It's you who are cold." She hushed as abruptly as a locust. A large man, wet with the heat, stood saluting. Mr. Ravenel rose and introduced Mr. Gamble, president of the road, a palpable, rank Westerner; whereupon it was she who was cold. Mr. Gamble praised the "panorama gliding by."

"Yes." She glanced out over the wide, hot, veering landscape that rose and sank in green and yellow slopes of corn, cotton, and wheat. The president fanned his soaking shirt-collar, and Mrs. March, with a palm-leaf fan.

"Mercury ninety-nine in Pulaski City," he said to Ravenel, and showed a telegram. Mr. Ravenel began to ask if he might introduce——

"Mr. March! Well, you *have* changed since the day you took Major Garnet and Mr. Fair and *I* to see that view in the mounhns! If anybody'd a-told me that I'd ever be president of—Thanks, no, sir." He wouldn't sit. He'd just been sitting and talking, he said, "with the two beauties, Miss Halliday and Miss Garnet." Didn't Mrs. March think them such?

She confessed they looked strong and well, and sighed an unresentful envy.

"Yes," said he, "they do, and I wouldn't give two cents on the dollar for such as don't."

Mrs. March smiled dyingly on John, and said she feared her son wouldn't either. John looked distressed and then laughed; but the president declared her the picture of robust health. This did not seem to please her entirely, and so he added,

"You've got to be, to write good poetry. It must be lots of fun, Mrs. March, to dash off a rhyme just to while away the time—ha, ha, ha! My wife often writes poetry when she feels tired and lazy. I know that whirling this way through this beautiful country is inspiring you right now to write half a dozen poems. I'd like to see you on one of those lovely hillsides in fine frenzy rolling"—He said he meant her eye.

The poetess blushed. A whimper of laughter came from somewhere, but one man put his head quickly out of a window and another stooped for something very hard to pick up, while John explained that crowds and dust were no inspiration to his mother, who was here to-day purely for his sake. She sat in limp revery with that faint shade on her face which her son believed meant patience. He and the president moved a reverent step aside.

"I hear," said Gamble, in a business undertone, "that your school's a success."

"Not financially," replied John, gazing into the forward coach.

"Mr. March, why don't you colonize your lands? You can do it, now the railroad's here."

"I would, sir, if I had the capital."

"Form a company! They furnish the money, you furnish the land. How'd I build this road? I hadn't either money or lands. Why, if your lands were out West"—the speaker turned to an eavesdropper, saying, sweetly, "This conversation is private, sir," but with a look as if he would swallow him without sauce or salt.

John mused. "My mother has such a dislike"—he hesitated.

"I know," the president smiled, "the ladies are all that way. If a thing's theirs it just makes 'em sick to see anybody else make anything out of it. I speak from experience. They'll die poor, keeping property enough idle to make a dozen men rich. What's a man to do? Now, you"—a long pause, eye to eye—"your lands won't colonize themselves."

"Of course not," mused John.

The president showed two cigars. "Would you like to go to the smoking-car?"

March glanced toward his mother. She was looking to her two kinsmen with such sweet sprightliness that he had trouble to make her see his uplifted cigar. She met his parting smile with a gleam of terror and distrust, but he shook his head and reddened as Hamlet winked at Lazarus.

"It means some girl," observed one of the Blackland matrons.

"Well, I hope it does," responded the other.

"Wait," said the giver of the cigar, "we're stopping for wood and water. It'll be safer to go round this front coach than through it." John thought it would not, but yielded.

"Now, Mr. March," they stood near the water-tank—"if you could persuade your mother to give you full control, and let you get a few strong men to go in with you—see? They could make you—well—secretary!—with a salary; for, of course, you'd have to go into the thing hot, yourself. You'd have to push like smoke!"

"Of course," said John, squaring his handsome figure; as if he always went in hot, and as if smoke was the very thing he had pushed like, for years.

"I shouldn't wonder if you and I"—Gamble began again, but the train started, they took the smoker and found themselves with Halliday, Shotwell, Proudfit, and a huge Englishman, round whom the other three were laughing.

XXXI.

JOHN INSULTS THE BRITISH FLAG.

The Briton had seen, on the far edge of Suez, as they were leaving the town, a large building.

"A nahsty brick thing on top a dirty yellow hill," he said; what was it?

"That?" said Shotwell, "that's faw ow colo'ed youth o' both sexes. That's Suez University."

"Univer—what bloody nonsense!"

All but March ha-haed. "We didn't name it!" laughed the Captain.

John became aware that some one in a remote seat had bowed to him. He looked, and the salute came again, unctuous and obsequious. He coldly responded and frowned, for the men he was with had seen it.

Proudfit touched the Briton. "In the last seat behind you you'll see the University's spawnsor; that's Leggett, the most dangerous demagogue in Dixie."

"Is that your worst?" said the Englishman; "ye should know some of ours!"

"O, yes, seh," exclaimed Shotwell, "of co'se ev'y country's got 'em bad enough. But here, seh, we've not on'y the dahkey's natu'al-bawn rascality to deal with, but they natu'l-bawn stupidity to boot. Evm Gen'l Halliday'll tell you that, seh."

"Yes," said the General, with superior cheerfulness, "though sometimes the honors are easy."

"O, I allow we don't always outwit em"—everybody laughed—"but sometimes we just haf to."

"To save out-shooting them," suggested the General.

"O, I hope we about done with that."

"But you're not sure," came the quick retort.

"No, seh," replied the sturdy Captain, "we're not shore. It rests with them." He smoked.

"Go on, Shot," said the General, "you were going to give an instance."

"Yes, seh. Take Leggett, in the case o' this so-called University."

"That's hardly a good example," remarked Proudfit, who, for Dixie's and Susie's sake, regretted that Shotwell was talking so much and he so little.

"Let him alone," said Halliday, thoroughly pleased, and Shotwell went on stoutly.

"The concern was started by Leggett an' his gang—excuse my careless terms, Gen'l—as the public high-school. They made it ve'y odious to ow people by throwin' it wide open to both ra-aces instead o' havin' a sep'ate one faw whites. So of co'se none but dahkeys went to it, an' they jest filled it jam up."

"What did the whites do?" asked the Briton.

"Why, what *could* they do, seh? You know how ow people ah. That's right where the infernal outrage come in. Such as couldn't affode to go to Rosemont aw Montrose jest had to stay at home!" The speaker looked at John, who colored and bit his cigar.

"So as soon as ow crowd got control of affairs we'd a' shut the thing up, on'y faw Jeff-Jack. Some Yankee missiona'y teachers come to him an' offe'd to make it a college an' spend ten thousand dollahs on it if the State would on'y go on givin' it hafe o' the three counties' annual high-school funds."

The Englishman frowned perplexedly and Proudfit put in—

"That is, three thousand a year from our three counties' share of the scrip on public lands granted Dixie by the Federal Government."

"Expressly for the support of public schools," said General Halliday, and March listened closer than the foreigner, for these facts were newer to John.

"Still," said March, "the State furnishes the main support of public education."

"No," responded Shotwell, "you're wrong there, John; we changed that. The main suppote o' the schools is left to the counties an' townships."

"That's stupid, all round," promptly spoke the Briton.

"I thought," exclaimed John, resentfully, "we'd changed our State constitution so's to forbid the levy of any school tax by a county or township except on special permission of the legislature."

"So you have," laughed the General.

"The devil!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"O, we had to do that," interposed Proudfit again, and Gamble testified,

"You see, it's the property-holder's only protection."

"Then Heaven help his children's children," observed the traveller. John showed open disgust, but the General touched him and said, "Go on, Shotwell."

"Well, seh, we didn't like the missiona'y's proposition. We consid'ed it fah betteh to transfeh oveh that three thousan' a year to Rosemont, entire; which we did so. Pub—? No, seh, Rosemont's not public, but it really rep'esents ow people, which, o' co'se, the otheh don't."

"Public funds to a private concern," quietly commented the Englishman—"that's a steal." John March's blood began to boil.

"O," cried Shotwell—"ow people—who pay the taxes—infinitely rather Rosemont should have it."

"I see," responded the Briton, in such a tone that John itched to kick him.

"Well, seh," persisted the narrator, "you should 'a' heard Leggett howl faw a divvy!" All smiled. "Worst of it was—what? Wha'd you say, Gen'l?"

"He had the constitution of the State to back him."

"He hasn't now! Well, seh, the bill faw this ve'y ra-ailroad was in the house. Leggett swo' it shouldn't even so much as go to the gove'neh to sign *aw* to veto till that fund—seh? annual, yes, seh—was divided at least evm, betwix Rosemont an' the Suez high school."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, seh"—the Captain became blithe—"Jeff-Jack sent faw him—you remembeh that night, Pres*ident* Gamble—this was the second bill—ayfteh the first had been vetoed—an' said, s'e, Leggett, if I give you my own word that you'll get yo' fifteen hund'ed a year as soon as this new bill passes, will you vote faw it?—'Yass, seh,' says Leggett—an' he did!"

Proudfit laughed with manly glee and offered no other interruption.

"Well, seh, then it come Jeff-Jack's turn to keep his word the best he could."

"Which he's done," said Gamble.

"Yes, Jeff-Jack got still anotheh bill brought in an' pa-assed. It give the three thousan' to Rosemont entieh, an' authorized the three counties to raise the fifteen hund'ed a year by county tax." The Captain laughed.

"Silly trick," said the Englishman, grimly.

"Why, the dahkeys got they fifteen hund'ed!"

"Don't they claim twenty-two fifty?"

"Well, they jess betteh not!"

"Rascally trick!"

"Sir," said John, "Mr. Ravenel is my personal friend. If you make another such comment on his actions I shall treat it as if made on mine."

"Come, come!" exclaimed Gamble, commandingly; "we can't have——"

"You'll have whatever I give, sir!"

Three or four men half rose, smiling excitedly, but sank down again.

"You think, sir," insisted John, to the Englishman's calmly averted face, "that

being in a free country—" he dashed off Shotwell's remonstrant hand.

"'Tain't a free country at all," said the Briton to the outer landscape. "There's hardly a corner in Europe but's freer."

"Ireland, for instance," sneered John.

"Ireland be damned," responded the foreigner, still looking out the window. "Go tell your nurse to give you some bread and butter."

John leaped and swept the air with his open palm. Gamble's clutch half arrested it in front, Shotwell hindered it from behind, neither quite stopped it.

"Did he slap him?" eagerly asked a dozen men standing on the seats.

"He barely touched him," was the disappointed reply of one.

"Thank the Lawd faw evm that little!" responded another.

Shotwell pulled March away, Halliday following. Near the rear door——

"Johnnie," began the General, with an air of complete digression, but at the woebegone look that came into the young man's face, the old soldier burst into a laugh. John whisked around to the door and stood looking out, though seeing nothing, bitter in the thought that not for the Englishman's own sake, but for the sake of the British capital coveted by Suez, a gentleman and a Rosemonter was forbidden to pay him the price of his insolence.

"I'd like to pass," presently said someone behind him. He started and Gamble went by.

"May I detain you a moment, sir?" said John.

The president frowned. "What is it?"

"In our passage of words just now—I was wrong."

"Yes, you were. What of it?"

"I regret it."

"I can't use your regrets," said the railroad man. He moved to go. "If you want to see me about——"

John smiled. "No, sir, I'd rather never set eyes on you again."

As the Westerner's fat back passed into the farther coach his response came—

"What you want ain't manners, it's gumption." The door slammed for emphasis.

March presently followed, full of shame and indignation and those unutterable wailings with which youth, so often, has to be born again into manhood. Gamble had rejoined the Garnet group. John bowed affably to all, smiled to Fannie and passed. Garnet still sat with Mrs. Proudfit behind the others, and John, as he went by, was, for some cause supplied by this pair, startled, angered anew, and for the time being benumbed by conflicting emotions. He found his mother still talking joyously with the Graveses, who were unfamiliar with the graceful art of getting away. He found a seat in front of them, and sat stiff beside a man who drowsed.

"I'm a hopeless fool," he thought, "a fool in anger, a fool in love. A fool even in the eyes of that idiot of a railroad president in yonder smirking around Fannie.

"They'll laugh at me together, I suppose. O, Fannie, why can't I give you up? I know you're a flirt. Jeff-Jack knows it. I solemnly believe that's why he doesn't ask you to marry him!

"Yes, they're probably all laughing at me by now. O, was ever mortal man so utterly alone! And these people think what makes me so is this silly temper. They say it! Mother assures me they say it! I believe I could colonize our lands if it wa'n't for that. O, I will colonize them! I'll do it all alone. If that jackanapes could open this road I can open our lands. Whatever he used I can use; whatever he did I can do!"

"Sir?" said the neighbor at his elbow, "O excu— I thought you spoke."

"Hem! No, I was merely clearing my throat.

"I can do it. I'll do it alone She shall see me do it—they shall all see. I'll do it alone—all alone——"

He caught the steel-shod rhythm of the train and said over and over with ever bigger and more bitter resolution, "I'll do it alone—I'll do it alone!"

Then he remembered Garnet.

XXXII.

TO SUSIE—FROM PUSSIE.

On the return trip Garnet sat on the arm of almost every seat except Fannie's.

"No, sir; no, keep your seat!" He wouldn't let anybody be "disfurnished" for him! Proudfit had got the place next his wife and thought best to keep it.

"Mr. Fair," said Garnet, "I'd like you to notice how all this region was made in ages past. You see how the rocks have been broken and tossed"—etc.

"Mr. Fair"—the same speaker—"I *wish* you'd change your mind and stay a week with us. Come, spend it at Rosemont. It's vacation, you know, and Barb and I shan't have a thing to do but give you a good time; shall we, Barb?"

"It will give us a good time," said Barb. Her slow, cadenced voice, steady eye, and unchallenging smile charmed the young Northerner. He had talked about her to Fannie at luncheon and pronounced her "unusual."

"Why, really"—he began, looked up at Garnet and back again to Barbara. Garnet bent over him confidentially.

"Just between us I'd like to advise with you about something I've never mentioned to a soul. That is about sending Barb to some place North to sort o' round out her education and character in a way that—it's no use denying it, though it would never do for me to say so—a way that's just impossible in Dixie, sir."

The young man remembered Barbara's mother and was silent.

"Well, Barb, Mr. Fair will go home with us for a day or two, anyhow," Garnet was presently authorized to say. "I must go into the next car a moment——"

John March, meditating on this very speaker with growing anger, saw him come. Garnet entered, beaming.

"Howdy, John, my son; I couldn't let you and Sister March——"

March had stepped before his mother. He spoke in a deep murmur.

"I'm not your son, sir. My mother's not your sister."

"Why, what in thun— why, John, I don't know whether to be angry or to laugh."

"Don't you dare to do either. Go back to that other man's——"

"Speak more softly, for heaven's sake, Mr. March, and don't look so, or you'll do me a wrong that may cost us both our lives!"

"Cheap enough," said the youth, with a smile.

"You've made a ridiculous mistake, John. Before God I'm as innocent of any——"

"Before God, Major Garnet, you lie. If you deny it again I'll accuse you publicly. Go back and fondle the hand of that other man's wife; but don't ever speak to my mother again. If you do, I—I'll shoot you on sight."

"I'll call you to account for this, sir," said Garnet, moving to go.

"You're lying again," was John's bland reply, and he turned to his seat.

"Why, John," came the mother's sweet complaint, "I wanted to see Brother Garnet."

"Oh! I'm sorry," said the complaisant son.

Garnet paused on the coach's platform to get rid of his tremors. "He'll not tell," he said aloud, the uproar of wheels drowning his voice. "He's too good a Rosemonter to tattle. At first I thought he'd got on the same scent as Cornelius.

"Thank God, that's one thing there's no woman in, anyhow. O me, O me! If that tipsy nigger would only fall off this train and break his neck!

"And here's *this* calf to live in daily dread of. O dear, O *dear*, I ought to a-had more sense. It's all her fault; she's pure brass. They call youth the time of temptation—Good Lord! Why youth's armored from head to heel in its invincible ignorance. O me! Well—I'll pay him for it if it takes me ten years."

John's complacency had faded with the white heat of his anger, and he sat chafing in spirit while his elbow neighbor slept in the shape of an N. Across the car he heard Parson Tombs explaining to the Graves brethren and Sister March that Satan—though sometimes corporeal—and in that case he might be either unicorporeal or multicorporeal—and at other times incorporeal—as he might choose and Providence permit—and, mark you, he might be both at once on occasion—was by no means omnipresent, but only ubiquitous.

Lazarus supposed a case: "He might

be in both these cahs at once an' yet not on the platfawm between 'em."

"It's mo' than likely!" said the aged pastor, no one meaning anything sly. Yet to some people a parson's smiling mention of the devil is always a good joke, and the Graves laughed, as we may say. Not so, Sister March; she never laughed at the prince of darkness, nor took his name in vain. She spoke, now, of his "darts."

"No, Sister March, I reckon his darts, fifty times to one, ah turned aside fum us by the prov*idence* that's round us, not by the po' little patchin' o' grace that's in us."

John's heart jumped. Garnet looked in and beckoned him out. He went.

"John"—the voice was tearful—"I offer my hand in penitent gratitude." John took it. "Yes, my dear boy, my feet had well-nigh slipped."

"I oughtn't to have spoken as I did, Major Garnet."

"It was the word of the Lord, John. It saved me and my spotless name! The mistake had just begun, in mere play, but it might have grown into actual sin —of impulse, I mean, of course—not of action; my life-long correctness of——"

"Oh, I'm sure of that, sir! I only wish *I*——"

"God bless you! I've a good notion to tell your mother this whole thing, John, just to make her still prouder of you." He squeezed the young man's hand. "But I reckon for other's sakes we'd better not breathe it."

"O, I think so, sir! I promise——"

"You needn't have promised, John. Your think-so was promise enough. And a mighty good thing for us all it's so. For, John March, you're the hope of Suez!

"You've got the key of all our fates in your pocket, John—you and your mother now, and you when you come into full charge of the estate next year. That's why Jeff-Jack's always been so willing to help me to help you on. But never mind that, only—beware of new friends. When they come fawning on you with offers to help you develop the resources of Widewood, you tell 'em——"

"That I'm going to develop them myself, alone."

"N-n-no—not quite that. O, you couldn't! You've no idea what a—why, *I* couldn't do it *with* you, without Jeff-Jack's help, nor he without mine! Why, just see what a failure the effort to build this road was, until"—the locomotive bellowed.

"Half-an-hour late, and slowing up again!" exclaimed John. He knew the parson's wife was pressing his mother to spend the night with them, and he was afraid of having his soul asked after. "Why do we stop here, hardly a mile from town?"

"It's to let my folks off. They're going to walk over to the pike while I go on for the carriage and drive out; they and Jeff-Jack and the Hallidays."

The train stopped where a beautiful lane crossed the track between two fenced fields. Fair and Barbara alighted and stood on a flowery bank with the sun glowing in some distant tree-tops behind them. Fannie leaned from the train, took both Jeff-Jack's uplifted hands and fluttered down upon rebounding tiptoes; the bell sounded, the scene changed, and John murmured to himself in heavy agony,

"He's going to ask her! O, Fannie, Fannie, if you'd only say no! If you'd only refuse to say yes, and give me three years to show what I can do! But he's going to ask her before that sun goes down, and what's she going to say?"

XXXIII.

INFORMATION FOR SALE.

"Hope of Suez!" Garnet felt he had spoken just these three words too many. "Overtalked myself again," he said to himself while chatting with others; "a liar always does. But he shall pay for this. Ah, me!"

He was right. The young man would have sucked down all his flattery but for those three words. Yet on one side they were true, and March guiltily felt them so as, looking at his mother, he thought again of that deep store of the earth's largess lying under their unfruitful custody. Suez and her three counties would have jeered the gaudy name from Lover's Leap to Libertyville, though

had they guessed better the meaning of the change into which a world's progress was irresistibly pushing them, whoever owned Widewood must have stood for some of their largest wishes and hopes, and they would have ceased to hobble and deride the blessed mutation with that root of so many world-wide evils—the calling still private what the common need has made public. The ghost of this thought flitted in John's mind, but would not be grasped or beckoned to the light.

"I wish I could think," he sighed, but he could only think of Fannie. The train stopped. The excursionists swarmed forth. The cannon belched out its thunderous good-byes, and John went for his horse and buggy, promising to give word for Garnet's equipage to be sent to him.

"I must mind Johanna and her plunder," said the Major; "but I'll look after your mother too." And he did so, though he found time to part fondly with the Proudfits.

"He won't do," thought John, as he glanced back from a rise of ground. "Fannie's right. And she's right about me, too; the only way to get her is to keep away till I've shown myself fit for her; that's what she means; of course she can't say so; but I'm satisfied that's what she means!"

He passed two drunken men. Here in town at the end of Suez's wedding so many had toasted it so often, it was as if Susie's own eyes were blood-shot and her steps uncertain. "It's my wedding, too," he soliloquized. "This Widewood business and I are married this day; it alone, to me alone, till it's finished. Garnet shall see whether—humph!—Jake, my horse and buggy!" And soon he was rattling back down the stony slopes toward his mother.

"Hope of Suez!" he grimly laughed. "We'll be its despair if we don't get something done. And I've got to do it alone. Why shouldn't I? Yes, it's true, times have changed; and yet if this was ever rightly a private matter in my father's hands, I can't see why it has or why it should become a public matter in mine!"

He said this to himself the more emphatically because he felt, somehow, very uncertain about it. He wished his problem was as simple as a railroad question. A railroad can ask for public aid; but fancy him asking public aid to open and settle up his private lands! He could almost hear Susie's horse-laugh in reply. Why should she not laugh? He recalled with what sweet unboastful tone his father had always condemned every scheme and symptom of riding on public shoulders into private fortune. In the dear *old* Dixie there had been virtually no public, and every gentleman was by choice his own and only public aid, no matter what—"Look out!"

He hauled up his horse. A man pressed close to the side of the halted buggy, to avoid a huge telegraph-pole that came by quivering between two timber wheels. He offered John a freckled, yellow hand, and a smile of maudlin fondness.

"Mr. Mahch, I admiah to salute you ag'in, seh. *Hasn't* we had a glo'ious day? It's the mos' obtainable day Susie eveh see, seh!"

"Well, 'pon my soul!" said John, ignoring the proffered hand. "If I'd seen who it was, I'd 'a' driven straight over you." Both laughed. "Cornelius, did you see my mother waiting for me down by the tracks?"

"I did, seh. Thah she a-settin' on a pile o' ceda'-tree poles, lookin' like the las' o' pea-time—p-he-he-he!

"Majo' Gyarnit? O yass, seh, he thah, too. Thass how come I lingud thah, seh, yass, seh, in espiration o' Johanna. Mr. Mahch, I loves that creatu' yit, seh!—I means Johanna."

"Oh!—not Major Garnet," laughed John, gathering the reins.

Cornelius sputtered with delight, and kept between the wheels. "Mr. Mahch,"—he straightened, solemnly, and held himself sober—"I was jess about to tell you what I jess evise Majo' Gyarnit espressin' to yo' maw—jess accidental as I was earwhilin' aroun' Johanna, you know."

"What was it? What did he say?"

"O, it wan't much, what he say. He say, Sis' Mahch, you e'zac'ly right. Don't you on no account paht with so much's a' acre o' them lan's, lessn——"

"Lord!—the lands—take care for the wheel."

But Mr. Leggett leaned heavily on the buggy. "Mr. Mahch, I evince an' repose you in confidence to wit: that long as you do like Gyarnit say——"

John gave a stare of menace. "Major Garnet, if you please."

"Yass, seh, o' co'se; Majo' Gyarnit. I say, long as you do like he say, Widewood stay jess like it is, an' which it suit him like grapes suit a coon!" The informant's booziness had returned. One foot kept slipping from a spoke of the fore-wheel. With pretence of perplexity he examined the wheel. "Mr. Mahch, this wheel sick; she mighty sick; got to see blacksmiff befo' she can eveh see Widewood."

John looked. The word was true. He swore. The mulatto snickered, sagged against it and cocked his face importantly,

"Mr. Mahch, if you an' me was on'y in cahoots! En we *kin* be, seh, we kin—why, hafe o' yo' lan's 'u'd be public lan's in no time, an' the res' 'u'd belong to a stawk comp'ny, an' me'n you 'u'd be a-cuttin' off kewponds an' a-drivin' fas' hawses an' a-drinkin' champagne suppuz, an' champagne faw ow real frien's an' real pain faw ow sham frien's, an' plenty o' both kine—thah goes Majo' Gyarnit's kerrige to him." It passed.

"But, why, Cornelius, should it suit Major Garnet for my lands to lie idle?"

"Mr. Mahch, has you neveh inspec' the absence o' green in my eye? It suit him faw a reason known on'y to yo's truly, yit which the said yo's truly would accede to transfawm to you, seh; yass, seh; in considerations o' us goin' in cahoots, aw else a call loan, an' yit mo' stric'ly a call-ag'in loan, a sawt o' continial fee, yass, seh; an' the on'y question, how much kin you make it?"

John looked into the upturned face for some seconds before he said, slowly and pleasantly, "Why, you dirty dog!" He gave the horse a cut of the whip. Leggett, smiling and staggering, called after him, to the delight of all the street,

"Mr. Mahch, thass confidential, you know! An' Mr. Mahch! Woe! Mr. Mahch." John glanced fiercely back—"You betteh 'zamine that *hine* wheel! caze it jess now pa-ass oveh my foot!"

XXXIV.

RAVENEL ASKS.

THE Garnet carriage, Johanna on the back seat, came smartly up through the town, past Parson Tombs's, the Halliday cottage, and silent Montrose Academy, and was soon parted from the Marchs' buggy, which followed with slower dignity and a growing limp.

"Well, Johanna," said Garnet, driving, "had a good time?"

"Yass, seh."

"What's made Miss Barb so quiet all day; doesn't she like our friend?"

The answer was a bashful drawl—"I reckon she like' him tol'able, seh."

"If you think Miss Barb would be pleased, you can change to this seat beside me, Johanna." The master drew rein and she made the change. He spoke again. "You saw me, just now, talking with Cornelius, didn't you?"

"Yass, seh."

"His wife's dead, at last."

No answer.

"Johanna," he turned a playful eye, "what makes you so hard on Cornelius!"

She replied with a white glance of alarm and turned away. He would have pressed the subject but she murmured,

"Dah Miss Barb."

Barbara sat on a bare ledge of rock above the roadside, platting clovers. Fair stood close below, watching her fingers. She sprang to her feet.

"What did keep you so?" She moved to where Fair had stopped to hand her down, but laughed, turned away, waved good-by to Fannie and Ravenel out in a field full of flowers and western sunlight, and ran around by an easier descent to the carriage. Fair helped her in.

"Homeward bound," she said, and they spun away. As they turned a bend in the pike she glanced back with a carefully careless air, but saw only their own dust.

John, driving beside his mother, with eyes on the infirm wheel, was very silent, and she was very limp. The

buggy top was up for privacy. By and by he heard a half-spoken sound at his side, and turning, saw her eyes full of tears.

"O, thunder!" he thought, but only said, "Why, mother, what's the matter?"

"Ah! my son, that's what I wonder. Why have you shunned me all day? Am I——"

"There's the Tombses waiting at their gate," interrupted the son. The aged pair had hurried away from the train on foot to have their house open for Sister March.

"Yes," said Daphne, sweetly yielding herself to their charge, "John's fierce driving has damaged a wheel, and we won't——"

"Go home till morning," said the delighted pastor with a tickled laugh that drew from his wife a glance of fond approval.

John drove alone to a blacksmith shop and left his buggy there and his horse at a stable. For the blacksmith lay across his doorsill, "sick." He had been mending rigs and shoeing critters since dawn, and had drunk from a jug something he had thought was water and found it—"wusn't."

March sauntered off lazily to a corner where the lane led westward like the pike, turned into it and ran at full speed.

With a warm face he came again into the main avenue at a point nearly opposite the Hallidays' cottage gate. General Halliday and the Englishman were just going through it.

John turned toward the sun-setting at a dignified walk. "I'm a fool to come out here," he thought. "But I must see at once what Jeff-Jack thinks of my plan. Will he tell me the truth, or will he trick me as they say he did Cornelius? O I must ask him, too, if he did that! I can't help it if he is with her; I must see him. I don't want to see her; at least, that's not what I'm out here for. I'm done with her—for a while; Heaven bless her!—but I must see him, so's to know what to propose to mother."

The day was dying in exquisite beauty. Long bands of pale green light widened up from the west. Along the hither slope of a ridge someone was burning off his sedge-grass. The slender red lines of fire, beautiful after passion's sort, but dimming the field's fine gold, were just reaching the crest to die by a roadside. The objects of his search were nowhere to be seen.

A short way off on the left lay a dense line of young cedars and pines, nearly parallel with the turnpike. A footpath, much haunted in term-time by Montrose girls, and leading ultimately to the rear of the Academy grounds, lay in the clover-field beyond this thicket. John mounted a fence and gazed far and near. Opposite him in the narrow belt of evergreens was a scarcely noticeable opening, so deeply curved that one would get almost through it before the view opened on the opposite side. He leaped into the field, ran to this gap, burst into the open beyond, and stopped, hat in hand—speechless. His quest was ended.

Not ten steps away stood two lovers who had just said that fearfully sweet "mine" and "thine" that keeps the world a-turning. Ravenel's right arm was curved over Fannie's shoulder and about her waist. His left hand smoothed the hair from her uplifted brow, and his kiss was just lighting upon it.

The blood leaped to his face, but the next instant he sunk his free hand into his pocket and smiled. John's face was half-anger, half-anguish.

"Pleasant evening," said Ravenel.

"For you, sir." John bowed austerely. "I will not mar it. My business can wait." He gave Fannie a grief-stricken look and was hurrying off.

"John March," cried Ravenel, in a voice breaking with laughter, "come right back here, sir." But the youth only threw up an arm in tragic disdain and kept on.

"John," called a gentler voice, and he turned. "Don't leave us so," said Fannie. "You'll make me unhappy if you do." She had drawn away from her lover's arm. She put out a hand.

"Come, tell me I haven't lost my best friend."

John ran to her, caught her hand in both his and covered it with kisses. Ravenel stood smiling and breaking a twig slowly into bits.

"There, there, that's extravagant," said Fannie; but she let the youth keep her hand while he looked into her eyes and smiled fondly through his distress. Then she withdrew it, saying:

"There's Mr. Ravenel's hand, hold it. If I didn't know how men hate to be put through forms, I'd insist on your taking it."

"I reckon John thinks we haven't been quite candid," said Ravenel.

"I'm not sure we have," responded Fannie. "And yet I do think we've been real friends. You know, John"—she smiled at her hardihood—"this is the only way it could ever be, don't you?" But John turned half away and shook his head bitterly. She spoke again. "Look at me, John." But plainly he could not.

"Are you going to throw us overboard?" she asked. There was a silence; and then—"You mustn't; not even if you feel like it. Don't you know we hadn't ever ought to consult our feelings till we've consulted everything else?"

John looked up with a start, and Fannie, by a grimace, bade him give his hand to his rival. He turned sharply and offered it. Ravenel took it with an air of drollery and John spoke low, Fannie loitering a step aside.

"I offer you my hand with this warning—I love her. I'm going on to love her after she's your's by law. I'll not make love to her; I may be a fool, but I'm not a hound; I love her too well for that. But she's bound to know it right along. You'll see it. Everybody'll know it. That'll be all of it, I swear. But any man who wants to stop me from it will have to kill me. I believe I have the right, before God, to do it; but I'm going to do it anyhow. I prize your friendship. If I can keep it while you know, and while everybody else knows, that I'm simply hanging round waiting for you to die, I'll do it. If I can't—I can't." The hands parted.

"That's all right, John. That's what I'd do in your place."

March gazed a moment in astonishment. Then Fannie, still drifting away, felt Ravenel at her side and glanced up and around.

"O, you haven't let him go, have you? Why, I wanted to give him this four-leaf clover—as a sort o' pleasant hint. Don't you see?"

"I reckon he'll try what luck there is in odd numbers," said Ravenel, and they quickened their homeward step.

John went to tea at the Tombses in no mood to do himself credit as a guest. His mother was still reminding him of it next day when they alighted at home. "I little thought my son would give me so much trouble."

But his reply struck her dumb. "I've got lots left, mother, and will always have plenty. I make it myself."

(To be continued.)





"Most of the women treasure up, somewhere, an old sword."—Page 566.

THE PROVINCIALS.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

Illustrations by A. B. Frost.



WISE old Englishman once asked a clever young Englishman who was not wise, whether he had seen much of the Americans during a recent visit.

"Well, yes," answered the clever young Englishman who was not wise, "I have seen the States pretty thoroughly; I have been to all their principal cities."

"But have you visited the smaller cities and the villages?"

The young Englishman had not judged them to be of enough importance to visit.

"Then," said the wise old Englishman, brusquely, "say as little as you can about the Americans, for you haven't seen them!"

Sifting out the truth from the extravagance of an epigram, there remains enough to recognize. Great cities, among us, are typical of the Republic as a whole, but the citizens of our great cities have their nationality brushed off at their elbows. In the country there are still purely American communities, whose fathers and grandfathers were American before them. Moreover, in the country the foreigner becomes more quickly Americanized. In New York he hardly pays us the compliment of learning our language.

And it is not strange that the few for-



"She probably lived on the Fair sandwich."—Page 569.

eigners who have either the wit or the good fortune to penetrate into what they call the "provinces," are our kindest judges; for they have seen the American at his best. They have touched both the picturesque and the gentle side of our national character. It is not in the great cities, but in the little cities and the villages, that one sees the class that Emerson loved, the plain livers and high thinkers; or another class, not so plain in its living, not so high in its thinking in one way, but practical followers of righteousness and exceedingly pleasant people to meet. Many of them have what counted for wealth in a simpler generation; all of them have education and a generous habit of mind. They love their country, but they are a little shy of politics; nevertheless they furnish the pith of the Republic. They are the silent Warwicks that make and unmake party kings, asking and expecting no reward, and only half-conscious of their own power. Most of the women treasure up, somewhere, an old sword or a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps, be-



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"One of the finest art critics I ever met."—Page 571.

longing, it may be to a gray, it may be to a blue uniform, but worn by equally honest and gallant fellows. The men are in touch with the present, but they keep the sturdy virtues taught them by their fathers and, God be thanked, they will transmit them to their sons. They have the education of travel as well as of books; for the provincial travels more in proportion to his income than the people of great cities. The wealthy in cities traverse each year miles of steel or water; but, often they are the same miles of the years before; the provincial varies his outing; and he travels more in his own country.



"The shrewdest and most winning of lobbyists."—Page 572.

All over the provinces, too, are the people who cannot travel, but study the world in books. They are the people to whom the great Exposition gave the greatest happiness. Such people come from the unlikeliest-looking places. There are book clubs and women's clubs where they read books, in desolate prairie villages with shabby wooden shops and new wooden houses of a dazzling ugliness. One of these villages hung like a mirage before my eyes—ah, how well I know them, and the wide wheat-fields and corn-fields about them, and the lines of stunted poplar-trees outside the blue-gray fences, and the black, soggy roads that cross the railway, and the mud creased by wagon tires!—while my friend described to me the Gentlewoman of the Woman's Dormitories. She was a little woman, not young—there were gray hairs in her soft brown hair, brushed smoothly down over her ears—not pretty either, save as dainty neatness and delicate tints, and the sweet, vague lines about the eyes and mouth that a lifetime of remembering others' welfare first will etch on a woman's face, make it pleasant to the eye. And her clothes would have attracted attention anywhere outside of an Old Folks' Concert! She wore a glossy black silk gown, very thin, very brilliant, very old. Her cloak was of a cut unknown to Fashion since the Civil War, a long black broadcloth cloak. And she had a preposterous bonnet with wilted roses in the peak.

"She was like a character out of Miss Wilkins's stories," said my friend. But when she was described to me, she recalled a real personage, a New England woman, who being left alone in the world with a tiny house, an old black broadcloth coat of her father's, and a store of obsolete wall-paper, contrived to live and decorate her house on five dollars a year, or some such incredible sum.

While my friend studied her, wondering what manner of woman it was that could wear such clothes, and pitying her presumable embarrassment in them, she began to talk. She had an exquisite voice, and was aflame in a white heat of enthusiasm and delight; awe-struck, it seemed, before the vastness of her own pleasure. She had spent the day in the Art Palace (she invariably called all the buildings of importance by their official title; they were palaces, in truth, and she would have felt it a denial of their regal rights, to give them any meaner name), and she described the pictures and statues and architecture, as a visitor to an enchanted land might describe its wonders. She talked like one who had loved Art with unquenchable ardor; but had seen little. Spontaneously the words of the great thinkers, who had been her artistic teachers slipped to her lips. The insignificant, oddly dressed woman was eloquent. "There was a crowd about her, hanging on her words, every time," said my friend; "and I don't wonder, for it was not only that she described what she saw beautifully, in that lovely voice, but she seemed to have seen so much more in them than we had—and she was so happy!"

Often have I sketched fancy pictures of that unknown visitor to the Fair. She holds a place in my affections second only to Maria's. She was poor—one could infer that, not so much from her old-fashioned garb (which might have been merely a whim of sentiment or opinion) as from her little economies, which she recounted quite frankly. Not for her the exemplary chair-boys or the heathen sedan-men; she knew nothing of the good beefsteak and execrable bread of the White Horse Inn, nor did she ever marvel over the tiny portions and gigantic prices of the Marine Café. She probably lived on the Fair sandwich and drank hygeia-water (not too cold for the foreign taste) at a cent a glass. It is a mistake to suppose that it was necessary to spend a large sum of money to see the Columbian Exposition. As usual, broad and pleasant was the road to financial destruction, and many there were that walked therein; but there were by-paths of economy. I, myself, know a woman, a respectable cook in a family that I love, who supported life for the space of a week, at Jackson Park, for the sum of one dollar and thirty-five cents—and had strength enough left to travel home! She bought each day a loaf of bread or a

dozen rolls for ten cents, and at the butcher's or the grocer's she secured a few cents' worth of chipped beef, a Bologna sausage or the like airy and ready-made meat. Her one extravagance was an occasional cup of coffee. She said that she never was *very* hungry! But I hope the gentlewoman permitted herself more generous fare than this master economist, and that her radiant spirit had the earthly comfort of a warm meal once a day! Yet the vision of her exalted enjoyment rebukes me. Little did she think of warm meals, as little as Miss Wilkins's poetess, poor Betsey Dole. But the gentlewoman was not a New Englander, she came from an Illinois village. My friend knew nothing else of her. Did her poverty cause her to be less esteemed?

Not if her village was like any other Western village in my knowledge. The West is presumed to be helplessly given over to philistinism in its rankest form, and to worship money; but in reality, as any Westerner knows, little is demanded of educated people in the way of wealth. I am thinking, now, of the Western town that I know best, and of certain families in it, socially considered with the best, although they have neither riches nor position, nor any exceptional culture, but are simply "nice people." Moreover, I hope it may be imputed to the Western provincial for righteousness, that in the small towns character counts for a great deal. Unsuspected good is done by church-working societies and women's clubs. They have an unconscious but sweeping democracy, and "good workers" are never slighted. It is quite possible that the gentlewoman was president of her woman's club. Her queer clothes were accepted, not ridiculed. The provinces, indeed, do not suppress individuality like the cities. It is not only that the individual counts in the country; he always has counted, and always will count, just as the strong will has always ruled, and always will rule, whether one live under a mitigated despotism like Turkey's, or an unmitigated despotism, such as our socialistic friends would bind on our backs; but in the country the individual has room to grow; he is cramped in the city. To be sure, one may go his own gait more entirely in a city than anywhere, except on a desert island; but he must pay toll by an outward compliance with the conventionalities; he must look and dress and talk like everyone else. It is the aim of the citizens of a great town to each resemble the other as much as possible, and be as different as possible from the rest of the world, like a Moody and Sankey hymn-tune.

In the provinces a prominent citizen is only expected to keep the Commandments, wear whole and clean clothes, and be a good fellow. Should he choose the comfort of a silk shirt the year round, or wear a coat of the fashion of his youth, that is his own and no one else's affair! The provincial magnate is generally unconventional, a man of mark in more ways than one. He has the habit of command, and does not conceal his whims, but rather respects them as part of himself, a very decent and successful fellow. What is eccentricity in the town is merely the great man's, or even the little man's, "way" in the country.

However, the younger provincials, especially the provincials from the large towns, form themselves on the best city models. When my friend Colonel Ben bowed his handsome head to us in the Midway, my New York friend asked me, "Is that an Englishman?" But when she heard him speak, she added, "No, I think he is from Chicago."

"His accent?" said I.

She shook her head, saying, "No, he has no accent, English or otherwise; it is his manner. He is too deferential to that shabby woman who is asking him the way, to be from New York!"

"But why not give him to Boston?"

"He laughs too heartily to come from Boston."

Colonel Ben belongs neither to Chicago nor New York, he is a provincial manufacturer; but his people came over in the Mayflower and he belongs to a Chicago club. The young man with him, however, gave my friend not a minute's bewilderment. Colonel Ben belongs to the class of Americans as nearly analogous to the English gentry as it is to anything. Two centuries

ago, in fact, Colonel Ben's ancestors were doing their duty in that station of life to which they had been called, and caring for their tenants and grumbling at Dutch William, in the prettiest English county. Colonel Ben never mentions that he has a coat of arms; but he never forgets it. I know the young fellow well, and I fancy that I listen only to the New World variation on the sturdy old English tune that power means obligation, and an honest gentleman must look after those dependent on him, when I hear him discussing with his partner how to keep their factories running, and employ as many of their men as possible, in these pinching times. It is his partner that my friend classifies without hesitation; he is a man of another type. He belongs to another, social order, although he is young like Ben (whose colonelcy came from the governor of his State and means merely a splendid uniform and a prancing steed on days of state), is invited to the same houses and courted by the same people. His father was a lawyer, a self-made man, eccentric in both his opinions and his manners, but with an immense fund of hard sense back of the unconventional appearance. With a larger field for his talents, his acumen and a rough-shod but (to a jury) irresistible eloquence would have made him famous. His son inherited his father's sense and some of his oddities. He was educated in the public schools and the State university; he has never been outside of his own country, he is a provincial to his finger-tips, as the French would say. When we saw him he was clad in a suit of the best material, evidently made for him, by a good tailor, but as evidently not treated by him with the proper respect. He is clean always, as a new pin; but he does not keep his trousers properly pressed, nor preserve the harmony of his coat lines by trigly buttoning it; and his soft black hat is dented as may happen. But he is a handsome fellow, with a fine, firm chin and mouth, a beautiful brow, and good, keen, kindly eyes. Colonel Ben and he joined us and we went to the streets of Cairo (where he obligingly rode a camel for our benefit and kept the crowd in a roar of delight over his translations of what he judged the proper phrases of the desert, to increase its speed), and later he insisted on giving us a little luncheon in old Vienna. He was delighted with my friend, and in half an hour my friend was delighted with him. She went all over the black and white exhibit in the gallery of the Art Building with him, the next day. "Who would think it?" said she, "that man, with the manners of a cowboy-cavalier, is one of the finest art critics I ever met; it is so refreshing, too, to hear a picture talked about in straight English! He has a beautiful collection of etchings, your friend says. He says himself, that he hasn't money enough to have good paintings, but he can have the best etchings; so he goes in for etchings, with an occasional water-color or pen-and-ink drawing. Do you know he is what I call a magazine-cultivated man?"

"And that," said I, "is what I call a fine-sounding phrase; but I don't know what it means."

"Nothing is easier than the meaning," said she. "Mr. —— has not had the time for an exhaustive education, he has had to make a fortune; he is a splendid business man, I was told, and so decent and honest, too——"

"*Ça va sans dire,*" interrupted the listener; "with a splendid business man, it is part of the splendor!"

My friend continued calmly, "*So,* he has been obliged to get, instead of the long, tedious culture of all sorts of studies and experiences, the short-hand culture of the magazines; and really it is a very fair working substitute."

I had nothing to say, being at this time opposite the Dahomey village and pondering on the extraordinary resemblance between one of the warriors and a waiter in a hotel of my own town; my friend continued, fancifully interested in her own train of thought: "Yes, the provinces are educated by the magazines, and the cities——"

"Are educated by books and travel and—and—and all the rest of it?" queried I.

"Not at all," said she; "the cities *talk* of being educated that way, but they are really educated by the newspapers; they don't even read the mag-

azines, they only subscribe for them in order to dip into them, once in a way, when any especial article has excited especial attention."

"I wonder," said I; but I was not wondering whether the critic was right, but whether the ferocious warrior whose mild black eyes contradicted his scowl, could be Jim Baker.

And just at this moment a gentleman leaned over the inclosure, and the warrior sank down in a heap with the others, near enough to mutter, "Don't you know me, Mr. S——, Jim, at the Kimball House?"

I saw a cigar travelling not only to Dahomey Jim (he will have to carry that name to his coffin), but to several other black braves. And at the same time I saw a note-book flash out and a black slouch hat bent over a swift pencil. Then the pencil stopped, a boyish face that held some lines too deep for youth, was lifted and brightened with a smile. "I guess not," said the writer; "it's funny; but we don't want to damage any part of this show, just for fun!"

It was a country editor, writing up the Fair. As we walked away I pondered on this vast, subtle influence of written thought which we call the press; and how much unthanked forbearance (too much, it may be!) and kindliness there is in that irresponsible power. I thought of some of the provincial editors that I know.

Before me, amid the stately pomp of architecture and the statues outlined against the burning blue of a Western sky, I saw a dim, innumerable caravan of benefactions that I know first issued from dingy little country offices. I saw worn-out men working when they should have slept, ringing unpopular benevolence into careless or hostile ears. I saw country editors grimly flinging furious letters from their subscribers into the fire and doggedly finishing their protests against the popular folly. I saw them forced into the procession of their party, but ready to help the tide turn. I saw a provincial editor that I know, smiling on legislators, the shrewdest and most winning of lobbyists, for — what? His own paper? his own political future? Not at all, for the better education of his State, for the better management of charitable institutions. I saw another editor who has been able to conduct charitable movements of national importance, for which he has spent his time, his money, and himself lavishly; and yet he is so shrewd, so modest, and such a good fellow, that no one accuses him of being a fanatic. I saw, too, a multitude of trivial acts of mercy and help which to the doers were nothing, done pitifully or good-naturedly, and presently forgotten, but which sometimes changed the world for frightened men and women, and sometimes have lifted up people slipping in muddy places, and always have given the sunshine a better chance. Then my thoughts went back to Colonel Ben and his class, and the fight that they and honest fellows like them are waging against anarchy on one hand, and cruel greed on the other. And I felt a mist in my eyes. But I only said: "Yes, the provincials are not half bad!"

A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER V.

A DEPLORABLE QUARREL.

THE drive took them round the end of the deep bay of Villefranche, across the bridge at Beaulieu, and out along the back of bold Cape Ferret. They paused where a charming group of parasol pines looked down upon the pretty fishing-village of Saint Jean. There stood the new house.

Barmasso paid, the work was going forward finely. The nucleus was an ancient olive-mill disused for a hundred years or more. It stood by the brow of a craggy slope, which descended in terraces. Old olive-trees gripped their tough roots into the foundation-walls, delightfully weather-stained. A long, one-story body united two unequal wings, each of two stories in height. Leonard had torn out the interior, made a corridor and a long, large, chamber, part salon and part studio, in the centre; fitted his other rooms into the wings; and there was coming on a spacious, simple, comfortable house that could hardly fail to please any lover of home-like charm.

"It is going to look fifty years old the moment it is done," said he. "I should be bored to death with the usual waiting for a new house to settle itself."

As to the view thence, when, toward sunset, the light mellowed upon the grand cliffs across the gulf, threw violet shadows into the gorges, and brought out the two ancient cities of Eze and La Turbie, on the top of those same cliffs, then it was a prospect scarce less than heavenly, in all its lines and hues.

The workmen exchanged a few leisurely comments in Niçois or Piedmontese patois, but did not hasten their pace on the coming of the owners. Little Lucien was amused with the wide, blue corduroy trousers that some of them wore, with deep pockets in them to hold their tools, and with the red cap and sash of a 'prentice boy, a nephew of their cook, Alexandrine, who sometimes came up to the house to beat their carpets. In his company, lively Lucien very soon nearly fell into a mortar-bed.

Leonard was having a long walk made, ground in a sheltered spot cleared for carnations, which give a profitable market crop; thickets of heliotrope set out near the porch, and orange and lemon trees transplanted. Miriam advised him in all these projects. Then they spread luncheon upon the smoothed top of a rock, beside which seats had been cut out the natural rock also.

Little son, in particular, was enraptured with this arrangement. Everything began most charmingly, but shortly a contretemps arose. Miriam had forgotten the salt, and there was no means of getting any. Leonard's uncertain temper had soon turned it into the text for a general arraignment, on philosophic grounds.

It was unpleasant, to be sure, that their sharp-set appetites should have to expend themselves upon the insipidity of viands entirely devoid of salt, but that was a mere nothing in comparison with the alarming traits and tendencies on her part—her neglect of household matters, and the like—of which it was an indication.

Miriam, who had once been a goddess on her pedestal, had now to accept reprimands like an idle school-girl. Alas! he himself was often enough now the cause of deep reflections, not favorable to the interests of every-day life. When he was absent, her fancy hovered round him yearningly. She

was dreading vaguely the passion for play. Did he tell her truly of all his doings? Had he not perchance gone heavily into play, even before that late notable experience? Would not a foolhardy confidence inevitably lead him back? His displeasure was wont to increase the dreaming habit against which it was often directed. To-day her nerves had been fluttered by the unusual circumstance of being asked to accompany him, and had been disturbed still further, at the last moment, by some perversity of Lucien's. She had arranged the picnic repast with her own hands; the omission had been made, she knew not how; there was a cruel fatality about it. It was indefensible —yet, somehow she could not always express regret for her own fault now with the proper compunction. Perhaps she felt that she had been blamed so much without cause, or with little cause, that a large balance still remained in her favor.

She stayed on listlessly at the table, when Leonard went to direct his men. She listened to his voice, and watched his movements from afar, as she always liked to do. Leonard had been her hero, the idol of her adoration. He was so still, indeed, but she saw herself condemned to watch a gulf between them ever widening. With a safe expansiveness she poured some of her sad reflections into the ears of little Lucien.

"Mamma keeps thinking and thinking and thinking," she said, "oh, so hard, so hard. She cannot do anything to help the dreadful way that things are going. She can only hope and pray for the best. Sometimes she is afraid that she will have no more feeling left, but will grow hard and cold like one of these stones."

"Poor 'ing, mamma!" said Lucien, sympathizingly, but even he was hardly willing to stop long enough from his childish plays to give her a little pat upon the cheek and a soft little kiss.

Except their hospitable mayor, who had spent his liberal wealth in creating a veritable earthly paradise at the entrance of the bold romantic cape, few had yet sought the spot for homes. The land was cheap, but before becoming available the rocky soil had to be cleared by blasting; which entailed an expense much more than the original purchase. The rock blown out, the fine red earth, of excellent quality, though scanty quantity, was carefully put back in place. Leonard went to look at a substantial wall being set up along his front line. He complained because he was not able to get from the slow authorities the final grade of this front to adapt his wall to it.

Presently he returned, and alleged that the afternoon chill in the air was coming on earlier than usual; that he must go down to his nursery-man in the village and bring him back to see some faults in the arrangement of the trees; and so he urged his family off home. The jarring incident, perhaps too the talk of the morning, had revived in him some agitating ideas.

He put Miriam and the boy into the Saint Jean break, which hourly passed their gate. Then he himself pressed "Jojo" swiftly along the Lower Road, by the sea eastward. In an hour's drive he was at Monte Carlo. While Jojo was waiting to be put up, a flashily dressed individual with a very prominent stomach, looked on from the open vestibule of the Café de Paris.

"Want to sell?" he asked, approvingly, with a bad Alsatian accent, making all his "f's" "v's," and his "p's" "b's". "I got a party as was lookin' lately for just such a trap as that. If you want to sell, any time, you know where to come. Ask for Banfi, in the billiard-room of the Café. I'm mostly round here."

He named, too, a shrewd price, which would have been low indeed for the turn-out; but Leonard paid him little attention, and went on into the Casino.

After midnight, Miriam, being awake, looked out and saw the light of "Jojo's" lanterns dancing grotesquely on the dense foliage of the inclined drive. Leonard put up his horse, went to bed, slept late the next morning, and arose with the air of not being much refreshed. He was amiable, nevertheless. He announced his intention of going to Nice, and asked if she had any commissions for him. She sent her watch by him, to be put in order; a valuable

watch, one of her wedding-presents. She was forever forgetting to have it done.

He took it along with him, left it at the jeweller's, in the Avenue de la Gare, and then immediately entered the granite colonnade of the Crédit Lyonnais, just above, and made a liberal draft on his winnings, lately deposited there.

Both he and Miriam, no longer novices at these *fêtes*, had forgotten that it was one of the active days of the Carnival, which extends its varied diversions over nearly a fortnight—one of the battles of "confetti." He was too wary to trust himself within the precincts devoted to the fray without the protecting costume and wire helmet of convention; for by doing so one might easily meet with serious harm. On the Place Masséna the surface was white with the broken plaster pellets, and from the Square des Phocéens to the end of the Place Charles-Félix, where the principal Homeric conflict raged, they lay as deep as veritable snow. The brilliant carnival toggery stood out upon the white ground with singular vividness. No one spared his strength in hurling this stinging ammunition. Sometimes it poured down from the gayly decorated balconies in whole bagfuls.

Even without the prescribed limits, on the Avenue de la Gare, one had need to be on his guard against an occasional sly shot. As Leonard Bond sallied forth to go to the train, he was encompassed, just at the corner of the Boulevard Victor Hugo, by a frisking group of maskers, all dressed precisely alike in scarlet dominos with a pattern of demons embroidered upon them. They took hands around him and held him captive. He knew not how to escape, yet he had little time for his train, and he must. Something about them indicated that they were persons of position, from the strangers' colony, and not rough, common people. It came into his head that these were "The Twelve Devils," of whom he had heard, banded together to preserve one another's incognito and give one another aid and comfort in difficulties. It seemed to him that he had vaguely heard that Louise Bradbury was to be one of them and was dancing her way in this mad company through the Carnival.

He reached out brusquely, as the only resource available, and seized the figure nearest to him. It was clearly a woman, from a sense of trim slenderness and grace penetrating the cumbersome attire. She seemed to yield with momentary pleasure to his embrace, though protesting with smothered shrieks. The others flew to her assistance, then he easily broke through and was free.

"Oh," sighed Louise Bradbury, for it was she, raising her visor an instant above her flushed, laughing face, "I'm all but suffocated. I hope it will be somebody else's turn next time."

Something in Leonard's serious air and the direction of his steps made her divine where he was going. She had rarely seen him of late. She shook off her engagements, and that evening was at Monte Carlo also.

It did her no great good, except that she had the pleasure—if it was one—of seeing him lose, lose, lose. He was bearish and rude; he was not made of the stern stuff that enables the gambler of tradition to bear toward his losses a front of adamant. On that day and the next, he finished his fifteen thousand francs, and furthermore, sending good money after bad in the usual effort to redeem the case, he added a liberal slice from his own economies.

This being done, he stopped for another period. He had tried still one more illusive road to fortune, tried it most thoroughly, and that was the end of it. He struggled not to disclose to Miriam what had happened, but in time it would come out. She stood aghast when she heard it; she had thought him too sensible, too wedded to certain definite advantages the money was to procure them, to hazard any tangible part of that large sum, even if he went back, as she feared. And now the beautiful money, their little fortune, was all gone from them again.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard, why *did* you not stop, that first afternoon, when we had it all?" she exclaimed, piteously.

Her lamentations renewed his own sharp sense of loss, which his efforts at a philosophical temper had begun to

dim. There came on a spell of rain; for nearly a week it poured down at frequent intervals with all the violence manifested on the rare occasions when it rains in the Riviera. Scourging gales beat upon the windows at night; the sea was of a muddy green, indigo, black, purple, anything but blue; and they noted it raging in such an angry surf against distant Cape Ferret, as if it expected to tear the Iron Cape away. In the pauses or abatement, Leonard, and sometimes Miriam, would walk the garden path under their umbrellas. New wild flowers sprang out of the humid soil; the grass grew almost visibly; on the peaks of the distant mountains the rain became a powdering of snow, and gave palm-adorned Nice the aspect of an Alpine vale. When the rain ceased, all nature was glistening bright and fresh and virgin new. A sponge seemed to have passed morally and physically over all the life preceding.

"Don't you think you might promise *now* never to play again?" asked Miriam. "If you would only do that the lesson might prove worth all it has cost."

This time he was in the mood, and he promised. He even spoke of himself openly as one of the *décavés*, the cleaned-out. He announced his new resolution to all.

"What makes you think your husband will never play any more?" asked Mrs. Skelmer, a little afterward.

"He has *promised* me," returned Miriam, with dignity.

"Well, I wouldn't tell you this only that a word of warning in time—But no, good friends though we are, I'm sure you will never forgive me if I go on."

"I insist upon your telling. Do you mean to imply that he has been there again?"

"No, indeed, at least not that I know of. But the other day, Newman, my husband, suddenly asked what anybody would give him for a new first-class point on roulette. Mr. Bond, excited, replied, 'Without knowing anything about it, I'll give you twenty francs.'"

"Don't you see it was only his joke?" said Miriam, much relieved. "He and Mr. Skelmer are always having their jokes together."

"How stupid of me! It *must* have been. But I'm such an ignoramus in those matters, I'm always taking everything as serious."

After the first explanation, Leonard and Miriam talked little of their loss; but it was ever present to the minds of both. Leonard had reconciled himself to his lot, as he said, since he needs must and destiny would give him no escape from it. It was a lot that many would have thought a very enviable one—but this enforced resignation found vent in increased acerbity of temper. Bickerings between them now, that would once have been trifling, became serious quarrels.

One evening, when at dinner, the *facteur* brought their letters. Leonard called in this pleasant little postman, who, in blue uniform-coat, with despatch-box on hip and a packet of journals in his hand, faithfully trudged the communal roads, on a pair of bowed legs.

"How is it you come so irregularly these last few days, Maurel?" he asked. "The letters, too, seem behindhand."

"*Vous savez*," returned the *facteur*, his cap respectfully off, and blinking a little at the light in contrast with the darkness without; "the *receveur* [the postmaster] has just retired on his pension. He's served thirty years, and had a right to demand it. There's a new chief down there." He lowered his voice confidentially, and yet as with a desire to say nothing impolitic of his superiors. "And he's brought in some employés who don't understand their business. Things are rather upside down at present, but that can't last. It is to be hoped so, at least."

Leonard pulled open the correspondence, while Miriam was serving the food. He grumbled at the unsatisfactoriness not only of these, but all letters in general.

"There's hardly one in a hundred that's worth its postage. Look at our dear friends, the Wellsbros, here, who fill up four pages for us once in six months. Not a thing about what they've been doing, not an answer to a question; yet the time has been when we were all but inseparable. It is true they do better than the Norwalks, who never write at all."

He came to the monthly bill of Schwartz, their grocer at Nice. He made it the text for a new lecture on economy, the form his irritable temper now most often took.

"This won't do," pursing his lips severely over the statement; "the household expenses have got to come down."

"They *have* come down. You know I have done my very best."

"It would be more evident if we could see the figures. For an intelligent person, Miriam, you have some very singular ideas in keeping accounts. For instance, we lay in a quarter's supply of coal one month, and because we get none the next, you call it an economy. No averaging, no spreading of expenses over their proper periods."

Miriam hastily sent Barbara on an errand to the farm-house. Luckily the servants understood no English, and, in spite of the earnestness in their language, had not yet divined their quarrels. They only fancied sometimes, seeing her sad mien, that Madame "ennuyéd herself" after her own country.

"And what more natural," they said to each other, and to Angelo and Angela, the farmers, "when you think how all her family and relations are away off in distant America. It must be two whole days' journey from here."

"It's unfair in you to charge me with that way of keeping accounts," rejoined Miriam. "I can tell you every item, if you ask me. So many little things come in to interrupt, when I am working at them, that I have not yet carried them out. And it's only such a short time since we began this system."

This was true enough; their plan, until lately, had been only, knowing they had possessed a certain sum of money at the beginning, to vaguely wonder what had become of it, when it was gone.

"I would guarantee to keep them in five minutes a day," said Leonard, impatiently.

"You have a very good opinion of yourself; allow me not to share it in all respects."

She felt outraged in a sensitive point. She recalled her laborious efforts over interminable columns of petty figures, her total want of experience in these matters, the difficulty of getting proper bills from the tradesmen, bills in proper time, and the like. As a rule, she was much more self-contained than he, but stung by his cool assumptions, she made him, for once, an answer not of the soft kind that turneth away wrath.

"The truth is," said Miriam, "it is your disappointment and vexation over the loss at Monte Carlo, and not any real fault in the way things are going here, that make you so unreasonable. Yes, you could spend nearly three hundred dollars in one dinner there, yet you begrudge a sou in our most necessary expenses. It is unfortunate that your own home should have to be made the scapegoat of those unworthy feelings."

She did not know how truthfully all his aberrations for many months past might have been ascribed to the same source.

"It was my *duty* to make that attempt at Monte Carlo," he returned, defiantly. "It was no mere love of excitement, no mere passion for play. You can't accuse me of that."

"A curious idea of duty; and how, pray?"

"There is reason for alarm about the future, and something had to be done for the support of the family. My work doesn't go; you see well that it doesn't. My head aches and my heart aches over it; instead of turning to it with pleasure, I take every pretext for escaping from it. I hate it. So we can't depend upon that any longer."

"It's this very distraction, this most unusual excitement that causes it. What more natural?"

"No, no, it isn't that," going on to indict himself fiercely. "It is because I have no real head for it, no real talent nor taste for art. It's all been a mistake from the beginning, and the publishers and the public are right."

"Then, Leonard, dearest," she suggested, thoroughly sympathetic on seeing him so depressed, "why *don't* you go into something else? If your work is so hard for you, let us sell the new cottage—much as I should regret it—and go back to America. Why

won't you let my father do something? He could put you into the iron-works. That would serve until a better place offered. You know I've asked you to do it before."

She had indeed asked him before. Hearing him so often complain, as now, that his vein of talent had run out, or had never really existed, and being no great judge of the arts herself, she had ended by taking him at his word. She innocently offered these suggestions toward a practical, money-making occupation, thinking she spoke quite after his own heart and just as he would have wished her. In reality they rankled in his mind above all other injuries.

"What!" he exclaimed, inwardly, "to be an artist, and have a wife who does not believe in you? To find no triumphs, no belief in your inspiration, at home, in the one quarter where beyond all others they should be found the one refuge when all others fail? Ah, yes," he summed it up, "I was indeed 'unhappy in love,'. I was indeed right in throwing myself into play. Such a situation never offered its cursed advantages more clearly."

As to the alleged disparagement, it did not exist in the least in Miriam's mind. She had loved him as an attractive, companionable human being; she had made him the god of her idolatry, hardly thinking or caring what his life's work was to be. She was not a connoisseur in art nor letters, and had no deft opinion ready for every subject, especially not for the many fantastic subjects to which he often pushed his speculations. But, for a trifle gentler treatment, she would almost have given him her heart's blood. It was most lovable and pathetic sometimes to see her tremulously strive, for the sake of pleasing him, to make a choice, to have opinions, preferences, animation, about matters on which she really felt not the slightest trace of interest.

It might have been amusing to a looker-on to see how little Lucien, sitting up much beyond his usual bedtime, imitated the movements of that great exemplar to his childish admiration, his father. Quite unconsciously, and in good faith, he copied Leonard's animated gestures, his whole air, and even leaned his dear little head on his hand from time to time as in pensive sadness; but there was no looker-on to see this; he was left quite to his own devices.

Leonard, having so vehemently established the fact that he was not a genius, could not immediately turn round and maintain that he was. That would have been rather too ridiculous. He could only brood deeply over his wrongs, and take satisfaction on some other ground.

"It ill becomes you to advise me to change my profession," he said, "when it is you who have done so much to make it untenable. The loss at Monte Carlo, too, was mainly through your own fault."

"My fault?" she echoed, in consternation. "What *can* you mean?"

"Simply this, you checked me—or had most to do with checking me—at the moment of success which could never be recalled. When I went back, a week afterward, it was too late. I was like a man trying to catch a railroad train which is running away from him at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"You shall not treat me with such injustice," she interrupted, in passionate resentment. "I try not to answer you, because I know that success in argument cannot bring back your affection; but I must, I *must*. You turn everything against me, even my effort to save you from a ruinous vice. I will not stay here. I—I—will leave you. I will go to live alone. Oh," choking with sobs, "if I could only die, if I could only die!"

But at this moment a still sharper cry of lamenting broke forth from little son and effected an instant diversion in the matters at issue. Neglected, overlooked, and half nodding to sleep in his high chair, he had burned his rosebud of a mouth severely with hot soup.

"My poor child! my *darling!* my DARLING!" cried his mother, hysterically, catching him to her breast. She bore him out of the room, covering him with comforting kisses; while her own passionate tears, roused by so different a cause, rained down unchecked and mingled with his.

Leonard was made extremely uncom-

fortable by her tears, though hardened to them, in a way he would never have deemed possible in the early days. Then a single one of them would have utterly broken his heart. He was fully aware of his injustice. Yet even this could not allay the demon of discontent by which he was possessed. He stood irresolute ; lit his cigar twice and let it go out again. He said he would apologize later—he would ask her forgiveness, in fact. And then he went away to his own room and fiercely tried to work at his papers. The more baffled he was by them, the more testily he said to himself that he was a much-abused individual.

He went down and shut up the house, as his custom was. Somewhere about midnight he was aroused in his all but futile labors by hearing little Lucien call out persistently. He went to him. There was no one to attend his childish whims ; his mother was not in her room ; her bed had not been disturbed. Made excessively uneasy, Leonard searched everywhere within, but she was not to be found.

"Has she, indeed, gone away?" he queried ; "has she kept her hasty word? Is her patience at last exhausted? It is not possible that there is going to be a scandal in our family such as you read of in others, and that all is at an end between us!"

He recognized now her long-suffering patience. Suddenly another thought made his heart beat with a panic of alarm. Where had she gone in the dark and alone? Surely not to Nice, and there were no friends nearer. Could she have — but no, no, such a thought was beyond belief. And yet, as he feverishly lit a lantern and hurried without, he was overpowered by a flood of memories of her dearer self and their happier days, and was ascribing to her all the beatific virtues, as people do to a dear one who is dead.

He found her sitting on a bench, down the long walk, a dim figure in a cloak, in the lonely dark. The stars shone, it is true, but it was after midnight, and she was one rather timid by nature, with no taste for tragic posing or romantic situations. He had so great a sense of relief on seeing her, that he unconsciously felt himself acquitted already of the need of a part of his repentance.

"Isn't this silly? isn't this imprudent, Miriam?" he began, as if commonplace words could somehow best take the edge off the distressing occasion.

She made him no reply.

"But you'll catch your death of cold, dear, sitting out here so late. Remember it is March, and not July."

"I am not cold. Please let me stay," she responded, in a low, desolate voice, very musical, for her sweet voice was a distinct part of Miriam's charm.

"I did not know you were in the garden when I locked the house ; I should never have dreamed of shutting you out."

"I know ; but it does not matter."

Then he endeavored to take her hand tenderly and lead her back to their dwelling.

She started in aversion when he touched her. "No, no," she said, "I am afraid of you. It is more lonesome there than here. Oh, it has all gone on so long. You are so hard with me, so cold, so bitter. Oh, I do not want to go home any more." And she burst out anew into most violent sobbing.

God, how this terrible indictment smote his heart! What! more lonesome in their own fair home than out here in the coldness and blackness of the night, and far away from her kin in a strange land? Lonesome with him, afraid of him, she who had been the nearest and dearest to him in all the world?

"But Miriam! but darling!" he cried, now thoroughly overcome, "you cannot mean such cruel words? I have been wrong. What I said was extreme — unreasonable — entirely unwarranted. It is continually so. I beg your forgiveness with all my heart, dear little Miriam! Sweetheart! think of all we have been through together. Come, let us talk about it. It is not so bad as that."

He placed himself beside her on the bench and put his arm about her strongly, affectionately, to retain her in spite of herself. She should not escape him so.

"I do mean it. I—I—," chokingly, "thought if I were all alone out here in the dark, perhaps I might have strength to—to—to die, and leave you and little Lucien together — without me." She sobbed anew, in pity for herself and this piteous prospect. "But I was afraid; yes, I tell you truly, I was afraid. Oh, why have I not more courage? Why have I not more courage?"

This lovable natural weakness moved him more than any display of tragic strength could have done. He clasped her most affectionately in his embrace.

"There, there, these are very silly little ideas," he said, in a rough sort of soothing way. "There is no need of this. You must not make yourself ill. Let us go back to the house; that can't make things worse, either one way or the other, just this once, can it?" And he drew her gently along. She shivered in the chilly night air, and reluctantly yielded.

"There, we will discuss it all. Rest your head on my shoulder; let me pet you, as I used to do—so. Don't you see now, dear, that it isn't so bad yet. We mustn't feel in this bitter way toward each other. I am sorry for it all, from the bottom of my heart, from my very soul. I am never going to be hard with you, never going to breathe a cross word to you again."

What an inexpressible comfort these words gave her. The storm had spent its rage and was dying away; it left, as it were, vague Æolian harmonies in the air, and rare shells and perfumed weed had been thrown up from the profoundest ocean depths, which, but for the storm, would, perhaps, never have seen the light.

"If you could only *make believe* to like me, if you could only *pretend* to love me a little, though you really do not," suggested Miriam, "even in that way I could be almost happy."

"Make believe? pretend? but I do love you, dearly. Oh, do not doubt it! Only sometimes I am so cross, so wretched, I am a hardly rational being."

"And that is the time you ought to let me comfort and console you. Why can you not be sure that after a little while I will do everything you want me to?" He pressed her to him anew as they walked, inexpressibly touched by her sweetness. "Only have a little patience with me. I have nobody in all the world to love but you, then why should I not always please you? Advise me; show me how to learn; tell me things beforehand, and don't wait and find fault with me when it's too late. I loved you so, Leonard, I love you so dearly, I should give up everything to you, at last, whether it were right or wrong."

"And you would have stayed out-of-doors all night, poor little thing?"

"I was startled when I heard you shut up the house, but—but I think I should have been too proud to call to you to let me in."

"And to-morrow you would have been down with a raging fever; and I—— Oh, no! we must not talk about it any more."

CHAPTER VI.

INVOKING LUCK.

Leonard Bond kept his promise well; he spoke no more words of harshness to the gentle Miriam. But this did not free him from money embarrassments, nor did it put an end to the engrossing passion that had drawn him in. On the contrary, he found, in the very reconciliation and good understanding between them, support for a singular new perversion of duty.

"It is now more than ever incumbent upon me to play," he said, "for the sake of this dear Miriam, since I know how well I love her. The dangerous situation shall be redeemed before she becomes aware of it. I must save her and the boy from the actual destitution that threatens them in the failure of our present resources and the paralysis of my capacity for work."

He began to cherish the conviction that, in all this, fate had only meant to try him. It could not be that he, who —with whatever becoming concessions to modesty—believed so firmly in his own ultimate success and his natural right to be among the elect of the earth, was to be allowed to fall into actual straits and squalid misery. But all

round the wide horizon there appeared, to his distorted vision, no other resource except in play. It was necessary that his luck should change ; therefore, he argued, it must change.

He had no desire to deceive Miriam, but he persuaded himself that it had to be done in the interest of her own peace of mind. In the interest of her peace of mind, therefore, he made great efforts at cheerfulness in her presence; he affected to have set vigorously to work again ; and, as often as he absented himself, he invented ingenious pretexts of necessary visits to libraries, to acquaintances, or their new house.

On the afternoon of the day when he finally went back to Monte Carlo, there were five regular trains billed. As the scheduled hour of each in turn approached, he fought doggedly against the besetting temptation. For the afternoon he conquered, but in the evening he affected to go to Nice, and was soon at Monte Carlo, beside the tables. Fortune was no more propitious than of old; he departed a heavy loser. He drew more money, and the same ill chance attended him.

From a third visit, however, he brought away a really considerable sum in winnings. Elated, he took the money to Consul Hazlitt, and begged him, with feverish prudence, to keep it for him.

"This time I have broken away in season and not waited for the tide to turn against me," he said, with pride. "Put this money in your safe for me, Hazlitt, and don't give it up to me, do you hear ?—no, not for prayers, threats, nor compulsion."

But, no later than the very next day, he was back, in a flurry of agitation, to demand it. It so happened that the consul was absent, and it was not the secretary's affair to give it up, even were the key of the safe in his possession, as it was not. The Consul would return within the hour.

"But I cannot wait an hour ; it is beyond endurance," grumbled the visitor.

He paced the floor, fuming immeasurably. His eager eyes would have pierced the safe like diamond drills, and his impatience was of a dynamite quality that might almost have blown the door from its hinges. Fortunately Mr. Hazlitt came back sooner than was expected.

"I find I've got to have the deposit, after all, old man," burst out Leonard, without further preamble, though endeavoring to impose a certain calm upon himself.

"You told me not to give it up to you—not for prayers, threats, nor even 'compulsion.'"

"Well, you see I don't use prayers or threats, and I have too much respect for that muscle of yours, as an old college boating-man, to try force. But just give me the money, old fellow, and be quick about it! I'm in something of a hurry."

"Where is this money going to?" the Consul asked, gravely.

"I—er my builder—the fact is I hadn't made my calculations quite right. I'll let you know all about it later." He had not even taken time to frame a plausible excuse.

The other was inclined to expostulate with him at some leisure, but Bond broke forth, almost beside himself:

"God! Hazlitt, give me what is mine. I'm not asking you for any of *your* money, am I?"

It was a tone that even patient friendship could not endure. Without a word further, the Consul turned to the safe and handed him out, from one of the small compartments, the thick package of bank-bills that had made but so brief a stay there.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Leonard, when the package was recovered—for he had had an insane sort of dread that he might never possess it again. "Let me take back my words. It is no way to talk to you, in return for your many kindnesses. The fact is I need the money. I——"

"I have no right to call you to an accounting," said the Consul, suavely.

But he took a resolution henceforward to mix himself up much less with the concerns of others. This resolution, however, did not prevent him from going out next day, and again a couple of days after, to see if anything was wrong with the family at the Villa Soleil. But to all appearances everything there was placid and serene.

Leonard lost, in short order, the

money thus withdrawn, and then he entered upon a career of reckless financiering. He exhausted all his near-by resources, and next drew upon those farther away. He even got money over by cable from America. He paid exorbitant interest for short-time loans; and the proceeds of the whole were tossed into the same all-devouring gulf.

When he went to his bank, he no longer set foot in the comfortable reading-room, where the strangers perused their papers; and with the same object in view, to avoid acquaintance, he made his way to the trains for Monte Carlo by the shabby Rue de Russie and Rue Paganini, instead of up the Avenue de la Gare. Ambitions, loves, hates, every other passion and interest were postponed for the moment to his blind struggle with the god of chance. His work, his hopes, his past life, his friends, Miriam, he himself, were as if involved in a thick fog. The only light apparent in it was a pale sickly gleam, reflected outward from the green table. In this false radiance he was vaguely conscious of a circle of heads around him, heads of tourists, diners-out, cocottes, roués, blacklegs, looking on at his play with amusement, with gaping wonder or scorn.

Still he played. As fortune went against him, he abated the magnitude of his early demands. At first he had demanded riches; then he would have been content merely to recover his losses; then only the half of them; and now, finally, he was ready to say:

"I will play no more, if I may get out of it only enough to take us back to America and keep us there, till I can get something to do."

But, strangely enough, he was less gloomy now over great losses that threatened their very means of existence than he had been over comparatively petty ones in the beginning. He was possessed of a general apathy, only broken at times by the gambler's mad exhilaration.

"One must have plenty of 'sand,' as Skelmer says," he assured himself. "He must be able to look unflinchingly into the eye of ruin, and this boldness will check and vanquish it, as they say the determined human eye will quell the fiercest wild animal."

Some people, looking on at his heavy play and losses, and knowing his modest way of living, asked "Where *does* he get his money?" But the gambler always has money. It was reassuring to him now to feel that large capital was not necessary. His one great success had been made with but a hundred francs. As long as a single five-franc piece remained to him, he might at any time hear, as it were, the voice saying "Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London." A single five-franc piece was not too small to become the seed of a dazzling affluence.

His assets at length consisted of no more than the house in process of construction, and a few forlorn building-lots in America. The latter could not profitably be turned into cash, and indeed might be crossed off the account altogether. As to his house, the object of so much labor and affection, he decided that he would not sell it, but would mortgage it. He went directly to the well-to-do Barmasso for the loan. His builder received the request with a deprecating shrug. "*Ces jours-ci*—and *enfin*, and *et puis*, and what will you," stammered Barmasso. "If it was only a house in the regular style, I wouldn't mind letting you have—so much; but, being as it's an old kind of place, made after ideas of your own, and nobody would take it off my hands if anything happened to the mortgage, I can't possibly let you have more than—so much." And he named a ridiculously small sum.

"It's infamous!" said Leonard. "You know all the good material that's gone into that house; you know the real value of it better than anybody else, because you've built it. But I can't argue with you. Will you stand to the offer you have made?"

"I'll stand to this one anyway, M'sieu Bond." And he diminished his offer anew, by an appreciable fraction.

"Can you let me have the money at once?—on the instant?"

"Hem! h–m! this is Tuesday; the quickest I can let you have it is on Saturday."

Leonard was obliged to close with

him. This transaction, the cold shrewdness of Barmasso, sent a throb of terror through him. His apathy was stirred; the enveloping fog in which he was voyaging was briefly rent, as by a lightning flash, and he heard the roar of snarling breakers, and had an imminent vision as of his total undoing near at hand. If now he could only command some small resources, in the meantime, even very small ones, he might redeem all before Saturday, and not have to take the knavish Barmasso's mortgage after all. Casting about for something on which to raise money, he thought of his watch, not a very choice one, and he pawned it and lost the proceeds the same day. Then he pawned Miriam's watch, lying at the jeweller's for repairs. He was heartily ashamed of the latter step, but assured himself that it was but momentary; it should be back again in the jeweller's hands on Saturday, whether he lost or not. And lose, he did.

His own wits had served him so poorly, that he had long felt the need of some higher wisdom than his own to guide his play. It was an aspiration not likely to be gratified, but it led him to discourse with Scaithewaite, the system-maker. Scaithewaite was only too content to secure an intelligent listener, and they sat down a couple of hours over it at a little table in the Café Régence, at Nice. It led him to buy all the brochures with infallible secrets for winning, displayed in sealed envelopes, at the news kiosks—and sold dear, because no purchaser would ever think of buying one a second time. And it led him vaguely among the charlatans whose offers of infallible systems, in the newspapers, he had been wont to mock at so scornfully. He knew, as well now as then, that they were unreasonable, absurd, but the chronic gamester does not disdain to be unreasonable nor even absurd. Out of all the bushel of chaff, there might come a small grain of wheat, in the shape at least of some useful suggestion that would throw him out of his rooted habits and set him upon some fresh new proceeding. The benevolent Professor, the Ex-croupier of Monte Carlo, the distinguished Engineer of Roads and Bridges, "A.A.," *très sérieux*, and "Y," also very serious, being seen and corresponded with, had no healing to offer. He even visited the motherly Baroness de Niche, whose hand-bill pretended to call down righteous maledictions upon the Casino and sweep it from the face of the earth as a philanthropic boon to the human race, and he found her a little sharper than all the rest.

"Such semblance of plans as they have got is simply copied out of old Cagliostro's book," said Leonard, summing them all up. "And their game is threefold—either to make off, pure and simple, with the money put in their hands, or to pluck their victims at private play, or to serve as stool-pigeons for Monte Carlo, where no doubt they get a commission on the business they bring."

"The numbers tend to come out of the roulette-wheel in mysterious series, controlled by sympathy among themselves," said the Baroness de Niche. "I have found the secret of these series through my profound investigations, by means of the science of algebra."

The secret was divided into two parts, for sale separately or the whole for a round sum—which was of no moment at all in comparison with the losses one might sustain without it, at a single sitting. No, no, no aid, no resource here; all was hollow, fallacious mockery.

Nor was there more in the private roulette, defying law, to which he was introduced, in a considerable villa, not far from the Pont du Magnan. The risks were greater, the management probably even less honest than at Monte Carlo. Some people there told him of clairvoyants who had done most wonderful things. To make his experience complete, he fatuously visited some of the clairvoyants, bought their lucky numbers, and some of these numbers, written out on tissue-paper, he soaked in his cup, and swallowed with his breakfast coffee.

On Friday morning, preceding the Saturday when he was to have his loan from Barmasso, he was once more, despite clairvoyant and lucky numbers, in the unhappy class of the cleaned-out, the *décavés*.

That morning, Miriam having gone

down to the village to do her marketing, Leonard caught sight of Jojo, led out by Angelo to crop some mouthfuls of fresh grass. For the first time, Jojo occurred to him as negotiable property. —A thought to be repulsed with loathing!—No, a thought to be accepted with gratitude, a sad necessity, no doubt, but a happy solution that might save all.

"Miriam will grieve, to be sure, and little Lucien will be inconsolable for a while," he reflected. "But, then, Lucien is forever getting under Jojo's feet and in imminent danger of being trampled to death. And it *may* save us the need of putting the mortgage on the house. And, furthermore, I shall not sell the pony, but only put him in pledge; and I shall get him out again just as soon as my winnings allow it."

He ordered Angelo to give Jojo an extra feed of oats, and then harness up and let him know when all was ready. While waiting, he took the seat in the corner of the house-terrace, and lost himself in intricate tables, involving mathematical doctrines of chances, on which he was now always figuring.

Little son ran out from the supervising care of Alexandrine in the kitchen, and began a favorite game of throwing things over the parapet. Athletic for his years, he would unconsciously take strong, proud little poses, like a baby Ajax defying the lightning. He threw over all the small articles he could lay hands on, and the worst of it was many of them were useful ones. You might have thought he was lightening cargo to avert an impending shipwreck.

Tired of this, and yielding to the magnetism the larger body naturally exercised upon such a smaller one, he gravitated nearer and nearer his father. He played about him as quietly as a little mouse, for a while, bringing leaves, sticks, and pebbles, and arranging them beside him on the bench. Then he would put them into one of his father's side-pockets, then industriously take them out again, and put them in the other. He ran down the garden-walk, where wild flowers were springing in the tall grass — he himself was like but a larger flower among them—and brought back, for his father's buttonhole, a coquelicot that he had ruthlessly broken off, with much too short a stem.

When Leonard was his normal self, the doings of his little child were a continual source of curious interest and affectionate pleasure. But of late, these pretty nothings were rather a reproach to him; he inclined to avoid the baby caresses, or to get them over with as soon as possible. This, too, in spite of his specious argument that it was largely to insure the child's happiness that he was engaged in his present singular career.

Again, at a most engrossed moment, when Leonard was counting about three abstruse columns of figures at once, Lucien approached, with his innocent adorable little smile, that showed all his excellent white teeth, and called "*Manina! manina!*"—Little hand! little hand! a word caught up from his nurse, Barbara's semi-Italian patois. It was his ingenuous idea that his father should now stop everything, and have nothing more important in the world to do than to hold his dear little paw in both his own.

Finally, he must be taken up into Leonard's lap. He was as gentle and adroit about it all as any irrepressible child could be, but he was in both an affectionate and an inquisitive mood. While Leonard absently kept on with his work, he was sensible of Lucien's laying his soft cheek against his, exploring the dog's-head pin in his cravat, with murmurs of "bow-wow! bow-wow!" and taking out and replacing his handkerchief. Suddenly he became aware that he was being relieved of a memorandum-book he carried in an inner pocket. The infant had it in his hand and was sliding down to the ground with it to carry it away.

"No, no, not that, Monsieur *Touche-à-tout*. Mr. Touch-everything, *that* won't do at all," he protested, rousing himself to take it back.

All things, as to Lucien, seemed divided into "No" objects and "Yes" objects. Nearly everything belonged to the former category, this memorandum-book decidedly. Its destination, furthermore, had it not been recaptured, was to be thrown over the terrace wall.

Angelo came to announce that the trap was ready. "Ready in a moment," responded Leonard.

He rose to go; but, taken by a singular impulse, he caught up little Lucien into his arms and carried him down toward the middle of the garden walk. He paused there, between borders where scarlet flowers kindled their bright flame amid the grave, poetic green of the olive-orchard. He cradled the infant a little in his strong embrace, pressed him against his breast, then, lifting him higher, tenderly kissed him twice. Lucien took the kisses in a half-coquettish little way almost like that of a girl evading her lover.

"Now we are alone, all alone, papa and his dear little sweetheart boy," said Leonard Bond. "Here we are, all by ourselves, out of sight and sound of everybody. Nobody can hear what I am going to say to you; and you yourself, poor little midget, don't understand the first syllable of it either. I want you to wish papa 'luck.' Papa is going away pretty soon and has need of all the help and favor he can get. Who knows? perhaps the wish may have some good effect, coming from your innocent mouth. There, now, my dear little pet, say, after papa, *'luck!'* Say it this way—so—after papa—'Luck!'"

"*Luck!*" repeated the child, displaying a perfect docility that was by no means habitual with him. And he smiled radiantly up at his father, as if he appreciated the humor and the compliment of it that they two should have a secret between them.

Leonard kissed him again, and put him down. He had at once a remorseful sense that he was desecrating the finest feelings of the human heart to the purposes of his unhallowed occupation. In a few moments more he was bowling along the smooth road to Monte Carlo, driving their pretty pony, Jojo, to the sacrifice.

He alighted before the Café de Paris. Entering the billiard-room, he walked at once straight across it, and stood for a moment by a window. Although he appeared quite unobservant, his cursory glance had assured him that Banfi, the habitué of the place, the man he wanted, was there. He must catch his breath a bit first, and think in what words the sacrifice he was about to consummate were best proposed.

As he stood by the window, the view commanded the mountain prospect, with the mediæval village of Roquebrune near the top. Yes, it was evident there had once been a landslide, the traces of it were plainly visible on the scarred cliffs; and in the hamlet itself bowlders and houses were indistinguishably mixed together. The village had slid, and it had been somehow stopped in mid-career to the sea—stopped, the story went, by a sprig of flowering broom—the cytisus of Virgil and Theocritus, the plant on which classic shepherds were wont to pasture their goats. For an instant, the legend came vaguely before his mind, with the scene.

"Ah, if only something could have stopped me!" he sighed, heavily.

Turning back, he sought out Monsieur Banfi, the man who lent money at one hundred per cent. a day to persons temporarily embarrassed in their dealings at the Casino, just there across the velvet lawn. The usurer paused in a game with a young man having a weak chin and snaggly black teeth, and came forward billiard-cue in hand. His gross, heavy jaw, his drooping eyelids, his florid costume, already portended an unfeeling hardness; and, on the other hand, something in Leonard must have indicated to his experienced eye both the novice and his urgent need. He repulsed the application as soon as it was made, saying, roughly.

"*I've* got no money."

"If the collateral were good, I think you could find some," rejoined Leonard, quietly.

When Banfi was led out to see the trap, in fact, the affair took quite a new complexion. He walked around Jojo, poked him in the withers and felt of his legs. His admiration, it was plain to be seen, still held good.

"I can't loan any money on that outfit," he announced.

"And why?" demanded Leonard, surprised and aggrieved.

"Because I like it, as I told you before, and I want to *buy* it."

"No, no; I can't think of selling."

"Hold on! don't gather up them lines yet. You can make more out of me than you can out of anybody else. You may get something on the outfit, but they'll charge you a couple of hundred per cent. — the good borrower pays for the bad, you know—and anyway what you want to do is sell. When you come to play, you'll find you'll have need of all the money you can get, and then you'll wish you'd listened to me."

It was but a foregone conclusion that Leonard should come to his terms. He took a last glance at the trim cart that had drawn them in their modest triumph at the Battle of Flowers, and lingeringly patted poor Jojo's neck for the last time. He went and cast down in the gamesters' temple the pieces received from this species of treason. The invocation, too, through the aid of little son proved as absolutely ineffective as all the rest. At the end of the day, could he have redeemed Jojo for the round disk of a single five-franc piece, he would not have had the wherewithal to do it.

But, at any rate, the day of small things was past. How could he have expected anything from the use of such mere driblets? he asked himself. He now welcomed with some cheerfulness the morrow and Barmasso's mortgage-loan. "Here, at last," he said, "is something you may really call a capital."

By the time he entered into the possession of the mortgage-money, the train had gone. Delaying a little he might have caught another, and been set down at Monte Carlo for a couple of francs. But he could not wait for another. With such fever of impatience was he consumed, that every instant seemed precious. Not a minute, not a second of the valuable time was to be lost. He laid out forty francs, instead, for a carriage and pair, in the Place Masséna. It was a pair of the swift trotters, with jaunty cocks' feathers in their bridles, which tear like mad along the road, back and forth from Monte Carlo, for the especial use of the grand gamblers and similar luxurious persons.

"*Hue! hue! allez! allez vite!*" cried the coachman.

He snapped his whip; the little bells on the collars jingled gayly, and the flying hoofs of the horses devoured the route.

"If a man take on with fickle goddess Fortune the airs of a successful player, perhaps she'll really think him one and so make him one," philosophized Leonard.

Once, during the journey, his face, set and eager with expectation, relaxed into an indulgent smile, when he had discovered in his side-pockets a miscellany of twigs and pebbles that Lucien had put there the day before. He tossed them out into the road.

"Dear little chap!" said he, half aloud, "we ought to have a civil engineer, all to ourselves, to keep up with his numerous inventions."

He scarce remarked his own home, as he flew past it. Could he have done so, he might perhaps have seen Miriam sitting under a tree in a very disconsolate attitude. She had missed Jojo, and she had guessed at the cause. She sat much, all that day, under a remote tree, in the orchard. Alexandrine, Barbara, and the farmer's family thought that "Madame" unusually ennuyéd herself and mourned for her own country. She was so lonesome that day that even the amusing pranks of little Lucien could not divert her.

(To be concluded in June.)

A CORNER IN A MARKET.

PAINTED BY JULES MUENIER.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

JULES ALEXIS MUENIER, one of the best known of the younger French painters, was not born at Vesoul, as is stated in the catalogue of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, but at Lyons, just thirty years ago. "The chances of life," he says to me in a letter, "took my parents to that town; nevertheless, I am really, and in heart, a Franc-comtois. It is in Franche-comté, in a little village near Vesoul, that I have painted all my pictures. It is there that I have brought my family together, and have all home and household ties."

The little village is that of Coulevon, which has less than two hundred inhabitants, of whom M. Muenier and his family appear to be the leading people, as his wife is the owner of the château and the property belonging to it.

After having gone through the usual French school education young Muenier became, at the age of eighteen, a pupil at the École des Beaux-Arts, in the studio of Gérôme. That distinguished artist is also a Franc-comtois, and was born at Vesoul, so there was a tie of local patriotism between master and pupil, not unfavorable to sympathy and progress. Muenier afterward became the friend and companion, and also, in a certain sense, the disciple of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who, if not a native of Franche-comté, is strongly attached to the Haute-Saône, where he has a country-house, in which he spends several months of every year. M. Muenier desires me to say, in this place, with how much mingled respect and affection he looks upon "that great artist," to whom he owes whatever may be in any degree of interest in his work. He adds that M. Dagnan-Bouveret is not only his master, but his dearest friend, and that he is proud of having been influenced by him.

The first picture exhibited by M. Muenier was the "Breviary," in the Salon of 1887. This gained a third-class medal, voted unanimously, and a travelling "bourse" from the Ministry of Fine Arts. The young artist travelled through Italy, Spain, Morocco, and Algeria. During several months of African travel he enjoyed the companionship of Dagnan-Bouveret.

One result of these African travels was a picture of "Algerian Women on their Terraces," which was exhibited in Paris, in 1889, and afterward won a second-class medal at Munich. This picture was sent to Chicago, in 1893, along with "Aux Beaux Jours," which, I suppose, one ought to translate "In the Fine Weather," though that would not convey the full sense of the original for lack of certain contrasts and associations. The subject of this work is extremely simple. An elderly man and his wife are sitting at table out-of-doors, *sub tegmine*, according to the pleasant French rural custom in summer. The moment chosen is that pleasant one after *déjeuner*, when the sensations of physical satisfaction are agreeably completed by coffee, and sometimes also by cognac and tobacco. It seems to be so in the present instance, as there is a bottle conveniently near to the old man, who is also enjoying his pipe. His little daughter, or perhaps grandchild, does not share these pleasures, but gives, by her mere presence, a joy of a higher kind. The art in the picture is that of simple realism, but without and of those errors of taste that have been so frequently associated with that word. This work was of great importance in the career of the artist, as he sent it to the Champ de Mars, in 1890, where the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts then, for the first time, organized a salon on new principles in opposition to the old Salon of the Champs Elysées. M. Muenier was elected an associate of the new society, and has remained faithful to it

* See frontispiece.

ever since. In the same year he exhibited "On the Bridge," a peasant girl seated on a rustic bridge and gazing meditatively at a quiet pool in a brook that passes through level fields, with a village on the rising ground in the distance.

The year 1891 was important for M. Muenier, as he then painted "The Catechism," which was bought for the state, and is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. A rural French priest is in his garden, the garden of the *presbytère*, and examining the little boys and girls of the village. The state also bought M. Muenier's large decorative panel of the "Harbor of Villefranche at Twilight," before the opening of the Champ de Mars, in 1893.

It is tedious to give mere catalogues of works when there is not some special reason for dwelling upon them one by one. Besides the state, M. Muenier's pictures have found several distinguished buyers, as, for example, Alexandre Dumas, the dramatist; Albert Wolff, at that time the most famous Parisian critic; Jules Claretie, and Coquelin the Younger.

Although M. Muenier is one of the younger French artists who exhibit at the revolutionary Champ de Mars, and although he is open in all ways to the influences of modern art, and is not bound by any special ties of artistic ancestry to the past, he is still entirely free from the false pretension and wilful eccentricity that have led to the present lamentable decadence in French painting. A real decadence in painting may always be known by its substitution of an empty manual display and of temporary fashions in drawing and coloring for the observant study of nature. The "decadent" artist has for his real motive the desire to draw attention to himself, a desire suggested either by vanity or by a shrewd commercial calculation. When there are several decadent artists together they adopt some eccentric "fad," and work it to its ultimate consequences without caring either for veracity or genuine technical excellence. For example, of late years it has become the fashion among certain decadents to color in crude, pale hues, particularly pale, raw green and violet, whether the objects represented had really that coloring or not, and as to manual execution, a peculiar streaky way of painting has been adopted which is very ill-suited to the interpretation of the majority of natural objects.* M. Muenier paints without any technical *parti pris* of this kind. He simply has in view the honest representation of what he sees, and, as his local interests and affections are very strong, he thinks more of representing the good folks about Coulevon as they are, than of exhibiting novel tricks of execution. His manner of drawing is firm and clear, and its definitely linear character gives it a certain hardness which reminds us, in some pictures, of the early Flemish or Italian masters. His modelling is careful and rather primitive. I like it none the worse for that, and only mean that he does not usually care for startling and salient relief. There is a certain preciseness, a sort of primness in M. Muenier's work that seems almost an anachronism in these days of manual display. His system of light and color is not founded on the strength to be obtained by sacrifices and violent oppositions, but rather on the truth of contrasts; as, for example, between the glowing sunshine on a field or hillside, and the half-light on foreground figures that do not catch the sun and yet are not by any means "forlorn of light." As a general rule there is great placidity among M. Muenier's figures, which are quiet, rustic folks, mainly women, living in a healthy way in sun and shade and in one of the pleasantest parts of France, but neither thinking nor doing very much. Sometimes,

* Since French artists found out a few years ago, what had been long known to Englishmen, that under certain circumstances the coloring of shadows is blue (or bluish), and that of lights in sunshine yellowish, the blue or violet shadow has become a fashion among the decadents, with little or no reference to the varying circumstances of nature. I have often made studies for truth of relation between the lighted and the shaded sides of objects, from mountains to foreground buildings, and I find that sometimes the shadow is rather blue or violet and sometimes it is not. I put this question to a most experienced old landscape-painter about a dozen years ago, before the present fashion came in, and he entered into the subject more at length than would be suitable for a footnote; the result being that shadows, or the shaded side of things, were sometimes cool and sometimes warm, the difference being due to distance, to local color, to reflections, and to the state of the atmosphere. The decadents take no account of these various conditions, but make their shadows blue or violet under all circumstances.



Jules Muenier.

however, the artist goes in for action, and there is one picture of his in which the action is, or has just been, most violent and the consequence of it tragical. I allude to the "Querelle de Charretiers" ("Carters Quarrelling"). The incident appears to happen on the wonderful Corniche road, on the French Mediterranean coast. Two carters have had a dispute, and one of them lies prostrate—being wounded, if not dead—while the conqueror glares at him fiercely, with a knife in his hand. The tragic incident is in strong but by no means rare or improbable contrast with one of the loveliest regions on earth lighted by the bright sun of the warm south. It is just one of those enchanting turns of road which are dear to the pedestrian or the bicyclist, when on one side he looks over an expanse of azure waters, and has on the other the rich and beautiful southern land. Notwithstanding the strong realism of the figures and the savagery of the too possible incident, the object of the artist has still been beauty as well as truth—in other words, he has not lost sight of what must always be the essential quality and interest of a work of art.

The picture which we have reproduced requires no especial comment. The subject is very simple and explains itself. I need only add that a reproduction in black and white, however faithful as to drawing, cannot do justice to the richness and warmth of coloring which belong to the original work.



Sand-Storm, or "Norther," in a Mexican Village on the Rio Grande.

THE AMERICAN CONGO.

By John G. Bourke.

The Illustrations by Gilbert Gaul.

SEVERAL winters ago, all that portion of the State of Texas lying between the Rio Nueces and the Rio Grande was the theatre of an attempt on the part of certain reckless, ignorant, political refugees to organize an armed force to set at defiance the Neutrality Laws of the United States and subject to annoyance the people residing in the isolated districts of the northern frontier of the friendly republic of Mexico.

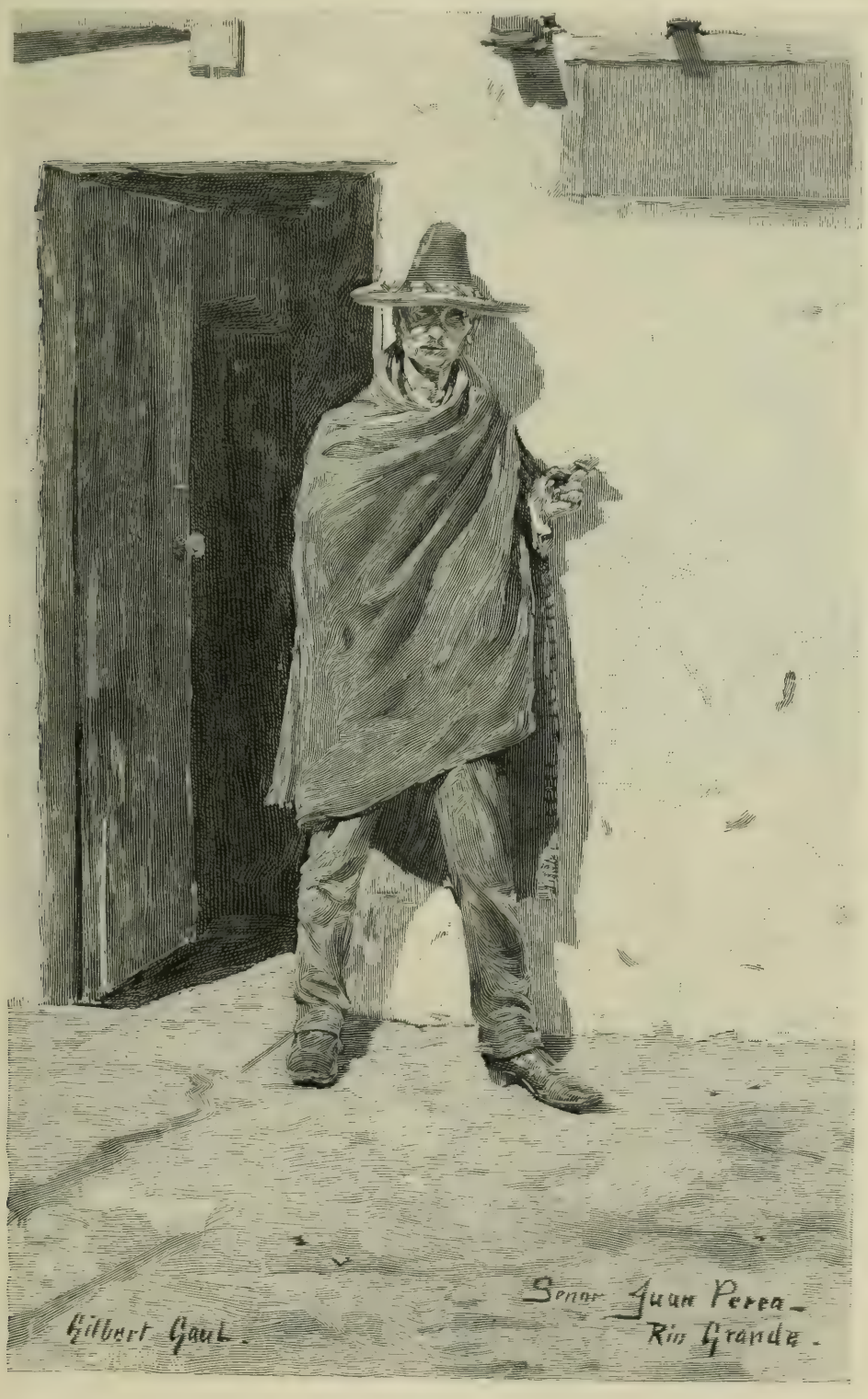
The effect of this disturbed condition of affairs was little if any beyond attracting public attention to the general ignorance of the region under consideration and the peculiar population by whom it has for several generations been inhabited.

It is the purpose of this brief and necessarily synoptical sketch to lay before the readers of Scribner's an outline description, both of the territory under consideration, and the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Mexicans to be found within its limits.

Although the Rio Grande, or as it was known to the earlier Spanish explorers, the Rio Bravo del Norte, figures on the maps as the southeastern boundary of the United States, it can in no sense be regarded as fulfilling any of the conditions of a line of delimitation. For months in the year its current shrinks to such insignificant proportions that it can be forded on foot or horseback at almost any point, and smugglers find no difficulty in crossing with trains of loaded pack-mules and making their way across the "Zona Libre" to the protection of the mountains of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon.

In an official communication which I once made to the War Department, and which has long been slumbering its last sleep in some one of the waste-paper baskets of the national capital, I compared the Rio Grande to the Nile in the facts that, like its African prototype, the fierce River of the North had its

origin in snow-clad sierras far away in Colorado, which until within a generation or so have been as little known to



A Native.

the dwellers near its mouth as were the Mountains of the Moon to the Ptolemies; like the Nile, it made its way to the sea unswelled by any affluent of importance; and much as the wild tribes of Central Africa kept the forces of civilization at bay when they advanced beyond Khartoum, so the fierce Apache and his equally fierce brothers, the bold Comanche, Ute, and Navajo raided and plundered the meek Pueblo and Tlascaltec from time immemorial in wars which had given rise to



Mexican Goat Herder.

legends as weird and improbable as any to be found in the pages of Strabo or Herodotus.

In like manner, much as the sentinels of the Pharaohs watched the downcoming of the African water-god, so the "peons" and "pelados" of New Mexico, Texas, and Tamaulipas noted the spring-rise of the Rio Grande, because in each case the volume of water assured the success or failure of the crops and the prosperity or misery of thousands of toilers.

With the incoming of the American element, shortly after the termination of the Mexican War, and especially upon the completion of the various lines of transcontinental communication, the wild tribes at the head of the Rio Grande were subdued and placed upon reservations, and the mineral and arable wealth of a great empire made available to the commerce of the world.

No such good fortune smiled upon the lower part of the Rio Grande valley, which remains to-day, as it has been for more than forty years, a sealed book, a *terra incognita* to the rest of the United States. Twice the waves of North American aggression have swept across this region, bearing down all in their path; but as the tempest abated the Mexican population placidly resumed its control of affairs and returned to its former habits of life as if the North American had never existed.

The first of these ethnic storms was the advent of the army of General Zachary Taylor, in its march from Point Isabel, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, to Camargo, Monterey, and Saltillo.

This war between the two great republics of the American continent began, as every school-boy knows, near Point Isabel, and, although it undoubtedly resulted in the development of immense areas of most productive country, the necessity for beginning or continuing it has been doubted by no less an authority than the late President Grant.

The second period of exploration and examination arose during our own Civil War, when the needs of the Confederacy suggested the transportation of all the available cotton from the fields of eastern Texas and western Arkansas across the Rio Grande to the Mexican side, and then down to the city of Matamoros, there to be placed on steamers to be carried to Nassau and Liverpool. Those were the halcyon days of the "Heroic City," which saw itself advancing from the primitive insignificance of a fishing village, patronized by the pirates of Lafitte, to the dignity of a commercial metropolis,



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

The Hacienda Fountain.

frequented by the traders of Havre, Liverpool, and Hamburg.

From the Nueces southward the whole country was furrowed with "cotton roads," while the waters of the Rio Grande were made familiar with the keels of more than twenty steamers, bearing the flags of such enterprising firms as the Kennedys, Kings, Kellys, and Dalzells.

He would have been a man of more than ordinary boldness who should have then dared predict the disappearance of all this commercial energy and a reversion to the old-time apathy; but such has been the case, and all that now remains in the way of commerce on the bosom of our boundary stream is the stanch little iron-hulled, one-hundred-and-fifty-ton steamboat Bessie, Captain Jesse Thornham, commander.

Of the presence of the conquering hosts of General Taylor there are few evidences left, save and excepting the copper grape-shot still dug up from the battle-fields of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto, between Point Isabel and Brownsville. General Taylor's old drunken moments prattles garrulously of the achievements of himself and his old commander.

Through the centre of this unknown region, fully as large as New England, courses the Rio Grande, which can more correctly be compared to the Congo than to the Nile the moment that the degraded, turbulent, ignorant, and superstitious character of its population comes under examination. To the Congo, therefore, I compare it, and I am confident that all who peruse these lines to a conclusion will concur in the correctness of the comparison, although stress cannot be too pointedly laid upon the existence within this Dark Belt of thriving, intelligent communities, such as Brownsville, Matamoros, Corpus Christi, Laredo, San Diego, and others, in which are to be found people of as much refinement and good breeding as anywhere else in the world, but exerting about as much influence upon the *indigenès* around them as did the Saxon or Danish invaders upon the Celts of Ireland.

As the Rio Grande is the main line



Adobe Houses of the Mexican Indians.

Mexican guide, who piloted him up the river and on to Monterey, still lives in the little town of San Diego, and in his

of communication, a trip along its waters will be necessary for any one who desires to become even fairly well



A Flirt.

acquainted with the general character of the country and that of the people living in it. The head of navigation is at Roma, close to Fort Ringgold, but the boat ordinarily does not ascend beyond the latter point. It makes about two or three round trips monthly, the downward passage being a matter of no difficulty, but the ascent altogether another affair on account of stiff current, uncertain depth of water, and treacherous sand-bars. While the distance overland from Ringgold to Brownsville or Matamoros is not over one hundred and ten miles, measured by the thread of the stream, it is fully four times as much, but every mile has its own story.

Such a voyage will, of course, give only an idea, but a perfectly correct idea, of the situation, and where a more thorough acquaintance with affairs is

deemed necessary or desirable, this steamer excursion should be supplemented with trips over the various roads, on both sides of the river, from Piedras Negras to its mouth.

Whether the traveller be merely weary of the guide-books of better-known sections, and desirous to trace out for himself paths not trodden by the ordinary globe-trotter, or be engaged on more serious business and interested in the study of the history, the anthropology, the folk-lore, the botany, or the zoölogy of the valley, he will have no moment for idleness from the time he enters upon his labors, but will find each hour that material of the most valuable kind is accumulating upon his hands.

The scenery along the course of the river presents no especially attractive features, the country being a dead flat, covered thickly in most places with a jungle of vegetation unknown to the dwellers of the States farther to the east. Still, there are many picturesque bends and "reaches," which during the moments that the rays of the rising sun are falling upon them, or the ruddy light of evening is reflected in their waves from the west, or the radiance of full moon or twinkling stars beams down from the zenith, will challenge comparison with localities whose beauty has been most highly extolled by poet and painter.

There is an almost unvarying succession of the mesquite, or acacia, believed by the Mexicans to be especially subject to lightning-stroke; of the "nopal," or prickly pear, which enters in so many ways into the domestic economy of the valley; of the melancholy "retama," whose long, pendulous leaves so closely resemble those of our own weeping willow; of the "huisatchi," the "tasajillo," the "coma," the black ebony, whose wood will sink in water and whose "beans," well dried, are parched and employed by the inhabitants as a substitute for coffee; the "chapote," or Mexican persimmon; the awe-inspiring "coyotillo," of which such curious tales are on every lip, ascribing to it the peculiar property of having perfectly edible fruit, but seeds which if swallowed will cause paralysis of the lower extremities; the "toloachi," the "mariguan," and the "drago," the first two used by discarded women for the purpose of wreaking a terrible revenge upon recreant lovers, and the last one



"Jacales"—Houses of Wattle-work and Mud in a Mexican Village.—Page 601.

much employed by the "medicine-men" of the Indian tribes as a narcotic



A Curandera—Woman Herb-doctor.—Page 606.

to induce prophetic dreaming; the "pitahaya," or ice-cream cactus, which is truly delicious in every sense; the "palo blanco," or hackberry; the "jarral," much resembling a cross between the willow and the cane of the Mississippi Valley; the "cenicilla," a variety of sage-brush bearing a lovely blue flower; the "junco," "uña de gato," "tenazas," "chapparo prieto," and dozens of other forms of plant life, a fuller description of which at this moment would be foreign to the purpose and scope of this brief sketch.

With all this plant-life there is connected a folk-lore which is most entertaining; the same lore of the "peon" attaches to the animals which lurk in the shelter of the jungle which the matted mass of all these thorny bushes presents to the entry of the stranger; in truth, the vegetation of the valley is rather one of interlaced bushes than of separate and independent trees, and it is not often that one can look upon a willow, a cotton-wood, or a palo blanco of respectable size, or expect to see the the lordly pecan, most beautiful of all trees — more beautiful than pine or palm or oak or elm.

As there are strange forms of vegetation, so there are curious animals. Here is to be encountered the "jabalin," the wild boar of America, fierce, swift, and intelligent, attacking man in the jungle but yielding readily to domestication when brought within the restraints of civilization. Swiftly darting through the lower branches, or racing more rapidly than a horse can trot along the half-effaced trails in the mesquite brush is the "road-runner," or "chapparal cock," credited by the Mexicans with a cunning and astuteness almost human in its dealings with the rattlesnake; through the dense fo-



Washing.

liage of mesquite and granjeno sounds the harsh cackle of the toothsome "chachalaca," nowhere else found within the limits of our country; and, as if in answer, comes the deep, tender cooing of the white-winged dove or the rasping noise of the "urraca."

Clumsy-looking, mail-clad armadillos move rapidly from point to point; occasionally the branches break under the timid tread of graceful fawns, or bend stealthily under the weight of amber-eyed, stump-tailed wild-cats.

Raccoons, 'possums, land-tortoises,



The Clothes Line.

and the slinking, untamable coyote fill out the list of animated life to be ordinarily looked for in these thorny recesses, while it goes without saying that there is the full complement of snakes, both venemous and non-venemous, which infests every jungle upon which the hand of man has as yet made so little impression.

As the current impels the little steamer against some projection of the bank and great clods of rich earth succumb to the stroke and fall with a splash into the water, there are whole schools of the soft and hard-shelled tortoises to be seen scampering up and away to the nearest sand-bar to avoid impending calamity. Then there may be a hapless pony mired in quicksand, a heifer or calf drifting down with the force of the stream, a squad or two of ox-eyed Mexican laundresses lazily desisting from their labors to gaze upon the passing transport, a bevy of merry-voiced girls or their noisy brothers shouting cordial greetings, or a strong picket of cavalry and infantry troops watching with vigilance every movement made from the northern bank because this is the land of Garza, the wife-beater, defaulting sewing-machine agent, blackmailing editor, and hater of the Grin-goes, who suffered under the hallucination that the people of northern Mexico were eager to salute him as their president.



Wood for the Ranch.

These are all that can truly be specified as the attractions of landscape on the lower river; but as the boat keeps on its downward course it passes close under the overhanging bank upon which are to be found perched the ranches of Santo Domingo, or "La Grulla," from the latter of which crossed the petty detail of smugglers and outlaws who not long since hoped to set at defiance the laws of the two republics. Fifty miles below Ringgold is the pretty town of Hidalgo, or Edinburgh, deserving of some attention as the last place in which human blood was shed in our dreadful Civil War; not even a cross marks the spot where brother looked upon brother for the last time with the glare of hate and despair; a score or more of the dead were, so it is related, buried by kindly Mexican hands in a little "Campo Santo," wherein the rude monuments and tablets and crosses bedecked with wreaths of colored paper and calico preserve in local memory the virtues of those gone before. Let us hope that the same prayer which covers the bones of the villagers may have due efficacy in behalf of Unionist and Confederate. "Que en paz duermen"—May they sleep in peace.

Almost opposite the "Grulla," on the Mexican side, is the pretty hamlet of San Miguel, now the terminus of the



Grinding Corn for the Christmas Fiesta.

Matamoros division of the Mexican National Railroad, formerly the scene of a terrible fight between Texas "Regulators" and a prowling band of cattle-thieves who had carried on their nefarious work on the wrong side of the river and paid for their folly in the matter by having fourteen of their number killed outright in the streets of the village, while eight others were captured on the American bank, just as they were about to escape to the south bank with three thousand head of horned cattle, and hanged to the nearest ebony trunks in plain view of their friends and relations.

Reynosa, opposite to Edinburgh, is a place of increasing activity, and under favorable conditions a good trade may be developed there. The church of this town was, a generation ago, noted for the possession of a valuable communion service of solid gold and silver, guarded with unusual jealousy by the young priest in charge. No one was allowed to draw too near the sacred vessels, but one day, so the story goes, the young curate disappeared, and the sacred utensils were found to have been by some mysterious process suddenly transmuted into tin.

The Mexican rancho, from Laredo clear down to the Gulf, adheres strictly to the one model; to describe one is to describe all, the differences being principally those of size and population.

There is always a "plaza" or "placeta" in the centre; if the rancho be unusually large, there may be two or even three such little squares, which serve all purposes of business, recreation, or, when necessary, religious function. From these radiate the streets, unpaved and dusty, sometimes shaded by the overhanging branches of trees, but oftener left to the full glare of sun and force of wind.

The two or three petty stores, or "tendajos," are fond of displaying sonorous names quite as high-toned as

the prices charged ; these may be buildings of stone, but the other structures are mainly of the class called in this section of Texas "tecaruchos" or "jacales."

To make a "jacal" the owner inserts half a dozen stout poles of mesquite or ebony or huisachi at the proposed corners, and then fills in with a wattle-work which may or may not be daubed with mud, according to the exigencies of climate, the depth of the builder's purse, or his sense of the æsthetic.

Inside there may be a table and there may not—generally there is none ; chairs are never seen, their place being supplied by stools made of an appropriately shaped root.

Should you seek for carpets, stoves, table-ware, kitchen utensils, beds — for any of the comforts and conveniences which the humblest workingman demands as a right in the more favored parts of the Union—you would seek in vain ; there are absolutely none to be seen. These people live in a squalor and degradation which words cannot adequately portray. Nothing in Ireland or Russia can approach the destitution of the lower Rio Grande, where, fortunately, Providence has been kind enough to grant the finest weather for the poor in all the world. The poverty of each family can be measured by the number of dogs kept around the house ; the poorer the people, the more dogs ; sometimes there are chickens, and even tamed "chachalacas," and there may be two or more reed cages with mocking-birds or turtle-doves, as the humblest Mexican is at all times fond of tame birds, but in all other respects chill penury represses the noble rage of most of these families, whose husbands and brothers depend rather upon the career of smugglers for a precarious livelihood than upon the irksome labors of the husbandman.

A drought which prevailed all over this great region during several years is commonly adduced as a reason for this indifference to the generosity of an exuberant nature, which is disposed to reward the exertions of the intelligent and earnest tiller of the soil with two crops each year ; but the drought had little to do with the occupations of the Rio Grande "ranchero." He has his herd of goats, which find abundant food upon the juicy plates and fruit of the nopal ; these afford him all the meat and horny cheese his appetite may crave ; he has a score or a hundred of mangy, unkempt sheep, whose wool is woven by the deft fingers of wife and daughters into blankets of wonderful warmth and beauty ; and herds of burros and ponies "hustle" for sustenance in the "chapparal" until the moment may be opportune for loading them with the spoils obtained from the merchants of Rio Grande City and Roma, and stealthily gliding in the dark of the moon across the sand-bars of the Bravo into the Zona Libre of Tamaulpas, and on by devious by-paths to the shelter of the foot-hills of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon. That anything and everything will grow with the least care, or without it, is made plain by a glance at the surroundings of these very hovels, where pomegranates, castor-oil beans, peaches, figs, mulberries, bananas, oranges, roses, oleanders, jasmines, geraniums, verbenas and other forms of vegetation may frequently be seen.

But only rarely does the lordly smuggler care to scratch the earth for more than an acre or so of "jilotes" (roasting ears), and the accompanying "rastrojo," or fodder for burros and horses. When you add a half-dozen rows of onions, chile colorado, frijoles, and pumpkins, and, in exceptional seasons, water-melons, you have the sum total of the food yield of the ranch.

Yet, with the slightest exhibition of energy the humblest "pelados" of the valley might live upon the fat of the land ; the soil will produce anything with irrigation ; sugar and bananas will shoot up on the merest excuse, and, as has been shown in the great ranchos of the Brulés and Starrs and Rabbs, nearer to Brownsville, can be made a most important article of commerce.

Monsieur Brulé, on two hundred acres of the chocolate soil near the mouth of the Rio Grande, produced over six hundred thousand pounds of as fine sugar as I ever tasted, equalling in every respect the best to be had in the rich Mexican town of Linares on the other side. Starr and Rabb are entering into

this industry on a much more extended scale, but data have not been obtained as to the precise acreage. Judge Lorenzo Hines, at his Santa Maria ranch, twenty-nine miles above Brownsville, has also shown what a progressive, intelligent man with moderate capital could effect in this region, so long abandoned to the coyote and the peccary.

These are the principal ranchos which have bestowed especial attention upon agricultural matters; there are others, such as the famed Santa Gertrudis ranch of the King family, said to be the largest in the world — seven hundred and fifty thousand acres; the Collins ranch, about two-thirds as large, the Delamar ranch near San Diego, the Santa Anita ranch of the Young-MacAllan families, north of Hidalgo, and one or two others which devote time and care principally to the raising of fine cattle, and which demonstrate equally well what can be done in that line of business by intelligence and thrift.

Of all these places and their owners I could write much, but here I must content myself with saying to the would-be traveller in the Mexican part of Texas that he will be astonished by much that can be seen upon them; the Santa Gertrudis ranch has been referred to by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in "The West from a Car Window." The lady who now owns it is the widow of the most enterprising of the Americans who penetrated into this section in the early days. The name of Colonel Richard King is still quoted for everything by both Americans and Mexicans; he was noted for his intelligence, courage, and unstinted generosity, and made the best possible use of the great wealth which he had succeeded in accumulating; he died, followed to his grave by the respect and good opinion of all classes.

The King family have for more than a generation prided themselves upon the kindly hospitality they have been able to extend to all visitors, and surely never was great baronial mansion more worthy of a visit.

From the front door of the mansion to the front gate is thirteen miles, but whenever Mrs. King may feel the need of an airing, she can drive in her carriage for sixty-five miles in a straight line without going outside of her own fence line.

All these vast interests she manages with a consummate tact and energy, derived from an intelligent father, the first Presbyterian missionary to the Rio Grande.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the breeds of cattle in all these ranchos, and the result has been here, as in all parts of Texas, that the long-horned steers, with which we were so well acquainted twenty or thirty years since, and which required a ten-acre lot to turn about in, have now entirely disappeared from the southwestern country.

The Kings are credited with the ownership of two hundred thousand head of horned cattle; but this estimate is an exaggeration, as I am informed by Mr. Cleburg, son-in-law of Mrs. King, and her general manager. The total brand of calves during the season has been between thirty-five and thirty-six thousand, every one of improved strains. When I was at the ranch, a young man, clad from head to foot in armor of leather, informed me in a nasal drawl that he "wor a' holin' daown a bunch o' steers 'n th' new pastur';" when I learned afterward that the "bunch of steers" numbered more than fourteen hundred, and that the "new pasture" was some six miles by six in area, I formed a most favorable opinion of the young man's modesty. At that time the Aransas Pass Railroad had one hundred and ten empty cars on the sidings at the station of Alice, eighteen miles away, waiting for the last of the stock which Mrs. King was sending to market.

And this was during the bad times for stock in southwestern Texas, after several years of drought which had starved nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million head of steers and cows, and made the shipment of their bones an important item on the freight schedules of the Aransas Pass and Mexican National Railroads.

The cattle of the Young-MacAllan families do not number more than fifteen thousand, but they are of very fine blood and well cared for, and no more interesting sight can be imagined than

the spring round-up, with the great water-troughs surrounded by scores and scores of lowing cows and bellowing bulls, each worthy of being immortalized by the pencil of a Bonheur.

Before leaving this subject of the ranchos, into which a goodly share of American energy has infiltrated, mention should also be made of the plantation of "Esperanza," conducted by Monsieur Celestin Jagou, of Brownsville; this might well be called an annex of the Agricultural Department. Here may be found growing in full perfection fruits and flowers until the mere enumeration of the list becomes a task. There are bananas, figs, grapes, pomegranates, peaches, apples, aguacates, oranges, limes, lemons, and dozens of others, proving, in the most eloquent way, the owner's boast that anything can be produced on this rich soil with very little effort.

It goes without saying that these people live in a manner far different from that of the native-born smugglers and bandits, who are content to exist, while quietly waiting for the moment when a small lot of goods can be slipped through the "resguardo" (custom-house officers, their enemies to the death).

A visit to these Rio Grande "tecaruchos" cannot be recommended; the accommodations are the meagrest imaginable; lucky indeed will be the guest who shall be invited to partake of "carne seca" (jerked beef) broken up and fried in grease with scalding hot "chilchipines" (a fiery pepper growing wild in Texas and Mexico, and forming the basis of Tabasco sauce); "cabrito," or goat meat, made into a stew with frijoles and the wild tomato, tortillas, slapped on the table every few minutes by the none too clean hands of the fair daughters of the house, who attend to the culinary department; stewed "jabalin," or wild boar, or a ragout of the scaly armadillo, the whole accompanied by draughts of an alleged coffee made from the "beans" of the ebony-tree, and concluding with a "traguito," of the mescal introduced from the other side of the river without going through the formality of consulting with Internal Revenue or Customs officials.

Adventurous young men in search of a mild form of excitement may find pleasure in such collations, but the hard-headed conservative thinker will always prefer to sup with Lucullus.

Such are the meals of the wealthier classes, those of the very poor cannot be described to the readers of SCRIBNER'S, involving as they do in the main the wild fruits of the region with which they would not be acquainted; mesquite beans and the juicy fruit of the nopal, or prickly pear, are the principal components.

One can never see wild-fowls in use, notwithstanding the fact that the Rio Grande is at nearly all seasons full of wild-ducks of many varieties, wild-geese, chachalacas, plover, quails, and doves, nor any form of fish unless it may be during Holy Week, although the river is fairly alive with the most palatable kinds of tortoises, and in its mouth and in the waters near Point Isabel the epicure from the States would go wild with the display and the ridiculous cheapness of everything he might demand in the shape of June fish, rock, sheep's-head, pompano, red snapper, green turtle, shrimp, and toothsome oysters.

The mouth of the Rio Grande, during the fall and winter months, is the Paradise of the yachtsman, the fisher, and the duck-hunter, but its fame is as yet strictly local.

I was going to say that American ideas and improvements had made no impression whatever upon these Rio Grande Mexicans, but to be perfectly accurate it must be admitted that the sewing-machine has forced its way into the most squalid ranchos, and to a very perceptible degree has been followed by the coal-oil lamp, American locks, carbines, revolvers, saddlery, and cotton goods.

Newspapers are never seen, and the number of books in the whole region from Piedras Negras to the Laguna Madre, and from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, excluding the American ranchos and the large towns and some school-books now in the hands of children, will not foot up one hundred.

The State of Texas, like the Republic of Mexico, is making heroic efforts to

break down the barriers of ignorance and superstition, and schools are springing up on every side and in every hamlet, which in another generation will be telling their own story.

In dress our Rio Grande Mexican patronizes the cotton goods which are retailed in the "tendajos" at fearfully high prices, and going in debt, as he at times must, he finds it difficult to rescue himself from the "peonage" which still prevails, let the law say what it may.

In the matter of head-gear he is not always happy. Were he to consult his own tastes and inclinations he would dazzle his neighbors with a sombrero bigger than a cart-wheel and heavy with a rim-band and a snake of silver; but in these degenerate days one must conform to circumstances, and Don Ramon remembers sadly that the "chapparal" is so thick that he could not penetrate it one hundred yards with his appropriate head-gear, therefore he reluctantly contents himself with the less pretentious Kossuth.

He must wear "chapparejos," or over-trousers, of sheep- or goat-skin, and if he can scrape together enough money he will indulge in the luxury of a pair of boots; but if not, he complacently wears the sandals, or "guarachis," which so many of his neighbors still affect. There may not be half a dozen dishes of all kinds in his hut, his wife and children may be forced to run the gamut of distress from half-naked to completely naked, but if he "make a stake," either by successful smuggling or by a lucky turn of the roulette wheel at some "fiesta," he will invest the major part in a saddle and bridle, and spurs of astounding proportions and most intricate decoration, and mounted with silver if his money still hold out.

It is a popular fallacy that these people never use soap; they do not need to, as there are several varieties of saponaceous roots which serve their purposes equally well and even better.

But it is true that, especially among the poorer classes—I drop in this expression with some misgivings because they are all of them wretchedly poor—these Mexicans will sleep on the earthen floors of their hovels arrayed in the garments of the day, and these are changed only once a year, at Saint John's Day, in June, when whole villages may be seen on the river-bank taking the annual bath, the young girls on the same day cutting their hair in the hope that the new growth may be longer and softer.

Were a traveller to pass along the lower Rio Grande on June 24th, he would surely put down in his note-book that he had been among the cleanest people in the world—not a man, woman, or child would he see that was not arrayed in spotless attire, with hair cleaned with the amole root and carefully brushed back from forehead; he would think, too, that they were the merriest and lightest-hearted folk in the world were he to see them charging over the country, mounted on ponies, trying to snatch from the grasp of the possessor the simulacrum of a chicken, made of paper, ribbon, and feathers, which does duty for the live hen of the villages farther up the river, in the game of "Correr el Gallo."

On these occasions there is always music of some kind—it may be nothing more than an accordion or a mouth-organ, but it is music; and here it may be said that there are but two kinds of Mexican music, the very good and the very bad, or, as the Kentucky colonel said of the whiskey of the Blue Grass region, "There is no bad whiskey, suh; it is all good, suh, but some on it, suh, air better than others, suh." This is a faithful portraiture of the American side of the Rio Grande and its Mexican population, and the question may naturally suggest itself why are these little communities so far behind those of the same race on the Mexican side. The answer will come readily enough. On our side there are always to be found great numbers of gentlemen who have crossed over from Mexico for their country's good, who have —not to put too fine a point upon matters—broken away from the restraints of the jails and penitentiaries of Monterey and Tamaulipas, and who have never become affiliated with the Americans, and who never will; add to them the old smuggler element already alluded to, and a contingent of persons who have crossed over because they

have been politically disappointed in their own country, and who live in hopes of some change occurring which will enable them to return in control of affairs in their respective States or precincts, and the reason why agriculture should be in a backward state will be apparent to the most obtuse.

Were these individuals to behave themselves and conform in good faith to our laws, the mantle of charity might be stretched enough to cover the ex-train-robber or hide the peccadilloes of the disappointed Mexican office-seeker; but, the great trouble is that they persist in running the country to suit themselves, and the American fragment, or remnant, is completely snowed under.

Our iniquitous election laws permit foreigners to exercise the elective franchise upon "declaration of intention." All that a Mexican refugee has to do is to join some one of the political clubs with which the valley is still encumbered—the "Azul" or the "Colorado," and sign a document declaring that he intends to become a citizen of the American Union at some remote date in the future, and the rest of the business is cut and dried. There will always be found some obliging countryman to make affidavit as to length of residence, and our "political exile" or fugitive from justice, as the case may be, has a wonderful career opened before him.

Instead of being "Pablo Tuerto" (Cross-eyed Paul), or "Pancho Cojo" (Limpy Frank), he is suddenly elevated to the dignity of Don Pablo Muñoz, or Don Ramon Francisco Gonzalez y Montoya, or whatever the name of his father and mother may be.

He is not even permitted to drop his ballot in the box in peace; his views are consulted, because as there are one hundred and fifty thousand of the Mexican population within this portion of Texas, no political slate can be made up without paying especial deference to it, and it thus happens that the poor escaped train-wrecker or highway robber, who sought no other privilege than that of changing his name and concealing his identity so that a warrant of extradition could not reach him, finds himself suddenly elevated into a political factor—he becomes a "living issue;" his hand is warmly grasped by every heir-expectant to the honors of the county shrievalty; adipocerean aspirants for gubernatorial distinction fall on his neck, clasp him to their bosoms, and drink out of the same gourd with him; congressional nominees tread on each other's toes in their mad rush to greet him with the welcome expressions of "compadre," "cuñado" (brother-in-law), and "tocallo" (namesake).

This is no ephemeral friendship which is extended to Don Ramon or Don Jesus, as the case may be; time flies on, but he is still the great fulcrum around which State and local politics must revolve; the nearer election-day approaches, the warmer and more cordial the attitude of the patriots who seek to serve the country and the precinct for another term. He has by this time been formally amalgamated with either the Blues or the Reds, or, as they are styled in the vernacular, the "Botas" (Boots), and the "Guarachis" (Sandals), from the supposed ordinary foot-gear of their respective adherents.

Torchlight processions with music soon become the order of the day, and Don Ramon and his brother, Don Jesus, are prominent in every one of the marches made. The music is not of the inspiring order known to the politician of the more eastern communities; there is little of the Yankee-Doodle business about it, for the very good reason that Don Ramon and Don Jesus don't know any more about Yankee Doodle than a hen knows about astronomy; but it is very good so far as it goes and comprehends such selections as the ever-popular "Paloma," the "Golondrina," "Cantar Llorando," "Sobre las Olas," "Yo te Amé," "Pensando en ti," "Amelia," "La Mañana," and many others in the plaintive minors of the Hispano-Aztec.

It serves its purpose very well, especially as both Don Ramon and Don Jesus are by this time comfortably full of mescal, a stimulant which would make the worst form of Bowery election whiskey turn pale with impotent envy.

By a chivalrous agreement, tacitly

made, between the leaders of the contending parties, rival political processions never pass along the same street; not that there is any danger of conflict; the Mexican is not quarrelsome, even in his cups, and the gentlemen here under discussion have simply been drinking their mescal, flaunting their banners and torches, and accepting their two-or-three-dollar bribes as a matter of course, and not with any thought of provoking strife with their own relations and friends who have been employed by the opposition, but because there is danger that Don Ramon, having taken perhaps a drop too much, may reel over into the ranks of the "People's Party" and be lost to the "Reformers" forever, for it cannot be too well understood that all is fish that comes to the "People's" net, and Don Ramon would never get back to his own party, that is to say, the party which first employed him, until after his ballot had been cast and counted for the wrong candidate.

This all sounds very funny, but it is thoroughly American; we have cast the precious pearl of the ballot before swine, and nowhere more freely than on the Rio Grande.

If we enter into the homes of these people and mingle among them, it soon becomes evident that we have encountered a most interesting study in ethnology and anthropology; they constitute a distinct class, resisting all attempts at amalgamation. There are to this rule, as to all rules, notable exceptions, and there are on the river some few representatives of a higher stage of evolution; but, in general terms, the Rio Grande Mexican resists to-day, as he has always resisted, the encroachments of the Gringo, and the domination of his own Mexico.

The Rio Grande Mexican is not a law-breaker in the American sense of the term; he has never known what law was and he does not care to learn; that's all there is to it. His manners are singularly gentle and polite, and for that reason most Americans upon first coming in contact with him are liable to espouse his cause and regard him as a very much maligned individual. Time destroys this illusion.

It is soon well understood that this mantle of urbanity covers a disposition most malignant when crossed by the slightest disappointment, as, for example, the case of the smuggler arrested in Laredo last winter for bringing five gallons of mescal across the river. He acquiesced most pleasantly in his arrest and accompanied without demur the two deputy-marshals who had him in charge, but before they had taken him two blocks—just long enough to completely lull all suspicion—he quickly drew his terrible "belduque," and slashing right and left he made his escape from two stiffening corpses.

The records of the Department of State, as quoted by Wharton in the first volume of his "Treatise on International Law," will show to the curious that this same state of affairs has existed on the Rio Grande for more than forty years.

It has been said that there are no books or newspapers to be found in all these ranchos; to this there must be the reservation that wherever there can be found a family some of whose members can read and write, there will be found the "Oraculo," or Dream-Book, to be consulted upon all events of the future.

Then there are professional "curanderas," or female herb doctors, the line of demarcation between whose domestic medicine and the nefarious practices of the professional "bruja," or witch, is not very clearly or definitely drawn.

Rio Grande City, indeed, may lay claim to the distinction of being the last community in the civilized world to witness the imprisonment of open and avowed witches; it was sturdy old Judge Stewart who sent ten of them to the "calaboza," in default of ten dollars fine, which each and all had to work out in spite of the powers they claimed of being able to put other people on the track to sudden wealth.

These "curanderas" assert that they possess "remedies" for the cure of every ailment; but they do not seem to reduce the number of cases of consumption, cancer, sore eyes, epilepsy, and small-pox, at all times to be dreaded in these little hamlets, and which are not

developed by climatic changes so much as by penury, filth, and ignorance.

It is difficult to get any of these people to consent to vaccination; most of them are fatalists, and when one of the children of a family is taken down with the small-pox, the others are made to go to bed with it, because "they must have it sometime." If a hapless child die, the fond parents will say, "Dios lo quiere" (It is the will of God).

Page after page could be filled with the weird pharmacy and therapeutics of the border, but my own interest in such matters might be wearisome to my readers. Let me, however, present one or two out of a hundred or more collected examples.

To cure consumption the patient should be rubbed with the warm body of a black cat, which has been skinned alive; a decoction is then made, with the cat's blood as a principal ingredient, and administered three times a day. Somewhat analogous ideas concerning the efficacy of cat's blood in the cure of phthisical ailments obtain among the Chinese.

For the relief of epilepsy there is a strange lot of mummery, in which a poor old black hen is coated from beak to claw with yellow mustard and then shut up in an oven and baked alive.

If you are troubled with warts, tie around them a woman's hair and wait for the first rainbow; look fixedly toward the iris, and as it fades away the excrescences will disappear.

To secure the affections of one of the opposite sex, get a piece of lodestone, called "piedra iman;" if you are a man, you must get the male stone; if a woman, the female; have it blessed by a witch, who will recite some incantation, and give it to eat and drink on a Friday, at the same time repeating the name of the adored one; this never fails.

Many children on the river have been afflicted with the "Evil Eye;" if you can detect the person who has caused the trouble, you must take him prisoner, and all your neighbors will aid you, and when you get him back to where the child is, the miscreant must fill his own mouth with water and eject all the liquid into the mouth of the child, which will immediately recover.

If he decline to right the great wrong done, let the nearest magistrate know about it, and he will run him into the "calaboza," although since the introduction of the new-fangled notions, which seem to be changing the very face of nature, many of the more timid "jueces" prefer to have a charge of assault and battery, or something akin to it, entered on their papers.

For such maladies as baffle the skill of the "curanderas," recourse must be had to the aid of the recognized heavenly powers; there are miraculous shrines to be visited and novenas to be recited, or, if one cannot go in person to the spots indicated, sacred earth brought by relations who have in previous days made the desired pilgrimage is not altogether without healing effect.

There are two of these sacred shrines in repute among the Mexicans of southern Texas and the States of Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas; the first is that of "La Virgen Sudanda" of Agualeguas (The Sweating Madonna), of which tradition insists that whenever there has been a revolution in the country profuse perspiration would break out all over the face, and that the party in whose hands the Madonna remained at the moment would win in the contest.

When I saw this Madonna during my first visit to this very interesting town, it presented the appearance of an elegant French doll enshrined in glass. Attached to the skirts were numerous votive offerings, called by the Mexicans "milagros," made of gold and silver, and shaped like heads, hearts, legs, arms, feet, hands, ears of corn, horses, cattle, pigs, goats, and things of that kind.

Whenever the prayer of a devotee has been granted, gratitude compels him to attest the interposition of "La Virgen Sudanda" by this formal proof in the shape of the appropriate "milagro."

It is a remarkable fact, but one well known, that when archæologists were making excavations in Rome some years ago, close to the ascertained site of a former temple of Æsculapius, they found handfuls of these same "milagros," which had been offered by the pious heathen of those days to the God of Health. They were not of gold or

silver, but of terra-cotta, the difference being only in material; the "milagros" of Mexico are not always of the precious metals; I have seen them in Celaya and other cities, and bought them made of white paraffine.

There is a still more curious shrine farther to the south of the Rio Grande, which appears to be an old Aztec idol, made to do duty as a Madonna; it deserves to be more accurately described than I am able to do in these pages; it is nothing more than a stalactite in a cave, which has assumed, under the action of the elements, the appearance of a woman dressed in garments of flowing white; it is reverenced by the superstitious Indians because it is a statue which has not been made by human hands. It is much resorted to by women and by the old and infirm.

There is a native quack doctor, calling himself "San Pablo," and claiming to be in some way under the guidance and control of the Apostle, who now lives near the village of Los Olmos, Cameron County, Tex., and has gained a great ascendency over the minds of his dupes. He will prescribe for all sorts and conditions of men, but places no value upon his services, trusting to the gratitude of those whom he frees from physical or mental ills.

Personally I have never been able to see him, but from witnesses of candor and intelligence I learn that great cures are with some basis of truth ascribed to him, as the main points of his treatment seem to be rest from worry, abstinence and frugality in mode of life, cleanliness, and moderate exercise.

This St. Paul lives the life of a hermit, but not absolutely that of a recluse, in which respect he differs slightly from a rival in the vicinity of Salineño, on the immediate bank of the Rio Grande, who shuns worldly contact and confines himself as much as he can to a little den in a ledge of rock, beneath which extends a diminutive garden, where he has a studio for the fabrication of statues from the soft stone of the ledges for which a ready sale is found among the afflicted families of the country in search of monuments for the decoration of the "Campos Santos."

His much-lauded masterpiece is to be seen in the northeast corner of the cemetery of Peneño, where I had excellent opportunity for examining it. With some diffidence I take upon myself the office of an art critic, never having had the training or experience necessary to put me perfectly at ease among the works of the Angelos and the Da Vincis; but, as no other writer seems to have presented this statue to the notice of our countrymen, I make bold to say that it has few of the Hogarthian curves which combine to make human symmetry.

The artist modestly confessed that his work was restricted in all cases by the natural outline of the slab selected for the statue, and in the case now described there was on one side of the Guardian Angel represented a redundancy of hip, while on the other there was not the slightest projection; one arm was abnormally long and reached below the knees, while the other seemed to be atrophied and scarcely touched the waist; the bust, like the wings, was simply rudimentary, the nose a decided pug, but the chin prominent, and, as if to show what he could do when he had full scope for his talents, the artist had worked out an old-fashioned chignon as a head-dress. The Angel was intended to represent a female figure, but the effect was that of a petrified nightmare.

Only one word can be given to the oddest of mortals, known to the American soldiers as the "Wandering Jew," who tramps without cessation from Matamoros to Laredo, from San Antonio to Monterey, always on the go, in rain or shine.

In a long conversation with him, preluded by a substantial lunch, I learned that he was the Emperor of France, driven out of his own country by a revolution, and now awaiting the arrival of a fleet of iron-clads to restore him to la belle France and his throne.

There are whole reams to be filled with accounts of the games and sports of old and young, but again space demands fullest consideration; it may be said that while chicken-fights are in great favor, there were at the time of writing no bull-fights on the Rio Grande —at least on the American side; there

have been some fierce ones in New Laredo, on the Mexican side, but generally those who desire to see them in anything of their pristine glory must run down on the Mexican National Railroad to Monterey or San Luis Potosi.

As Christmas approaches all the villagers prepare to take their several parts in the Miracle Play of the "Nacimiento," in which the incidents of the child-life of our Saviour are delineated —the wrath of Lucifer when his minions hurry down to Hell to apprise him that the Babe has been born in Bethlehem, the visit of the Magi, the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the joy of men and dumb beasts to know that at last the chains of sin were broken.

I have been present at a number of rehearsals of this play, the words of which are committed to memory by the little children who take the part of shepherds and shepherdesses, and have procured the full libretto for the Smithsonian.

As might be expected, there are numbers of anachronisms and all sorts of ridiculous blunders, but the evident sincerity and earnestness of the performers robs the shaft of criticism of its barb.

There is an old Hermit who announces the birth of the Redeemer and puts Satan to flight, he being all the time armed with a crucifix, before which the Enemy of Souls recoils in abject fear.

Through some distortion of the intellectual faculties, the managers of the play desire to have the Devil represented as a cavalry officer. Just what the origin of this quaint fancy has been, I have never been able to discover, but I know that it exists, because in Rio Grande City, I was once asked to lend a cavalry uniform for the purpose, and when I offered to secure one of the infantry, the offer was declined.

For one week before Christmas every woman who can afford it keeps herself and all her "comadres" busy in the preparation of the greasy "buñuelos," or fritters, which are made at no other time. A peculiar cup-shape is given by indenting them over the knees of the fair cooks, and when baked they are crisp like our own "short-cake." These cakes are the ancient "crispillæ," much delighted in by the Normans, described by Ducange in his "Glossarium," and traceable back to the earliest days of the Romans, who probably offered them to their goddess Fornax long before the time of Christ.

Were the traveller to cross over into Mexico and prosecute his researches on the south side of the Rio Grande, there would be much more to describe; sleepy but interesting little towns, such as Agualeguas, Ceralbo, Monclova, Matamoros, Linares, Quedereyta, and Montemorelos, would afford him many themes upon which to exercise his pen; Monterey, Tampico, and Nuevo Laredo springing into renewed life and vigor would surprise him with proof of the nascent powers of awakened Mexico, where the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the telephone are effecting such marvels. He would see schools springing up in every direction, and he would be most completely surprised with the aptitude of the scholars and the proficiency of the teachers. Monterey has assumed the airs of an American town of bustle - and - "boom" proclivities, while still retaining the old-time custom of frequent open-air concerts in some of its fine plazas.

Matamoros is in decadence, and only the shadow of its former commercial prominence can be detected to-day, but with the completion of lines of track lately authorized it will resume its position, and its merchants will have a chance to demonstrate that their old-time energy has not died.

Linares is perhaps the best typical Mexican city deserving a visit from such tourists as desire to see Mexican life in its best aspect, untouched by modern improvements. The climate is perfect, and the scenery—a delightful, Denver-like combination of mountain and plain—most enchanting. There is no variety of fruit or flower known to me that is not grown in perfection; unfortunately, the difficulty of transportation caused the land-owners to neglect, and in some cases to uproot, the orange groves, for which Linares was once distinguished, and replace them with sugar plantations.

The city can now be reached by the

"Tampico Route" and the Mexican National, and is much more worthy of examination than many other places which have been advertised more carefully and have enjoyed such benefits as follow in the train of the globe-trotter everywhere.

Its people are courteous and refined and kind to strangers; its hotel accommodations are not at all bad, although, as in all the rest of Mexico, they might be better, and there are pleasant walks, drives, and baths for the distraction of the man of business and the diversion of the invalid. The population numbers somewhere between twelve and fifteen thousand, and is under excellent municipal government.

WOMANLINESS AS A PROFESSION.

By Aline Gorren.

THE question here discussed was one sure to arise, among us, in America, sooner or later; and one, among the thoughtful, and those who watch the signs of the future, also sure to arouse interest of a special and peculiar kind. With the increasing facilities for the higher intellectual development now offered to the American woman, along with her sisters the world over—only in greater degree, and more generally, to the American woman than to any other—the effect which such development would have upon her essential womanliness was bound to become a matter of anxious observation. It is so become, in many quarters, now. People are trying to find out how the "higher education" affects the women of other countries, and seeking to compare the notes and suggestions thus gathered up with what is to be seen here. Whether the higher education shall be given the sex is no longer at all the affair considered. It is conceded that the thing must be done; the experiment is made; the point now is to observe what will come next. For, certainly, unless we were very short-sighted, we were prepared for the fact that something would come next. One subjects nothing organic to a changed environment with any sane impression that it will remain exactly as it was before the change.

At this present moment those who, with us, are giving attention to this problem are divided into two camps. The first camp gives forth an utterance already grown familiar in a short space of time. Its tone is laudatory. It testifies that women are daily gaining in self-reliance; that the methodical training their minds receive to fit them for professions and for business positions, tends to render them, even in general matters, more accurate in conception, more precise in execution, less under the dominion of the sudden impulse and instinct, more capable of reasoning, and of judging of things as reason, unimpassionedly, presents them. All these consequences of woman's higher intellectual activities are pronounced to be unquestioned. The praise rises here and there to the key of enthusiasm. If women have, in this brief span, accomplished so much, what, it is asked, will they not yet accomplish? There is a joyful clamor in the air. But there is the second camp; the second view. And it is to be remarked that there are some authoritative voices in this other and quieter chorus; and that from thence there comes a vision which seems to reach a little farther and deeper, which appears to have an intuition for the substance and drift of things, rather than for the temporary show of them. In this second group of observers are men who have had university training; men whose occupations are literary, intellectual, artistic; and men of science; physicians notably. These men do not say so much about the new roads that women are travelling; but they think more. And it is beginning to be borne in upon us that their thinking is touched with a doubt, a delicate apprehension. The man whose own intellectual faculties

have the ripeness and the flexible play that the largest culture gives, is beginning to ask himself whether the intellectualized American womanhood promises to be as *interesting* as womanhood always should be on this earth. If he happen to have studied the young girls who leave our women's colleges, the young women who act as professors in the same, the youthful doctresses in our large cities, he is conscious, on the whole, of a faint, chill misgiving. It is not that these exponents of the new feminine ambition have not many most admirable results to show in justification of that ambition. It is that, with all these admirable qualities, there is a lack of *quality*, precisely; of *the* quality; the womanly quality. Now, when such a man as has been described recognizes this, he is apt to turn cold, and to ask himself whether there be not something amiss in a scheme of education which brings together all the elements of influence, and then leaves out altogether the one magic ingredient which shall set the forces of that influence free. The physician, on his part, does not concern himself with womanly magic; or with the high spiritual and æsthetic uses of influence at all. His view goes to the roots of life. But what he assures us that he sees there, and the opinions which he derives from what he sees, are not more encouraging. The strain of the higher education, he says, the preparation for collegiate courses, undermines, in American girls, the bases of physical health. Women whose constitution has been subjected to this mental strain at a time when it was unfit for divided labor, go through after-life, all too often, as sufferers, incapable of fulfilling adequately the essential functions of womanhood, of gaining or giving happiness as wife or mother. Moreover, the physician attributes, not directly to too much intellectual knowledge, certainly, but indirectly to the restlessness, the desire for personal freedom, instilled in women by all the fresh departures taken by their sex, that disinclination to assume the graver sacrifices of marriage, that tendency to look upon its deeper significance as a cross, now characterizing an increasingly large number of young wives, whose interests are social rather than mental. With the first contention of our physician it is not in the purpose of these remarks to deal; excepting in so far as to mention that knowledge of the lives of European girls, who have gone through a course of study as exacting as any demanded here, discloses no such examples of invalidism as the medical man would point to among our women. With the second contention—that the modern American woman, of the most cultivated classes, and in the largest cities, cares less and less to be a mother, cares even perhaps less and less to be a wife, these remarks have, however, to deal; for the imputation meets the disappointment of the university man, of the American of culture, on the same ground, and the conclusions of both agree as to the same fact—the absence, namely, of the womanly in the representative American woman of the moment.

At this juncture it may be well to look a little more closely at what is understood by womanliness. Here we are confronted at once by the perception that a different meaning would be attached to the word, according as it would be used by the peoples of the Latin extraction and by ourselves. To those peoples, who have the collective-social ideal, in opposition to our Anglo-Saxon individualist ideal, the value, the preciousness, and the intrinsic efficacy of all things must lie in the greater or less degree of thoroughness and perfection with which they evolve into visible act and function the principle of diversity, of specialization, inherent in their being. The ideal of the social races has been defined as "the ideal of the equality of individuals in a graduated order of functions;" and our own individualist ideal as "the ideal of the equality of individuals in a general equality of functions." For a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, then, womanliness in a woman means personification, in every individual case, of those abstract conceptions which the feminine principle eternally typifies. On the one hand, womanliness will consist, therefore, in a constant, passive charm, the human expression, as it were,

of the silent allurement which nature has made, throughout all her orders, the typical attitude of the feminine. This, so to put it, is the physical characteristic. On the other hand, womanliness will mean divination of mysteries not seen by sight, nor apprehended by reason, but conveyed to woman, instinctively, by her closer contact with the most sacred and occult operations of nature, and reacting from her upon man in the form of an ethereal stimulant to finer endeavor, a vague, high promise of divine rewards. This is the spiritual characteristic. The Latin is, to both this physical and this spiritual characteristic of womanliness, more sensitive than the Anglo-Saxon. Wherefore it happens that he respects women both less and more than the Anglo-Saxon. The notion of womanliness of the Englishman, the American, is more neutral, has less of either extreme. The element of allurement, of charm, does not count so much for him — whereby it chances that, from certain aspects, his civilization is the cleaner. The spiritual characteristic predominates over the physical in his ideal. The womanly woman is the good mother, the devoted wife, the gentle sister, the quiet guardian of the hearth-fire. Yet she is not so much the holder of those mysteries of which we spoke, and thus her position, while never so low, perhaps, as it is possible for it to become with the Latin peoples, is never, either, in some senses, so high. If the best definition of womanliness that one can arrive at be, in brief, that it is the consciousness in women of their difference from men —and there is none, so far as one can see, more adequate, one is inclined to acknowledge that the idea of the Latin is at least the fuller, the more complete. It was to the most happy fusion of the charm on the one side, and of the spiritual influence on the other, to which were due some of those Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century, which, even to the Anglo-Saxon, seem a type of attractive, of womanly women. But, be this as it may, the Frenchman, the Italian, holds fast to his belief in specialization, in the separate, the "graduated order of functions." For him to conceive of any plan of training or influence which should make women more like men in the essential attributes of character—which should do away, at a blow, with the subtlest and deepest distinction in nature—would be to go counter to the direction of his entire civilization. Our individualist civilization, with its equality of individuals "in an equality of functions," its pervading feeling that what one man can do another man can do also—and, *ergo*, that what one man can do a woman can likewise — tends, on the contrary, in every way to efface, instead of emphasizing, the difference in the social and mental attributes of the sexes. In America, where Anglo-Saxon individualism has reached its supreme expression, there is also found most strongly the trend of equalization between women and men. All this, in substance, has been said before. But what has not been sufficiently noted is the present want of logic in referring to advanced education, a lack of womanliness in American women, when the deficiency, if it exist, is the result of the combined elements of our social life.

The thoughtful man who has misgivings looks over to France, and asks what the outcome of advanced feminine education is there ; whether women there, under its effect, tend to become less womanly, less wifely, less motherly, less capable of the domesticities, and less interested in them. His query may, so far, be rapidly answered in the negative. Moreover, it is the least likely of things that it ever will be answered otherwise. M. Jules Simon, than whom no one in France has done more for the cause of the higher instruction of women, recently wrote of his experience in obtaining a minor decoration for a certain young woman, whose deserts such official recognition seemed to be, in terms which in their entirety one would like to reproduce on this page. After pronouncing himself as averse to the idea of decorating women, on the plea that, not the act of conferring the decoration, but the desire for that public distinction in the woman herself, offended some instinct in him, he owns that he finally yielded to the pressure brought upon him by the

young woman's friends, and ended by becoming as keen about the project as they were, and, putting into play such official machinery as he could control, by obtaining the coveted order, which, executed in the best manner by the jeweller *à la mode*, was duly placed beneath the candidate's napkin at dinner. During the little function that followed innocent enthusiasm ran high, and tears lay close to smiles. But, on the morrow, a knock at the door of M. Simon ushered in the young woman, who, a little shy, a little deprecating, deposited the order on his desk. She had decided not to accept it. Unqualified resentment on the part of her sponsor, who sees himself made ridiculous, the fruit of all his official efforts thrown back upon him without ceremony. But the young woman was saying gently, appealingly: "*Mon parrain*, have we many greater painters than Rosa Bonheur?" "No." "Have there been greater instances of heroism on the battle-field than have been displayed by some of our Sisters of Charity, our hospital nurses? Then, until the great orders — the greatest orders, the men's orders, go to them, I must leave this here." And, detecting the softening in her old friend's eye, she tapped him prettily on the arm with her glove. "I saw, my sponsor," smiling, "the daintiest of little bracelets in a shop-window. If you were to buy me that, instead?"

Our own women of progressive ideas may not think well of this charming anecdote, perhaps. But it is a little story, perfectly illustrative of the woman of the Latin races, who, to-day, has entered the advanced movement. It defines the attitude with which she holds herself there. You meet, in Paris, a girl who has taken the highest degrees that the Republic confers. You find her like any other *jeune fille;* unassuming, saying little, home-loving; and, you hear, very thoroughly drilled in household duties. There is no restlessness in her, no straining, apparently, after new social conditions. She fits into the framework of her surroundings quite, it would seem, as she would have done before the higher instruction was thought of. There are traces of a state of things more familiar to us, in Italian and French life, to be sure. But they are to be met in the great social world, where Anglomania prevails, bringing with it the mannish brusquerie and emancipation of the modern woman who aims to be a "good fellow." And this is not the woman whose influence is deepest upon the national life anywhere.

Nor should one make the mistake of supposing that if advanced education does not, in the Latin countries, impair the womanliness of the mass of women who enjoy its benefits, while here, in America, that undesirable result appears to be achieved, the reason is to be sought in the different courses of instruction which may be pursued in the two cases. There are such distinctions, and they have their effect. But the real cause lies in the two different civilizations, the two different environments. No amount of instruction for them, unless the whole national spirit of France should be changed, will ever, it is to be surmised, lessen in Frenchwomen the keen instinct of a special function — social, spiritual, emotional. One may *à priori* suppose that wider knowledge, and a firmer grasp of facts, may indeed broaden and deepen, and philosophize, this instinct, so that it might be deemed possible that the first contributions to those sociological studies which, in the natural distribution of labor, will eventually fall to the share of women, and for which they are especially fitted, will come from the highly trained and intellectual woman of the Latin race, rather than from her Anglo-Saxon cousin, be she, on her side, ever so highly trained, and intellectual likewise. If the latter shall be found to have taken a false departure, to be on the wrong track, to be wasting time in seeking to establish an impossible "equality of functions" between herself and the other sex, we shall be manifestly unjust in placing the whole brunt of the evil on the new development of her brain powers. Education only intensifies the predispositions implanted by the racial ideal. If, in America, it should make women less womanly, it is that our American life fosters germs that tend to that result from the initial stages of growth.

The first effect of our American plan of coeducation, and of the large liberty of intercourse not only allowed to our girls and boys, but thrust upon them, is to do away, so far as may be, with the feeling of separateness. There is nothing in the callow love-making that springs from this juvenile association that is likely to make a girl deeply conscious of her womanhood. She is, in the tone of her thought and life, not very different from the young boys to whom she either does, or does not, multitudinously engage herself. This is what we prefer. We think it saner, healthier. That point is not here discussed. But it is certain that we cannot eat our cake and have it too. Furthermore, if the manner of the girl's relations with the other sex, at the beginning of her career, is not such as would be calculated to develop the sense of her difference from men, which we are agreed is the essence of the quality of womanliness, neither are the later conditions that surround her in society to make good the deficiency. Practically, we have, in America, no social intercourse between men and women. After the unripe boy-and-girl period has been passed, and both sexes have entered into consciousness of themselves, each goes very much its own way. The woman of the new fashion meets men in business offices, in the varied exercise of her new avocations, but it is as one good comrade meets another. The married woman, among the large mass of Americans, has, for masculine society, her husband. This, again, is as we wish it to be. But it may be that an unnecessary alarm, a false Puritanism, too much seek, with us, to prevent the natural, mutually improving intercourse of mature men and women. Those attractive and womanly women of the French salons were what they were because the men of their time made them so. They stocked their wits, not from books, but from the talk of the men who gathered about them to enjoy an interchange of ideas. They learned HOW TO LIVE from life itself. They had the subtle intuition of the relative values and positions of things that is the fruit of the highest feminine culture; the *connaissances générales*, which a French author pronounces indispensable to any womanly effectiveness. Americans rest too exclusively in the fact that some of these women were not morally irreproachable. Others were, and these wielded equal influence, equal charm. To-day, in France, the meeting of men and women in society, for the interchange of ideas, is said to be less easy and prevalent than in days gone by. A recent writer grieves over "the malicious wind that seems to scatter and disperse" those groups which people would like to form for the purpose of rational and agreeable talk. But enough of this facility of meeting remains to educate the Frenchwoman in the consciousness of herself; in the understanding of her weak and her strong points; enough to form her, in short, in the profession of womanliness; that profession which is, at the end of the ends, the one absolutely essential, the one which, unmastered, makes all others go for naught.

Obviously, with the conditions for it thus failing, this profession will not be brought to the same perfect pitch with us; and not even according to the Anglo-Saxon ideal of womanliness, which we have seen to be a less complex one than the Latin, one more quiet, more intimate. For there are social conditions, or, more precisely, emotional conditions—here we have the great word!—that make women womanly, and keep them even so in the American conception of the guardian of the hearth-fire, and the gentle and steadfast helpmate. If these be sufficiently strong, the highest stimulus that will be given to woman's brains can, in all safety, be trusted never to make her wish to wander very far astray from her initial missions. But they are, as it appears, not sufficiently strong in America. And of this American men cannot rightfully complain, since what they are now beginning to see about them, and to deprecate, is first the consequence of their own mode of life, which they could alter if they chose, and second, the consequence of their national temperament, which, of course, they cannot alter. For the average American male is a cold creature, outside of his business and his politics; one who courts,

and marries, by instinct, but in whom apprehension of the heights and depths of these delicate matters is as yet in the rudimentary stage. This lack of the emotional in the atmosphere with which he surrounds himself reacts perceptibly on the American woman. He glories in it himself. But there are times when he does not love its results so well. It has been deplored that the American girl should show so un-American a fancy for marrying into foreign nobilities. Titles are supposed to be the word of the incantation, in all these cases. It is soothing to the American to tell himself this; but it is not a conclusion borne out by the facts. Any knowledge at all thorough of these international marriages discloses too many instances in which the affections are involved, as well as the ambitions. The American girl may smile at the prospect of the name and the blazon, and the bridegroom consider carefully the settlements that will come with the bride. And still this does not shut out the fact that the two young people may be very much in love with each other. Some of these marriages are unhappy. So are some marriages among Americans. But it would be foolish to refuse to recognize the many times when they are, on the contrary, extremely happy. As a lover, the European has several points in his favor beyond the American; and the American girl has never been slow to find this out.

An Italian, a man of wide and generous culture, was given, some time since, several of the novels of Mr. Howells to read. After absorbing them attentively he inquired if the women therein portrayed would, by Americans, be considered representative. He was told that, taking the average American woman the land through, they might so be considered. "*Che tipi!*—What curious types;" was his thoughtful comment, in a moment. "It must be in some part the fault of your American men. Your women do not seem to have received the higher cultivation of the sentiments, of the emotions." What he felt was the lack of measure and harmony, and the presence of that which was either hysterical and crude, or bald and partly sexless, in the feminine nature dissected by Mr. Howells's pen.

For there is a culture of the emotions. And so long as nature persists in developing the centre part of women's brain less than that of men, and the back part more, there will be some good reason why this culture should be an important matter. Nothing is brought to our consciousness more clearly, in these last years of the century, than the sense that the study of the emotions must indeed soon descend from the vague and cloudy regions which hitherto have been its abode, into its rightful place under the light of modern experimental knowledge. The latest drift of physiology, of psychiatry, points steadily in this direction. We are beginning to divine that the passions have their laws and their hygiene; even as the delicate problems of the will may some day be solved with scientific exactitude. Upon these matters—never second, in life, to the importance of the pure idea—we look, with the advancement of the mental differentiation of the sexes to see the women of the future throw the clearest illumination. Already those whom we feel to be typical in the best way, have intuitions here transcending those of men. Meanwhile, if the Anglo-Saxon woman make the mistake of supposing that the most extreme development possible to her along the lines of the intellect can free her from the claims which look to her from the emotional side of life, it is perhaps not a fatal one. It is by way of intellectual knowledge that many women, after some uncertain stumbling, may enter, in the fullest sense, into the right comprehension of the great law of specialization.

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AFOOT.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Comes the lure of green things growing,
Comes the call of waters flowing—
  And the wayfarer desire
Moves and wakes and would be going.

Hark the migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon!
  Hark the gossip of the grasses
Bivouacked beneath the moon!

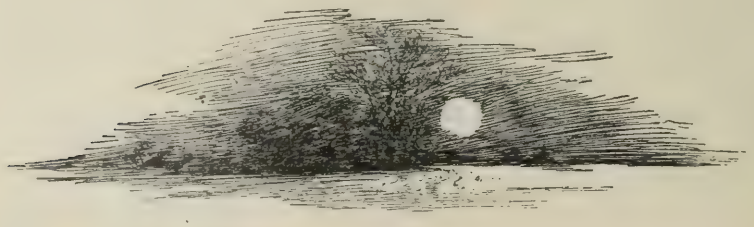
Long the quest and far the ending
When my wayfarer is wending—
  When desire is once afoot,
Doom behind and dream attending!

In his ears the phantom chime
Of incommunicable rhyme,
  He shall chase the fleeting camp-fires
Of the Bedouins of Time.

Farer by uncharted ways,
Dumb as death to plaint or praise,
  Unreturning he shall journey,
Fellow to the nights and days;

Till upon the outer bar
Stilled the moaning currents are,
  Till the flame achieves the zenith,
Till the moth attains the star,

Till through laughter and through tears
Fair the final peace appears,
  And about the watered pastures
Sink to sleep the nomad years!





A NEW PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

By Paul Leicester Ford.

UNCONSCIOUSLY we form our own ideas of historic personages, and each portrait that we see is scanned to note how far our mental picture of the person is realized, always with the hope that some day we shall find some painter's work that will seem but a copy of our own imaginative brush.

One of the historic figures that I have always hoped to find approximate more closely to my own fancy is Franklin. There are enough portraits of him; for a dozen busts, two dozen oil-pictures, twice that number of miniatures, to say nothing of medallions, cameos, and porcelains galore, are already known, and present him in every state, from the life full length to the microscopic head on a snuff-box, and from full face to profile. But in all these counterfeits of the great philosopher there is wanting an element so ingrained in the man, that to have taken it away would have left him, personally, almost unrecognizable. Yet no artist, of the many whose work I have hitherto studied, has ever suggested it in his face. Look at the canvasses of Gainsborough, Peale, Martin, Duplessis, and

Greuze. Look at the miniatures of Thouron, Cochin, and Janinet. They all tell the same story. Here is a face with strength, with thought, with worldly wisdom, with kindliness, with contentment, with self-control, all in evidence, but absolutely without a suggestion of laughter. Yet the author of "Poor Richard" was a wit, and helped himself and his generation over many a rough spot by a clever phrase and a laugh.

This fact has puzzled me not a little. It is true, one cannot imagine these artists saying, like the modern photographer, "now smile." Yet it seems as though the man who could coin the phrase *ça ira* on hearing bad news, and who, when told the crushing fact that "Howe has captured Philadelphia," could retort, "No, Philadelphia has captured Howe," could not have kept that uniformly grave, thoughtful expression that painters have given him. It is true that most of Franklin's portraits were made in France between 1777 and 1784, and those were years full of toil to him. But the anxious diplomat, like Lincoln, joked the more as trouble thickened, and in his little essays entitled "The Whistler" and the "Dialogue with the Gout," written in these trying years we see him turning his troubles, and, even his physical torture, into jests to give his friends a laugh. Everywhere he smiled, except in his portraits. With regret I had come to the conclusion that Franklin belonged to the humorists who joke with a serious face and secure their effect by contrast of joke and expression at the sacrifice of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship.

But this theory can now be discarded, thanks to a recent fortunate "find" of Mr. George A. Lucas, of Paris, in one of the bric-à-brac shops of that city. This is no less than an entirely hitherto unknown terra-cotta medallion of Franklin. In profile, and clearly modelled from life, it most resembles the Nini miniature, but the expression is different, and the fine rounded head is not hidden by the famous fur cap, which, if it so pleased the Parisians of his day, nevertheless took away so much of Franklin. What is more, the grave expression of the mouth is lacking, and in place we see the lips and chin as it seems to me they must have looked when Franklin was smiling "inside," and could not entirely keep it there.

Of the artist who modelled this medallion but little is known. Indeed, his name, Jean Martin Renaud, is not to be found in most dictionaries or encyclopedias of art. But thanks to the researches of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Samuel P. Avery, of New York, a few facts have been gleaned. These show that he was born at Sarreguermines or Valenciennes, Bas Rhin; that he studied in Paris for four years; and that he was made a member of the Academy of Valenciennes, November 2, 1786, after the presentation of four small medals in low relief of mythological subjects, which are still to be seen there. A year later he was made an academician, which honor he recognized by a gift of one hundred and one medallions that unfortunately disappeared in the French Revolution. In 1787 he exhibited in the Salon de la Correspondence. At the Exposition du Colisée, 1797, he again exhibited twenty-one "medaillons en cire" representing different subjects. The date of his death is unknown, but he was still living in 1817. Specimens of his have been preserved at the Museum of Varzy, the Lorni Collection at Bourg, and in the Carpentier Collection. He made bas-reliefs of nearly all the famous personages of his time, including Louis XVII., Marie Antoinette, Mirabeau, Paul Jones, and others.

The Franklin, which has been generously given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. Lucas, speaks too well for itself to need comment. But one feature has puzzled all who have seen it, and will probably continue to do so. What does V I R S signify? This question has been submitted to many experts, but without obtaining a really satisfactory answer. Probably the letters are the initials of some French or Latin motto then current, and the liberty cap which separates them has some significance to the motto. But whatever they may mean does not lessen the value or uniqueness of the portrait, which is the first we have of the humorist Poor Richard, if not by a great many the first of Benjamin Franklin.

WORKING-GIRLS' CLUBS.

By Clara Sidney Davidge.



THE organizations known as clubs or societies for working-girls, in New York and other cities, represent an especial and distinctive portion of the whole body of working-women. Although the members of these societies are largely drawn from those employed in trades and business, the groups so aggregated are gathered, not by any extraneous force or influence, but by a system of natural selection such as exists in the formation of any other group, set, or clique of people with social or business aims. That "like seeks like" is a fact which simplifies the first steps toward inaugurating such societies. From the inexhaustible field of the working world come clusters of young women with kindred tastes, aims, ambitions, banding themselves by a common plan, and by means common to all, for the attainment of certain advantages.

The working-girls of large cities form a most striking, interesting, and picturesque part of the people. Driven by natural causes into semi-public places, they hold the points thus gained with all simplicity. There is no pose, no glorification of their position. Necessity has sent them out into the paths they follow; by their own wits and through their own efforts they hold the right of way. In a sense, every man's hand is against them. They alone must guard their own interests, defend their individual rights. How far these rights and interests might be furthered by the perfection or full use of such organizations as benefit societies, penny provident systems, by vigilant factory inspection, honest employment bureaus, and the like, only those familiar with the abuses existing in the working world can say.

Yet, even were such protective measures fully established, and thoroughly regulated and understood, there would still be room for the working-girls' club. Formed, ten years ago, of thirteen members (like the original States of the Union), the first club chose for itself a non-sectarian, self-governing, independent platform, which has been the model and pattern for all later societies. Only a decade has passed, yet through this first club, five associations of clubs have been organized, and many scattered societies exist as well. In New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and in Massachusetts and Connecticut there are associations of individual clubs, that in New York alone numbering twenty-one clubs as regular members, with six clubs as associate members.

The New York Association is governed by nine directors, in connection with a council composed of the nine directors and of the officers of all clubs belonging to the Association. Each club has its own system of government, but questions or affairs common to the whole Association are discussed and settled at council meetings, or at the meetings of the directors. A constitution and by-

laws define the rights and purposes of this governing body; and many of the clubs under its jurisdiction have provided themselves with individual constitutions, framed for the special requirements of each club by its own members and officers. The officers of all clubs are elected by ballot. A monthly business meeting is held, and matters of business are decided by a majority vote.

The desire to be self-supporting and independent of outside aid renders the careful administration of club finances of first importance. The monthly dues paid by the members are fixed at twenty or twenty-five cents, with an initiation fee usually of the latter amount. A paying membership of two hundred girls will enable almost any club to carry its expenses, which, even in a large city, for rent of rooms, light, heat, and care, should average not more than $40 to $50 per month. For initial expenses of outfit or special necessaries, funds are raised by entertainments provided by the members, at which a small admission fee is asked, and from fairs and sales of articles made or contributed by members.

The women of leisure who combine with each body of working-girls to form a club, alone of all the members have time to find proper quarters, and to get them into order, to make the necessary contracts and secure skilled teachers for special classes. But these are only the most prominent among the opportunities of leisure members. There is hardly a limit to be set to the amount of work that can be developed by anyone with time and ability to give; yet a society thrives best where duties and responsibilities are divided with the girls, so that each unit feels there is a share to be borne.

An immense amount of thought and labor has been spent in the formation and conduct of these societies, and with what object? That girls may make for themselves, by co-operation, opportunities for social intercourse, self-improvement, and advancement. Primarily intended as a common meeting-ground, where differences in circumstance or degree are sunk for the time, the club is, first of all, a place where a girl may expect to enjoy herself after work-hours. There cannot be too much opportunity for recreation in such a club, yet girls seeking amusement, or excitement only, rarely join clubs, or if they join are sure to drop off. Class work is soon demanded by the members themselves, and the courses mapped out are suggested and discussed by the girls at business meetings, and at the "Practical Talks" which occur in most clubs at regular intervals.

If skilled and paid teachers are employed for classes, an extra fee is often charged, and only those able to pay the fee join such classes. In this way, or by the free instruction of volunteer teachers, millinery, dressmaking, cooking, first aid to the injured, and other branches are taught. By means of these classes the attendance at the club-rooms is distributed through the week, the crowded nights, when a majority of members is present, being limited to strictly social occasions, business meetings, and the "Practical Talk" nights.

At the "Practical Talks," subjects for discussion are often proposed and voted on by those present, such subjects, for example, as the following:

"What is wealth?"
"Should women be allowed to vote?"
"Why do so few girls marry nowadays, comparatively speaking?"
"Life and its struggles."
"How to tell a real lady."
"When women take men's places and cut down wages, what is the effect upon the home?"

Very often a course of subjects is chosen, such as "Famous Women," "Talks on Hygiene," "Elementary Facts of Science," and the like. The success of a series of such "Talks" naturally depends largely upon the leader, and on her ability to impart information clearly and in an interesting manner. It is also important to draw as many girls as possible into the discussion that follows the "Talk," to evoke the opinion of "modest members," and to hold the attention of all.

The monthly business meetings afford training in system and order, and lead to familiarity with parliamentary rules. At these meetings the officers report as to financial condition and general

affairs; heads of committees give an account of departments under their control; opinions are requested as to proposed new movements, discussion follows, and the club learns to know itself individually and as a whole. The usual outgrowths of a club, besides the class work, are clubs or meetings for junior members, the Lend-a-Hand or Relief Work undertaken by those who wish to aid others, and also special organizations connected only with certain clubs, such as the "Domestic Circle" for young married women, a branch of the Thirty-eighth Street Society, and the "Literary Union" of the Endeavor Club, to which members bring their young men friends.



Millinery at the Progressive Club, New York.

Each society, after successful establishment, usually develops individual characteristics, accounted for by locality, the character of members, and the nature and endowments of the officers elected by them to carry on affairs. Some societies are known for good business management and for the flourishing condition of all departments; others for zeal in Lend-a-Hand work; another is famous for its library and the intelligence and diligence of its members. One club excels in the giving of entertainments, another is known for the high spirits of its members, and yet for their extraordinary interest in the classes held in their club-rooms.

That these societies are useful, are enjoyed, and have "come to stay," is proved by their very large membership —over two thousand in New York City alone—and by the hearty support they receive, $5,156.25 having been received as members' dues from the pockets of working-girls, in 1893. Physical culture and singing have been found the most popular of all classes, yet the most expensive and difficult to carry on in cramped club-rooms, where want of space limits the number of pupils and makes it impossible to employ and pay the best teachers.

In consequence of this difficulty several clubs combined and hired the hall of No. 9 University Place, where a capital course of physical culture and musical drill — a delightful combination of dancing and marching — has been repeated for several winters. Girls whose attention cannot be held by more quiet pursuits find the drill work "the greatest thing the clubs have ever done." Gymnasium suits are worn for these exercises, as the



Dressmaking at the Progressive Club.

sketch on page 625 shows. Classes of this kind often develop latent abilities. One pupil of such a course perfected her training at Chautauqua during two successive summers, and is now a teacher having engagements for each afternoon and evening, and with even wider openings in prospect.

The Choral Union, with a membership of one hundred and fifty, in 1892–93, has for its object a thorough and systematic course of instruction in reading music from notation. The rehearsals are held weekly during the winter months, and three concerts were given in the winter of 1892–93.

Still larger enterprises have been the outcome of the first small and modest clubs, among them the formation of the Association of Working-girls' Societies, the publication of the club paper, *Far and Near*, the organization of The Mutual Benefit Fund, and also of the Alliance Employment Bureau. For the purpose of legally holding property deeded to the societies, an incorporated body was required; hence the Auxiliary Society of the Association of Working-girls' Societies took out a charter, and in its corporate capacity it is able to handle funds for special purposes, such as the expenses of the yearly public meetings, and the publication of the club paper and of various pamphlets descriptive of club work.* The societies are taxed per capita for such expenses as are incurred by the Association for the societies as a body.

The club paper, *Far and Near*, was for three years published under the auspices of the Association, but is now carried on under independent management. It is edited and conducted by Maria Bowen Chapin, and has a very wide circulation, due not only to the interest of its pages, but to its practical value as a guide to those engaged in forming clubs. The paper in a sense carries on a correspondence between all such societies; in its columns difficulties common to all are canvassed, and ways to meet such difficulties are suggested, fresh ideas are shared, and

* These pamphlets may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Association of Working-girls' Societies, 134 Lexington Avenue, New York.

the paths of knowledge-by-experience are smoothed and shortened.

The Mutual Benefit Fund is of the greatest importance to club members. Except through the Penny Provident Savings system, which has been introduced to some degree in the clubs, provision for emergencies is rarely made. Benefit societies, so called, although often dishonestly managed and demanding extortionate rates, are well known in factories. Their promoters prey upon employees in all branches of business, and the victims pay away a large share of their earnings that a meagre death benefit may eventually be secured by their family. In this Mutual Benefit Fund there are two classes of members. First, those paying fifty cents initiation fee and twenty-five cents monthly dues. Second, those paying fifty cents initiation fee and fifteen cents monthly dues.

The benefits are :

For members of the first class, $5.00 a week for six weeks ($30.00) during illness, not more than once a year ; and $30.00 at death.

For members of the second class, $3.00 a week for six weeks ($18.00) during illness, not more than once a year ; and $20.00 at death.

For members joining both classes, $8.00 a week for six weeks ($48.00) during illness, not more than once a year ; and $50.00 at death.

There are now two hundred and fifty members enrolled in the fund.

The Alliance Employment Bureau was opened in connection with the clubs to supply a systematic method for securing work for those without it. Certain lines of work are more popular than others, certain trades require less skill and training in those who follow them ; and these avenues are crowded in proportion as population is centred. Prejudice or unfitness prevents workers from entering other fields where a living can be made, workers underbid each other in the fierce competition to secure the kind of work most desired, wages are lowered, and distress must follow. Employment offices, such as that connected with the clubs, tend to



In the Library, Progressive Club.

counteract these tendencies, and can be made serviceable in canvassing the character and opportunities of shops and factories, and in filling vacancies with competent hands. Above all, such a bureau can ascertain where in the business world there is most room for workers, and try to find or fit individuals for desirable positions.

The New York Association holds in trust for the clubs a property at Miller's Place, Long Island, known as Holiday House, which is the summer resort of the members of the societies. A smaller country home at Mountainville, N. Y., is lent by its owners for club girls who need dry inland air. The Holiday House property is exceptional as to situation, neighborhood, and local conditions. The place itself has been highly improved, the two large houses—Holiday House and Holiday Harbor—having a perfect water-supply and good drainage. There are eighteen acres of land in the property, with a frontage on the North Shore of the Sound, giving the best opportunities for bathing, and also for boating in a landlocked bay near by. The management of the houses has been simply the carrying out of club principles, co-operative as far as possible, the three dollars paid as weekly board by club visitors providing for current expenses, and the girls undertaking a small share in the care of the houses, although to no onerous degree. During the summer of 1893 $2,978.25 was paid by boarders. Connected with the houses, however, are expenses which the sums received for board cannot cover. Such expenses are met by the directors of the Association through their individual efforts and arrangements. Life at Holiday House in summer is a very free and happy condition. What have we of life without some familiarity with the country and its pleasures, some knowledge of nature itself! Though the new and strange features of country life—the woods, the cliffs, the beach—may have inspired something very much like fear in the first visitors at Holiday House, each successive sojourn only adds to the deep enjoyment of that first experience. Parties of girls, often in groups from the same clubs, go down to Holiday House on successive Saturdays. Usually workers in large cities are able to secure a two weeks' vacation, but some, and they are often the juniors, who greatly require country air, can only be released from their work for a week. Two weeks out of the fifty-two is a short tale of days, yet the experiences crowded into them by the summer visitors are lived over and over in retrospect during the rest of the year.



After the Music Drill.

The facilities of Holiday House afford all that can be wished for in the way of wholesome conditions, and the ordinary country occupations and amusements. Ninety girls can be accommodated at a time in the two houses and in one or two neighboring cottages; and, had they time at their command, these hard-worked toilers could in their fortnight's holiday become familiar with the country in the most delightful, be-



Music Drill at the University Place Hall, New York.

cause most natural, way. Even under existing conditions they seldom know a dull moment, but much more might be gained in health and enjoyment if, through some scheme of endowment or volunteer direction from women of leisure, guidance and instruction in country sports and life and interests could be supplied. Then Holiday House might be, as a girl visitor longingly remarked, "truly a nature school."

There are country-houses in connection with the other associations as well as that of New York. The Vacation Society, an independent organization, is of great value to many members of the New York clubs, as through its arrangements summer board can be secured at mountain and other resorts.

The blending of the members of the different clubs at the country-houses has a valuable effect upon the whole. It widens the knowledge and sympathies of the societies in their mutual relations, and helps the clubs in many ways. The societies unite as a body only once a year at the annual meeting, held formerly in the month of March. On one memorable occasion the meeting was fixed for the night on which occurred the great blizzard of 1888, and only one brave girl won her way to the doors of the hall. After that experience it was thought advisable to choose a pleasanter season for the time of celebration, and the month of April was determined on for the great gathering, which is held in the hall of the Cooper Union, and though only members attend, there is seldom a vacant seat. On this occasion the societies report as to the work, achievements, and experiences of the year, and the meeting is addressed by many of the officers of the clubs and by prominent speakers as well.



An August Afternoon at Downing House, of the Brooklyn Association, Bayville, L. I.

In April, 1890, a Convention of Clubs was held in New York. For three successive days two sessions daily took place in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House. Over three hundred out-of-town delegates visited the Convention, many of whom were entertained by the New York Association at the Park Avenue Hotel. Numbers of working-girls obtained leave of absence to attend the Convention, which was conducted with the greatest enthusiasm, and also in a brisk business-like and most systematic manner. Papers on all subjects relating to clubs were read by New York women, by visiting delegates, and by working-girls themselves. The proceedings of the Convention were exhaustively reported in the papers at the time, and it was termed by one of the dailies "an event of sociologic importance." Both visitors and the press seemed much struck by the stress laid on the independent character of the clubs, as compared for instance with the English club methods, since, to quote *The Evening Post* of April 15, 1890, "half the energies of the women promoting the American clubs seem directed to disseminating the declaration that they are not a charity. Their democratic character and management are unceasingly reiterated, and the habit of the newspapers

in speaking of them as a philanthropic and charitable work is lamented as a hinderance."

In addition to the longer papers read at the Convention on such subjects as, "What do Working-girls Owe One Another," "Co-operation and Organization," "Provident and Benevolent Schemes," "How to Make a Club Self-supporting," and so on, shorter papers were received and read, some of them amounting to little more than messages in length, yet striking in substance, as the following:

"We believe that the woman who is placed beyond the need of laboring for her daily bread has really received her wages in advance, and so is under greater obligation to work for the good of others than the rest of us."

"It took the world a long time to learn that work is honorable, and every human being, man or woman, should be a worker. Let us not be ashamed of the work we are doing. What we *can* do depends on natural fitness, education, and opportunities."

"A working-girl is doing other working-girls an injury when she consents to work for less than living wages."

The ideas suggested in the papers read at the Convention supplied the groundwork for many of the movements now in operation among the clubs, and the impetus since given to the societies has been a proof of the value of these inspiriting gatherings.

With the effort that has often been made to define in words exactly what a girls' club is, suggestions have come from members that are themselves apt and descriptive. By one a club is called "A meeting of girls working for each other's interests." Another says it is "A place to know yourself and others too." Perhaps the best description, to those familiar with club methods, is the negative one given by a girl president, who, when appealed to for her opinion, said, "Well, just imagine for a moment the feelings of girls who have been club members for, say a year, were their clubs to be taken from them!"



Holiday House, of the New York Association, Miller's Place, Long Island.

A Bostonian greatly interested in the

subject of girls' clubs has said of them —and it may well stand for a final statement—"I think the most striking thing about this new form of life among us is its inexpensiveness in money, and its immense and unending cost in time, in work, in thought, in responsibility—in short, in life."

True child of the daughter of labor, it lives not by money but by work.



In the Typewriting Class, Prospect Hill Club.

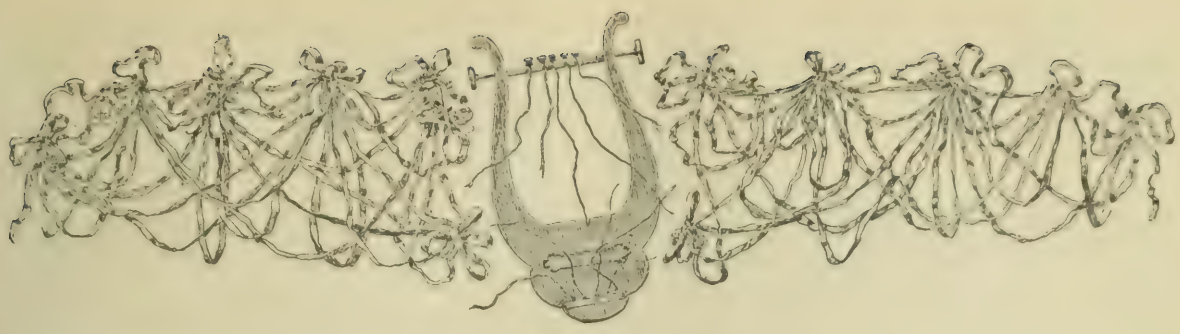
ALONE.

By Melville Upton.

I ask no answering eyes that turn to mine,
No waiting face to brighten at my voice:
I'd fear to have another bound to me,
One step to echo mine to earth's dark verge.

Some hour of need would find me faint and weak,
My hand might fail; my dreaming heart forget—
I dread the sting of those accusing eyes
In the still morning of eternity.

Alone, then, let me stand thro' this grim watch,
Nor seek to hold another's heart in thrall;
Else let my going hence by all unknown,
My feet move trackless down the starry ways.



THAT GOOD MAY COME.

By Edith Wharton.

"Oh, it's the same old story," said Birkton, impatiently. "They've all come home to roost, as usual."

He glanced at a heap of type-written pages which lay on the shabby desk at his elbow; then, pushing back his chair, he began to stride up and down the length of the little bedroom in which he and Helfenridge sat.

"What magazines have you tried?"

"All the good ones—every one. Nobody wants poetry nowadays. One of the editors told me the other day that it 'was going out.'"

Helfenridge picked up the sheet which lay nearest him and began to read, half to himself, half aloud, with a warmth of undertoned emphasis which made the lines glow.

Neither of the men was far beyond twenty-five. Birkton, the younger of the two, had the musing, irresolute profile of the dreamer of dreams; while his friend, stouter, squarer, of more clayey make, was nevertheless too much like him to prove a useful counterpoise.

"I always liked 'The Old Odysseus,'" Helfenridge murmured. "There's something tremendously suggestive in that fancy of yours, that tradition has misrepresented the real feelings of all the great heroes and heroines; or rather, has only handed down to us the official statement of their sentiments, as an epitaph records the obligatory virtues which the defunct ought to have had, if he hadn't. That theory, now, that Odysseus never really forgot Circe; and that Esther was in love with Haman, and decoyed him to the banquet with Ahasuerus just for the sake of once having him near her and hearing him speak; and that Dante, perhaps, if he could have been brought to book, would have had to confess to caring a great deal more for the *pietosa donna* of the window than for the mummified memory of a long-dead Beatrice—well, you know, it tallies wonderfully with the inconsequences and surprises that one is always discovering under the superficial fitnesses of life."

"Ah," said Birkton, "I meant to get a cycle of poems out of that idea—but what's the use, when I can't even get the first one into print?"

"You've tried sending 'The Old Odysseus'?"

Birkton nodded.

"To 'Scribner's' and 'The Century'?"

"And all the rest."

"Queer!" protested Helfenridge. "If I were an editor—now this, for instance, is so fine:

"'*Circe, Circe, the sharp anguish of that last*
long speechless night
With the flame of tears unfallen scorches still
mine aching sight;
Still I feel the thunderous blackness of the hot
sky overhead,
While we two with close-locked fingers through
thy pillared porches strayed,
And athwart the sullen darkness, from the
shadow-muffled shore,
Heard aghast the savage summons of the sea's
incoming roar,
Shouting like a voice from Ilium, wailing like
a voice from home,
Shrieking through thy pillared porches, Up,
Odysseus, wake and come!'

"Devil take it, why isn't there an audience for that sort of thing? And this line too—

"'*Where Persephone remembers the Trinacrian*
buds and bees—

what a light, allegretto movement it has, following on all that gloom and horror! Ah—and here's that delicious little nocturne from 'The New and the Old.'

"'*Before the yellow dawn is up,*
With pomp of shield and shaft,
Drink we of night's fast ebbing cup
One last delicious draught.

'*The shadowy wine of night is sweet,*
With subtle, slumberous fumes
Pressed by the Hours' melodious feet
From bloodless elder-blooms.'

"There—isn't that just like a little bacchanalian scene on a Greek gem?"

"Oh, don't go on," said Birkton sharply, "I'm sick of them."

"Don't say that," Helfenridge rebuked him. "It's like disowning one's own children. But if they say that mythology and classicism and *plastik* are played out—if they want Manet in place of David, or Cazin instead of Claude—why don't they like 'Boulterby Ridge,' with its grim mystery intensified by a setting of such modern realism? What lines there are in that!

"'*It was dark on Boulterby Ridge, with an ultimate darkness like death,*
And the weak wind flagged and gasped like a sick man straining for breath,
And one star's ineffectual flicker shot pale through a gap in the gloom,
As faint as the taper that struggles with night in the sick man's room.'

"There's something about that beginning that makes me feel quietly cold from head to foot. And how charming the description of the girl is:

"'*She walked with a springing step, as if to some inner tune,*
And her cheeks had the lucent pink of maple-wings in June.'

"There's Millet and nature for you! And then when he meets her ghost on Boulterby Ridge—

"'*White in the palpable black as a lily moored on a moat*'—

what a contrast, eh? And the deadly hopeless chill of the last line, too—

"'*For the grave is deeper than grief, and longer than life is death.*'

"By Jove, I don't see how that could be improved!"

"Neither do I," said Birkton, bitterly, "more's the pity."

"And what comes next? Ah, that strange sonnet on the Cinque Cento. Did you ever carry out your scheme of writing a series of sonnets embodying all the great epochs of art?"

"No," said Birkton, indifferently.

"It seems a pity, after such a fine beginning. Now just listen to this—listen to it as if it had been written by somebody else:

"'*Strange hour of art's august ascendency*
When Sin and Beauty, the old lovers, met
In a new paradise, still sword-beset
With monkish terrors, but wherein the tree
Of knowledge held its golden apples free
To lips unstayed by hell's familiar threat;
And men, grown mad upon the fruit they ate,
Dreamed a wild dream of lust and liberty;
Strange hour, when the dead gods arose in Rome
From altars where the mass was sacrificed,
When Phryne flaunted on the tiaraed tomb
Of him who dearly sold the grace unpriced,
And, twixt old shames and infamies to come,
Cellini in his prison talked with Christ!'

"There now, don't you call that a very happy definition of the most magical moment the world has ever known?"

"Don't," said Birkton, with an impatient gesture. "You're very good, old man, but don't go on."

Helfenridge, with a sigh, replaced the loose sheets on the desk.

"Well," he repeated, "I can't understand it. But the tide's got to turn, Maurice—it's got to. Don't forget that."

Birkton laughed drearily.

"Haven't you had a single opening—not one since I saw you?"

"Not one; at least nothing to speak of," said Birkton, reddening. "I've had one offer, but what do you suppose it was? Do you remember that idiotic squib that I wrote the other day about Mrs. Tolquitt's being seen alone with Dick Blason at Koster & Bial's? The thing I read that night in Bradley's rooms after supper?"

Helfenridge nodded.

"Well, I'm sorry I read it now. Somebody must have betrayed me (of course, though no names are mentioned,

they all knew who was meant), for who should turn up yesterday but Baker Buley, the editor of the *Social Kite*, with an offer of a hundred and fifty dollars for my poem."

"You didn't, Maurice——?"

"Hang you, Helfenridge, what do you take me for? I told him to go to the devil."

There was a long pause, during which Helfenridge relit his pipe. Then he said, "But the book reviews in the *Symbolic* keep you going, don't they?"

"After a fashion," said Birkton, with a shrug. "Luckily my mother has had a tremendous lot of visiting-lists to make up lately, and she has written the invitations for half the balls that have been given this winter, so that between us we manage to keep Annette and ourselves alive; but God knows what would happen if one of us fell ill."

"Something else will happen before that. You'll be offered a hundred and fifty dollars for one of *those*," said Helfenridge, pointing to the pile of verses.

"I wish you were an editor!" Birkton retorted.

Helfenridge rose, picking up his battered gray hat, and slipping his pipe into his pocket. "I'm not an editor and I'm no good at all," he said, mournfully.

"Don't say that, old man. It's been the saving of me to be believed in by somebody."

Their hands met closely, and with a quick nod and inarticulate grunt Helfenridge turned from the room.

Maurice, left alone, dropped the smile which he had assumed to speed his friend, and sank into the nearest chair. His eyes, the sensitive eyes of the seer whom Beauty has anointed with her mysterious unguent, travelled painfully about the little room. Not a detail of it but was stamped upon his mind with a morbid accuracy — the yellowish-brown paper which had peeled off here and there, revealing the discolored plaster beneath; the ink-stained desk at which all his poems had been written; the rickety wash-stand of ash, with a strip of marbled oil-cloth nailed over it, and a cracked pitcher and basin; the gas-stove in which a low flame glimmered, the blurred looking-glass, and the book-case which held his thirty or forty worn volumes; yet he never took note of his sordid surroundings without a fresh movement of disgust.

"And this is our best room," he muttered to himself.

His mother and sister slept in the next room, which opened on an air-shaft in the centre of the house, and beyond that was the kitchen, drawing its ventilation from the same shaft, and sending its smells with corresponding facility into the room occupied by the two women.

The apartment in which they lived, by courtesy called a flat, was in reality a thinly disguised tenement in one of those ignoble quarters of New York where the shabby has lapsed into the degraded. They had moved there a year earlier, leaving reluctantly, under pressure of a diminished purse, the pleasant little flat up-town, with its three bedrooms and sunny parlor, which had been their former home. Maurice winced when he remembered that he had made the change imperative by resigning his clerkship in a wholesale warehouse in order to give more leisure to the writing of the literary criticisms with which he supplied the *Symbolic Weekly Review*. His mother had approved, had even urged, his course; but in the unsparing light of poverty it showed as less inevitable than he had imagined. And then, somehow, the great novel, which he had planned to write as soon as he should be released from his clerical task, was still in embryo. He had time and to spare, but his pen persisted in turning to sonnets, and only the opening chapters of the romance had been summarily blocked out. All this was not very satisfactory, and Maurice was glad to be called from the contemplation of facts so unamiable by the sound of his mother's voice in the adjoining room.

"Maurice, dear, has your friend gone?" Mrs. Birkton asked, advancing timidly across the threshold. She had the step and gesture of one who has spent her best energies in a vain endeavor to propitiate fate, and her small, pale face was like a palimpsest on which the record of suffering had been so deeply written that its original lines were concealed beyond recovery.

"If you are not writing, Maurice," she continued, "I might come and finish Mrs. Rushingham's list and save the gas for an hour longer. The light is so good at your window."

"Come," said Maurice, sweeping the poems into his desk and pushing a chair forward for his mother.

Mrs. Birkton, as she seated herself and opened her neat blank-book, glanced up almost furtively into her son's face.

"No news, dear?" she asked, in a low tone.

"None," said Maurice, briefly. "I tried the editor of the *Inter Oceanic* when I was out just now, and he likes The Old Odysseus and Boulterby Ridge very much, but they aren't exactly suited to his purpose. That's their formula, you know."

Mrs. Birkton dipped her fine steel pen into the inkstand, and began to write, in a delicate copperplate hand:

Mrs. Albert Lowbridge, 14 *East Seventy-fifth Street.*

Mrs. Charles M. McManus, 910 *Fifth Avenue.*

The Misses McManus, 910 *Fifth Avenue.*

Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Lovermore, 30 *East Ninety-Sixth Street.*

She wrote on in silence, but Maurice, who had seated himself near her, saw a glimmer of tears on her thin lashes as her head moved mechanically to and fro with the motion of the pen.

"Well," he said, trying for a more cheerful note, "*your* literary productions are always in demand, at all events. Mrs. Stapleton's ball ought to bring you in a very tidy little sum. Some one told me the other day that she was going to send out two thousand invitations."

"Oh, Maurice—the Stapleton ball! Haven't you heard?"

"What about it?"

"Mr. Seymour Carbridge, Mrs. Stapleton's uncle, died yesterday, and the ball is given up."

Maurice rose from his seat with a movement of dismay.

"The stars in their courses fight against us!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid this will make a great difference to you, won't it, mother?"

"It does make a difference," she assented, writing on uninterruptedly. "You see I was to have rewritten her whole visiting-list, besides doing the invitations to the ball. And Lent comes so early this year."

Maurice was silent, and for some twenty minutes Mrs. Birkton's pen continued to move steadily forward over the ruled sheets of the visiting-book. The short January afternoon was fast darkening into a snowy twilight, and Maurice presently stretched out his hand toward the match-box which lay on the desk.

"Oh, Maurice, don't light the gas yet. I can see quite well, and you had better keep the stove going a little longer. It's so cold."

"Why not have both?"

"You extravagant boy! When it gets really dark I shall take my writing into the kitchen, but meanwhile it is so much pleasanter here; and I don't believe Annette has lit the kitchen stove yet. I haven't heard her come in."

"Where has she been this afternoon?"

"At her confirmation class. Father Thurifer holds a class every afternoon this week in the chantry. You know Annette is to be confirmed next Sunday."

"Is she? No—I had forgotten."

"But she must have come in by this time," Mrs. Birkton continued, with a glance at the darkening window. "Go and see, dear, will you?"

Maurice obediently stepped out into the narrow passage-way which led from his bedroom to the kitchen. The kitchen door was shut, and as he opened it he came abruptly upon the figure of a young girl, seated in an attitude of tragic self-abandonment at the deal table in the middle of the room. She had evidently just come in, for her shabby hat and jacket and two or three devotional-looking little volumes lay on a chair at her side. Her arms were flung out across the table, with her face hidden between, so that the bluish glimmer of the gas-jet overhead, vaguely outlining her figure, seemed to concentrate all its light upon the mass of her wheat-colored braids. At the sound of the opening door she sprang up sud-

denly, turning upon Maurice a small disordered face, with red lids and struggling mouth. She was evidently not more than fifteen years old and her undeveloped figure and little round face, in its setting of pale hair, presented that curious mixture of maturity and childishness often seen in girls of her age who have been carefully watched over at home, yet inevitably exposed to the grim diurnal spectacle of poverty and degradation.

"Annette!" Maurice said, catching the hand with which she tried to hide her face.

"Oh, Maurice, don't—don't please!" she entreated, "I wasn't crying—I wasn't! I was only a little tired; and it was so cold walking home from church."

"If you are cold, why haven't you lit the stove?" he asked, giving her time to regain her composure.

"I will—I was going to."

"Carry your things to your room, and I'll light it for you."

As he spoke his eye fell on the slim little volumes at her side, and he picked up one, which was emblazoned with a cross, surmounted by the title: "Passion Flowers."

"And so you are going to be confirmed very soon, Annette?" he asked, his glance wandering over the wide-margined pages with their reiterated invocations in delicate italics:

O Jesu Christ! Eternal sweetness of them that love Thee,
O Jesu, Paradise of delights and very glory of the Angels,
O Jesu, mirror of everlasting love,
O King most lovely, and Loving One most dear, impress I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus, all Thy wounds upon my heart!

Annette's face was smoothed into instant serenity. "Next Sunday—just think, Maurice, only three days more to wait! It will be Sexagesima Sunday, you know."

"Will it? And are you glad to be confirmed?"

"Oh, Maurice! I have waited so long—some girls are confirmed at thirteen."

"Are they? And why did you have to wait?"

"Because Father Thurifer thought it best," she answered, humbly. "You see I am very young for my age, and very stupid in some ways. He was afraid that I might not understand all the holy mysteries."

"And do you now?"

"Oh, yes—as well as a girl can presume to. At least Father Thurifer says so."

"That is very nice," said Maurice. "Now run away and I'll light the fire. Mother will be coming soon to sit here."

He went back to his bedroom, where Mrs. Birkton's pen, in the thickening obscurity, still travelled unremittingly over the smooth pages.

"Mother, what's the matter with Annette? When I went into the kitchen I found her crying."

Mrs. Birkton pushed her work aside with a vexed exclamation.

"Poor child!" she said. "After all, Maurice, she is only a child; one can't be too hard on her."

"Hard on her? But why? What's the matter?"

"You see," continued Mrs. Birkton, who invariably put her apologies before her explanations, "she would never have allowed herself to think of it if we hadn't been so sure of the Stapleton ball."

"To think of what?"

"Her white dress, Maurice, her confirmation dress. At the Church of the Precious Blood all the girls are confirmed in white muslin dresses, with tulle veils and *moire* sashes. Father Thurifer makes a point of it."

"And you promised Annette such a dress?"

"I thought I might, dear, when Mrs. Stapleton decided to give her ball. You see there is a very large class of candidates for confirmation, and I knew it would be very trying for Annette to be the only one not dressed in white—and at such a solemn time, too. But now, of course, she will have to give it up."

"Yes," said Maurice, absently. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his unseeing eyes fixed upon the yellow gleam of the gas-stove, which was now the only point of light in the room.

"And that is what Annette is crying about?" he asked at length.

"Poor child," murmured his mother, deprecatingly; "it is such a solemn moment, Maurice."

"Yes, yes—I know. That's just it. That's why I don't understand—Annette is a very religious girl, isn't she?"

"Father Thurifer tells me that he has never seen a more religious nature. He said that it was as natural to her to believe as to breathe. Isn't that a beautiful expression?"

"And yet—yet—at such a solemn moment, as you say, it is the color of her dress that is uppermost in her mind?"

"Oh, Maurice, don't you see that it is just because she has so much devotional feeling, poor child, that she suffers at the thought of not appearing worthily at such a time?"

"As if Mrs. Stapleton should ask me to lead the cotillion at her ball when my dress coat is in pawn?"

"Maurice!" said his mother.

"I beg your pardon, mother; I didn't mean that; forgive me. But it all seems so queer — I don't understand."

"I wish you went oftener to church, Maurice," said Mrs. Birkton, sadly.

"I wish I understood Annette better," he returned in a musing tone.

"Annette is a very good girl," said Mrs. Birkton, gathering up her pen and papers. "After the first shock is over she will bear her disappointment bravely; but don't tell her that I have spoken to you about it, for she would never forgive me."

"Poor little thing," Maurice sighed, as his mother groped her way to the door.

He sat still in the darkness after she had left, companioned by the dismal brood of his disappointments, until half an hour later Annette's knock told him that their slender supper was ready.

When he re-entered the kitchen his sister's face had grown as smooth and serene as that of some young seraph of Van Eyck's. She had tied a white apron over her dress and was busy carrying the hot toast and fried eggs from the stove to the table, which had meanwhile been covered with a white cloth and neatly set for the evening meal.

Maurice sat down between her and his mother, listening in silence to their talk, which fell like the trickle of a cool stream upon his aching nerves. They were speaking as usual of church matters, in which the daughter took an eager and precocious, the mother a somewhat ex-official interest; it seemed to Maurice as though Mrs. Birkton, who had resigned herself to getting on without so many things, had even surrendered her direct share in the scheme of redemption, or rather tacitly passed it on to her child. But what more especially struck him was the force of will displayed in Annette's demeanor. Her disappointment, which he felt to be very real, was impenetrably masked behind a mien of gay activity; and Maurice, knowing his own facile tendency to be swayed by the emotion of the moment, marvelled at the child's self-control.

The next morning he went out earlier than usual. As he opened the hall-door he turned back and called to his mother, who was washing the breakfast dishes in the kitchen:

"Mother, if Helfenridge comes you can say that you don't know when I shall be back. Say that I may not be in all day."

"Very well, dear," she replied, with some surprise; but her son's face forbade questioning, and she went on silently with her work.

Maurice, as it happened, returned in time for their one o'clock dinner. His mother thought that he looked pale and spiritless, and feared that he had endured another defeat at the hands of some unenlightened editor.

"Has Helfenridge been here?" he inquired.

"Yes," Mrs. Birkton answered. "He stopped on his way down town just after you had gone out. He was very sorry not to find you, and said that he would come again to-morrow evening."

"Has Annette got back from school?" Maurice asked, irrelevantly.

"I think I hear her step now," Mrs. Birkton replied, and at the same moment the kitchen-door opened, admitting the young girl, whose small face was touched with a frosty pink by the cold.

As she entered Maurice went up to her, extending something in his hand with an awkward gesture.

"Look here—will that buy you a white dress like the rest of the girls?" he said, abruptly.

Annette grew red and then pale; her lips parted, but she made no motion to take the roll of bills which he held out to her.

"Maurice!" his mother gasped. "Have they accepted something? What is it? What is it to appear in?"

Her small features, flattened into life-long submission to failure, seemed almost convulsed by the unwonted expression of a less negative emotion.

Maurice made no answer; he was still looking at Annette.

"Why don't you take it, Annette?" he said, a tinge of impatience in his voice.

"Annette! Annette! why do you stand there? Can't you speak? Why don't you thank your brother?" Mrs. Birkton cried, in a storm of exultation.

Annette held out her hand, but as she took the bills her face again grew crimson.

"Maurice, how did you know about the dress? Mother, you promised not to tell him!" Then, glancing at the roll of money, "But what have you given me, Maurice? A hundred dollars—a hundred and fifty dollars? Mother, what does he mean?"

"Maurice!" Mrs. Birkton almost shrieked.

"Well," said Maurice with a laugh, "isn't it enough to buy your dress?"

Annette stood, trembling, between sobs and laughter; but her mother's tears overflowed.

"Oh, my boy, my son, I'm so happy! I knew it would come. I knew it must—Mr. Helfenridge said so only this morning. But I didn't dream it would be so soon!" She lifted her poor, joy-distorted face to his averted kiss. "Oh, it's too beautiful, Maurice, it's too beautiful! But you haven't told us yet which poem it is."

Maurice turned sharply away, his hand on the door.

"Not yet—not now. I've forgotten something. I'm going out," he stammered.

"Why, Maurice! Without your dinner? You're not well, my son!"

"Nonsense, mother. I shall be back presently. Annette, keep some dinner for me."

"But, Maurice," the girl cried, springing forward, "you mustn't leave all this money with me."

"I've told you it's yours," he said, with a violence which made the women's startled eyes meet.

"Why, Maurice, you must be joking! A hundred and fifty dollars? I oughtn't to keep a penny of it, with all the things that you and mother need."

"Nonsense, keep it all. If it's too much for your dress, mother can take the rest for herself. I don't want it. But mind you spend it all on yourselves; don't use any of it for the household. And remember I won't touch a penny of it."

"But, Maurice," said Mrs. Birkton, "the dress won't cost twenty dollars."

"So much the worse," he retorted; and the door shut on him with a crash that was conclusive.

Helfenridge, whose work (he was a clerk in the same establishment which had been the scene of Maurice's brief commercial experience) often delayed him down town long after his dinner-hour, did not reach his friend's house until eight o'clock on the following evening. As he started on his long ascent of the steep tenement-stairs some one ran against him on the first landing, and he drew back in surprise, recognizing Maurice in the flare of the gas-jet against the whitewashed wall.

"Hullo, Maurice! Didn't Mrs. Birkton tell you that I was coming this evening?"

"I—yes—the fact is, I was just going out," Birkton said, confusedly.

Helfenridge glanced at him, marking his evasive eye.

"Oh, very well. If you're going out I'll try again."

"No—no. You'd better come up after all. I'd rather see you now. I've got something to say to you."

"Are you sure?" said Helfenridge. "I'd rather not be taken on sufferance."

"I want to see you," Birkton repeated, with sudden force; and the two men climbed the stairs together in silence.

"Come this way," said Maurice, leading Helfenridge into his bedroom.

He put a match to the gas-burner, and another to the stove, and pushed his only easy-chair forward within the radius of the dry, yellow heat, while Helfenridge threw aside his hat and overcoat, which were fringed with frozen snow.

"You don't look well, Maurice," he said, taking the seat proffered by his friend.

"It's because I'm new at it, I suppose," the other returned, dryly.

"New at what? What do you mean?"

"Wait a minute," said Maurice; "I want to show you something first."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Helfenridge heard him walk along the narrow passage-way to the kitchen; then came the opening of another door, which launched a confusion of soft, gay tones upon the intervening obscurity. "Oh, no, no," Helfenridge heard a young voice half laughingly protest; then an older tone interposed, gently urgent, mingled with an odd unfamiliar laugh from Maurice; lastly the door of the bedroom was suddenly thrown wide, and Maurice reappeared, pushing before him his sister, clad from head to foot in white muslin, her flat, childish waist defined by a wide white sash, even her little feet shod in immaculate ivory kid.

Above all this whiteness her flushed face emerged like a pink crocus from a snow-drift; her lips were parted in tremulous, inarticulate apologies, but no explanatory word reached Helfenridge.

"Why, Miss Annette, how lovely!" he exclaimed at random, questioning Maurice with his eyes.

"There—doesn't she look nice?" the brother asked, retaining his grasp of her white shoulders. "That's her confirmation dress, if you please! She's going to be confirmed next Sunday at the Church of the Precious Blood, and you've got to be there to see it."

"Oh, Maurice," murmured Annette.

"Of course I shall be there," said Helfenridge, warmly. "But what a beautiful dress! Are all confirmation dresses as beautiful as that?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Helfenridge; but Maurice——"

"Father Thurifer likes all the girls in the class to be dressed like that," Maurice quickly interposed. "And now run off before your finery gets tumbled," he added, pushing her out of the room with a smile which softened the abruptness of the gesture.

He shut the door and the two men stood looking at each other.

"She's lovely," said Helfenridge, gently.

"Poor little girl," said Maurice. "Isn't it a pretty fancy to dress them all in white?"

"Yes—I suppose it's a High Church idea?"

"I suppose so. I never knew anything about it until the other day—until two days ago, in fact. Then I found that Father Thurifer had requested all the girls who are to be confirmed to dress in white muslin; and we hadn't a penny between us to buy her a dress with."

"Yes?" said Helfenridge, tentatively.

"Annette's a very good little girl, you know — immensely religious. Father Thurifer says he never saw a more religious nature. And it nearly killed her not to have a white dress—not to appear worthy of the day. She regards it as the most solemn day of her life. Can you understand how she must have felt? I couldn't at first, but I think I do now. After all, she's only a child."

"I understand," said Helfenridge.

"Well, neither my mother nor I had a copper left. There was no way of getting the dress—and it seemed to me she had to have it."

"Yes?"

"I said the other day that I didn't know what would happen if one of us fell ill; but in a way it would have been simpler than this. Annette, now—if Annette had been ill we could have sent her to the hospital. My mother is too sensible to have any prejudice against hospitals. But this is different—there was no other way of getting the dress; and it had to be got somehow. I don't believe her wedding-dress will seem half so important to her—there's so little perspective at fifteen."

"Well?" said Helfenridge after a pause.

"Well, so I—good God, Helfenridge, won't you understand?"

Both men were silent; Helfenridge sat with his hands clenched on the arms of his chair.

Suddenly he said, as if in a flash of remembrance: "You sent that thing to Baker Buley—the thing about Mrs. Tolquitt?"

"Yes," said Maurice.

A long pause followed, in which the thoughts of the two men cried aloud to each other.

At length Maurice exclaimed, "I wish you'd speak out—say what you think."

"I don't know," said Helfenridge, in a low tone.

"You don't know? You mean you don't know what to say?"

"What to think."

"What to think of a man who's sold his soul?"

"I'm not sure if you have. It seems to me that I'm not sure of anything," Helfenridge said.

"I am—I'm sure that Annette had to have her dress," said Maurice, with a defiant laugh.

"When does it come out?"

"It's out already—it came out this morning. It's all over town by this time."

"Do they know?" asked Helfenridge, suddenly.

"My mother and Annette? God forbid. Do you suppose they would have touched the money?"

"How did you account to them for having it?"

"I told them that was my secret—that they shouldn't know for the present. Of course the—the thing in the *Kite* is not signed; and later, if one of my poems ever finds its way into print, they'll think it's that—but they'll have to wait."

Helfenridge rose. "I must be going," he said.

"Why do you go? Because you're afraid to tell me what you think? You may say what you please—it can't make any difference. Annette had to have the dress. I've been trying to avoid you for two days because I was afraid to tell you, but now I'd rather talk about it—that is if you care to have anything more to do with me. Because, after all, I'm no better than a blackguard now, you know—there's no getting around that fact. You've a perfect right to cut me."

Helfenridge was mechanically pulling on his overcoat.

"At what time does the confirmation take place?" he asked. "Tell Miss Annette that I shall certainly be there."

On the ensuing Sunday morning, punctually at half-past ten o'clock, a closed carriage from the nearest livery-stable drew up before the house occupied by the Birktons. It was snowing hard, and Annette's spotless draperies and flowing veil were concealed under an old cloak of her mother's as, sheltered by Maurice's umbrella, she stepped across the sidewalk, clasping her prayer-book in one tremulous, white-gloved hand. Mrs. Birkton followed, her shabby bonnet refurbished with fresh velvet strings, and a glow of excitement on her small effaced features. She and her son placed themselves on the front seat, leaving Annette to expand her crisp robe over the width of the opposite cushions; and the carriage rolled off heavily through the deepening snow.

All three sat silent during their slow, noiseless drive. Maurice was looking out of the window, so that the women saw only his uncommunicative profile. Mrs. Birkton sat wiping away the tears from her flushed face. They were pleasant tears, and she let them roll gently down her cheeks before she dried them. As for Annette, her face was pale, with the candid pallor of an intense but scarce-comprehended emotion. She sat bolt upright, in a kind of pre-Raphaelite rigidity which accorded with the primitive inexpressiveness of her rapt young features and the shadowless chalk-like mass of her dress and veil.

At length the carriage paused behind a train of others; and after some moments of delay, which seemed to lend a preparatory solemnity to their approach, Maurice, in the wake of his mother and sister, passed from the

snowy crudeness of the outer world into the rich and complex atmosphere of the Church of the Precious Blood.

The raw, sunless daylight, mellowed by the jewelled opacity of stained-glass windows, fell with a caressing brilliance across the aisles, streaking the clustered shafts with heraldic emblazonments of gules and azure and leaving the intervening spaces swathed in a velvety dusk. On the altar, with its embroidered hanging, the candle-flames hovered like yellow moths over the white lilies rigidly disposed in tall silver vases; while in their midst, relieved against the sculptured intricacies of the reredos of grayish stone, rose the outstretched arms of the great golden crucifix.

The church was already crowded; but a ribbon, latitudinally dividing the central aisle, indicated that the foremost rows of chairs (there were no pews in the Church of the Precious Blood) had been reserved for the candidates for confirmation and their relations. Thither Maurice followed his mother and Annette, passing through a dove-like subsidence of feathery white and a double row of innocent young faces to the seats assigned to them by the verger. Glancing about as he moved up the aisle he had caught a glimpse of Helfenridge seated far back, with his head against a pillar; and the sight lent him some momentary comfort.

Maurice cast down his eyes while Mrs. Birkton and Annette knelt to pray; and when he looked up the long white procession of choristers, preceded by the crucifer, was winding toward the chancel, while the first notes of the hymn

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?

leapt jubilantly out of the expectant hush.

Maurice, observing his sister, saw the gravity of her vague young profile intensified to awe as the procession swept past their seats, closed by the sumptuous grouping of the ample-sleeved bishop with his attendant clergy in their embroidered vestments, and seen through the mauve mist of drifting incense fumes. To him it was like fingering the leaves of a missal in some Umbrian sacristy, speculating idly, as he looked, upon the meaning of the delicate miniatures, wherein serene-visaged personages, saintly or seraphic, enacted their mysterious drama in a setting of fanciful white architecture or against a blue background starred with gold. But to Annette, he perceived, it was something real, as real as physical birth or death. Through the symbolic phantasmagoria, which she perhaps understood still less than he, ran a thread of actuality, linking her timid being to the occult significance of the whole splendid scene; and Maurice saw her tremble with the sense of that august alliance. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, it was the white dress which formed the actual point of contact. At least he was glad to think that it made her a part of the pageant, a conscious factor in the gorgeous sacrifice of praise and prayer.

As he mused thus his unquiet eyes again began to wander; and suddenly they fell upon a lady who sat near by with a little girl in white muslin at her side. The lady's face was very familiar to him, though he had never before seen it composed into its present expression of devotional repose. It was a pretty face, crowned by abrupt waves of reddish hair just dashed here and there with a streak of gray, and lit by an insinuating, agate-colored glance; but the sight of it burned Maurice's eyeballs like vitriol, for it was the face of Mrs. Tolquitt.

He had never seen her thus before, with sober lips and modestly meditative lids; nor had he ever seen the small, solemn replica of herself now seated beside her in billows of clear white muslin. The sight was an intolerable rebuke, and he would have given the world to hear her familiar laugh rattle derisively through the high quietude of the aisles. As he gazed she turned her head, fixing upon him an absent look which gradually melted into a subdued smile of recognition. Then she made a slight sideward motion of her eyes, which plainly said, "This is my little girl."

Maurice noticed that she showed no surprise at seeing him there; she seemed to consider his presence as much a matter of course as her own, and with a shudder he said to himself, "Good heavens, perhaps she thinks I have come to see her daughter confirmed!"

The service rolled on, with its bursts of music and interludes of prayer, its mystical moving of brilliant figures and flitting of lights about the altar; and at length Maurice was aware of a pause, followed by a stirring of the white dovecote in whose midst he sat. He saw Mrs. Birkton glance tearfully at Annette. The girl's lips and eyelids were trembling, and for a moment she seemed unable to move. At length she looked up, fixing her eyes on the golden crucifix above the altar; then, as if hypnotized by the sight, she rose and glided into the aisle, mingling with the fluctuant mass of white-veiled figures which had begun to move slowly toward the apse.

Presently they were all kneeling together on the chancel step, settling their dresses with the quick motions of a flock of birds; and above them, whitely hovering, Maurice saw the pontifical head and voluminous sleeves of the bishop. Annette knelt so that he could just see her between the intervening piers; but Mrs. Tolquitt's daughter was hidden from him, lost in the impersonal array of white veils and bowed heads.

The organ murmured a soft accompaniment, above which rose the monotonous cadence of the episcopal supplication, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child. . . . Defend, O Lord, this thy child . . ." reiterated like an incantation, as the invoking hands passed slowly down the line of motionless young heads.

Maurice saw the hands sway above Annette's pale braids, which shone like winter sunshine through her veil; then they moved on, and his eyes turned involuntarily to Mrs. Tolquitt. But she did not see him now; she was crying, not daintily, for the gallery, but in genuine self-surrender, her shoulders shaking, her handkerchief pressed against her face.

There came over Maurice an uncontrollable longing to escape; the smoke of the incense and the strong fragrance of the lilies sickened him, and Mrs. Tolquitt's sobs seemed to be choking in his own throat.

At length the white line about the chancel swayed, broke, and dissolved itself; the choir burst into another victorious hymn, and the little veiled figures came fluttering back to their seats. In the ensuing disturbance, Maurice rose with a quick whisper to his mother — "Let me pass — I'm going out. I can't stand the incense" —and while Mrs. Birkton made way for him, startled and disappointed, his glance fell for a moment on Annette's illuminated face, as she moved toward her seat with fixed eyes and folded hands. Her whole gaze was bent upon the inner vision; she did not even see him as he brushed her dress in passing out.

It was like a new birth to get out into the snow again, and Maurice, after a sharp breath or two, stepped forth rapidly against the wind, courting the tingle of the barbed flakes upon his face.

He did not go home until late that evening, and when he entered the kitchen, he was met by the festal spectacle of the supper-table adorned with a cluster of white lilies and a delicate array of fruit and angel-cake. Annette, in her habitual dress of dark stuff, looked more familiar and less supernal than before, and though her face still shone, it now seemed to Maurice that he could discern the mingling of a gratified childish vanity with the mystical emotions of the morning.

"I'm so glad you have come, dear," Mrs. Birkton exclaimed, her countenance still dewy with a pleasant agitation. "Annette, is the chicken ready? We have a broiled chicken for you, Maurice, dear, and a little mayonnaise of tomatoes."

As she spoke her eye turned toward the supper-table, dumbly challenging his praise.

"How nice it looks," he murmured, obediently.

"It is all owing to you, dear," his mother replied. "We asked Mr. Helfenridge to come to supper, too; we thought you would like to have him."

"Is he coming?" Maurice asked, abruptly.

"No, he couldn't, unfortunately. He said he had promised to go to his sister's."

They sat down, Annette mutely radiant at the head of the table, with her mother and Maurice at the sides; but to the dismay of the two women Maurice refused to partake of the delicacies which they had prepared. He had a headache, he said; but he sat watching them eat, in spite of his mother's entreaties that he should go and lie down in his own room.

When supper was over, however, he rose and bade them good-night; Annette's kiss was mingled with an inarticulate whisper of gratitude, but he pushed her gently aside, and the women heard him cross the passage-way and shut himself into his own room.

In a few moments, however, he was aroused by a timorous knock, which he recognized as his mother's.

"Come in," he called, and Mrs. Birkton stepped apologetically across the threshold.

"Maurice, is your head very bad?"

"No, no—it's not bad at all. I only want to be quiet."

"I know, dear, and I'm very sorry to disturb you. But here is the rest of this money—I can't keep it, you know, Maurice. Annette's dress and shoes and veil, and the carriage and supper, and the new strings for my bonnet, only cost twenty-seven dollars and a half, and I can't possibly keep the rest unless you will let me use it for the household expenses, as usual."

Maurice sprang up, white to the lips.

"For God's sake, mother, understand me. I don't want the money—I won't touch it. I can provide plenty for the household; I haven't let you starve yet. And this is Annette's; yours and hers. If you won't spend it for yourself let Annette put it in the savings-bank; or let her throw it into the street; I don't care what becomes of it—but don't speak to me of it again. I'm sick to death of hearing about it!"

Mrs. Birkton shrank back, trembling at his unwonted tone. She was afraid that he was going to be really ill, and her one thought was to withdraw without increasing his agitation.

"Very well, dear—just as you please," she said, deprecatingly. "It was foolish of me to trouble you. Don't think of it again, but go to bed and try to sleep. I ought not to have disturbed you."

And she slipped back into the passage-way, steathily closing the door.

Maurice had no thought of going to bed. He sank into his arm-chair, which he had pushed close to the gas-stove, and sat staring at the hard yellow brilliance of the polished radiator.

Helfenridge had gone to see Annette confirmed, but he had not been willing to come to supper; and Maurice knew him too well not to penetrate the shallow excuse which had satisfied Mrs. Birkton. Well, Helfenridge was right; no man can handle pitch without being defiled. And once a man's hand is soiled, why should his friends care to touch it?

After all, no cheap condonation of Helfenridge's would have helped Maurice now; rather did he feel a tonic force in his friend's disapproval. It showed Helfenridge to be the better and stronger man; and there was a kind of dispassionate consolation in that. If one had to fail it was better that the other should hold fast than be dragged down with him; and Helfenridge had always been the firmer-footed of the two.

So Maurice mused, letting the desolate hours travel on unregarded; till suddenly his vigil was disturbed by a knock, sharp and resolute this time, which made him start to his feet.

"Helfenridge!" he exclaimed, and there on the threshold stood his friend.

Maurice, on seeing him enter, had felt an involuntary thrill of relief, as though he were regaining his moral footing, but the illusion was transient and left him to sink back into profounder depths of self-accusal.

"I thought you weren't coming. You would have been quite right not to come," he said, without asking his friend to sit down.

"I didn't mean to come," Helfenridge answered, taking off his coat. "Your mother asked me to supper, but I refused. I couldn't see my way clear at first—even in church that little white

seraph didn't seem to justify it for a moment; but I have been thinking hard all day—and now I've come."

He held out his hand, but Maurice made no motion to take it.

"It's no use," he said, heavily. "No amount of thinking will make it right. What's that in the Bible about doing evil that good may come? That's what I've done. I've done evil that good might come—but it hasn't come—it can't. The fellow in the Bible was right. You think Annette's dress was white? I tell you it was black—black as pitch."

"No, no," said Helfenridge, taking the chair which Maurice had not offered him. "The whole business is horribly mixed up, like most human affairs, but there's a germ of right in it somewhere, and the best thing we can do now is to nurse that and get it to flower."

"To flower?—bah—a poison-ivy——"

"Some poisons are valuable medicines," said Helfenridge.

"Oh, stop—drop that inane metaphor. I tell you there's no excuse for what I did; and what's worse there's no reparation. I'd give myself up, I'd go and proclaim the whole thing—but what good would that do? Smother everybody in mud—Annette, and my mother, and that poor woman! Helfenridge——"

"Well?"

"That woman—Mrs. Tolquitt—was in church with her little girl, who was confirmed. Think of it, will you! Her little girl was confirmed with Annette! And they sat next to us—only a few seats off. Helfenridge, I never knew she had a little girl."

"I don't suppose we any of us know much about anybody else," said Helfenridge.

"And there she sat crying—crying, I tell you. Just such tears as my mother's—glad and proud and sorry all at once!"

"Yes, I saw her."

"You saw her—and you're here now?"

"I'm here, Maurice, because I know what you're suffering."

They were both silent, Helfenridge seated with bowed head, Birkton stirring uneasily about the room with the thwarted movements of a caged animal.

At length he flung himself down in the chair in front of his desk and hid his face against his arms. Helfenridge heard his sobs.

It seemed a long time before either of them spoke; but finally Helfenridge rose and touched his friend's shoulder.

"My eyes are clearer than yours just now," he said, "and I shouldn't be here if I didn't see a way out of it."

"A way out of it?"

"Yes, only it's no empirical remedy: *geschehen ist geschehen.* But you spoke just now of the biblical axiom that good can't come out of evil; well, no generalization of that sort is final. It seems to me, on the contrary, that this good *can* come out of evil; that having done evil once it may become impossible to do it again. One ill act may become the strongest rampart one can build against further ill-doing. It divides things, it classifies them. It may be the means of lifting one forever out of the region of quibbles and compromises and moral subtleties, in which we who are curious in emotions are apt to loiter till we get a shaking up of some sort. It's horrible to make a stepping-stone out of a poor woman's anguish and humiliation; but the anguish and humiliation can't be prevented now; and who knows? in the occult economy of things they may be of some use to her if they help somebody else."

Maurice flung off his hand with a passionate gesture. "Quibbles and compromises and moral subtleties! What else is your reasoning made up of, I should like to know? It's nothing but the basest Liguorianism. The plain fact is that I'm a damned blackguard, not fit to look decent people in the face again."

His head sank once more upon his outstretched arms, and Helfenridge drew back.

"Shall I go then, Maurice?"

"Yes, go; it's worse when you're here."

Helfenridge for a few moments stood irresolute, as if waiting for his friend to recall him; but Maurice still sat without moving, bowed beneath the immensity of his shame.

"Well, I'm going," Helfenridge reluctantly declared.

Maurice made no reply; his shoulders still shook, although his grief had grown noiseless.

"Remember, Maurice," his friend conjured him, "that whatever you do your mother and sister mustn't find out about this business. That's your first duty now, to hide the whole thing from them."

Still there came no answer. Helfenridge turned to the door and slowly opened it, glancing back as he did so at Maurice's downcast head; then he stepped out into the passage-way. But as the door closed behind him a new impulse, uncontrollable in its suddenness, made him turn back abruptly and re-enter the room.

"Look here, Maurice, listen to me," he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to tell you—but, hang it all, there's no use in your taking it like this. Blason was waiting for Mrs. Tolquitt outside the church, and I saw them drive away together in her brougham, with the little girl between them."

TWO SONNETS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

A TALKING RACE.

I SENT my Ariel round the world in quest,
To find by what main Virtues man is swayed.
The sprite returned and fluttering answer made:
"I find that Truth by Falsehood is confessed;
Valor falls back, by blustering Cowardice pressed;
The Strong Ones yield where Weakness stands arrayed;
And Love between a beggar's hands has laid
His tribute—who receives it with a jest."

"And wherefore is this so?" I grieving, asked.
"The Virtues silent are; much words they shun,
While those who, in their places, deftly masked,
Lead men along, use plenteous words and fair.
Man's is a talking race, by talking won,"
My Ariel said—and with his wings beat air!

TO ONE WHO SLEEPS.

As Atys slept beneath the ancient fir,
Nor all the tears a goddess could but weep,
Restored the orbèd light, the pulse's leap—
As Atys slept, while but one finger's stir
Showed life yet dwelling with the slumberer;
So, too, as in thy spirit's donjon-keep,
Art thou, through all thy days, asleep, asleep!
And I, to wake thee, find no potent spur.

Oh, wouldst thou put to proof a finger's power,
And win, where lesser ones the right arm bare!
Time speeds. 'Tis no immortal mourns thy lot;
But when some sylvan year his leaves shall shower,
I shall stoop homeward, and forget sweet care—
Sweet care that watched and wept—but woke thee not!

CLIMBING FOR WHITE GOATS.

By George Bird Grinnell.

THE white goat lives above timber line, among the rocks, along the narrow ledges, and in the fissures of towering precipices, by snow fields and glaciers. Really it is not a goat at all, but an antelope—the analogue and not distant relative of the European chamois. It has horns and a beard, and for no better reason than this, the western American, with his faculty for seizing on any salient characteristic, has called it goat. So in the vernacular these animals, young and old, are billies, nannies, and kids, and will be so always.

This Alpine antelope is about the size of a sheep, and is remarkable in being white. Now nothing is more conspicuous against the summer landscape than a patch of white. On the other hand, many birds and mammals inhabiting snow-clad regions have white plumage or fur, and are thus invisible at a little distance. The goat is one of the mammals thus protected. Its life is passed high up on lofty mountains, often among fields of ice and snow, or at least where snow remains in patches and drifts almost throughout the year. Amid such surroundings it is mere accident if a white animal is seen by the hunter.

The short, sharp, backward-directed horns, the stout hoofs, and the margins of the eyes and lips are black. Young individuals have the long hair on the ridge of the back gray, which, perhaps, points back to ancestors which were not white, but were gray in color like a Japanese relative of this species.

The goat is an animal of the north; yet since altitude often answers for latitude, so we sometimes find it far to the south of its usual range; for example, on Mount Whitney, in California, where goats are abundant, though none of their kind can be found for hundreds of miles to the north. Like certain Alpine butterflies, which occur each summer on Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and are not found elsewhere south of Labrador, so on some isolated mountain-tops the goat has been cut off from the rest of his race and still persists in little colonies living alone.

The goat likes regions of great precipitation, and is most abundant in the high mountains where much snow or rain falls. This explains its absence from the southern portion of the continental backbone. Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico have many peaks high enough to give it the temperature which it requires, but it is not found in those regions because of their aridity. The goat occurs abundantly in northwestern Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and all through the mountain ranges of the British possessions and Alaska, north toward the Arctic Ocean, where the mountains become lower and sink down to meet the seashore. Besides this territory over which the species is generally distributed, there are a number of out-lying localities, like Mount Whitney, a peak or two in Colorado, and a few other points where white goats have been found.

For most of the year the animal wears a shaggy coat of long, coarse hair, beneath which lies a heavy under-fleece of white cotton-like wool of very fine texture. The long, coarse top-coat sheds the rain or the snow like a thatched roof, while the under coat is thus protected from the wet and keeps the heat in and the cold out. Although the goat is generally a shaggy, rough-looking creature, yet in summer it sheds its coat, and for a time is almost as naked as a newly shorn sheep. If it could be obtained in commercial quantities, the wool of the white goat would be valuable. Specimens which I furnished some years ago to Dr. Thomas Taylor, Microscopist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, were called by some wool experts fine Cashmere wool; by others, Australian fine; and by still others, fine wool from various foreign

ports. Dr. Taylor pronounced the wool finer than Cashmere wool. In the mountains of British Columbia, excellent blankets are woven from this wool by the Indians. The fleece is shaved from the hide with a sharp knife, and the yarn twisted by the women, who roll the wool under the hand on the bare knee. A simple loom is used for weaving, and the blankets made are not only thick, warm, and serviceable, but also sometimes very beautiful.

The white goat is occasionally captured alive. Full grown ones will not live in captivity, nor will captives survive when removed from their native mountains. Those taken as kids, however, become perfectly tame, wandering away to feed during the day, and at night returning to the house.

Although the goat is nearly related to the chamois, it has little of the activity of that nimble species. The bighorn is the runner and jumper of the Western mountains, while the goat is the plodder. He gets over the ground and climbs the loftiest peaks "by main strength and awkwardness." The bighorn rushes away along the mountain-side at a headlong pace, the alarmed goat starts straight for the mountain-top at a rate which seems slow, often no more than a walk, but which is so steady and continuous that it soon carries the animal out of the way of danger. The goat does not very often run, nor does it often raise its head to look about it like a deer or a wild sheep. Usually, even after being shot at, it holds its head low, and seems to regard one from beneath its eyebrows. When at last convinced that there is danger, it moves off, either slowly pulling itself up over the rocks, or if the way is level, going with a swinging, sidelong gait, which reminds one of a pacing dog.

But the goat does not always run away. Sometimes, in its simplicity, it turns to fight. An acquaintance of mine who discovered one lying under a shelf of rock took his hunting companion above it and up to within fifteen or twenty yards of it, and then, by throwing stones at it, attempted to drive the game out to where the hunter could see it. To his astonishment, the animal bristled up in a fury and was advancing as if to attack him, when the hunter shot it. The male goats are quite pugnacious among themselves, and often those killed bear evidence of severe battles which they have had with others of their kind.

The goat is marvellously sure-footed, and from the day of its birth, is practised in climbing over the rocks, but it must not be imagined that it never falls from the insecure perches which it frequents. Such falls are not uncommon, but seem rarely to result in serious injury. Kids which have been captured when very young and kept in captivity have been observed to play at rolling down steep banks, repeating the tumble over and over again, as if practising for the falls which they might be obliged to take later in life.

The spurious hoofs, or dew-claws, of the goat, while not strictly functional, are yet of great assistance to it in climbing about among the rocks and especially in going down hill. These hooflets are large and catch on the ground without yielding, acting as brakes, relieving the direct strain on the middle toes of the foot. The dew-claws almost always show considerable wear against the rocks.

Hunting the goat is man's work, and to follow the game to its home among the rocks calls for the best qualities of the mountaineer. Muscle, nerve, and experience in mountain climbing are needed by the goat hunter, for the labor of reaching the animal's home is extremely arduous. In some sections it is possible to ride a horse up to the game's feeding-ground, but usually much hard foot-work must be done before the hunting-ground can be reached. When the goats have once been found, however, it is usually easy to secure them, for they are gentle and unsuspicious.

A year or two since, I was hunting in the Rocky Mountains with a friend who had never shot a goat, and I was extremely anxious that he should secure one. Besides that, there was no fresh meat in camp, so we had a double motive for hard work. Starting from the lodge one morning with the rising sun, we crossed the stream and set our faces against the great mountain that stood



The White Goat at Home.

before us. First above the valley's level we were confronted by the talus, above that by a thousand feet of cliff, and then by other slide-rock and more cliffs, in all nearly five thousand feet, if we could climb so far. The slope at the foot of the cliff was, perhaps, fifteen hundred feet high ; a mass of small rock fragments, rather firmly compacted with earth and vegetation, that lay at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, so that the climbing was extremely steep and slow. After working our way nearly to the top of this talus, we found running along it, under the cliff, a game trail, and we followed this, knowing that it would take us to some point where the precipice which overhung us could be climbed. The trail worked higher up on the talus, and led us to a break in the cliff, where there were some fissured ledges, which promised an ascent for a few hundred feet at least. Everywhere the path showed signs of abundant use ; the angles of the rock were worn and rounded by the passing of many hoofs, and no plants grew in the scanty soil in the crevices. The climbing soon became hand-over-hand work ; one man standing on a ledge and holding the rifles, while the other went up six or eight feet, and then took the guns from his companion, who now in his turn drew himself up over the ledges. As we proceeded, the climbing grew more difficult, and it was hard to understand how any animal, unprovided with hands or wings, could have ascended. Often the ledges on which our feet rested were only two or three inches wide, and sometimes there were no ledges, and we worked ourselves up the face of the wall, clinging with tenacious grip to projections hardly large enough to support the finger-tips, our feet resting on little roughnesses in the rock which barely supported the toe. Some of the work was trying to the nerves, but at length we had passed the worst places and reached a narrow fissure where the ascent was easier.

After a brief pause for a restful pipe, we resumed our climb, and before very long came out on the crest of the great shoulder we had been ascending. From this we looked out over a narrow alpine valley, beyond which, steep rock-slides and frowning walls rose to a great height, and just across the valley and half way up the slide, was seen a white patch which could only be a goat. The stream-bed was a little below us, and the trees which grew in the valley furnished good cover for stalking the game, which, however, was as yet too far from the timber for a certain shot. The wind favored us, for it blew up the valley. We waited a little to see what the animal would do, and soon it began to walk slowly up the slide, stopping now and then to feed, and then moving on again. In a few moments it had passed behind some tree-tops and we hurried down into the edge of the timber. The valley was only about half a mile long and ended in a high cliff, over which the stream poured. If hunted and hunters kept along on their respective sides, they would come together at its head. Hidden by the trees, we went on, timing our advance by the goat's progress, and at length when we reached the end of the valley, the animal was on the slide-rock above us and only eighty yards distant.



Head of a White Goat.

Soon the shot rang out. The goat gave a bound, and began to scramble along the slide-rock toward the cliff. Another shot sounded, and then another, the animal climbing all the time, but at the foot of a high ledge it stopped, too weak to surmount it. It turned and for a few seconds stood with lowered head looking at us; then it reeled, its legs seemed to give way, and it fell, slipping, sliding, and bounding down the cliff's face and on to the rocks below, and there turning over and over, it rolled down to us. The work of preparing our loads of meat for transportation to camp occupied some time, so that before we were ready to go, the sun had long been hidden behind the high peaks that flanked the narrow valley.

Trying to make a short cut by following down the stream, instead of returning as we had come, we soon found ourselves among ledges that could not be descended, and it took five hours of hard climbing and walking—much of it in the dark—down ledges, among fallen timber and through swamps, before we saw the light of the fire flickering through the lodge covering.

A week later, we climbed through the snow to the crest of another mountain to make some notes on the geography of the region. After we had taken our observations, one of the party called attention to a little spot of white in the shadow of a great rock below us, and looking at it through the field-glasses, it was seen to be a goat.

We approached very cautiously from above, keeping the rock between it and

ourselves, and tiptoeing along as quietly as possible over the clinking shale. When we were within perhaps ten yards of the rock, the goat walked from under it, on my friend's side. He fired once, again, and again. The goat was mortally hurt, but at first it kept its



White Goats Climbing a Nearly Perpendicular Mountain-side.

feet and ran. The mountain side was steep, and just below it was a gulf two thousand feet deep. It fell, rolled over, came to its feet again, and tried to stop. In vain; with staring eyes it looked toward the brink before it, holding back with all its might, bracing itself, with stiffened outstretched legs, while still it slipped and slid onward toward the verge of the cliff, and we watched it with hearts full of pity now, although —so full is man of contradictions—we had felt no pity when the bullets struck it. A moment more and it had reached the brink and disappeared, and still I waited and watched, listening and looking for I knew not what, half fascinated by the pitifulness of the sight; and then, half a mile down the valley, I saw

floating along on the wings of the gale, a tuft of white hair as large as my hand, torn from its hide by some crag against which it struck as it whirled down into the abyss.

But the killing of the game is a mere incident of this climbing for goats. The perfect freedom of the mountain life is one of its greatest charms, but far beyond that is the joy which comes of the surroundings. The lofty mountains uplift the soul and the man lives in a mental atmosphere above that of his every-day life. By night he sleeps beneath the wind-swept pines which sigh his lullaby; by day he pushes his way far above timber line over the naked rocks and among the crags. His companions are the changeless peaks, the far-reaching snow fields, and the blue ice rivers. The voices that speak to him are the hoarse brawling of the mountain torrents, the shrill scream of the winds throwing themselves against the peaks, the thundering report of the moving glaciers, or the long drawn roar of the snow slides. From lofty pinnacles he looks down on mountains and valleys and lakes, far below him, and is thrilled by feelings which he cannot put in words. The very air he breathes is instinct with the solemn spirit of the mountains, and he is awed by its inscrutable mysteries.

Moved by emotions which he but half comprehends, he rejoices in each varying aspect of the scene, whether the change be a smile or a frown. After the dark shadow of a moving cloud has passed, the sun shines more brightly; the bitter wind that half freezes him does not seem unkind; he welcomes the blinding snow-storm, or the cold mist that sweeps along the mountain side, shrouding peak after peak, blotting out point after point, till at last it has hidden all the view and has wrapped him in its chilling embrace. On these heights he exults alike in the sunshine and in the storm, for he has found nature pure and untouched, and for the time has become a part of it.

THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY.

LIBERTY.

By F. J. Stimson.



IN an earlier article* the writer took occasion to summarize the first edicts of democracy so lately throned. Its first efforts at construction, its first conscious volition, were there traced in three or four main paths—the giving man his daily bread, the forbidding him drink, the forcing his creditors to forgive him his debts, the building a blank-wall of the law before temptation, from cigarettes and circus-posters to books and theatres, or even dress; the delivering him from evil by insolvency and divorce courts; and the general assertion to the democratic state of the power and glory of things in general. All most excellent, if perhaps an usurpation. For even Dante, all Ghibelline that he was, if he lived, would not put to-day at Washington that realm

"dove si puote ciò che si vuole."

Before going on to trace our legislation in detail we have to pause, even at the starting-point—as a traveller gives one last look to see what he has forgotten. The deeds of men, or the stars in their courses, have given us Anglo-Saxons liberty; before Democracy started forth on its career of power, it had gained this. It has now set forth to gain much else, it has undertaken, Godlike, to *will its world*. And we are hardly on the threshold of departure; yet, before proceeding, it already becomes necessary to ask this question—are we free? For freedom was the dream, the cause, the reason, of Democ-

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1887.

racy; not a baggage to be thrown over at the start.

To answer it, it has, among other things, seemed wise to make a careful study of our latest legislation. For this I chose the years 1889 and 1890; and have tried, with much care, to prepare an analysis of the nature of their legislation; a summary of which is here given. In relation to it, I must of course remind the reader that the division of legislation into *what* is individualistic, *what* is socialistic, communistic, or anarchic (if aught but a repeal be that) must inevitably be left to the tabulator. I can only say that, in accordance with the definitions of *communistic* and *socialistic* hereafter given in this article (which I believe to be correct and would earnestly, for the sake of using words in a common sense, urge to be adopted), they are, I think, accurate.

During these two years our forty-nine sovereigns of States and Territories (or fifty, counting the national government—perhaps the rashest experimenter we have) enacted about thirteen thousand laws; many a one of which was considerably longer than the entire code of Justinian. The greater number of these statutes, however, concerned matters of merely local interest—city charters and the like. Of course there is no class of statute where more interference with individual rights is attempted than in this very one; nevertheless, for obvious reasons, it was best to consider only those statutes which are of general application throughout the State enacting them. Leaving out therefore all private and local laws, as well as all merely regulative acts which involve no principle of social science or jurisprudence, the number of laws actually examined and read over was reduced to about twelve hundred.

These I classified with great care, in order to learn precisely what proportions of new general laws, passed by each and all our States and Territories, during that period, might fairly be termed socialistic. Under this general head I included, for this purpose, *communistic* statutes. As the more general term, *socialistic*, is applied to laws which limit in *any* way personal or civic freedom as it has developed in

TABLE OF LAWS—SOCIALISTIC AND COMMUNISTIC, OR INDIVIDUALISTIC IN NATURE—ENACTED BY THE STATES AND TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES DURING ONE COMPLETE TERM OF THEIR LEGISLATURES, 1889–1890.

Name of State.	Total Number of Laws Enacted.	Number of Laws Examined.	Number of Individualistic Laws.	Number of Socialistic Laws.	Number of Unsocialistic Laws.	Percentage of Socialistic Laws to Whole Number.
New Hampshire	287	14	0	3	11	.21+
Massachusetts	929	22	0	5	17	.23−
Maine	153	19	0	5	14	.26+
Vermont	237	38	1	4	34	.10+
Rhode Island	148	8	0	3	5	.37+
Connecticut	256	40	0	8	32	.20
New York	570	57	0	33	24	.58−
New Jersey	608	86	0	19	67	.22+
Pennsylvania	332	53	0	14	39	.26+
Ohio	683	61	0	37	24	.61−
Indiana	242	37	3	13	21	.35+
Illinois	166	38	0	12	26	.32−
Michigan	277	25	0	3	16	.36
Wisconsin	529	21	1	8	12	.38+
Iowa	136	18	1	3	8	.50
Minnesota	290	46	0	12	34	.26+
Kansas	271	34	0	17	17	.50
Nebraska	105	26	1	12	13	.46+
Maryland	636	26	2	5	19	.19+
Delaware	254	8	0	1	7	.12+
Virginia	645	10	0	5	5	.50
West Virginia	50	8	0	3	5	.37+
North Carolina	561	21	1	1	19	.05−
Kentucky	173	22	0	4	18	.22+
Tennessee	270	16	0	2	14	.13−
Missouri	111	17	0	3	14	.18−
Arkansas	117	13	1	3	9	.23+
Texas	118	27	0	9	18	.33+
South Carolina	120	9	0	0	9	.00
Georgia	636	23	0	6	17	.26+
Alabama	616	22	0	2	20	.09+
Mississippi	524	17	0	8	9	.47+
Florida	70	15	0	4	11	.27−
Louisiana	150	9	0	4	5	.44+
California	290	8	0	4	4	.50
Oregon	91	17	0	3	14	.17+
Nevada	120	26	1	7	18	.27−
Colorado	219	39	1	14	24	.36−
Washington	170	20	1	5	14	.25
North Dakota	201	59	1	4	54	.07−
South Dakota	154	41	1	3	37	.07+
Idaho	85	3	0	1	2	.33+
Montana	77	10	0	4	6	.40
Wyoming	86	10	0	3	7	.30
Utah	75	17	0	2	15	.12−
New Mexico	95	24	1	4	19	.16+
Arizona	63	10	0	5	5	.50
New England States	....	142	1	28	113	.20−
Middle States	....	196	0	66	130	.34+
North and Northwest States	....	306	6	129	171	.42+
Southern States	....	263	4	60	199	.23−
Pacific and Rocky Mountain States	....	284	6	59	219	.21−
Grand total	12,906	1,191	17	342	832	.29−

Anglo-American history, so *communistic* would mean those laws which limit such civil rights in the single respect of *property* alone. I also noted such statutes as might be called *individualistic*, either because they defined a new individual right or liberty, or reasserted with emphasis one which had been lost sight of. Laws which were neither socialistic nor communistic, but yet not definitely individualistic, that is, the general mass of legislation—such legislation, let us say, as would be deemed proper even by the *laissez-faire* school—are left under the miscellaneous head of unsocialistic. It only remains, before appending the result, to add that I took care to be very liberal in my definition of *unsocialistic* and very strict in that of socialistic—that is, I put as laws socialistic, in fact or tendency, only those which must clearly be admitted to be so; anything which could fairly be put under the class of "allowable socialism," laws concerning free education, drainage, all public use of private property, whether for roads and public works or private money-making corporations, such as electric-car companies and telephones —laws about police, the public health, limitation of the landowner's rights to use land—all these I left under the head of *unsocialistic*.

The table of laws on page 649 is, I think, worthy of careful scrutiny. The first fact that strikes one is the very small number (17), of new statutes which could possibly be said to embody notions of individualism. The number of socialistic laws exceeds them precisely twenty-fold, while the number of statutes which embody no new socialistic principle does not exceed the socialistic class three-fold. The number of statutes which it was found necessary to examine for this purpose alone is nearly twelve hundred, all enacted in a period of two years, while the total number of acts reaches the enormous number of 12,906, and fills probably fully two hundred and fifty thousand pages of printed matter. But perhaps the most interesting subject for consideration is the relative extent to which this socialistic wave has gone in the different States. I think, perhaps, the candid reader will not criticise the statement that the results show that Socialism has progressed least in the most intelligent and in the least intelligent States. This, I think, was to have been expected. States where there is a low grade of popular education are not likely to take up new nostrums, for the mere lack of new ideas, the mere conservatism of stupidity; while States like the Northwestern States, composed of heterogeneous peoples, with a common universal education of a superficial nature, and, as Renan said, no serious superior instruction, would naturally be the most ready to follow the lead of agitators and adopt new isms. In these States the active American mind is most quick to invent, and is least deterred by the doubts of culture or the lessons which come from the experience of history. Therefore, we find that the section of the country which has the least of socialistic statutes is New England, having less than twenty per cent. We find that Colorado, and the far Western States, come next; but in this case the average is probably brought down by the supineness of the moribund State of Nevada and the comparative conservatism of California, Oregon, Colorado, and Spanish New Mexico and Arizona. The Southern States come next for the reason, I think, that is above mentioned. Moreover, in most of these States the white, or more educated element, is in control. There is no corresponding class control in any other section of the country. The Middle States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, come next by a long jump of from less than twenty-three per cent. in the South to more than thirty-four per cent. in these three, while the rashest experimenters are, as one would expect, in the North and Northwest, the States of Ohio, Iowa, and Nebraska being the worst offenders. In these two commonwealths more than half the legislation of the two years studied infringes on the liberty of the individual beyond the bounds of allowable socialism as determined by the practice both of England and the other States of this country.

Several picturesque individual examples may be mentioned. Thus, South Carolina is the only State with no socialistic legislation during the period studied. North Carolina, Delaware, Ten-

nessee, Vermont, Utah, Massachusetts and Connecticut, with one or two other Southern States, follow close behind. That neither of the Dakotas have more than seven per cent. of socialistic legislation is probably explained by the fact that the period covered was the time of their being created States, when they were still too busied with the frame of the State government to get the experimental laboratory of their law-making bodies fairly to work. A much larger group of experiments may be expected of them in the next two years.

Doubtless we must conclude that socialistic advance goes *pari passu* with what is commonly deemed progress. For instance, Georgia is a more progressive State than its neighbors, Alabama and South Carolina, and has more socialistic statutes. New York has more than double the proportion that New Jersey has; Ohio nearly twice that of Indiana; the Virginias far exceed North Carolina; Kansas far exceeds Missouri; California has more than Oregon, and so on. The nationalists will doubtless find matter to encourage them in this fact.

We find, therefore, that out of eleven hundred and ninety-one statutes of importance enacted throughout the land by the law-making power of these two years, excluding "allowable socialism" (as I have termed paternalism in subjects in which it has been sanctioned by long usage among Anglo-Saxon people), three hundred and forty-two statutes remained embodying socialist principles and radical in their nature; that is, statutes applying to new subjects or to new fields of State interference. In other words, nearly twenty-nine per cent. of our general legislation throughout the country embodied some restraint upon liberty, as it has been understood in the law or custom of the English-speaking people.

What was the history of our achieving freedom? And here, remember, we mean individual freedom, not national liberty; social, not political. In human importance, outside of the purblind royal histories, Hastings is less momentous than Runnymede, Yorktown than one signature of a Lincoln in a White House library; and the greatest victories of human liberty were won in, and recorded in the dusty records of, the quiet courts of English law.

Now feudalism did this: it created the individual. The modern man was created in the castle; a castle became every man's house, and the first duty of the man was to emancipate himself from his feudal superior. The history of English liberty is the history of this struggle—meaning by feudal superior not only the landlord, or the sovereign, but the ruling class generally. Much of the legislation that has been attempted in modern America was tried centuries back in England, only it was tried at the behest of the upper order, not the masses. The old English statute books are full of attempts by the powerful class, whether they were landowners, or whether they were the rich burghers of the town, the united guilds, or the municipal rulers, to legislate away freedom of contract. The history of Englishmen's liberty is the history of the contest against such regulation, which finally became completely successful after Cromwell, hardly before Victoria; and these same weapons of privilege, so recently wrung from the classes, are the ones which the masses seem now too ready to take up.

The Earl of Wemyss, in his little pamphlet "Socialism at St. Stephens," finds that one hundred and thirty-four bills, "more or less of a socialistic character," were introduced into Parliament during the years 1886 and 1887. It would be interesting to compare the English and American proportion; but for this the data are wanting, as we have no way of studying the bills introduced into all the American State legislatures. It is not safe to assume, however, contrary to the prevailing impression, that the proportion of socialistic bills in America exceeds that in England; for Lord Wemyss's number of one hundred and thirty-four such bills introduced need not indicate a smaller proportion of such bills passed to the total number of laws enacted in those two years than twenty-nine per cent. after throwing out local acts, as was done in our investigation in America. Of course, in a few notable, conspicuous examples, such as the Irish land acts, the English parliament has gone far

beyond any American state in socialistic legislation as to *property* alone; and Lord Wemyss tells us that there is hardly now an Act of Parliament passed that does not contain the clause "All contracts to the contrary notwithstanding"—which would, with us, be unconstitutional and void. But, on the other hand, the English have not gone so far in their laws as we in curtailing individual liberty.

What are the principal subjects of those socialistic or communistic statutes with us and in England? In England, in the following order of number and frequency, Land and Houses, Trade in Alcohol, Manufactures and Trades; Working-Class Dwellings, Education, Ships, Mines, Railways, Recreation, Sanitation. Of these ten classes, we rank two at least—Education and Sanitation—under our head of "Allowable Socialism," and we should probably add three more—Ships, Railways, Mines, and by practical necessity, another still—Trade in Alcohol. This leaves but four of the ten classes of English socialist statutes which we in America still question. Curiously, with all our greater liberality, the class which in England is most common of all—land acts—scarce finds a single example in America—while the following are but a few examples of the subjects falling under this head in recent English legislation:

"Landlord and Tenant, Agricultural Holdings, Ground Game, Arrears of Rent, Purchase of Land, Compensation for Improvements, Corporate Property Security, Crofters' Holdings, Leaseholders' Purchase of Fee, Peasant Proprietary, Suspension of Evictions, Allotments and Small Holdings, Compulsory Purchase of Land Compensation, Cottagers' Gardens, Crofters' Land Cultivation, Tenure of Land and Town Houses, Stannaries, Agricultural Laborers' Holidays, Laborers' Wages, Laborers' Relief, Mining Leases, Mining Royalties."

The very foreignness of these titles to our ideas shows how little our country has been troubled by similar questions, an exemption due probably solely to our waste land, our freehold tenure and homogeneous social condition. There are, therefore, two subjects only generally handled by socialistic legislation, and which are not ranked by us as "allowable," which are common to England and the United States—Manufactures and Trades, and Railways.

Now let us take up America. Here we find a greater variety, but less radicalism. Although perhaps even bolder than the English in applying paternal legislation in matters supposed to be of morals, we are far less ready to lay the hand of the multitude upon the life of the individual in matters which affect his property, and his right to contract concerning it. Nevertheless, we have made a pretty wide, if not deep, beginning; as we see when it becomes impossible to reduce our socialistic legislation to less than fourteen classes, which are as follows, naming them in the order of frequency:

Liquor Laws; Labor Laws; Regulation of Manufactures and Trades; Debtor and Creditor Laws; Regulation of Houses and Buildings; Laws Concerning Soldiers, Pensions, the G. A. R. and Sons of Veterans; Laws Concerning General Morals; Laws Concerning Children; Laws Concerning Women Laborers; Laws Concerning Race Distinctions, Intermarriage, etc.; Laws Extending Municipal Functions; Bounties and Subsidies, State or Local; Libel Laws or Laws Removing the Common Law Protection to Reputation; and Laws Forbidding "Trusts."

Now, much of this legislation falls undoubtedly under our head of "allowable socialism;" and it would be most interesting to know, by a general concensus of opinion, how much. Just how far our people are willing to subordinate the life of the individual to the ordering of the majority is the greater question of the future—greater than the question whether the institution of *property* shall be maintained or not. And others of these classes, it may appear at first glance, scarcely belong under the head of socialism at all. Before, however, taking up these points in detail let us rapidly enumerate the principal kinds of statutes we have termed (1) communistic and (2) individualistic.

Among the communistic, we may rank State free baths; provision for special instruction in trades, or to cer-

tain classes, such as Sons of Veterans; forest preserves, maintained at State expense; State expenditures for meteorology, geology, agricultural experiment farms, experimental sugar-refining plants, and the like; this species of communism being far more frequent in town or city expenditures than in State appropriations. For instance, in Boston we have music, gymnasiums, and racing, and are likely to have a "forum" for labor agitations, maintained at the public expense. Then we include grants to soldiers, or the sons of soldiers; artificial prices for labor performed for the State or municipality; money appropriations for tramps; distribution of seed-grain to farmers gratis, etc. The distinction between the communistic and the socialistic being, that the former *are concerned solely with the taking or redistribution of money or property;* the latter *regulate or prohibit men's mode of life, acts or contracts, either among themselves or as concerning the State.*

Among the individualistic we find some laws prohibiting restraint of trade (from this point of view the "trust" statutes may be ranked as individualistic as from another they are socialistic, depending as they are aimed chiefly to prevent monopoly and restraint of trade, or to prevent reasonable joint action and contracting together); laws preventing the influencing laborers by threats, etc., either by the capitalist or by the co-laborer; laws preventing the bribery or coercion of voters; laws imposing a maximum upon taxation; and laws extending or fortifying a common-law individual right, such as statutes making new penalties for the slander of women, protecting a man in his privacy, giving new remedies for the destruction of his trees by a telephone wire, or the pollution of air by a factory.

And most important of all are certain principles we find for the first time clearly enunciated in the constitutions of the six new States. Chronologically, these do not fall within the period covered by this article, but they are so noteworthy that it may be well to quote some of the most important of them. Of course the old safeguard of the individual against the law-making majority is the principle contained in the bills of rights of nearly all the State constitutions, and which goes back historically to the struggle for personal liberty in England. That is usually expressed as follows: "To guard against transgression of the high powers delegated to the legislature by the Constitution, everything in the Bill of Rights is declared to be excepted out of the general powers of Government, and shall forever remain inviolate; and all laws contrary to the Bill of Rights are void." And some State constitutions—the Virginias and New Hampshire—further declare that some rights cannot be surrendered by men when they enter into a state of society, but are inalienable, because no equivalent can be given for them; and these rights are then defined to be the natural rights, so called, which include life, liberty, reputation and property. But the new Northwestern States have established some new general constitutional principles which deserve careful consideration, and, I think, approval. Thus, the constitution of Washington declares "No person shall be disturbed in his private affairs, or his home invaded, without authority of law" (Wash. C., 1, 7). So the new constitutions of Kentucky and Wyoming both declare, "Absolute, arbitrary power over the lives, liberty, or property of freemen exists nowhere in a republic, not even in the largest majority" (Ky. C., 2; Wy. C., 1, 7).

The constitutions of Idaho and Wyoming both declare "The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The legislature should further all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality" (Idaho C., 3, 24; Wy. C., 7, 20). And several States have new constitutional provisions against boards, or commissions, and other delegated bodies, which, under pretence of executing business, deprive the citizen of his common-law rights. Nevertheless we must conclude that the great bulk of new legislation is the other way.

II.

Recurring now to consider the socialistic class in more detail. The liquor laws we may lay aside as too

familiar to need notice; and, short of absolute prohibition, their propriety would be recognized by nearly all; though even here the German "personal liberty" leagues exist to warn us that the right to legislate on this subject is not quite unquestioned.

In "the regulation of manufactures and trade" we include a large class of miscellaneous legislation; notably, and first of all, the regulation of railway rates, toll rates, express rates, telegraph and telephone rates, etc.; the propriety of which becomes less clear as we come to elevator charges, millers' tolls, cotton compress tolls, or matters of ordinary private business. Presumably, at least, the State will not again undertake to fix the price of a loaf of bread, as it did in the Middle Ages; though it may conceivably fix the size thereof. Then we have the statutes regulating or restricting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, the importation of cattle from other States, the sale of milk and the sanitary inspection laws of cattle and milch cows. And under this head belong the statutes requiring the inspection or official classification of all commodities dealt in by trade, the stamping of leather, official trade-marks, the official grading of the quality of goods.

Among the labor laws we may mention as examples first, of course, the eight, nine, or ten-hour laws; laws prohibiting alien or convict labor; regulating the methods of labor in factories and mines; the method of payment—requiring payment to be made weekly or monthly, and to be in money, not in orders for supplies; prohibiting "company doctors," corporation insurance funds for laborers, factory stores and factory lodging-houses; protecting the laborer's personal safety in mines or on railways, his health in factories; prohibiting any part of wages to be withheld as fines for imperfect work (though a statute of this sort has just been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts as impairing free right of contract between employer and employee); laws providing for arbitration of labor disputes; prohibiting blacklisting of laborers to prevent their getting employment by others; laws requiring "union labels," thus recognizing the boycott; and laws requiring qualification for exercising trades and professions, from lawyers and doctors down to trainmen, telegraph-operators, and plumbers. Closely connected with this is the labor of women, laws requiring them to be given seats while at work, etc.; and the labor of children, laws prohibiting their employment under a certain age, or before they can read or write; but both we term "allowable." Then laborers are given a preference over other creditors in case of insolvencies or receiverships of the persons or corporations employing them; and in some States a mandamus will lie to compel the recovery of the bodies of miners lost in mines.

The debtor exemption laws are universal; but they vary from States like Massachusetts, where the strictly necessary personal belongings alone are exempted, to States like Texas, where the justest creditor may not enforce his claim against the land and house, the horses and carriages, or even the luxuries of the most dishonest debtor.

The regulation of building, the restriction to certain trades, the enforced vacating or destruction of old houses, is universally enacted for cities or towns, and is justified under that vague principle, the police powers of government; and was upheld in the famous Louisiana Slaughterhouse cases, even to the point of establishing a legal monopoly of that trade for the city of New Orleans.

Twenty-five statutes were enacted in these two years giving special privileges to those who had been soldiers and sailors, outside of our national pension laws; twenty-nine giving State grants or aid to them, or to the "sons of veterans," allowing them special privileges in obtaining education or public employment. Most of these will doubtless be defended. But we now come to the most interesting class to students of state sociology: that kind of statute which seeks to regulate men's conduct.

Liquor laws we have mentioned. In about twenty States the sale of tobacco to minors under fourteen or eighteen is made criminal; in a few the sale of

cigarettes is absolutely forbidden; in three that of opium. Two statutes of Mississippi attempt to regulate morals in general. Drunkenness is in Minnesota declared a crime. And in all States, the more lax the divorce laws, the more strictly the statutes require the marriage laws to be complied with, and make criminal any breach of them. And throughout the country, the more free we find the relations of the sexes, the more strictly is open profligacy prohibited and condemned. The tendency of all law-made virtue to hypocrisy is already shown; and Mr. Howe, who has written perhaps the most striking picture of Western village life, has found it already necessary to sound the note of warning from his country town in Kansas.*

Seven statutes were passed for the State education and control of children, which fairly seem to overstep the line that preserves the home from State attack. All States of course provide for the rearing of abandoned children, the reform of vicious boys, but only these seven statutes, in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas and Nebraska, seem to threaten reasonable parental control. The laws "emancipating" women we leave aside: if ever inexpedient, they are at least rather individualistic than the reverse. Practically, women have all but the right or obligation to fight, to render public labor or services, and to vote.

In many States, freedom of contract is not given to life insurance companies against colored persons; they are bound to issue insurance policies to them at the same rates, even when their expectation of life is less. Marriage is often still forbidden between whites and blacks; in Utah, it is forbidden with Mongols; in no State, however, with Indians. (Our statutes curiously recognize the personal respect, the absence of social prejudice, that exists as toward the original owners of our soil. We give the negro all legal rights, and condemn him socially; we respect the Indian, and give him not the status of a human being. . . . But this is a long tale, now soon to end in shame, as it began.)

Some States still artificially encourage immigration. Bounties are given to manufactories; beet-sugar and sorghum plants are artificially encouraged; in Mississippi all new mills are exempted from taxation for ten years. The bounty principle is a most dangerous one; but has crept so little as yet into State legislation that it may be stamped out. On the other hand, the extension of the functions of cities and towns is growing every year; a law has been defeated which would have engaged the city of Boston in the retail coal business; but water, gas, electric-lights, bridges, free ferries, are undertaken to be provided by more towns and cities every year. In the West, there are beginnings of actual money-making business undertaken by towns outside the wants of their citizens, as, for example, beet-sugar plants, fish culture, and experimental business processes, or scientific and agricultural experiment stations. We all know that the principle is fairly and fully established that a town or city may light, warm, transport, amuse, and instruct its citizens; give them free libraries, museums, parks, play-grounds, base-ball fields, concerts, and galleries; but hitherto it may give them only water, not food or clothing, unless they frankly become paupers. And the line has been clearly drawn at the point of entering by city governments into ordinary money-making business, requiring neither by natural conditions nor great complexity the public interference. I think it were well to keep it there.

III.

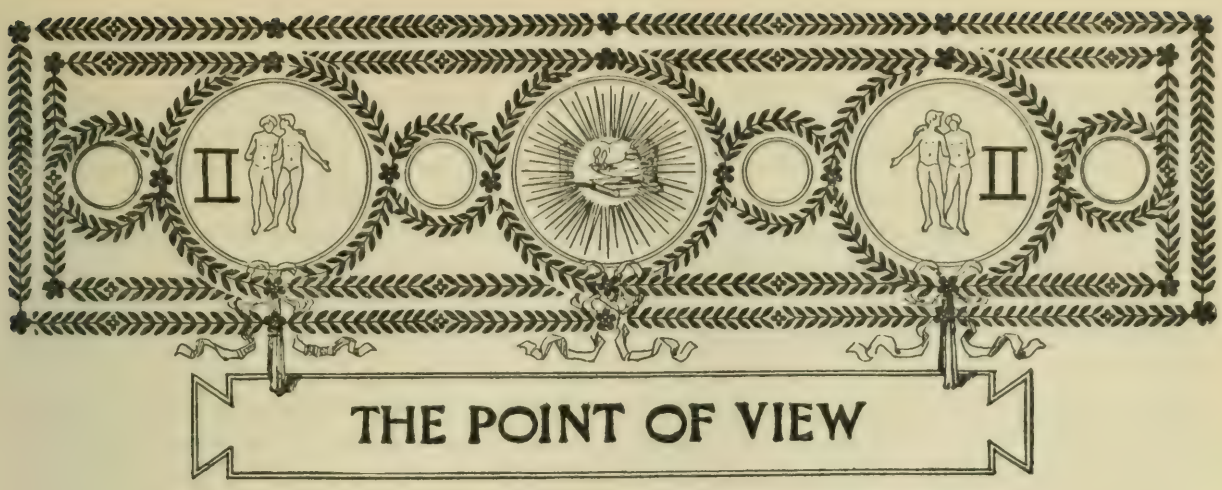
THE purpose of this article has been to indicate the general proportion of our socialistic legislation, and rapidly run over the more salient instances. Extended comment and criticisms have no place in it. Naturally most, if not all, of the instances of such legislation so briefly enumerated, will excite the approval, not the criticism, of many. And it is true that of the three rights guaranteed us by our own constitution and our English forefathers' struggles—life, reputation, property—the first has not been attacked at all, the second only

* See Forum, August, 1892.

by those two States (Michigan and Minnesota) which have passed statutes destroying a man's right to his reputation as against newspapers; and the third, not avowedly at all. How far the right of property has been impaired, however, by these statutes so hastily sketched out, we prefer to leave to the judgment of the reader, as also the question, how far he cares. But at least let us do it with our eyes open. The right of property may not be inviolable; but let us not then pretend that it is, and punish Homestead workmen for failing to respect it when we do not respect it by our own laws. Hypocrisy, that prime vice of legislated virtue, let us at least avoid; it was the pretence of equality, not the fact of inequality, that aroused the French Revolution.

And there is something the other way. If we have taken away the protection of the libel law in some States, we have extended it in others. One of our highest courts has asserted the right to be let alone. Light words about a woman, which would not be slanderous at the common law, are heavily punitive under two statutes of Maryland. Combinations, State monopolies have been legislated against; the bribery of voters, the intimidations of laborers. Nebraska has fixed a general maximum of taxes that shall be taken from the citizen by the State; a similar statute governs the city of Boston. Trades-unions have been recognized and given free play, while their right to coerce has been forbidden; the official labels of Union-made goods have been recognized by law, while the right of boycotting has been denied.

But withal, however much we recognize the reason (not the *value*, for the value of mere conduct without free will is contrary to the true ethics of democracy) of many or most of these laws, there are some which lead us, and their very number would lead us, to answer the sole question put by this article, with gravity, if not in the negative. Yes—we are still free. But no candid mind can rise from the perusal of these twelve hundred laws which a single period of two years brings upon us without the desire to call attention, if not to warn. For there is no worth of character except it be freely attained. Liberty is the condition of conduct, as truth is the one great virtue of the mind. On the day, says Plato, you take from a man his liberty, you take half—one might even say, all—his other virtues. As far as we can dimly see the cause that strains through things, the condition of the world is infinite opportunity, infinite temptation; the principle of life is voluntary improvement by conscious selection. The prayer says, *lead* us not into temptation; not destroy it from the world. And Democracy, at least, should remember that it was for liberty and by liberty that all its deeds were done.



THE POINT OF VIEW

In an altogether worthy tribute that Mr. Herbert Spencer has recently paid to his friend the late Professor Tyndall, occurs a passage of which Mr. Spencer himself does not slight the importance, but which the world at large may not at once apprehend at its full value. The world at large, indeed, considering of what unfailingly clever units it is composed, is remarkably slow of study. Not a man of us but has been very often forced to confess that the sum of us is very much our inferior.

Professor Huxley, as well as Mr. Spencer, has recently paid an old friend's tribute to Tyndall, and in doing so has told of a certain *x* club in which, for many years, he and Tyndall and Spencer and six other eminent English scientists were informally associated. Remarking Professor Huxley's account of this club, Mr. Spencer considers it important to add a further particular. On some Saturday in June, when the club had concluded the term of its regular meetings, the members, admitting their wives to the company, went off into the country and held a picnic. And to this picnic—and this is the particular that Mr. Spencer considers especially significant, saying truly that "to not a few" it "will be surprising and perhaps instructive"—there was sometimes carried "a volume of verse," which volume, Mr. Spencer assures us, "was duly utilized after the repast." Thus on one occasion, as the grave ladies and gentlemen of the *x* reclined under the trees of Windsor Forest, they had read out to them Tennyson's "Œnone," and on another Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Mr. Spencer has encountered readers who thought him apt to set an undue value on the smaller incidents of life, and who even made bold to pronounce much of what he calls his "data" positively trivial. No doubt in this exacting class the circumstance of these little poetical readings at a scientists' picnic will only provoke jesting and scorn. But Mr. Spencer has good reason to treat it with the gravity he does. As he very justly remarks, "the vast majority of people suppose that science and poetry are antagonistic," and if the circumstance in question should, as Mr. Spencer himself foresees that it may, "cause some of them to revise their opinions," what an excellent end would be gained!

And why should it not cause a revision of opinions? For whoever has fancy enough to see it, an atmosphere of poetry pervades the very scene. These giants of science seated, in more or less distressful ease, on the shaded grass—their minds relieved of every care of atoms, if not of every atom of care; of every perplexity of heat, as a principle, if not as a personal sensation! The appointed reader takes the "volume of verse" in hand, and its "due utilization" begins. What could be more idyllic? What could be more convincing?

But the philosophic import of these conscientious sylvan diversions lies not alone in what one may call their perspective. Consider the selections: "Œnone," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship!" It is the sort of verse on which the soul feeds in youth, when the poetic ardor is strongest and most spontaneous; the sort that supplies embellishment and emphasis in the letters of enamoured Colins to their Rosalinds. Had the choice fallen on Browning, instead of on Mrs. Browning and Tennyson, there might have been room to argue. One might then have said that under a pretext of reading poetry these scientists had merely taken up a new analysis. But a

taste that prefers "Œnone" and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" can rest on nothing but sheer susceptibility to sentiment. The proof would have been scarcely more conclusive if Mr. Spencer could have added that, as the reading went on, the ladies wiped a tear from their eyes, and that when it was done the men strove with each other for possession of the volume in order to mark their favorite passages.

On the whole, we do not see what more evidence any rational mind could desire. Certainly, under this showing of Mr. Spencer's, science stands much clearer of the charge of being self-centred than poetry itself is likely ever to stand. Fancy a company of poets out picnicking. Would they, at the end of their repast, proceed to "utilize" a "volume" of science and let themselves be read to out of Mr. Spencer's "Psychology," say, or Mr. Huxley's essays on "Darwinism?" Not if we know them.

My son Nicodemus is a tractable little boy and pleasant company. I like to have him along when I take my walks abroad, and he likes to go. But of late his mother has devised objections and insinuated impediments when I have wished him to accompany me, and several times I have found myself shuffling reluctantly off without him, and yet without any tangible reason for leaving him behind. But I have since discovered the reason, which is, that his mother sees so much fault found with man in the current newspapers and magazines that she fears its effect upon my impressionable nature, and has forebodings of a day when I shall come home alone, and tell her that I have felt compelled, on humanitarian grounds, to drop little Nicodemus into the river.

I trust her misgivings are not well founded, but I cannot blame her for entertaining them; for certainly, if we are to believe Madame Sarah Grand and some other prophets of the magazines, to raise a manchild in these days is to do humanity something very like a grievous wrong. "What is man," exclaims the Psalmist, "that thou art mindful of him!" Madame Grand and her sisters could have told him. Man, as they are mindful of him, is an unlucky afterthought of the Creator, who, for lack of discipline and due subjection, has developed into a gross being drunken with a sense of his own importance, the oppressor of womankind, the blot upon Nature's face that messes her perfections.

There is no use in pretending to question the accuracy of this description, or in denying that there would be no trouble in the world worth mentioning if it were not for man. He is a poor creature, and always has been; and ever since the human experiment began it has been one long uphill struggle to try to make a good thing out of him, and make him do right. No sane person has ever blamed woman for man's shortcomings. In spite of the story of Eve and the serpent, man has had to bear the blame for himself, and so far as there was any blame to bear on woman's account he has had to stagger under that too.

That has been because he has been regarded as the stronger and more sensible of the two, and justly responsible for the condition of the human family. But there is a new theory now, set forth in serious books, and based on statistics and researches and scientific analogies, that woman is the better creature, and the one that knows the more and is the better worth rearing. If this theory is correct, it involves a certain shifting of responsibility which the critics of man ought to recognize.

If woman is more of a man than man is, it is she who is to blame for his degradation, and not he for hers. She never should have permitted him to sink into those unutterable depths in which she sees him now. During all these years in which she has had him, she should have managed to hoist him up on to a decent plane, and make a respectable creature of him. If, on the other hand, he is a superior creature, the lord of creation, and responsible for his guilty self and for the woman besides, he should have due credit for what he has done well, as well as blame for his misdemeanors. It is notorious that the present progressiveness of women is unparalleled in human history: Shall he have no share of praise for that? If some women have climbed down on the ladder he has held, is no account to be taken of the multitude who have climbed up? Is it to be no mitigation of the discipline which he has maintained in the human fam-

ily, that womankind has thrived so amazingly under it?

Man, the poor old thing, is not getting justice. If he has governed the world all these years, the immense advance of women under his rule does him credit. But if he doesn't govern it, and never has been fit to govern it, woman ought to be ashamed to have neglected him as she has. For, according to the latest theories, he is simply what she has permitted him to become.

Preservers of that fabulous bird, the contemporary American drama, argue that it cannot be literary; that it should never be literary; and that it is not literary. In this last statement they are surely right. But is it, for a play to be also literature, necessarily a failure? Is the word "literary" always one of reproach? Bronson Howard's "Henrietta" is one of the best of our plays: it has a stock-ticker in the drawing-room. It is not literary for a man to sell his daughter's stocks, because it is not true; but is that a merit on the stage? And I have heard Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama," say that the thing in drama is not "fine writing;" the thing is, if you have a Kentucky maid leaning over the stile with her lover, to make them talk at Daly's Theatre as they would talk in twilight at the farm. This thing Mr. Thomas doubtless does; but is it the usual thing? The usual thing is to make them talk as a usual Broadway audience *think* they would talk upon the farm.

The fact is, our playwrights often write not real truth but stage truth—quite a different thing. It is a "situation," in a modern play, to have the hero fall six fathoms in a real elevator; but for such situations we have no use in books. A "situation" in a novel should be the crisis of a soul; in our commoner drama, a thumb caught in a sawmill is enough. It may be, things written cannot well be put upon the stage; but many plays not even a candy-counter girl would read if written. Slight things amuse in doing that would not bear the telling. Is this the secret of it?

Should one then hasten to conclude that the play is vanishing as a form of expression? Plausible argument for this may now be made. The older, cruder nature of man expresses itself. The latest evolved soul asserts itself in silence. The rude soldier brawls, the virago scolds, the stage-prig talks, the hero poses; even the loveliest stage heroine must "give herself away," to the audience, at least, if not to her lover. But the finest new type of male or female being may be forceful, may be fateful, may be of fate repressed; yet the life-work or life-lot is never said or spoken; and even the doing of it is either in quick, wordless moments, or in the courage of long years. In Turguénief's famous story of the fire upon the Baltic steamer, the Hebrew money-changer ramps upon the burning deck; the gentleman is silent, motionless as Casabianca, save only that he smokes. If he smoked at the Fifth Avenue or the Park, he would soon let his cigar go out in speechifying to the matinée maiden.

Habitual theatre-goers are a curious class; a class said not to comprise two per cent. of the people; a class shallow in heart, and of quick, but lazy, intellect. And the people, the great big people, of course, still expect (whether they may or not in 1950) to see the player wear his heart upon his sleeve; in its visual absence they are puzzled.

Take a situation in an American play: suppose a man (the suggestion is at least within the range of dramatic possibility) unselfishly in love with the first lady; suppose the second lady (if such a second draft on probability may still be honored) eternally in love with him. She gets the hero to her side, and after a slight scene of ineffectual love-making on her part, she ups and tells him that his girl has left him for another (this thing is surely probable enough). Now, your theatre two per cent. expect him to stab the second lady (if it be a melodrama) or insult her (if it be a comedy; tragedies we write not). Your ninety-eight per cent. of honest people expect him to stab himself, or at least make a speech with his hand clutching at his spotless dress-shirt. It is needless to say that in gentle modern life the hero now does neither. He is only "more than usual calm." He has his own opinion of the second lady. And for the first (if she have not played for money)—perhaps he goes on loving her for some eternity or two, and, meantime, like a male Charlotte, cuts out

his bread and butter—keeping a very distant eye on Mrs. Werther, indeed. Ouida's heroes do not so; but my point is, it is only Ouida's heroes that seem to "go" upon our stage. But, the Lord and a free country helping, we are evolving a rarer flower here than Ouida's gaseous guardsman or her common-garden-girl.

And can this never be done upon the stage? After all, the French are our masters; and the French do it still. Their stage-land still runs into life, keeps pace with it; horrible, too, as it may seem, their plays are literature. Their modern masterpieces, from Musset to Pailleron, are even —*pace* the managers!—"talky." What is it, then? Are their audiences more intelligent, their playwrights broader and bolder, or have their literary men more skill?

At the club the other evening, somebody who had taken little part in the chit-chat, save in the important capacity of a good listener, suddenly blurted out: "If you fellows were not so infernally bent on getting off good lines all the time, you wouldn't obstruct the conversation so much." This reminded me of an elaborate protest against cleverness I had read somewhere, not long before. I now forget where it was, but remember being not particularly impressed in the writer's favor. It was argued that clever people really give you nothing, that the art of cleverness (if art it be) is merely pyrotechnic. Clever people, it was said, care nothing whatever about what they say, but only about the flash that accompanies their saying it.

Now, two cases in a single month of people who object to cleverness would seem to indicate that the species was not quite so rare as the chamois or ibex. There must be more such people in the world than I have had the misfortune to meet. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of them that their own earnestness—not to use an uncomplimentary term—might possibly be, I will not say excessive, but somewhat liable to go astray and turn up in places not advantageous to its most favorable exhibition.

I am perfectly willing to admit that cleverness may not be either intellectually or morally nutritious. I probably do not get mentally stouter on hearing "good lines." But neither is smoking nutritious, as far as I know; and yet I smoke with consummate satisfaction to myself. But I am not at all sure smoking is not digestive; for, if it is not, how comes it that I merely prefer to smoke all day, whereas I absolutely must smoke after dinner?

Now, to my mind, cleverness (in other people) is intellectually digestive, if perhaps not nutritious in itself; it aids mental assimilation, in a way it is stimulating. And, upon the whole, what are people who are constantly in search of nutriment, especially nutriment of the intellectual sort, but folk who are in more imminent danger of becoming bores than they are perhaps aware of? Why should it be assumed that society is so deplorably on a starving basis that the only alluring recommendation of a style of talk is, like that given by the Paris restaurant waiter when he points out a dish to you on the bill of fare: "*que c'est très-nourrissant?*"

I must say I have a strong suspicion that the folk who are so earnestly and inveterately bent on nutritious conversation, habitually get very little intellectual nourishment in any other way; I am not even sure most of them would not like to button-hole specialists and try to make them talk "shop." But, to those among us who are not as a rule intellectually starving, whose brains are pretty hard-worked a good deal of the time, what an inestimable boon is sheer conversational champagne-froth! The "good lines" of the clever talker, his deft art of "making fireworks out of imbecility," are simply refreshing. The things he says may now and then make the angels weep; but one really can't be considering the angels all the time.

No doubt the clever person is generally quite aware of his own cleverness, and perhaps rather inclined to be egoistical about it; he is clever, not so much to please me as to air his own wit. But what do I care for that? Admit that his cleverness is in so far a vice that it nurtures his self-consciousness; but I refuse to be my brother's keeper, his watering his moral stock is nothing to me. If he is willing, and glad, to provide me gratis with a luxury of which I am fond, I am delighted to have him do so; the possible moral or intellectual deterioration to which he exposes himself in the process is wholly his affair, not mine.



ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

STANHOPE A. FORBES'S

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 688.]

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MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

By John Heard, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MARCHETTI AND GILBERT GAUL.



OME years ago I was camping with General Tiburcio Otero by the side of a small stream near Baroyecas in Sonora. Our evening meal was over and, as we smoked our Tepic cigars, over a cup of coffee enlivened with genuine Tequila, I thought the moment opportune to ask my companion for some reminiscences of the French war. He had been intimately connected with the uprising of the north-western provinces, and many a *piou-piou* owed his translation into a better world to Otero's fondness for removing his enemies beyond the possibility of return; so I pressed him to allow me to write, at his dictation, the story he knew so well, as a contribution to history.

"It is not time yet, Don Juan," he said, rising to fill at the brook a cup which he set upon the table. "This water is very muddy, one could hardly swallow it," he added, drawing my attention to the amount of matter in suspension; then he began to talk of irrelevant things. A half hour later he again pointed to the cup; the sediment had settled and the water was clear above it.

"Look you, Don Juan, it is the same way with history," he said, with that inimitable stately Spanish gravity that invests the most trite remark with the dignity of wisdom, "at first it is so cloudy and thick that you cannot see through it. Then the mud settles, and the living things become clear to you with many others that float and have come to the surface. . . . "

Some years have passed since then, and in the meantime many documents concerning the "Intervention" have come to the surface, especially in France.* The true inside history of the part played by the United States will probably never be thoroughly known, for there were few documents, and these were either insignificant, or written for the public to whom those diplomatic secrets were to remain caviare. The real instructions were given by word of mouth, and both the men that spoke and the men that listened have passed away; they kept their counsel during their lifetime; it is not probable that they will speak from the grave.

These great historical episodes are proverbially Janus-faced, and the credulous majority, usually satisfied with the face on the outside of the door, seldom attempts to investigate the inner side of the panel. So in the case of the French intervention in Mexico, the public saw only the famous Jecker claim, and innocently accepted this *causa belli*. Let us step behind the curtain and see what we can discover, for this Mexican question

* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Méxique d'après les documents inédits d'Ernest Louet. 3 vols., par Paul Gaulot.

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Landing of the Allied Troops at Vera Cruz.—Page 669.

really belongs to the history of the United States — more, perhaps, in its promise than in its fulfilment.

I.—The Conception.

By the treaty of Aqualá (signed August 23, 1821), the Spanish colony of Mexico became an independent . . . chaos. The colonial policy of Spain has always been conducted on the same rudimentary principles. The son of the soil, a subject, and above all a contributor, was positively excluded from participation in any branch of government; and this government was absolute. Its representative, whatever his title, was responsible only to God; hence, as results, a petty despotism in its worst form, a progressive tendency toward revolt, and a lamentable incapacity for organization or self-rule.

This was the lot of Mexico. Freed suddenly after many years of bondage, she did not at first know what use to make of her liberty. She was like a Frankenstein to whom a soul was unexpectedly given on his coming of age. Instinctively recognizing her own ignorance, she strove to follow the example of older civilizations by government and



The French Attack upon Fort San Guadalupe at Puebla.—Page 670.

opposition as equivalent quantities ; the result was, however, by no means the desired equilibrium.

After the disastrous outcome of the experimental empire under Iturbide (May, 1822—March, 1823), Mexico started on an extraordinary and certainly unparalleled career of insurrections and *pronunciamientos*, of which no less than two hundred and sixty have been recorded during the first sixty years of her so-called independence. In the absence of any legal government, might became right, and the power passed into the hands of the army ; but, just as the Government had no principles, no con-

stitution on which to fall back in solving doubtful problems of right and wrong, so the army had no flag, no history, no traditions. In other words, it soon manifested a general preference for serving the man who paid, and the best paymaster was the so-called clerical party.

During the first three centuries of its existence in Mexico the Church had undoubtedly devoted some of its leisure to the spiritual welfare of its children; at the same time it had so little neglected the establishment of its temporal power, that in 1860, one-third of the national wealth was absolutely in its control, whereas the State coffers were empty. It was, therefore, an easy matter to convince the army of the advantages of serving God and getting paid for it, over the alternative of fighting for honor on an empty stomach, flanked by equally empty pockets. Army and church combined meant absolute power, and absolute power inevitably entails abuse. The Mexican people, *misera contribuens plebs*, first appreciated the logic of this statement in 1856, and rose, east and west and south and north. In January, 1861, the victorious Liberal army entered the City of Mexico. After an eventful struggle of four years' duration, the first two of which were marked by an unbroken series of defeats, Benito Juarez, the Mexican Washington, had achieved the independence of his people. The clerical party was crushed, dispossessed of all its property (July, 1861), and its leaders exiled. Its return to power insured a reign of terror marked by the most pitiless reprisals, and it seemed as though every precaution, however cruel, were justified, in order to avert the possibility of such a national calamity. Helpless at home the clericals now sought aid abroad. As long ago as 1840 the growing shadow of the great liberal power on the north, the United States, had caused its leaders much anxiety, for a liberal republican government in Mexico involved the political death of the clergy. Primary education, the recognition of the rights of individuals, the disestablishment of the Church, the encouragement of immigration, hence the dissemination of independent thought, in other words, the programme of progress, foreboded serious difficulty to the future maintenance of ecclesiastical despotism. Under these circumstances, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Gutierrez de Estrada, proposed the founding of a monarchy, for which audacious suggestion he was promptly rewarded by exile. From his home in Europe he maintained an active correspondence with the leaders of the reactionary party in Mexico, and in 1854 received from President Santa-Anna a special commission to negotiate, as plenipotentiary, with the Cabinets of Paris, London, Vienna, and Madrid, the establishment of a European Prince on the throne of Mexico. President Miramon confirmed the appointment in 1859, about which time Napoleon III. turned his attention toward Mexico, and recommended the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, as a candidate for the proposed imperial throne.

This choice was not altogether irrelevant, for one clause of the treaty of Aqualá stipulated that, should the principle of a constitutional monarchy secure adoption, the crown be offered first to the Infantes of Spain, brothers of Ferdinand VII., and, in the event of a refusal on their part, to the Archduke Charles of Austria. By nominating Maximilian, Napoleon was interpreting this clause freely, it is true, but with a certain appearance of plausibility. It must not for a moment be supposed that he merely intended to gratify the house of Austria by this gift of a transatlantic empire, though he was doubtless anxious to conciliate the Court at Vienna, estranged from France by the events in Italy. No! Like Talleyrand he foresaw the colossal development of the United States, foresaw and dreaded it. Its power was a menace to Catholicism and to the monarchical principle; for the prosperity of a great liberal power on the American continent must eventually cast its reflection on its shadow over Europe. At that time our country was divided against itself, for when Napoleon began to show his projects openly, the War of the Rebellion had begun; our interference in Mexican affairs seemed improbable, and the time was well chosen for the attempt



DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.

Triumphal Entry of General Forey into the City of Mexico.—Page 673.

to establish in America a Catholic-Latin Empire closely related to all the courts of Europe. Before our intestinal troubles were over, the projected empire could be organized, firmly consolidated, and the influence of the United States be thus effectively checked toward the south.



Maximilian Receiving the Pope's Benediction at Rome before his Departure for Mexico.—Page 676.

Nothing was wanting now but a pretext for commencing hostilities. To be sure, the Mexican Congress had repudiated its debts to foreign fundholders (July 17, 1861), and diplomatic relations with England and France had been temporarily suspended. But Napoleon realized full well that the redress of mere commercial wrongs inflicted upon French residents in Mexico, would not be accepted by the nation as a sufficient reason for war; hence we understand the sudden insight of the French envoy, Mr. Dubois de Saligny, into the necessities of the situation; guided by carefully worded hints, this gentleman undertook to supply the requisite insult to the French flag. On the 14th of August, the Mexicans celebrated a victory won by the Government troops over General Marquez, and, according to his own testimony, Mr. de Saligny was fired upon while seated on the terrace before the French Legation; later in the evening he was insulted by a mob headed by a band of music and yelling: "Down with France! Down with the French Minister!"

An investigation carefully conducted



Château of Miramar, the Home of Maximilian and Charlotte, near Trieste, Austria.

by the Mexican Government, who realized what complications might arise from this apparently trivial incident, completely disproved the assertions of Mr. de Saligny, without, however, overcoming the prejudices of the French Cabinet. Negotiations were at once begun with London and Madrid, and a collective intervention was decided upon by the three Governments (London, October 31, 1861). The United States was also invited to co-operate ; Mr. Seward's answer was not only decidedly negative, but recorded in unmistakable terms the disapproval of the President and his Cabinet of the course resolved upon by England, France, and Spain.

On January 8, 1862, the combined squadron, under the command of General Prim, entered the harbor of Vera Cruz and landed their forces, of which 800 were British, 2,600 French, and 600 Spanish (the latter had previously landed 5,600 men, thus making 9,600 men in all). On the 13th the first meeting of the plenipotentiaries was held in Vera Cruz, and the ultimatum of France read amid not a little confusion. Her claims, so extravagant as to seem absurd, were as follows :

1st. The payment by Mexico of $12,000,000 on account of French claims prior to July 31, 1861.

2d. The payment of a sum to be eventually determined for satisfying such claims as had arisen since that date.

3d. The payment of the balance still due, according to the terms of the convention of 1853.

4th. A guarantee by the Government that the Jecker contract be executed as signed.

Until these obligations had been satisfied the ports of the republic were to be occupied by foreign troops. England and Spain refused to be parties to such unjustifiable demands, and the result was the Convention of La Soledad, where it was agreed that all claims should be settled by diplomatic means. The Government of Juarez was here (for the first time), officially recognized by the commissioners, and the treaty was ratified by him as President of the Republic of Mexico.

Nothing could have been more con-

trary to the wishes of Napoleon. Fearful of some interference on the part of General Prim, whose troops outnumbered the French, he at once despatched reinforcements of four thousand five hundred men under General Lorencez, upon whose unexpected arrival the English and Spanish representatives agreed not to interfere in the home policy of the Mexican Government, and to act independently of France. Moreover, the return to Mexico at this moment of a number of former leaders of the clerical party, who unwisely proclaimed the establishment of an Empire under Maximilian, created an unfavorable impression. General Prim, who was still in command of the expedition, deemed it necessary to write a long personal letter to the Emperor Napoleon, in which he expressed his disapproval of the course adopted by France, and explained that the public sentiment of the country was very largely, almost unanimously, Republican. At the same time the Mexican Minister in Paris, Señor de la Fuente, wrote in similar but much stronger terms to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and predicting a long, but eventually successful, struggle for independence against foreign rule, requested his passports. In spite of these warnings Napoleon persevered in his mistaken policy, disregarding or disbelieving such information as did not fully agree with his theories, and, on the 9th of April, the Triple Alliance was dissolved. The Spanish and English at once notified the Mexican Government of the withdrawal of their troops, and of their refusal to take part in any further meetings to which Mexican exiles were admitted at the solicitation of the French commissioners. The allied commissioners also collectively notified the Government that the French army would commence operations as soon as the Spanish troops had evacuated their lines. In other words, war was declared, and General Lorencez, at the head of 6,000 men, undertook the conquest of Mexico, a country four times as large as France, with a population of about nine million souls. The enterprise was a foolhardy one; even the returned exiles so far forgot their assertions (that the French soldiers would be everywhere received with flowers) as to shake their heads. Moreover, the expedition was begun by a breach of faith, the effect of which was to astonish and demoralize the soldiers. It had been stipulated at the convention of La Soledad that, should hostilities become inevitable, the French must retreat beyond Chiquihuite, in the yellow fever strip. This was a hazardous step, and to avoid the disease, the commander-in-chief took it upon himself to repudiate the solemn promise of the French commissioners; instead of retrograding he advanced, and of all days in the year he chose Good Friday.

As he advanced, the flowers he expected were showered upon him in the shape of bullets. Instead of a welcome, he met with stubborn resistance at every step, and finally, after being severely repulsed by Zaragoza before the walls of Puebla (May 5, 1862),* he was obliged to retreat toward the sea. The situation had by this time become very clear to him, and he openly blamed the men who had deceived, and were still deceiving, the home Government by utterly false reports; most of all he blamed the French Minister, de Saligny, for which expression of opinion he was relieved from his command. These events, no longer mere matters of opinion, but of fact, should have enlightened Napoleon; but he did not wish to be disillusionized, and the men who had induced him to embark on this disastrous enterprise retained their influence over him and his ministry. He attributed the failure entirely to the incapacity of Lorencez; at the same time he sent out twenty-five thousand additional troops under General Forey.

The first commander had been unnecessarily foolhardy; his successor was unnecessarily prudent. After wasting several months in organization and preparatory expeditions, he appeared before Puebla on March 16th and invested the town, which was finally surrendered on May 17th. A few days later, June 5th, the vanguard of the French army, under Bazaine, entered the City of Mexico, and the organization of the country was begun. The military blunders had been corrected; the series of political and

* This campaign is described in detail by Prince Georges Bibesco in Combats et Retraite des Six Mille.



Maximilian Watching the Departure of the Last French Troops from the City of Mexico.—Page 684.

administrative blunders was about to commence.

Napoleon's instructions to his agents had been most explicit, and, according to his lights, consistent. He believed—how sincerely is an open question—in universal suffrage; he shrewdly recognized that no new form of government would satisfy public opinion in this nineteenth century, unless this government appeared to be of the people's election; the strength which it derives from its ability to refer to universal suffrage as its origin is undeniable; hence his faith in the *system*. As to the method of applying the system, that, of course, was a variable quantity; skilful manipulation, all the ruses of practical politics, even to poll-packing, he admitted *more spartaca* in so far as the wires remained unseen above ground.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

Maximilian Commanding his Army.—Page 684.

But his agents, de Saligny and Lorencez, utterly misunderstood, or feigned to misunderstand, his instructions and intentions. They merely grasped the fact that Napoleon desired war with Mexico, and went no further. They did not realize that his ambition was to pose before Europe as a redresser of wrongs; that in this scheme of interference in Mexican affairs he desired to take the position of a generous protector of the unfortunate national party, demoralized and down-trampled because of insufficient strength, means, and organization —all of which he meant to supply. In colloquial English, he wished to bluff the civilized world into the belief that, albeit an emperor himself, he was the champion of fair play for the people at large.

The first serious blunder against this policy was committed by Lorencez, who, deeming it essential that an intervention in favor of any nation should possess at least one national figure-head, allowed, nay induced, Juan N. Almonte to proclaim himself *Supreme Chief pro tem. of the Mexican nation.* This seemed incompatible with the avowed purpose of the expedition. It had been done without the consent, even without the knowledge of the Emperor, and he was not slow to express his disapproval. He had been content hitherto to outline his policy strictly within certain limits, but without developing any details. Henceforth his instructions to General Forey, developed in a "note," dated Fontainebleau, July 3, 1862, and supplemented by letters,* too numerous to mention in detail, were precise and unmistakable. The aforesaid "note" is doubly interesting to us because of the candid expression of his hostility to the United States, of his anxiety to control the Isthmus of Panama, and of his ambition to found a Catholic empire between our frontier and the South American republics. These first instructions may be summed up briefly thus:

"Compromise with all parties until the capital is secured and the nation has expressed its wishes at the polls. Pay Mexican auxiliaries and *use* them; put them in the front rank of battle. Avoid hurting the feelings of the natives; conciliate wherever and whenever possible, but *take the capital and secure Puebla.* After the capture of the City of Mexico, *it is to be desired* that a general convention be held of all prominent Mexicans, who are well disposed toward us; this convention, under the leadership of General Almonte, to determine by vote (in accordance with the laws and customs of Mexico) the form of government desired by the nation at large. Should they vote for a monarchy, it goes without saying that the incumbent must be one agreeable to our interests. Propose Maximilian. Should they desire any other form of government, it must offer some guarantee of stability, and be both disposed and able, with our help, to satisfy in full all claims of France on Mexico. In doubtful matters, consult Mr. de Saligny. (November 1, 1862.)" In all this there is not a word concerning the already existing legal Government of Juarez which, but a short time before, had been officially recognized by the joint commissioners at the convention of La Soledad.

Forey was not the man for the situation; in politics he was overweak and ready to be guided by any self-assertive advisers; as a military commander he was brave, but over-prudent, and wanting in the dashing qualities that distinguished Bazaine. With characteristic lack of judgment he published the intentions which Napoleon wished particularly to remain secret, and neglected to parade the disinterestedness, the magnanimity, the chivalrous love of right against wrong *so typical of the French,* which the Emperor was especially anxious to emphasize and have recognized as fundamental principles of the intervention. Moreover, he absolutely ignored the *national vote,* without whose sanction Maximilian refused to consider the proffered nomination. Instead of coaxing public opinion he forced it by issuing a decree a few days after his triumphal entry into the City of Mexico, the main clauses of which stipulated: 1st. That the imperial minister should nominate thirty-five Mexicans to constitute a superior *junta;* this *junta* to elect three Mexican citizens (and two substitutes) to assume the executive power.

* *Vide* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Méxique.—P. Gaulot.

2d. That this triumvirate, together with the aforesaid *junta*, should nominate the delegates to an assembly of notables to be composed of two hundred and fifteen Mexican citizens, all over twenty-five years of age and in the full enjoyment of their political rights. That this assembly should at once take into consideration the question of a final form of government for Mexico; should a third ballot fail to unite two-thirds of the votes on any proposition, the assembly should be dissolved and a new one appointed.

It is needless to say that the thirty-five members of the superior *junta* were all chosen from the clerical or anti-liberal party, the majority having served in former reactionary governments, and all of them against the Juarist party; moreover, with a single exception, all were residents of the City of Mexico and therefore only represented the feeling of the capital. This *junta* elected General Almonte, General Salas, and Monsignor Labastida, Archbishop of Mexico, to the triumvirate, the former being president of the new government. The delegates then nominated the members of the Congress, two hundred and fifteen in number, and at the first business meeting the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Aguilar:

1. The nation adopts as its form of government a temperate, hereditary monarchy under the sovereignty of a prince of the Catholic faith. [Adopted, ayes, 229; noes, 2.]

2. The sovereign shall be known as Emperor of Mexico. [Adopted unanimously.]

3. The Imperial Crown of Mexico shall be offered to H. I. H. Prince Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, for himself and his descendants. [Adopted unanimously.]

4. In the case of unforeseen eventualities that might prevent the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian from accepting the throne, the Mexican nation depends on the good-will of H. M. the Emperor Napoleon III., to designate some other Catholic prince to receive the crown. [Adopted, ayes, 222; noes, 9.]

Nothing could have been more impolitic than this last resolution. Napoleon wished to appear as a liberator but in no wise as a guardian or tutor. The impression produced in Europe by the publication of these events was deplorable in the extreme, and the Emperor was not only angry but humiliated, for the Opposition subjected his Government to the most uncomfortable cross-examination. For the first time he appreciated Mr. de Saligny at his true value and recalled him unconditionally. Forey, whose zeal and personal bravery he could not ignore, was made a Marshal of France and relieved from his command in Mexico. Neither of these gentlemen, however, understood this disgrace; they were so thoroughly persuaded of having always done right that they temporized before abdicating, and remained in Mexico many months after their power had been taken from them, so that General Bazaine, although appointed Commander-in-Chief, was unable to assume control of affairs.

Whatever his conduct may have been later (in 1870), it is undeniable that his appointment to the command in Mexico was an excellent one, and that he acquitted himself well of the almost superhuman task assigned to him. He spoke the language of the country and understood the people; moreover, he was able to impress these facts upon Napoleon and gain his attention. Their confidential correspondence (but recently published), supplemented by many private letters of officers of high standing and not written for publication, shows us more clearly than any official statements what was the actual condition of affairs and the Emperor's interpretation thereof.* In his first letter, dated Vichy, July 30, 1863, Napoleon goes back to the instructions first given to Forey, and seems to expect that Bazaine shall be able to undo much of the harm already accomplished. "Above all things," he says, "avoid any reactionary legislation. *Consult the people;* obtain their vote. Establish a monarchy, if that is the form of government desired by the majority. Leave alone bygones, such as the nationalization of Church property. Organize the army

*The earlier books, such as Domenech's Juarez et Maximilien, 3 vols., 1868, E. Masseras: Un Essai d'empire au Mexique, 1879 . . . assume that the French Government was kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

and the treasury, and pacify the country. I cannot prescribe every step, but must leave much to your discretion. I deplore the decrees promulgated by Forey, and fear that the triumvirate appointed by the *junta* be of too reactionary a character. . . . Do the best you can. What is needed is a *stable* government of one kind or another."

Unfortunately Bazaine did not control affairs in Mexico, and before he was able to assume full authority the provisional government had taken the title of "Imperial Regency, governing in the name of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico." In the meantime a delegation from Congress repaired to Europe to offer the crown to the Archduke. It was about this date that Napoleon's position became interesting at home. His proposal of an arbitration to settle the question between North and South had been declined by both England and Russia; Gettysburg had been fought, and he understood that the Confederacy, upon whose help he had counted, was unable to succeed. The Opposition in France was clamorous. Moreover, Maximilian refused to consider the few adhesions of such large towns as Mexico, Puebla, Vera Cruz, Cordova, etc., as expressions of the national vote, and insisted on a *plébiscite*. In replying to the Mexican delegation he made the military support of France a *sine quâ non* of his acceptance, and this compelled Napoleon to continue the disastrous campaign he had begun. The resources of Mexico, paralyzed by war and still further reduced by the decrees imagined by incompetent financiers sent out from France, produced very little ready money. The expenses of the expedition were large and increasing daily. No national loan could be placed until the country had some recognized form of government, and the sinews of war had to be provided out of the French treasury.

In Mexico the dissensions between the clerical party and all and any others, the insufficiency of funds, the irresponsibility of the national officers, daily prepared fresh troubles for Bazaine to quell. The military conquest of the country was alone progressing, but slowly, and the commander-in-chief now thoroughly understood that the country could be controlled only by military occupation. Wherever he withdrew his soldiers the revolutionary spirit broke out again and the work had to be begun afresh. His task seemed a hopeless one, and the final result a foregone conclusion. He saw clearly that Mexico could be conquered but not subdued, and that no foreign government, above all no monarchy, could stand except with the support of a foreign army. To complicate matters still further, Maximilian again began to waver; the figures of the national vote were not forthcoming, and without these he refused to commit himself. As a matter of fact no vote, such as he demanded, could be obtained in a wild, uncivilized, unregistered country like Mexico. But as something had to be done, the country was "districted" on paper and in each district the signature of a few men of prominence who favored the empire was obtained, sworn to, and published in the official gazette. On each affidavit the figures of the district population were recorded in such a way as to make it appear that out of a total population of 8,621,000 souls (1862), 6,445,564 voted for the Empire. This result was so eminently satisfactory, that Maximilian yielded to the popularity of his candidacy, for, personally, he was disposed to abandon the whole scheme; his ambitious wife, the Princess Charlotte, had, however, set her heart upon its fulfilment, and after much hesitation, Maximilian reluctantly signed away his rights and those of his descendants to the crown of Austria, and accepted the crown of thorns brought to him from the Cactus Country. Napoleon's dream began to look like a fact.

II.—The Empire.

"*I, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, swear to God by the holy Scriptures to insure by every means within my power the peace and prosperity of the nation, to defend its independence and to maintain the integrity of its territory.*"

The Mexican flag was unfurled above the castle tower of Miramar [p. 669], the delegation was moved even unto

tears; twenty-one guns of the Bellone bellowed their *Ave Cæsar* across the placid Adriatic; the inevitable *Te Deum* was sung, and Maximilian became Emperor of Mexico. Then he retired to his study to seek relaxation in poetry and wrote the touching little farewell:

Muss ich auf ewig vom Vaterland scheiden. . . .

On the table of the great blue room at Miramar the rolls of fraudulent affidavits proclaimed him Emperor *voce populi;* but a Habsburg requires the *Dei gratiâ.* So on his journey westward Maximilian made a pilgrimage to Rome to receive the traditional papal benediction, which even the great Napoleon, whose mission seemed to be to overthrow "Grace of God" sovereigns, was not sceptical enough to forego. It will probably never be known whether the vital question of the temporal power of the Church in Mexico was even alluded to; at all events, the political principles of the issue were certainly neither defined nor discussed during the private interviews of Maximilian with the Pope or Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State * On the morrow Pius IX. publicly proclaimed his condemnation of the only policy open to the Mexican Emperor; during the Communion service and while presenting the host he made a few remarks, among which was this barely veiled threat: "Great are the rights of nations and they must be heeded; but greater and more sacred are the rights of the Church." To a man of ordinary perceptions these words were sufficiently significant, even ominous; but Maximilian heard without heeding; he was even then giving the measure of his political incapacity.

During the long passage across the Atlantic no questions of political importance were discussed, nor does the actual situation seem to have been studied. Like two children, delighted with a new toy, Maximilian and Charlotte laid down the rules of etiquette for their household: created new orders; invented designs for decorations and medals; chose the uniforms for the imperial bodyguard, and seriously pondered all the trivial imitation laces and bow-knots of a Louis XIV Court across the water. It never occurred to them that they were collecting bric-à-brac for a house that was not yet built. At that time if any foresaw none foretold the ending of the episode; yet, in the light of to-day, it required no inspired prophet.

The progress of the imperial cortège from the coast to the capital was symbolic of the vicissitudes of the political career which it opened. Maximilian arrived unexpectedly in Vera Cruz, the inhabitants of which received him coldly, without enthusiasm or even curiosity. His first proclamation awakened neither admiration nor interest. The weather was bad, and the first half of the journey was made in the rain, over washed-out roads, on one of which a broken axle suddenly made the sublime look amazingly like the ridiculous. But before they reached Orizaba the stage had been set (anyone familiar with the Central American Indian knows the recipe), and the play was very gratifying to the imperial travellers. Far away in the mountain wildernesses of Chihuahua, surrounded by a small band of penniless followers, the real ruler of Mexico, Benito Juarez, listened with Indian stoicism to the echo of the noise in the capital. His coffers were empty, his Cabinet had vanished, his army was melting away, and the civilized world scoffed at his presumption. His only companion was Lerdo de Tejada, his faithful Secretary of State; and strong in the knowledge of their right, these two silent watchers waited with dogged patience for the dawn of their day, the day of independence, the day that was to break upon the land three years later.

After the intoxication of the first fortnight of festivities Maximilian looked about him, curious to see what manner of Empire was this Mexico which he had adopted. Save for the shadow of the giant across the Rio Grande all was satisfactory beyond the limits of his domain. To be sure, Lord Russell, *i.e.*, England, had not recognized him, but the continental rulers had unanimously acknowledged the new Emperor of Mexico. (The admission cost them nothing at the time and in some future emergency an alliance across the sea

* In a letter dated March 9, 1865, Cardinal Antonelli says that no negotiations were begun touching upon religious matters in Mexico at the time of Maximilian's visit to Rome.

might offer some advantages.) At home matters were more complicated and less secure; but with Bazaine as executive officer, in command of a French army on whose co-operation Maximilian could depend for at least three years, he felt little concern—too little concern—about the pacification of the country and the organization of the Imperial Government. As a matter of fact he did not in the least understand his position, nor did he appreciate the condition of Mexico. He was a man of illusions, and his own most ardent, most sincere admirer; he believed himself fully capable not only to reign but to rule unaided, and in this belief he continued to the end. A dreamer, a poet, his mind filled with the traditions of the most form-ridden court in Europe, accustomed to deal only with thoroughly precedented and documented difficulties, Maximilian was perhaps the very worst practical ruler that could have been selected for Mexico. He was not only unable to see things clearly himself, but equally incapable of surrounding himself with clear-sighted advisers. The country needed a hard, shrewd, practical soldier-ruler; a man of simple tastes and close economy. Maximilian was a traditional prince; notwithstanding the emptiness of his coffers, he surrounded himself with chamberlains, marshals of the court, equerries, etc., and with such titles and the corresponding emoluments he quenched the men whose lights and work he most needed. The real, practical details of government bored him, and he left them to others, here again showing the lamentable lack of judgment in the choice of his lieutenants, Eloin and Scherzenlechner. The Empress Charlotte was really the master mind of the two and, although only twenty-four years of age, she might have helped him very effectually; unfortunately the imperial *ménage* was no longer what it had been, and she was allowed to appear before her husband only when officially summoned. To suggest, to advise, served only to irritate the Emperor; and to the anxiety, the constraint, the disappointment of this period may be attributed the first germs of insanity which eventually dethroned the unhappy woman's reason.

At this time Mexico might have been defined as a republic divided against itself, and the stronger half nominally ruled by an Austrian archduke. This prince had been proposed by a French emperor, nominated by the clerical party at the dictation of Napoleon, elected by a native population chiefly composed of Indians who did not vote, consecrated emperor by the grace of God, upheld by a French army under a marshal of France, directed by an Austrian and a Belgian, both new-comers in a strange country; controlled by no constitution and responsible to no representative assembly. To make a stable government with such elements and under such circumstances was no small undertaking; yet such was the prestige of the French army under Bazaine, so effective had been the work of the Regency under Almonte during the year preceding Maximilian's arrival, that a complete and successful reorganization under the new *régime* seemed feasible. At the Emperor's accession few among the imperialists doubted the ultimate success, but among them were those best able to judge, the commander-in-chief and men of his immediate *entourage*. On the other hand, defections were numerous among the Juarist leaders, and, temporarily, at least, many came over to the successful party fully prepared to desert back again whenever that course should offer the greater profit. Even the most faithful despaired of their cause;* volunteers were forwarded to the liberal camp handcuffed in couples, as the following naïve document ingeniously confesses: "Conformably to the circular sent out by your excellency I forward to-day to your head-quarters ten couples of chained volunteers who are disposed to uphold the cause of liberty. For want of handcuffs I cannot send more. Lieutenant Trujillo, who escorts them, has orders to shoot any who should attempt to escape.—Liberty and Reform, Cosala, June 2, 1864." †

It seems evident that had an empire been possible in Mexico, had its foundation depended on what one might call

* *Vide* Letter to Juarez from his Minister Zamacona, quoted in Domenech: Histoire du Méxique, vol. iii.

† Letter from R. Bonilla to Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Sinaloa. Un essai d'empire au Méxique: E. Masseras.

party success, Bazaine could, at this time, have established Maximilian on the throne firmly enough to withstand such revolutions as the country was accustomed to see. But, with the exception of a very few visionary or interested enthusiasts, the nation unanimously rejected an empire as a poison which it could not assimilate. Eliminating the French army, which was but a temporary factor in the problem before him, Maximilian had the choice of two vast forces with which to consolidate his throne, the clericals and the Indian population. A gradual enfranchisement of the latter, albeit the slower, was the nobler course to pursue, and the result would have been to realize Maximilian's own ideal of a popular despot by making him *de facto* Emperor of the Mexicans, instead of what he was, Emperor of Mexico at the mercy of the clerical party. When we recall how he had insisted on the expression of a popular vote as a *sine qua non* of his acceptance, it seems amazing that he should have so completely ignored the masses—his best friends—after his accession to power. On the other hand, Maximilian was no partisan. His ambition was to satisfy all parties, and he satisfied none. His policy was to compromise when driven to act, but to temporize when possible. The party that had called him to Mexico, already dissatisfied by the conservative attitude of the French and the procrastinating policy of the Regency, had come to doubt the wisdom of their inspiration and held suddenly aloof. At this juncture their emissary to Miramar, Father Miranda, returned to Mexico, and, from his death-bed in Puebla, sent them a solemn note of warning. He had been in the country but a short time, but his shrewd mind easily penetrated the Emperor's dream of democratic imperialism, and the vacillating, groping policy by which he sought to realize it. His sudden death left the party much perplexed; should they stand by the Emperor or overthrow him? They temporized as long as the issue was uncertain, but when the battle was lost they played the part of the crows.

It is not probable that an amiable settlement of the claims of the clerical party could have saved the Emperor, but the hostility of that party contributed materially to his downfall. Napoleon had already begun to realize that his Mexican project was very full of thorns. It had never been popular in France, and the momentary angry interest aroused by the defeat before Puebla had been calmed by the capture of Mexico a year later. The fabulous riches of the country persisted in remaining fabulous, and France, far from receiving any of the moneys already due her, was constantly called upon to furnish more. Moreover, the first few weeks of the Emperor's reign were spent in undoing much of the work begun by Bazaine according to Napoleon's directions, and in issuing one useless decree after another. It was about this time that the private correspondence between the French Emperor and his lieutenant was begun, and these documents, recently published in France,* besides proving much that had hitherto remained unknown, disposed of the oft-made statement that the Government in Paris was purposely kept in ignorance. As early as August, 1864, Napoleon began to gauge Maximilian correctly. "I think," he writes to the commander-in-chief, "that the Emperor should show more decision," and in the same letter, in which he appoints Bazaine a Marshal of France, he "fears that the Government is not running smoothly, and that Maximilian seems to think himself strong enough to walk alone."

Maximilian ascended the throne on June 12, 1864, but did not actually assume the direction of affairs until October 30th of the same year on his return from a journey through the pacified provinces of his domain. Up to this time he was supposed to be making himself familiar with the main issues pending; after which, to use a current expression, he was expected to "get down to business." Here, at the very outset, he committed a serious blunder by neglecting to appoint, or propose the election of a legislative assembly with whom to share the burden of government. A despot of genius only, or a strong military commander, could suc-

* La Vérité sur l'expédition du Méxique.—P. Gaulot.

cessfully face the situation alone, and Maximilian was neither.

Apart from the armed pacification of the country three great questions awaited settlement: The creation of the native army; the reorganization of the finances, and the so-called religious question. The first had been well begun by Bazaine and was progressing satisfactorily when the Emperor, taking matters into his own hands, decided to begin afresh on a new basis. The already existing bureaus and staff-organizations were thus left to the mercy or ignorance of the committees appointed to inquire into their usefulness, and it is needless to say that the result was great dissatisfaction among the officers, whom, at this juncture, it was especially desirable to conciliate. The tendency to look upon the new government with distrust was not checked by the unnecessary raising of the blockade in all ports of the Empire, an inspiration which occurred to Maximilian on his birthday, and whereby the work of a year was undone. In exchange, picked regiments with fancy names were decreed on paper, and the work of creating them rested there. In a word there was no Mexican army until after the evacuation by the French.

The financial distress of the Mexican Government had for years been a standard for unflattering comparison, but during the moment of enthusiasm that followed Maximilian's acceptance of the throne, the French financiers were able to float a loan of one hundred and twenty-six million francs, of which, perhaps *fifty* found their way into the Mexican treasury. So small a sum could not but be ephemeral. The expenses of the Imperial Government were vastly greater than those of the presidency; the single item of the imperial civil list, amounting to $1,700,000, as against $60,000, which was the presidential salary. Moreover, Maximilian surrounded himself by many unnecessary court officials at high salaries, so that in a very short time the treasury was unable to pay home dues, to say nothing of the two millions of francs which, according to the convention of Miramar, should have been deposited monthly with the paymaster of the French army. The guarantee fund in Paris was also promptly exhausted, and the real financial distress began. Something should have been done at once, but, as usual, Maximilian temporized. After dividing the financial field into six main headings and appointing six committees to inquire into them, he sat down and waited. He tacitly, but effectively, opposed all propositions relating to the founding of a National Bank of Mexico. He also opposed the granting of mining concessions; the scheme for colonizing Sonora and, apparently, the development of all business enterprise in Mexico, certainly of all enterprises recommended by Napoleon; yet he expected the latter to furnish more money and men as required. This the French Emperor was no longer willing or able to do. In the speech to the Chambre he had stated that Mexico would need no financial aid from France after July, 1864, and the aggressive disposition of the opposition made it impossible for the Government to ask for supplementary appropriations. The unpopularity of the expedition, which was very generally looked upon as a "job," and the lack of confidence of the ministry, contributed in no small measure to the final discomfiture of Maximilian, for, after his accession, the movements of the French were controlled far more by public opinion at home than by the requirements of the enterprise. Although well informed itself, the Government was afraid of publishing the facts of the situation, and pleaded ignorance, hence the mistaken but prevailing sentiment that the agents in Mexico were to blame. But as the new Empire produced little or nothing, and some money had to be forthcoming, France gave grudgingly, little by little, gaining thereby neither credit nor gratitude for the temporary relief thus afforded. In this way the financial problem, like the military one, was never solved, but always postponed by some new loan or the repudiation of some former one, and this was so well understood by the Mexicans that *there was not recorded one native subscription* to the last loan of $50,000,000, raised chiefly in France.

To understand the importance acquired by the so-called religious ques-

tion, it is necessary to go back to the origin of Spanish rule and of Church rule in Mexico. It had been the policy of the great Spanish discoverers to recognize the Church very liberally in the division of the spoils by granting to the representatives of the different orders large concessions of land and important privileges. Accustomed to the burdensome ceremonials and exactions of the Aztec idol-worship, the conquered Mexicans readily, even eagerly, accepted the Romish ritual and its system of tribute. Bequests and endowments were numerous, and helped to swell the holdings of the Church which, shrewdly administered, amounted in 1860 to approximately $500,000,000 in real estate, and $150,000,000 in personal property. Supported by such wealth the power of the Church became formidable in the hands of ambitious, unscrupulous leaders; so threatening a danger, indeed, that in 1856 President Comonfort ordered the sale at public auction of all real estate owned by religious corporations, excepting only places of public worship, all moneys so realized to belong to said corporations. This first step, which merely prevented the ownership of real estate, but not of personal property, by the Church, was naturally very unpopular among the clergy. To escape the new law they overthrew Comonfort and elected Zuloaga, whose first act was to repeal the obnoxious decree and to order the immediate restitution, within a delay of two weeks, of all property acquired under the recent ruling, such property being declared free from all mortgages or incumbrance contracted by the present holders in payment thereof. Two years later (1860) Juarez came into power, and promptly confiscated all Church property, both personal and real estate; the treasury then offered the latter for sale, two-fifths of the (auction) price to be paid in Government bonds, worth at that time from six to eight per cent. of their face value. A period of the wildest speculation naturally followed, during which matters became more and more seriously involved up to the time of the capture of Mexico by the French. General Forey then decreed that all honest transactions should stand; fraudulent transfers were subject to revision . . . later. The final solution was expected from the Imperial Government, for Maximilian alone had the necessary authority to cut the knot. Unfortunately he had, purposely or not, neglected to discuss the matter with the Pope at the time of his visit to Rome, and was now obliged to await the arrival of a nuncio with whom to treat. In reality there were no principles to discuss, only ways and means; it was clearly impossible to order the restitution of property legally acquired and paid for years since; the only course open to Maximilian was to uphold the "nationalization" of Church property, but to offer the clergy some compensation, preferably in the form of a living. The nuncio, however, claimed not only the restitution to the clergy of all property ever held by them, but the exclusion from the Empire of any form of worship but the Roman Catholic; the independent sovereignty of each bishop in his diocese; the absolute control of schools and education, and the immunity of the Church from any interference at the hands of the civil authorities.

To every other proposal of compromise the papal legate objected his lack of instructions, and the negotiations ended where they began with the sole result of creating additional ill-feeling between the parties. The Emperor was obliged to proclaim the maintenance of the decrees of "nationalization" and the revision by a special board of inquiry of all transactions relating to Church property; but he did so in defiance of the clerical party, with whom no *modus vivendi* was arranged, and which at once threw all its energy into the work of overturning the Empire. So it may also be said that this great issue was likewise left unsettled; for the work of revision was necessarily a long and complicated operation, during which the validity of all titles involved was open to question.

On paper the reorganization progressed merrily. One useless decree followed another, at first to the amusement, eventually to the disgust, of the people. The academy of sciences and literature; the city almshouse; and the department for the relief of the poor were decreed on the same day. Decora-

tions for women, medals for veterans who had *served the same cause fifty or twenty-five years;* badges for civil and military distinction, rules of etiquette, tables of precedence, etc., taxed the Emperor's time and powers of invention to the utmost. In the meantime matters were going from bad to worse outside of the palace, and the Empire was daily losing ground.

The year 1865 was one of disillusion and disappointment for all connected with this unfortunate enterprise, and disappointment begat recrimination. With the surrender of General Lee and the death of the Confederacy a new phase of developments was to be expected. The persistent refusal of the Cabinet in Washington to recognize Maximilian, and the reiterated intimation to Napoleon that it would be desirable to name a date for the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexican territory pointed toward more decisive action now that the Federal armies were at leisure. Napoleon understood at once that his dream of a Mexican Empire was at an end; after all that he had done it was impossible for him to abandon Mexico without establishing some form of government, so he was prepared to protect Maximilian's retreat (if he could be induced to retire) and to attempt the organization of a constitutional government under a native president. He fully realized the possibility of a war with the United States, and his letters to Bazaine show clearly that although he expected the declaration of hostilities at any moment, he nevertheless deemed the contingency one of slight importance and the consequences in no way to be dreaded. In anticipation of the event he ordered Bazaine to concentrate his troops around Mexico, abandoning all executive points so as to allow the enemy to exhaust his strength in long marches, and he explained that this was his reason for choosing the Crimea as the seat of war with Russia. It is curious and interesting to note his mediocre opinion of our forces at the close of the Rebellion.

A little later the situation in Europe had become so complicated and critical that Napoleon realized the dangers to which his foreign expedition exposed him. Now that he had determined to abandon the evidently futile attempt to consolidate Maximilian on his throne the project developed rapidly in his mind; it seemed criminal to exact further useless sacrifices from France, especially as the Mexican Emperor was doing nothing to help himself. So in the opening speech to the Chambre on January 22, 1866, he announced the early return of the French troops and the continuance of the now nearly secular friendship between France and the United States. On the 31st he writes to Bazaine that an envoy is *en route* to notify Maximilian of the date fixed upon for the evacuation. "You have," he says, "from twelve to eighteen months at the outside wherein to prop up Maximilian so that he can stand alone; or to organize some responsible republican government in the place of the Empire. I leave the decision to your judgment."

III.—The Catastrophe.

It may be said that the death-struggle of the Empire began as soon as it became known that a date had been set for the withdrawal of the French troops, and it is characteristic of the man that Maximilian alone refused to believe in the adoption of this course imposed upon Napoleon far more by the pressure of circumstances than by his own will. Unfortunately for all concerned, the French Government shrank from laying its proposed action before Maximilian in the form of an ultimatum. Its special envoy was barely received by the Emperor, who listened absent-mindedly to his carefully worded warnings and dismissed him and the whole question without discussion.

During the following year (February, 1866–67) Bazaine's position became most difficult and disagreeable. Every mail brought him stringent but often contradictory orders from the home Government; such orders as he was able to execute gained him the animosity of the Mexicans, who attributed the new policy to his influence; on the other hand he was instructed to carry out much that was impossible, and his remonstrances or explanations undermined the confi-

dence of his sovereign, a sceptic as regards the disinterestedness of the men who served him. Moreover, his enemies did not neglect the opportunity of besmirching his character afforded by the unwarrantable payment of over twelve million francs on account of the Jecker claim.* Bazaine was able to clear himself of all suspicion of interest in this transaction ;† unfortunately, the French Finance Committee, the Secretary of the Treasury, and many of the Emperor's household were implicated beyond question or excuse, and the affair created a regrettable scandal magnified and distorted, of course, in the absence of the actual facts and figures.

The advantages gained to the Government in France, by proclaiming the date of the recall of the troops, in other words, the end of the expedition, was at once more than compensated in Mexico ; for, to the liberals, the departure of the French meant the opportunity for a general uprising ; and to the majority of the conservatives and imperialists it was synonymous with the overthrow of the Empire, the repudiation of the national debt, and the inauguration of an era of reprisals. Mexican bonds fell at once in France ; in Mexico the news created a panic which Bazaine in vain strove to avert by pointing out that the Austrian and Belgian legions would remain as a nucleus for the native army. The Mexicans stated the case differently ; the facts to them were simply that 30,000 men, and these the best, were leaving the country, whereas no fresh troops were on their way to help them. Moreover, the sympathy of the United States for the Republican Party was becoming daily more pronounced. Sheridan was in command on the Rio Grande, and by his orders both arms and ammunition were often left in convenient places from which the liberals could supply themselves ; furthermore, he neglected no opportunity of affording *moral* support to the Juarists,‡ sometimes stretching the meaning of the word *moral* to its utmost, so as not to run counter to his orders from the State Department. Santa-Anna was projecting a descent on Mexican soil, hoping to create a diversion in favor of himself, as President, while Ortega was planning a filibustering expedition to start from the Rio Grande. The Empire was the common enemy, and its future could not look more black than it did at this period.

A little later, and in answer to a petition for more men and money, the French Government repudiated the treaty of Miramar ; Maximilian had fulfilled none of his obligations, and, if he were not bound, why should France be? Indeed, far from furnishing money, she proposed to appropriate to her own needs one-half of the revenue from the port customs.§ At this juncture, when it seemed hopeless to attempt any further negotiations, the Empress Charlotte offered to go in person and plead both with Napoleon and the Pope, and as a basis for discussion Maximilian prepared a long autograph review of the situation in which he exonerated himself, and laid the blame of all failures upon his ministers, chiefly, however, upon Bazaine, whom he now disliked personally, and believed to be the author of all his troubles. But, before the arrival of the Empress in Europe, Sadowa had been fought, and whatever chance of success, however slight, had still existed at the time of her departure had now vanished. France could no longer afford the officers and men now absent in America, and, on August 29th, Napoleon writes to Bazaine : "I have told the Empress frankly that I cannot spare a single man or dollar for Mexico. . . . I have written to the Emperor . . . that the time for half-measures is past, and that he must either maintain himself alone, or abdicate." In the postscript we have a touch of the hypocrisy or pose which characterized his statements at the very beginning. "Should you be compelled to convene a national assembly, you must state that I never contemplated imposing upon Mexico any particular form of government ; my object was

* This had been fixed at 27,703,770 francs, and afterward reduced to 22,660,000 for the sake of a speedy settlement.

† *Vide* Letter to the Secretary of War, September 26, 1866, and inclosures.

‡ *Vide* Sheridan's Memoirs.

§ Twenty-four per cent. of this revenue, which amounted to 56,000,000 francs, was reserved for the payment of the English claims, and one-half of the balance would have amounted to 20,000,000 francs.

merely to help the people in establishing some stable rule and to protect them against a state of anarchy which for fifty years has paralyzed the country. . . . It was the Mexicans themselves that desired a monarchy and elected Maximilian . . . etc."

From Paris the Empress repaired to Miramar, and thence, after resting for a few days, to Rome, where, on the 30th of September, during an interview with the Pope in the Vatican, her reason suddenly succumbed to the strain. The dread news reached Maximilian only a short time after the intimation that the mission to Paris had failed; he was lying ill at the time in Chapultepec, near Mexico, and it would seem as though this last blow broke his spirit, for he resolved suddenly to abdicate and leave the country without even re-entering the capital. On October 21st he writes to Bazaine: "To-morrow I propose to put into your hands the necessary documents by which to end this impossible state of things . . ." The news spread rapidly that the Emperor was running away, and the excitement was intense in Mexico. As usual, in like cases, no one wished to assume any responsibility, and the Cabinet promptly resigned. Bazaine, the general emergency man, was again called to the rescue, and, after much trouble, succeeded in convincing the ministers that it was their duty to stand by the Empire to the end. But until the Emperor took some action there was nothing to do but to wait.

The next few days were full of uncertainty and confusion. Maximilian did not send the expected documents, yet his letters to head-quarters were all of a testamentary nature. With the exception of the plate the valuables in the palace were packed and forwarded to Vera Cruz; the Emperor's personal property was made over to Señor Sanchez Navarro, with instructions to sell and apply the proceeds to satisfying private debts. It seemed as though everything were ready for the curtain to drop, when, without apparent reason, Maximilian changed his mind again and determined to submit the question of his abdication to a vote of the privy council. In this wise the continuation of the Empire was decided by *ten* ayes against *eight* noes, four of the Cabinet Ministers voting affirmatively.

The real reasons for the Emperor's sudden change at the very last minute were not known until later, nor do they redound to his credit. It had always been his ambition to play some important part in European politics, and even after accepting the crown of Mexico he did not wish to relinquish his claims at home. It is true that he had signed away all his rights, but he did this under great pressure, and, evidently, with numerous mental reservations. For when the Emperor of Austria, in his speech to the Reichsrath, mentioned the existence of a "family compact," Maximilian, then at the height of his prosperity in Mexico, protested vehemently, declaring that he had signed the document against his will, and that the agreement was null and void. At the very moment when everything seemed lost in Mexico and the Emperor had relinquished all hope, he received a letter from his evil angel and former minister, Eloin, stating that the Austrians were clamoring for the abdication of the Emperor Franz-Josef, and that in his former government of Venice Maximilian was openly named as successor. No such position could, of course, be offered to a fugitive; but Maximilian might remain in Mexico until after the departure of the French and at once call for a general convention from all parts of the country, which would certainly confirm him as Emperor without the influence of any outside pressure. Then would be the time to resign, return to Austria with more prestige than when he had left, and urge his claims to the crown, or at least to the Regency which must follow the present Emperor's abdication. It was a wild and incoherent dream, yet Maximilian believed in its fulfilment and staked and lost his life upon it.

During the next two months the preparations for the evacuation of Mexico were continued slowly, but systematically. As the French garrison moved out of each town it had occupied, the keys were delivered to the imperialists, who very generally turned them over to the Juarists within twenty-four hours. Before the irresistible tide of liberalism

the Empire gradually shrank around the capital, where French and Mexicans, Maximilian among the rest, were killing time by quarrelling, sometimes openly among themselves, sometimes diplomatically, each endeavoring by mail and cable to undermine the other's credit in Paris. All relations between the Emperor and the commander-in-chief were broken off, and when, on February 5th, the French troops marched past the palace on their way to the coast,* every window of the great structure was closed and apparently deserted. Behind the blinds of the casement overlooking the road to Puebla, Maximilian watched the retreating columns, and as the rear one disappeared he turned to his secretary, Mr. Mangino. "At last," he exclaimed, "I am free!"

To use Marshal Niel's picturesque expression, "Maximilian had got him a horse, and was off to conquer his empire;" but this he attempted no longer as Emperor at the head of the nation; he was now merely a party leader at the head of the clericals; and as a partisan he adopted partisan methods. His proclamation upon taking command of the troops was marked by exaggeration and even misstatement, and his instructions to General Miramon were unnecessarily ferocious; among them was the order to "court-martial and sentence Juarez, Tejada, Iglesias, Garcia, and Negrete, should he succeed in capturing them, but defer execution until further special notice. The same to apply to all dissidents; to prisoners in arms no quarter is granted." Unfortunately the despatch fell into the hands of Juarez, and a few weeks later became a terrible weapon against the imperial prisoner.

As a military commander, Maximilian showed the same vagueness of purpose, the same lack of decision, the same tendency to temporize which characterized him as a statesman. He ignored Miramon, his best and most faithful general, to listen to Marquez, a free lance, who abandoned him in the hour of danger, and he himself was no soldier. The campaign was short and decisive. A few days after the departure of the French, Maximilian left the capital and marched northward. Five thousand men remained to garrison the city of Mexico; 2,500 to defend Puebla. At Querétaro the Emperor collected less than 10,000 men, and that was all; the liberals had approximately 41,000 men in the field, but their different armies were scattered, and Miramon proposed attacking each corps separately while this was yet possible; Marquez opposed the plan, and the Emperor supported him; nothing was done, and a few days later the town was invested. Before the lines were completed Marquez, with a commission of Lieutenant-Governor of the Empire in his pocket, took all the available cavalry and started for Mexico, where he was about to disorganize the Government just as by his flight he was disorganizing the defence of Querétaro. The rest is a lamentable tale. After a little desultory fighting, scarce worthy the name, the town was delivered to the liberals by the traitor, Lopez, on the morning of April 15th. Maximilian, Miramon, Mejia, Mendez, 600 officers, and about 7,000 men surrendered. Mendez was marched off at once, placed against a convenient wall and shot down without trial. In a long letter to the victorious General Escobedo, the Secretary of War explained that the crimes committed by Maximilian and his two fellow-prisoners were self-evident, and that a trial was supererogatory, but that in the present instance the Government was willing to have recourse to the courts; so the bloody farce was continued to the end.

Maximilian alone still persisted in believing that there would be no further bloodshed, for now that he had been captured the episode was ended; he imagined that they would send him to the coast under escort and allow him to depart after promising never to return. If there must be a victim, however, he asked to be the only one; he also declared that he was no longer Emperor of Mexico, but merely Archduke of Austria, as he had signed an act of abdication a month previously, said act to take effect *as soon as he should be killed or captured.* Such naïveté deserves a stronger name.

He was allowed to name his own defenders, and seemed to really believe

* The fleet sailed from Vera Cruz, March 12, 1867.



Capture of Maximilian at Querétaro by Mexican Troops.—Page 684.

that there was a chance of acquittal; at any rate he was so thoroughly convinced that the case would be tried impartially and solely on its merits, that the men he chose to defend him all belonged to the republican party. The proceedings began on June 13th, the court sitting on the stage of the Iturbide theatre, the public being admitted to the boxes and seats as at any regular performance. On the 14th, at eleven at night, the verdict was rendered—*guilty*, and the sentence read—*death*.

Now that it was all over Maximilian prepared himself for the end with the calmness and dignity of a gentleman. Whatever may be said of his career as a ruler, his end was beyond criticism. While refusing * to attempt an escape where failure would involve ridicule and dishonor, he made every effort to obtain the acquittal of his fellow-prisoners, Mejia and Miramon. But in vain. The grim singleness of purpose that made Juarez great and admirable in adversity dragged him down to the level of contempt in this first moment of success; he lacked the nobler qualities of generosity, of mercy, nor did he understand

* Dr. Basch, in *Erinnerungen aus Mexico* seems to think that several attempts to escape were planned but discovered by the guards.



Wagons containing Maximilian and his Fellow-prisoners on the Way to the Place of Execution.

the higher revenge of forgiveness. Invoking one shallow, transparent pretext after another he refused to listen to the appeals for clemency made by the representatives of several civilized governments, and maintained the sentence. He had read only the Old Testament and not the New.

On the 19th, at half-past three in the morning, Maximilian woke from a quiet sleep and dressed with the help of his two servants. After receiving his father confessor and hearing mass with his fellow-prisoners, he took a slight breakfast, and being notified that all was ready, he bade his followers farewell, far less moved than they. Each prisoner entered a separate carriage, and the dismal procession, guarded by numerous troops, passed slowly through the silent streets to the Cerro de las Campañas, a hill near the town, and stopped at the place designated for the execution, not a hundred yards from the spot where Maximilian had been captured. Here the prisoners alighted, and a few minutes later they stood side by side, four thousand men around them. The Emperor spoke first in a clear, quiet voice and said :

"I die in a good cause, the cause of independence and freedom. May my blood end forever the woes of my adopted country. Friends. . . . *Viva Mejico!*" *

Miramon read a few lines, in which he protested against the accusation of treason, and maintained the right of the cause for which he was about to give his life. While he was speaking Mejia looked up at the pale, hard sky overhead and across the ragged cactus-

* There are several versions of Maximilian's last words ; this is the shortest.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

Execution of Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia.—Page 686.

bush so typical of his country. Above, in the oven-like dome, a buzzard, the eagle of Mexico, circled slowly round and round, and he followed it with his eyes until it alighted on a *tuna* far away. Beyond, the Sierra, purple and blue and white, weighed heavily on the horizon; unconsciously he lowered the crucifix which he was holding before him and, suddenly, the word was given. A single volley burst over the plateau, and on the dissolving smoke the ghost of the Empire floated away into the Past.

It was not until six months later that the Austrian Government obtained the body of Maximilian, and the Novara steamed solemnly away toward the Adriatic (December 26, 1867). A little more than three years before the same frigate had brought the young imperial couple as a royal gift to Mexico from an older civilization; and Mexico had flung them back, the one demented, the other dead.

So ended one of Napoleon's day-dreams.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.*

PAINTED BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.



"God's Gift College," as it was humbly called by its human founder, Edward Alleyn, lord of the manor of Dulwich, may be known to some American readers as Dulwich College, and a few may even have visited the gallery of pictures there which contains some valuable works by the old masters. Alleyn was a famous and successful actor, a contemporary of Shakespeare, who, like Shakespeare himself, was prudent, saved money, and bought land, which, being in the near neighborhood of London has by this time come to be worth £1,500,000. Notwithstanding his career as an actor, Alleyn seems to have been recognized in his lifetime by the most "respectable" classes, for the Dean of St. Paul's gave him his daughter's hand in marriage. No one can question the excellence of his educational and charitable intentions concerning the future usefulness of "God's Gift College," but they were thwarted in great measure by the indolence or negligence of the corporation that had charge of the endowment. As

* See Frontispiece.

this endowment increased in importance, being now worth £17,000 a year, it attracted the attention of Parliament, which, by an Act passed in 1858, entirely reformed the foundation. Dulwich College is at the present time housed in extensive and magnificent buildings, and is one of the most efficient educational institutions in the world. Its efficiency is not limited, like that of certain more famous public schools, to the ancient languages and mathematics, but extends to "drawing and designing, civil engineering, physics, chemistry, and other branches of science."

It is to this thoroughness and reality in the Dulwich system of teaching what used to be considered idle accomplishments that Mr. Stanhope Forbes owed his effectual initiation into practical art. He was a Dulwich boy, and learned drawing there under Mr. John Sparkes, whose teaching he looks back upon even now with gratitude for its soundness. Instead of being set to copy more or less showy sketches in water-colors he was seriously trained in drawing from casts and models. Mr. Sparkes perceived, too, that his pupil had a natural talent for the graphic arts, and persuaded young Forbes's father (at that time manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland) to let his son become a painter. On leaving Dulwich he went for a short time to the Lambeth School of Art, and thence to the schools of the Royal Academy in 1876.

The combination of a good elementary art school with a picture gallery is one that is rarely found in establishments for general education, and though I am not able to trace Mr. Forbes's present style of work to the particular influence of any old master represented in the collection at Dulwich, it seems probable that the mere presence or close neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pictures by famous masters must have exercised its own magnetism on an artistic temperament. Besides this, Dulwich is within six miles of the National Gallery.

Mr. Forbes worked for several years as an Academy student, after which he felt a desire to go to Paris and see what was to be learned there. He became a pupil of Bonnat at Clichy, but at that time there was a novel interest among the students of the figure, they were actually beginning to think of representing human beings as they appeared in the open air, and for this the young painter, Bastien-Lepage, was a more daring leader than Bonnat, who indeed kept chiefly, if not exclusively, to indoor effects. This sudden discovery among the figure-students of a world outside the four walls of the *atelier* is one of those curious but by no means unfamiliar cases in the history of the fine arts when one class or clique of artists, having long closed its eyes to what is perfectly familiar to another, ventures at last into the other's territory in a spirit of venturesome enterprise, and in the unaffected conviction that because the region is new to itself it has never been explored by any one. I need only observe that the *plein air*, in which these daring Parisian art students felt at first like caged birds set at liberty, has always been to the landscape-painter what the sea-wind is to the albatross or salt-water to the whale. The only essential difference is that the figure is treated as a foreground object, so that the figure-painter escapes from those enormous difficulties of transient effect which tax the memory of the landscape-painter so severely, and by baffling all his powers of imitation compel him to have recourse to something like a language of signs that cannot be universally intelligible. So far as out-door effect is concerned, the task of the figure-painter is much simpler, though it still offers difficulties not met with in a portrait taken in a room. Mr. Forbes says: "I was wild to attack this great problem of the open-air effect myself," so he started for Brittany, and arrived by chance at the quaint little village of Cancale, near St. Malo. There he chose a picturesque little street, set up his easel out-of-doors, and conscientiously painted from nature a picture full of figures, all from local models, who had posed for the young artist during the progress of his work. This picture was bought by the Corporation of Liverpool, and Mr. Forbes observes that he owes a lasting debt of grati-

tude to the members of the Art Committee for this encouragement, which enabled him to work on in the same direction. He therefore went on with his out-door work so long as it was possible to paint in the open air, and returned to the *atelier* only in the winter. Mr. Forbes still kept on friendly terms with Bonnat, who, however, shook his head at these *plein-air* tendencies and rather disapproved of the new direction his pupil was taking, though he remained kind and encouraging on the whole. Mr. Forbes spent the next two summers at Quimperlé, near the little village of Pont Aven, a place at that time much haunted by painters, who often walked over to Quimperlé, so that young Mr. Forbes made many artistic acquaintances in this way. One artist then working at Pont Aven he did not happen to meet until some years afterward; this was Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, whom he afterward married, so they had been working in Brittany within a mile or two of each other and in entire unconsciousness of their future destiny. Mr. Forbes liked Brittany so well that he might have worked on there indefinitely had not the difficulty of selling Breton subjects induced him to seek his materials elsewhere. He went to Cornwall in 1884, with the intention of spending a few weeks, and little dreaming that he would ever settle there. The reader is no doubt aware that artists have a curious way of discovering places that are already marked upon the map and perfectly well-known to the local historian or gazetteer. First one artist goes there in an exploring mood, and makes sketches or a picture which he exhibits. This attracts others to the place, and a little artistic colony soon forms itself which may survive even the death of its original members, as they are succeeded by younger men. Barbizon, St. Écouen, Pont Aven, and latterly Vernon, have been discovered in this manner in France. The discovery of Bettws-y-Coed seems now very ancient history in Wales, that of the little Cornish village, Newlyn, is more recent. Still, when Mr. Forbes went there in 1884 he found Mr. Walter Langley, who had just made a sensation with his water-colors, already living there, and he also found a few men whom he had known in Brittany. Not much of their work, however, had found its way to the Academy, and when Mr. Forbes sent his "Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach," in 1885, it was probably the first large picture that had gone up from the village in March. The "Newlyn School," as it is called, has developed its productiveness so considerably since that year that crowds now come from all parts of Cornwall to see the works ready for the Academy, usually thirty or forty pictures, many of them large, and shown in the various studios and glass-houses that have been erected by artists in the village. The Great Western Railway Company has even added a special van to its famous express train, "The Flying Dutchman," for the accommodation of these works of art, which arrive thus honorably in the metropolis, unashamed of their remote provincial birth. "'The Fish Sale,'" says Mr. Forbes, "was painted under the uncomfortable conditions that my uncompromising conscientiousness insisted upon, and I shudder at the recollection of what I endured fighting with the east wind before a large canvas on the cold and sloppy beach between Newlyn and Penzance, but I was rewarded by a good position on the line."

At Newlyn Mr. Forbes met Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, whom he married in 1889, and they settled there, working together. He speaks enthusiastically of the wealth of material for artistic purposes to be found in this little Cornish region. "Not only the fishing-village itself and the life of the fisher-folk, but the country round Newlyn, the moorlands, the little valleys or coombes, the Cornish farms and the agricultural life of the county would occupy many painters." He does not consider such artistic colonies unfavorable to quality in production, but at the same time thinks it is good for a colony when a strange artist arrives with freshness in his methods and ideas.

"My own artistic tendencies," says Mr. Forbes, "have not greatly changed since I first set up my easel in a Breton village. Subject, from the literary point of view, has never greatly inter-

ested me, and I have been chiefly governed in my choice of motives by the fascination of some particular effect. The reflections on the wet sand in my "Fish Auction," the conflicting daylight and gaslight of the "Village Philharmonic," the glow of the forge in the dark smithy, these were my incentives to work. Happening to stroll into the village foundry about some odd job, I chanced upon just such a scene as I tried to render in "Forging the Anchor," and last year pottering about the harbor of an evening in a punt, I was struck with the beauty of the pier and lighthouse with its lamp just lit."

Mr. Forbes has given me some interesting results of his technical experience. Like most painters who in the earlier part of their careers have attempted to work entirely and exclusively from nature, he has found it practically impossible to adhere steadily to such a rule, and is now content to rely frequently on sketches and studies, only making these both numerous and full of materials. In this way he made careful studies in the smoke and grime of the foundry, and amid the din of the blacksmiths at their work. For "The Lighthouse" he painted oil sketches in an open boat. Besides making innumerable studies for all parts of his picture, Mr. Forbes now takes the wise precaution of preparing a cartoon for the whole work. Notwithstanding these practices Mr. Forbes still, to use his own expression, drags out his largest canvases to work from nature whenever it is at all possible. He has always abstained from the use of photographic apparatus.

"The Lighthouse" is that at Newlyn, and the little cottage just visible to the left of the pier was the painter's first residence there; but since those days he has found an interesting old farmhouse near the moorlands, once the residence of the Godolphins, and this he has renovated and made habitable. His picture for the Academy of 1894, has for its subject a team of horses dragging a huge block of granite along one of the lonely Cornish roads.

Mr. Forbes received a first class medal at Paris in 1889 for his "Village Philharmonic," he has also received a large gold medal at Berlin, and in 1893 a medal at Chicago for "Forging the Anchor." He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in January, 1892.

So far as I know Mr. Forbes's work, I should say that it is characterized by great veracity, both as to character, material objects, and effect, without any obtrusiveness of detail, and without the slightest trace of those preposterous affectations that mark the modern decadence.



THE DOG.

By N. S. Shaler.

Illustrations by Ch. Herrmann Léon.

It is an interesting fact that the first creature which man won to domesticity was made captive and friend for the sake of companionship rather than for any grosser profit. The dog was, the world over, the first living possession of man beyond the limits of his own kindred. He has been so long separated from the primitive species whence he sprang that we cannot trace with any certainty his kinship with the creatures of the wilderness. Like his master he has become so artificialized that it is hard to conjecture what his original state may have been.

Naturalists are much divided in opinion in all that relates to the origin of our ancient and common domesticated animals, and this for the reason that the longer a creature has been subjected to the change-bringing conditions of our fields and households, the further it has departed from the parent stock. This difficulty is naturally the greatest in the case of the dogs, for the reason that they have been longer and more completely under the control of man than any other of the lower animals. Some students of the problem have inclined to the opinion that the dog is a descendant of the wolf: the whelps of this species, it is supposed, were captured by primitive men and brought under domestication. The difficulty of this view is that even with the high measure of care which the conditions of civilization permit us to devote to the effort, it has been found impossible to educate captive wolves to the point where they show any affection for their masters, or are in the least degree useful in the arts of the household or the occupations of the chase. They are in fact indomitably fierce and utterly self-regarding. It seems unreasonable to believe that any savage would have found either pleasure or profit from an effort to tame any of the known species of wolves. Moreover, the fact that dogs show little or no tendency to revert to the form and habits of their brutal kindred, or to interbreed with them, is clearly against the supposition that there is any close relation between the creatures.

Yet other speculative inquirers have sought the origin of the dog through the admixture of the blood of several different species, the wolf and the jackal being perhaps the principal or the only components of the hybrid stock. Here too the evidence of nature is against the supposition. No one has ever succeeded in hybridizing the wolf and the jackal, nor do our dogs show any more tendency to revert to the jackal than to the wolf. They meet their tropical relative with as much animosity as is proper, or at least customary, in the intercourse of allied yet distinct species. In fact, all the indices by which we are able to carry back the history of other domesticated animals to their primitive or even extinct ancestry, fail in the case of the dog. When the stock is allowed to go as nearly wild as they can be induced to become, we do not find that they thereby approach to any known wild form. It therefore seems reasonable to betake ourselves to another basis for the natural history of the dog which has not yet been made a matter of much inquiry, but which promises to afford us more substantial truth than the conjectures which we have just considered.

We should, in the first place, note the fact that the ancestors of our more important domesticated animals, those which have been longest in subjugation, have commonly disappeared from the wild state—the species, except for the cultivated forms, having gone into the irrecoverable past. This is the case with the wild kindred of our bulls, horses, sheep, and camels, there probably being none of the original wild species of these groups now living, except those



Dutch Dogs Used in Harness.

which have been more or less completely subjugated by man and then have returned to the wilderness. The fact is that with any large mammal, the domestication of the species tends to bring about the destruction of the remaining wild forms. If we go back in fancy to the time when the dog was taken in from the wilderness, we readily perceive how certainly the subjugated individuals would have mingled with their wild kindred, so that either the wild would have become tame or *vice versa*. The same incompatibility which exists between slavery and freedom in our own species in any given territory may be said to hold in the case of captive animals. It is particularly on this account that I am disposed to think that our races of dogs have been derived from one or more original species of truly canine ancestors, the wild forms of which have long since disappeared from the earth.

Although there are no species of wild dogs now in existence to which we can refer the origin of our household friends, there are several known to us only in their fossil state from which they may possibly—indeed, we may say probably—have been derived. These creatures are, of course, represented only by their skeletons, and even these remains have only been found in an imperfect state of preservation. It is evident, however, that these extinct species, or at least certain of them, lived down to the time when man had come upon the earth, and was beginning to speculate on his surroundings for such company and help as he might win therefrom. It is clearly a reasonable supposition that some of these primitive canine species may have been far more domesticable than the existing kindred of the dog—the wolves, foxes, jackals, or hyaenas—differing from their fiercer kindred much as the zebras do from the wild asses, the one form being utterly undomesticable, and the other lending its back almost willingly to the burdens which man chooses to impose. It seems likely that this primitive species—perhaps more than one—whence the dog sprang was not a very vigorous or widespread form, else, as before remarked, a savage would have found it impossible to keep his half-tamed creatures from rejoining their wild kinsmen. Thus, if a man should in this day succeed in taming wolves, in a region where they were plenty, to the point where they began to abide his presence or even to have



Collie.

some slight affection for him, the call of nature would be sure to lead them back to reunion with their kind.

It seems pretty certain that the first steps in the domestication of the dog must be attributed not to any distinct purpose of acquiring a useful animal, but to that vague instinct which leads children to make captives of any wild animal with which they come in contact. The fancy for pets is not only common to all mankind, civilized and savage alike, but is clearly exhibited in many of the mammals below the level of man. Almost everyone has observed cases where dogs, cats, and horses have become attached to some creature of an alien species with which they have been by chance thrown in contact. The higher the grade of the intelligence, the more sympathetic with other life the animal is likely to become. Thus the elephants, whose natural endowments in the way of intelligence are perhaps superior to those of any other wild creatures, are, when brought into captivity, curiously prone to form attachments to human beings. Savages appear to make but little use of their dogs in hunting. In fact, those peculiar combinations of instinct and training which we find in our hounds, pointers, setters, and other dogs which have been bred to serve the purposes of sportsmen, have been acquired but slowly, and are of no value except where the search for game is carried on under what we may term civilized conditions. The dog of the savage is in all countries much like his master —a creature with few arts and unaccustomed to subdue his rude native impulses to the attainment of any refined ends.

It seems most likely that for ages the principal use of the dogs which dwelt about the camps of the primitive people was found in the reserve food supply which they afforded their thriftless masters. When the hunting was successful the poor brutes had a chance to wax fat, and even in times of scarcity they managed to pick up enough food to keep them alive. When their masters were brought to a state of famine they were doubtless accustomed, as are many savages at the present time, to eat a portion of their pack. In the early conditions of humanity there was no other beast which could be made to serve so well this simple need in the way of provender. The dog is in fact the only animal ever domesticated which can be trusted through his own affections alone to abide with his master in the endless



DRAWN BY CH. HERRMANN LÉON.

ENGRAVED BY SCHUSSLER

Sheep-Dogs Guarding a Flock at Night.



Bull-Dog.

changes of camp and the rapid movements of flight and chase which characterized men before their housed state began. In a certain curious way the use of dogs for food has served greatly to advance the development of these captives. When the savage was driven to feed upon his dogs he was naturally more willing to sacrifice the least intelligent and affectionate of them, delaying to the point of extremity the time when he would kill those which had endeared themselves to him. In this way for ages a careful though unintended process of selection was applied to these creatures, and to it we may fairly attribute, as many considerate naturalists have done, a large part of the intellectual—indeed, we may say moral—elevation to which they have attained.

When the place of the dog as the first and most intimate companion of man was affirmed in the rude way above described—when the savagery to which he was at first made free gradually enlarged to civilization, a number of special uses were found for the peculiar capacities of the creature. These varied in different parts of the world, according to the peculiarities in the conditions of the masters. In high latitudes, where the ground is snow-covered during the winter season, dogs were used, as they are to this day, in dragging sleds. They were, indeed, perhaps the first animals which were harnessed to vehicles. When they were brought to serve this definite end, we may well believe that the stronger and more enduring individuals were spared in times of dearth for the reason that they were almost indispensable to their masters, and even the little forethought which we find among primitive peoples would lead to their preservation. Here again, doubtless, came in the process of unintended selection which has made the Esquimau sled-dog one of the most remarkable varieties of his kind.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early variations induced among dogs is that which has arisen from the pastoral habit. We do not know when this custom of keeping sheep in large flocks was first instituted, but it is evidently of exceeding antiquity, probably far older than the pyramids of Egypt. The custom could hardly have been instituted without help of the shepherd's mate, the sheep-dog. Although the creatures of this breed are probably in form very near to the original wild species whence our canines came, the variety has as regards its instincts been, by a process of education and selection, led very far away from the original stock.

The wild forefathers of this species were clearly natural born sheep-slayers,

and the motive abides to this day in all the breeds which have the strength to assail our unresisting flocks. The spirit is so ingrained that even the most civilized of our house-dogs, which may for generations never have tasted blood and which show no disposition to attack the other creatures of the barnyard, cannot be trusted alone with sheep. When two or more of them are together the old instincts of the wild pack return, and they will slay with insensate brutality until they are fairly exhausted with their fury. Their behavior on such occasions reminds one of the actions of their masters when possessed with the blind rage of a mob. Yet in the shepherd-dog we find this ancestral motive, once a large part of the life of the creature, so overcome by education and selection that they will not only care for a flock with all the devotion which self-interest can lead the master to give to the task, but they will cheerfully undergo almost any measure of privation in order to protect their charges from harm. The annals of shepherd districts, especially those where winter snows fall deeply, as in Scotland, abound in anecdotes of a well-attested nature which show how profoundly the dogs which tend the flocks are imbued with the love of the animals committed to their care. This affection is more curious for the reason that it is never in any measure returned by the sheep. To them the custodian is ever a dreaded overseer. He seems to bring to them nothing but the memories of danger derived from the experience which their species acquired in far away times.

It is very interesting to note the behavior of a young shepherd-dog when he is first brought in contact with a flock. It is easy to see that he has an amazingly keen interest in the sheep. He regards them with an attention which he gives to no other living things, except perhaps his master. Out of a litter of well-bred pups belonging to this variety, the greater part will at once assume a curatorial attitude toward a flock. They will show a disposition to keep them together, and will only seize on an individual in case he under-



Greyhound after "the Kill."



Pointer and Setter, Flushing Game.

takes to break away. They will generally use no more force than is necessary to reduce the recalcitrants to order. They arrest him by catching hold of the leg or fleece, and rarely seize hold of the throat, which other dogs, led by their inherited instincts, are apt at once to assail. Very rarely does a shepherd-dog of good ancestry, even at the outset of his career, attack a sheep in a way which shows that the ancient proclivities have been revived in his spirit. Even then a little remonstrance, or at most a slight castigation, is pretty sure to turn him from his evil ways. If we could measure in some visible manner the psychic peculiarities of animals we would be led to regard this great change in the instincts of the dog, which has been brought about by his use in herding, as perhaps the most momentous transformation which man has ever accomplished in any creature, including himself; for none of our own inherited savage traits are so completely sublated at the time of our birth as is this old and sometime dominant slaying motive in the shepherd-dog.

With the advancing differentiation of human occupations and amusements, our breeds of dogs have, by more or less deliberate selection, been developed until by form and instincts they fit a great variety of purposes. Some of these pertain to industrial work, but the greater portion are related to the sports or fancies of men. The turnspit was bred for its short legs and small, compact body, and was serviceable in those treadmills of the hearth which have long since passed out of use, but which were for centuries features in our kitchens.

The massive type of bull-dogs, characterized by heavy frames and an indomitable will, appears to have been brought about by a process of selection having for its unconscious end the development of a breed which should render the herdsman of horned cattle something like the assistance which the shepherd-dog gave to those who had charge of flocks. In the more primitive state of our bulls and cows the creatures were much wilder than at present, and were generally kept, not in enclosed pastures, but on unfenced ranges. In these conditions the care taken needed the help which the ancestors of our modern bull-dog afforded. The tasks which the animal was called on to perform were of a ruder nature than those which were allotted to the shepherd-



Pointer Retrieving a Fallen Bird.

dog. Their business was to conquer the unruly beast. They were taught to seize the muzzle, and by the pain they thus inflicted they could subdue even the fiercer small bulls of the ancient type of form. From this original use the cattle-dogs were turned to the brutal sport of bull-baiting, a rude diversion which was indulged in by our ancestors for centuries, and has only disappeared in our less cruel modern days. Bred for the bull-ring, these dogs acquired the formidable strength and ferocity under excitement which made their name a terror and their qualities a satirical embodiment of the ruder traits which characterized the British folk.

The training which instituted the breed of bull-dogs was evidently much less continuous and effective than that which developed the shepherding variety. The use for the creature in the care of herds has passed away. In the older parts of the world cattle are kept only in enclosures, and where, as on our frontier, they still range over unbounded fields they are guarded by horsemen who do not need the assistance of dogs to control the movements of the herds. No longer serviceable either in economies or sports, the breed of true bull-dogs is rapidly disappearing. As we may often observe in other fields of development, the peculiarities of this breed are now under the control of fancy, and the blood is being led far away from its old characteristics. The bull-terrier and other varieties, which retain something of the form and of the solemn demeanor which characterized their ancestors, but which are too small to assail horned cattle, mark the vanishing stages of this great stock, which will soon only be known in memory. The history of this peculiar herd-dog shows us how marvellously pliant the body and mind of this species has become under the conditions of civilization. The rude processes of unconscious selection, acting without steadfastness of purpose or rationally developed skill, serves to sway the qualities of the animal this way or that to meet the ever-changing requirements of use or fancy. A similar selection in the case of our horned cattle has within a few centuries converted the cows into mild-mannered and sedentary milk-making machines,

and has deprived the bulls of the greater part of their ancient savage humor. Owing to this change in the quality of their associates in captivity the dogs have also been led into great variations. The same type of interaction may be traced again and again in the isolated part of the world enclosed within our fences, as well as in the free realm of the wildernesses. All the individuals in the great host of life affect each other as do the soldiers of a well-organized army in the movements of a battle.

The shepherd-dog, the turnspit, and the bull-dog are the three remarkable variations of the canine blood which were brought about by a process of training and selection unconsciously directed to the institution of breeds suited to special economic ends. The other varieties of dogs have been shaped more distinctly for purposes of amusement or for the indulgence of mere fancy. The several varieties of hounds, harriers, beagles, pointers, setters, terriers, etc., have been designed to meet a dozen or more variations in the conditions of the chase. The marvellously complete way in which special peculiarities have been developed in mind and body makes this field of domestic culture the most fascinating subject of inquiry to the naturalist. The ordinary fox-hound has had his inheritances determined so as to fit him for pursuing a small animal which can rarely be kept in view during its flight, and which can only be followed by the odor it leaves in its trail, so these creatures run almost altogether under the guidance of their sense of smell. The stag-hound, on the other hand, pursues a relatively large animal which cannot well be followed by the nose, at least with any speed; they therefore trust almost altogether to vision in their chase. The packs which hunt otters have developed the swimming habit and an array of instincts which fit them especially for this peculiar sport. If space allowed we could note at least a dozen divisions of the group of hounds or chasing dogs, each of which has developed a peculiar assemblage of qualities, more or less precisely adapted to some particular game.

Perhaps the most special adaptation which man has brought about in his domesticated animals is found in our pointers and setters. In these groups the dogs have been taught, in somewhat diverse ways, to indicate the presence of birds to the gunner. Although the modes of action of these two breeds are closely related, they are sufficiently distinct to meet certain differences of circumstances. The peculiarities of their actions, it should be noted, are altogether related to the qualities of our fowling-pieces. These have been in use, at least in the form where shot took the place of the single ball, for less than two centuries, and the peculiar training of our pointers and setters has been brought about in even less time. It seems likely, indeed, that it is the result of about a hundred and fifty years of teaching, combined with the selection which so effectively works upon all our domesticated creatures. It thus appears that this peculiar impress upon the habits of the dog is the result of somewhere near thirty generations of culture.

Although, as Mr. Darwin has suggested, the pointing or setting habit probably rests upon an original custom of pausing for a moment before leaping upon their prey, which was possibly characteristic of the wild dog, it seems to me unlikely that this is the case, for we do not find this habit of creeping on the prey among our more primitive forms of dogs nor the wild allied species as a marked feature. All the canine animals trust rather to furious chase than to the cautious form of assault by stealthy approach and a final spring upon their prey, as is the habit with the cat tribe. Granting this somewhat doubtful claim that the induced habits of these dogs which have been specially adapted to the fowling-piece rests upon an original and native instinct, the amount of specialization which has been attained in thirty generations of care remains a very surprising feature and affords one of the most instructive lessons as to the possibilities of animal culture.

It is an interesting fact that the variation of a spontaneous sort which is now taking place in our pointers and setters is considerable. It is, perhaps, more distinctly indicated here than in any other of the breeds which are characterized by peculiar qualities of mind.



DRAWN BY CH. HERRMANN LÉON.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Hounds Running a Wild Boar.

(Snowing the habit of attacking neck of prey.)

All those familiar with the behavior of these strains of hunters have observed the high measure of individuality which characterizes them. I have recently been informed by a friend, who is a hunter and a very observing naturalist, of one of these variations in the pointer's instinct which may, by careful selection, possibly lead to a very useful change in the habits of the animal. Hunting the Virginia partridge in the tall grass on the sea-coast of Georgia, his dog found by experience that his master could not discern him when he was pointing birds, and that a yelp of impatience would put up the covey before the gun was ready for them. The sagacious dog has therefore adopted the habit of backing away from the point where he first fixed himself, so that he could, by barking, denote the presence of the birds without giving them alarm. Although in this first instance the action is purely rational, and is indeed good evidence of singular discernment and contriving skill, it seems likely that by careful breeding it may be brought into the realm of pure instinct or inherited habit.

The great variation in habits which is taking place in those varieties of dogs which are immediately under the master's eye during all the process of the chase is easily explained by the fact that these creatures are in a position to be immediately and constantly influenced during their most active and therefore teachable state of mind by the will of man. A pack of fox-hounds is to a great extent out of hand while engaged in the pursuit of their prey, but a pointer or setter, even when under extreme excitement, is almost completely mastered by the superior will. When we observe the extent to which human intelligence is affecting the qualities of our hunters, it is not surprising to note that in almost every district where there are peculiar kinds of game, varieties of the dog are developing which are especially adapted to its pursuit. Thus in America, where the raccoon abounds, a peculiar variety of hunting dog is in process of development which has a singular assemblage of qualities which fit it for this peculiar form of the chase. Although as yet "coon dogs" have not been cultivated for a sufficient time to acquire distinct physical characteristics, their habits exhibit a larger range of specialization than those of any other breed of sporting dogs.

In those parts of the Americas where peccaries are hunted, the dogs used in



Foxhound and Pups.



Spaniel Retrieving Wild Duck.

their pursuit have learned to beware of assaulting the pack which they have brought to bay, and instead of indulging in the instinct which leads them into that way of danger and of certain death, they circle round the assemblage, compelling them to show front on every side, and so to remain stationary until the hunters come up. Perhaps a score of similar specializations in the modes of action of our dogs which are employed in the chase could be recited, but as they all lead us to one conclusion, which is to the effect that these creatures are, as far as their mental powers are concerned, like clay in the hands of the potter, we may pass them by for some considerations which appear to have escaped the attention of writers who have discussed the problems of canine intelligence.

So long as our dogs were employed in the labor or the organized recreations of man, the tendency of the association with the superior being was in a high measure educative. They were constantly submitted to a more or less critical but always effective selection which tended ever to develop a higher grade of intelligence. With the advance in the organization of society the dog is ever losing something of his utility, even in the way of sport. He is fast becoming a mere idle favorite, prized for unimportant peculiarities of form. The effort in the main is not now to make creatures which can help in the employments of man, but to breed for show alone, demanding no more intelligence than is necessary to make the creature a well-behaved denizen of a house. The result is the institution of a wonderful variety in the size, shape, and special peculiarities of different breeds with what appears to me to be a concomitant loss in their intelligence. We often hear it remarked by those who are familiar with dogs, that the ordinary mongrels are more intelligent and more susceptible of high training than the carefully inbred varieties, which are more highly prized because they conform to some thoroughly artificial standard of form or coloring. This is what we should expect from all we know concerning the principles of breeding. Where for generations the dog-fancier has selected for reproduction with reference to the trifling and often injurious features of shape he seeks to attain he naturally and almost necessarily neglects to choose the creatures in regard to

their mental peculiarities. The result is that the breed tends to fall back in



King Charles Spaniel.

these regards to below the level of the ordinary cur, who makes his place in the affections of his owner because he has attractive or useful qualities of mind. It appears to me, in a word, that our treatment of this noble animal, where he is bred for ornament, is, in effect, degrading.

Although the formation of our fancy breeds does not serve to advance the development of those intellectual features which are the most interesting parts of our dogs, the experiments have served to show the amazing physical plasticity of this species under the conditions of long domestication. The range in size between a tiny spaniel, such as those which are bred in Chihuahua, in northern Mexico, and the great Danes or mastiffs of northern Europe, is perhaps the greatest which has ever been attained in the case of any mammal. In some cases the larger individuals belonging to the mastiff breed probably weigh near thirty times as much as their smaller kinsmen. Great as are these variations, they are only in form and bulk. They involve none of those curious changes in the number of bones of the skeleton which we may trace among the domesticated pigeons. We therefore turn from these results of breeders' fancy to consider certain of the mental qualities of dogs which have not come in our way in our review of the history of its relations to man.

First of all, we may note the fact that the friendly relations which dogs have become accustomed to form with men vary exceedingly in their range and activity. Perhaps in no other regard does the dog exhibit such distinctly human characteristics as in the way in which he meets the individuals of the mastering species. The gamut of their social relations with men is almost exactly parallel with our own. With from one to a dozen persons a dog may maintain relations of almost equally complete sympathy and mutual understanding. He may be on terms of acquaintanceship in varied degrees of familiarity with a few score others with whom he comes in frequent contact. Toward the rest of mankind he maintains an attitude of more or less complete distrust, which with experience may attain the indifference which men commonly show toward perfect strangers. If we observe a dog going along a much-frequented street, we



Pommeranian or "Spitz."

may note that his relations to the people are substantially those which the



Poodles.

folk have to each other. He shows as they do a certain consideration for the individuals he encounters, gives them their due place, and yet holds to his own. It is particularly noticeable that he avoids all contact with the other passers; in fact, a dog has to be much beside himself with rage or fear or insane from disease before he will break those bounds of personality which civilization has set up to guide the conduct of life.

The social culture of dogs appears to have gone to the point where they recognize the meaning of an introduction—at least as far as the sympathetic relations of that understanding are concerned. Almost any well-bred dog will submit to be presented by his master, or even by persons whom he knows but is not accustomed to obey, to a stranger to whom he has already exhibited some dislike. During the introduction he will submit to those formal exchanges of courtesy which he is accustomed to recognize as the indices of friendship. The impression of this understanding seems to be so permanent that on subsequent meetings the dog, though he may maintain his original dislike of the man who has been forced upon his acquaintance, will continue to treat him with a certain consideration, though it is often easy to see that it is a difficult matter for him to conform to the requirements of society. When we compare the conduct of dogs in these regards with the behavior of other animals, even highly domesticated forms, we perceive how marvellously successful has been man's unconscious effort to mould this creature on his own nature.

Another extremely human characteristic of our canine friends is shown in their susceptibility to ridicule. Faint traces of this quality are to be found in monkeys and perhaps even in the more intelligent horses, but nowhere else save in man, and hardly there, except in the more sensitive natures, do we find contempt, expressed in laughter of the kind which conveys that emotion, so keenly and painfully appreciated. With those dogs which are endowed with a large human quality, such as our various breeds of hounds, it is possible by laughing in their faces not only to quell their rage, but to drive them to a distance. They seem in a way to be put to shame and at the same time hopelessly puzzled as to the nature of their predicament. In this connection we may note the very human feature that after you have cowed a dog by insistent laughter you can never hope to make friends with him. A case of this kind is fresh in my experience. A year or two ago I was imprudent enough to laugh at a very intelligent dog in my neighborhood, he

having unreasonably assailed me at my house-door, where he had been left for a long time to wait while his owner was within and had thereby been brought into an unhappy state of mind. Sympathizing with his situation I preferred to laugh him out of his humor rather than to beat him with my stick. I regret I did not take the other alternative, for I made the poor brute my implacable enemy by my pretence of contempt for him. I am inclined to think that if I had beaten him the matter could have been arranged afterward in a friendly way.

Another very remarkable and I believe hitherto unnoticed relation between the mind of dogs and that of man is found in the fact that these dumb beasts, unlike all other inferior animals, except, perhaps, some of the more intelligent species of monkeys, will learn lessons from isolated experiences. In this regard they are indeed quite as apt as the lower kinds of men. Thus a dog who has had an unsavory or painful experience with a skunk or a porcupine is apt to keep away from these creatures for a long time thereafter. Where, as is not infrequently the case, a cur takes to eating eggs, a single dose of tartar emetic concealed in an egg which is placed where he can readily find it, is apt to effect an immediate and complete reform. This ready learning from experience is almost the gist of our human quality—at least on the intellectual side of it.

Perhaps the greatest success to which man has attained in his education of the dog is to be found in the measure in which he has overcome the fierce rage which clearly characterized the ancestors of this creature when they first felt the mastering hand. The reader cannot understand the intensity of the rage motive in the carnivora unless he has studied some of these brutes in their wild state, where from the time in the remote ages when they first began to take on the qualities of their species they have survived and won success by the fury of their assault. In almost all our breeds of dogs this primal ferocity has been overlaid by the various motives of rationality, sympathy, and conventional demeanor, until one may live half a lifetime with well-bred dogs without a chance to see the demon which we have buried in their breasts as we have in our own beneath a host of civilizing influences. It is rare indeed in our day that a dog, unless insane, will bite a human being. The most of their assaults are pure bluster, mere pretence of fury, as is shown by the fact that if, carried away by their pretence, they are led to use their teeth, it is a mere sham assault, having no semblance of the effectiveness of true combat.

Something of the pristine fury of the primitive dogs may still be noted in a certain brutal variety of watch-dogs which are still to be found in parts of continental Europe. The best types of this nature which I have ever seen are to be found among the dogs which are kept to guard the quarries of Solenhofen, in Bavaria, whence come all the fine lithographic stones which are so extensively used in printing pictures. These quarries are scattered over several square miles of untilled country, and the separate pits are to be numbered by the score. As much valuable stone is necessarily left over night in the quarries their care is confided to packs of watch-dogs which are turned loose at night and appear as if by instinct to spend the hours of darkness in prowling over the territory. Such is their size and ferocity that it takes a sturdy beggar to face them. I remember inadvertently disturbing one of these brutes from sleep, in the strong cage where he was confined, and I have never beheld such a picture of blind fury as he exhibited. I had not come within twenty feet of him, and was merely moving past his place of confinement, yet he sprang to the grating and strove with his teeth to break his way through the bars. I thought the animal must be mad, but his keeper assured me that such was his ordinary state of mind and that the humor was common to all the breed; even the masters dwelt in fear of them. Ordinarily the only exhibitions of the innate ferocity of our dogs are to be seen in their combats with each other, when for a time the creature returns to its primitive state of mind. Even these occasional exhibitions of fury are not found among all breeds of dogs, and among

many individuals even of the combative strains of blood the motive of battle appears to have quite passed away.



The Pounce of a Terrier.

In antithesis to the old Ishmaelitic humor of our primitive dogs man has developed a singular sympathetic and kindly motive in these creatures. From the point of view of the dog's education we must not set too much store by his affection for his master. This kind of devotion of one being to another is displayed elsewhere in the animal kingdom, though it is more common among birds than among mammals. We find traces of it in the greater part of our domesticated creatures or in those which we have individually adopted from the wilderness. It is a part of the great sympathetic motive, which, originating far down in the series of animals, increases as they gain in the scale of being, until it reaches the highest level it has yet attained in spiritually minded men. The eminent peculiarity in the case of a dog is that the very centre of his life is formed of the affections, which are evidently the same as those which rule the days of the most cultivated men. To him these elements of friendliness are absolutely necessary to a comfortable existence. If by chance he becomes separated from his master and the other people with whom he is familiar, his bereavement is intense; but in most cases, at the end of a day or two, he is compelled to form new bonds, and he sets about the task in an exceedingly human way. I dwell in a town where dogs abound and where the frequent coming and going of the people puts many of the creatures astray. Perhaps as often as once a week, almost always late in the evening, one of these unhappy lost ones seeks to make friends with me. His advances toward this end always begin by his dogging my footsteps at a little distance. If I do not repulse him he will come nearer until he has made sure of my attention. A friendly word will bring him to my hand, but his behavior is never effusive, as it would be if he had found his rightful owner, but mildly propitiative and with a touch of sadness.



St. Bernard.

There is, it seems to me, no other feature in the life of the dog which tells so much as to his moral nature as his conduct under these unhappy circumstances.

In the long catalogue of human qualities which characterize our thoroughly domesticated dogs, we must not fail to take account of their sense of property. In this the creature differs from all other of our domesticated animals. It is a common characteristic of mammals, both in their wild and tame state, that they feel a motive of ownership in the food which they have captured or in the den which they have made their lair; but beyond these narrow personal limits we see no evidence of any sense of ownership in land or effects. We readily observe, however, that our household dogs not only know the chattels of their master and distinguish them from those of other people, but they also learn to recognize the bounds of their house lot or even of a considerable farm. When a dog, even of a militant quality, enters on territory which he does not feel to belong to him, he is at once a very different creature as compared to his condition when he is on his own land. He treads warily and will accept without dispute an order to take himself off. A perception of this sort indicates an extraordinary amount of sympathy and discernment. It requires us to assume that the creature has a good sense of topography and that he observes closely the various acts, none of them perhaps very indicative, which go to show the limits of his master's claims.

Although the mental qualities of our highly domesticated dogs are singularly like those of their masters, the likeness going to the point that the household pet is apt to have acquired something of the general character of the people with whom he dwells, there are many suggestive differences arising from failures of development which are in the highest measure interesting to those who study the species. We note, in the first place, that although for ages in contact with the constructive work which occupies his masters, the dog shows no tendency whatever to essay any undertakings of this nature. He is quite alive to considerations of personal comfort and is particularly fond of a warm bed, yet except for a few unverified stories we may say that there is no evidence whatever to show that they ever try to improve their conditions by deliberately providing themselves with warm bedding. In no well-attested case has a dog shown any sense as to the nature of any mechanical contrivance. They will learn which way a door

opens, and rarely if ever do they undiscerningly close it when it is slightly ajar when they wish to pass through the opening, but I have never been able to observe or obtain evidence to show that they would pull down a latch in the way in which a cat readily learns to do. Much as dogs have had to do with guns, they display no kind of interest in the arms except so far as they are tokens of sport to come. They connect the explosion with the capture of game, and will search for it in the direction toward which the barrel was pointed. I have not, however, been able to find that they know, as they might readily do, and as a crow would surely do, when the weapon was loaded and when empty. They show no interest in it, such as monkeys readily display toward any mechanical contrivance to which their attention has been directed. All these negative features indicate that the mechanical side of the canine mind is entirely undeveloped.

Although there is some evidence that the sense of number attains a measure of development in dogs, the ability to form mathematical conceptions of any kind appears to be very weak in these species. The fact that shepherd-dogs in a way keep an account of considerable flocks so that they will know when one is gone astray, can readily be explained on the supposition that they know their charges individually and not in sum. The absence of arithmetical capacity is, however, less important than the lack of mechanical sense, for the reason that such incapacity is also common in the lowest races of men. Although dogs, as before noted, quickly and clearly acquire a sense of property rights in all which pertains to their owner's holdings, they appear never to extend their sense of their own personal possessions beyond the original limit to which they had attained when the species was domesticated. The creature feels a sense of personal property in his food and in his sleeping-place, but appears not to extend his conception of individual rights beyond these primitively established limits.

All our well-bred household dogs quickly learn certain bodily habits which are necessary to make them acceptable members of a household. These habits are not well affirmed by inherited instinct, but the ease with which the instruction is acquired shows that they have become prone to submit to such regulations. Culture on this line rests upon a primal instinct originating we know not how, which leads a number of wild animals to conceal their excrement. On the other hand, these creatures exhibit no sense of modesty, though that in a more or less complete measure is characteristic of all human tribes whatsoever.

The most curious imitation which we find in dogs is as to the measure of expression to which they have attained. No one who has well considered the facts can doubt that our civilized varieties of this species have something like a hundred times as much which deserves utterance as their savage forefathers possessed. Yet the capacity for giving note to these thoughts or emotions has not gained anything like the proportion to the needs. It seems, however, that some gain in this direction has been made, and that much may be won hereafter in the way of further advance. Never having known the species whence our dogs came in its wild state, we are uncertain as to its modes of expression ; but observing the varieties of dogs which are kept by savages, it seems tolerably sure that the primitive canines used their voice only in howling or yelping ; that is, as a continuous sound akin to the bellowings or other cries of the various wild mammals. It is characteristic of all these primitive forms of utterance that they are, to a great extent, involuntary, and that when the outcry is begun it continues in a mechanical manner, with no trace of modulation arising from the conditions of the moment. In other words, these actions resemble in a way sneezing or hiccoughing in human kind ; actions which are stimulated by certain states of the body, but which are not at all under the control of the will. Howling or bellowing doubtless represents in a measure a state of mind as well as of body, but the action is of a general and uncontrolled kind.

The effect of advancing culture upon a dog has been gradually to decrease this

ancient undifferentiated mode of expression afforded by howling and yelping, and to replace it by the much more speech-like bark. There is some doubt whether the dogs possessed by savages have the power of uttering the sharp specialized note which is so characteristic of the civilized forms of their species. It is clear, however, that if they have the power of thus expressing themselves they use it but rarely. On the other hand, our high-bred dogs have to a great extent lost the power to express themselves in the ancient way. Many of our breeds appear to have become incapable of ululating. There is no doubt but this change in the mode of expression greatly increases the capacity of our dogs to set forth their states of mind. If we watch a high-bred dog, one with a wide range of sensibilities, which we may find in breeds which have long been closely associated with man, we may readily note five or six varieties of sound in the bark, each of which is clearly related to a certain state of mind. The bark of welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt, and of pure fun are almost always perfectly distinct to the educated ear, and this although the observer may not be acquainted with the creature; if he knows him well he may be able to distinguish various other intonations: those which express impatience and even an element of sorrow. This last note verges toward the howl.

It does not seem to me that we should regard the bark as a new and useful invention; there are, indeed, few such in the organic world; the sound appears to me to have been derived from the primitive habit of howling. If we hearken to this utterance we perceive that it is not an unbroken sound, but is somewhat intermittent. At either end of the prolonged sound we can often notice that it is divided into rather distinct yelps more or less completely separated from the other notes. The cries of a dog when beaten often exhibit the same peculiarity; so, too, the puppy, before he has attained skill in barking, will often prolong each utterance in a way which makes its relation to the ancient mode of expression tolerably clear. At the risk of being deemed fanciful, I venture to suggest that the bark is in effect a division of the howl into clearly separated notes, the change having come about as a similar alteration is effected in our own speech, by the increase in the intelligence which the creature is called upon to express. I conceive that while the primitive and massive emotions found satisfying utterance in the long-drawn notes, the more divided state of mind of the humanized successor has led to a change in its utterances. Although these modifications of speech, if such we may term them, have doubtless been developed on the basis of the dog's human relations, there is, it seems to me, good reason to believe that the diversities in note have come to have a distinct conventional value between the individuals of all the different breeds. Anyone who closely observes these animals must have noticed the fact that the degree of attention they give to the utterances of their kindred varies in a way which indicates that they have great varieties of denotations. Some of the shades of meaning which a dog's bark has to others of his species probably escape our less fine ears.

The creation of something like a language among our civilized dogs has naturally been accompanied by the development of an understanding of human speech. Although we cannot attach much importance to the mass of anecdote on this point, there is enough which is well attested, sufficient indeed which has come within the limits of my own observation, to make it clear that dogs, even without deliberate teaching, frequently acquire a tolerably clear understanding of a number of words and even of short phrases. They will catch these not only when given in distinct command, but when uttered in an ordinary tone without any sign that they relate to their affairs. It is true that these understood words generally relate to some action which the dog is accustomed to perform, yet there are instances so well attested that they deserve credit, which seem to show that the creatures can get some sense of the drift of conversation even when it is carried on by persons with whom they are not familiar and does not clearly relate to their own affairs.

It should be observed that within the

narrow limits of this essay little or no effort has been made to interpret the state of mind of dogs from the vast but rather untrustworthy mass of anecdote with which our books are filled. So large a part of this evidence is contaminated by prepossessions and a yet larger part is so unverified in any scientific sense, that for purposes of sound inquiry it is worthless. It therefore seems best to limit ourselves, as has been done in this paper, to those general actions of the creatures which are matters of common knowledge and safely beyond question. From these indices we are able to determine a basis for some important conclusions. These are in effect as follows, viz. : Our domestic dog is derived from a species, one or more, akin to the wolf, the jackal, and the fox ; to a group of animals not characterized by great native intelligence, but distinguished for their ferocity and their general untamableness. There is no reason to believe that the primitive dog had any more foundation for his great attainments than his obstinately savage kindred, except that he may have had a greater disposition to form an attachment to a master. We can hardly believe that he had any share of that marvellous sympathy with man and understanding of his motives which characterizes the high-bred varieties of his species. All this vast transformation, which from a psychological point of view has carried the dog relatively as far up above his origin as civilization has lifted man above his lowest estate, has been due to human intercourse and the long and effective concomitant selection of good from bad. It is hardly too much to say that a large part of our human nature has been transferred into the descendants of this ancient wild beast. The sense of property, a great part of human affections, many of the attributes which constitute the gentleman, have been passed over to his possession.

Vast as has been the work of man upon the dog—it deserves, indeed, to be ranked high among all the great accomplishments of his culture—there is reason to believe that if he but go forward with understanding in the ways which have hitherto led him blindly to his success, the final result may be very much more perfect than that which has been attained. It is on this account that I feel it fit to make a strong protest against the system our breeders pursue. Except in the case of dogs used in sport and for herding sheep, the sole effort appears to be to create breeds which shall exhibit peculiarities of form which are mere extravagances and move the real lover of this noble animal to indignation. In these preposterous and unseemly tasks no care is taken to continue the mental development on lines which have been established by long use. Still less is there any effort to essay the development of the intelligence in ways which are clearly open to us, and which afford possibilities of lifting this species to a yet nobler companionship with our own kind.



"A PORTION OF THE TEMPEST."

By Mary Tappan Wright.

Its passions will rock thee
  As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee
  Like the sun from a wintry sky.
—SHELLEY.

JACKSON had a studio at the seaside village where he spent his summers. It was a little woodshed, shaped like the houses that children draw on their slates, leaking in the roof and cracking in the floor. At the gable end was a small door; as it opened directly on the narrow footpath that led up the hill to his boarding-house Jackson usually kept it closed and locked, for curious people were likely to step in without warning. The door on the east was more secluded; it was very wide and opened outward, the sill being about three feet above the ground. In it Jackson had placed a canvas reclining-chair, where he often sat and smoked, watching the moon rise over the eastern hills. Directly in front of him the rough turf sloped away to the cove, a blue arm of the sea when the water rose, and when it fell streaked with green, showing the long glistening blades of grass that turned with every tide.

A little above the shore on the opposite bank Jackson could catch glimpses here and there of a dusty country road, where all day a line of gaudy red and yellow electric cars plied up and down with a tawdry state that irritated his nerves. At night, however, when the vindictive glare of a prisoned power gleamed intermittent through the trees he would rub his hands in cynical pleasure. "A type!" he would mutter. "A social type!" For Jackson hated his kind, or at least thought he did; in reality their lives were a perpetual drama to him, a series of absorbing plays that he enjoyed without scruple, surreptitiously, salving his conscience by never divulging the plots.

One evening in June he came down the hill, and, after slamming the little door behind him, opened the large one wide and threw himself on a lounge in the corner. He had left town unusually early, two or three weeks before, and until the coach arrived that afternoon, bringing fifteen new faces, he had possessed the boarding-house in almost more peace and solitude than were agreeable to him. He had scanned the new-comers at supper with feverish interest, and it was not until later on, when somebody asked him to make a fourth at whist, that he remembered the man he thought he was and flung off to his den in apparent desperation.

"Fifteen at one swoop!" he said. "Surely the greatest pleasure we derive from the society of our fellow-creatures is the joy of getting away from it! Let me see :—one very young married woman; she said she had a baby. One older married woman, with three little boys. One newspaper woman—I remember that old pirate; she used to carry off all my summer literature year before last, carry it off from under my very nose, and then sit on one-half of it while she read the other half. That makes six. Two little Marie Bashkirtseffs with their sketching-traps—eight. Two elderly women of distinction—I don't believe they'll like it here. The pretty deaf artist. The old whist fiend from Virginia with his grandson—they were here last year—thirteen. And, let me see, the snuffy person with a cold, and the girl with a history. She must have a history, she looks so healthy and quiet; the common run reduce themselves to skin and bone; they are too busy to suffer, and too nervous to be still. I wonder if there is going to be a storm."

He rose and went to the door for a moment, half-closing his eyes to get the effect of the drawbridge farther up the cove. Its brown wooden supports,

crusted thick with barnacles, were reflected without a break in the glassy surface of the water; a large wagon of fresh cut hay was crossing over the worn loose boards, and in the quiet evening the heavy roll of wheels, and the trampling thud of the horses' hoofs sounded like distant thunder. A storm, however, was brewing in the east. The clouds above the hills were stacked high in black ricks, one upon the other, touched here and there with bright reflections from the sunset. Occasional streaks of lightning shot along their edges, like a curving weapon, threatening a moment and then withdrawn. All at once Jackson retreated to his corner. He heard voices, and did not wish to be compelled to be civil to any passers-by.

"It is coming up all around," said a woman, and a man's voice answered:

"It will not be here for an hour."

They had stopped under a north window which Jackson had constructed high in the wall above the lounge. The window was open, but through the heavy curtain that had been drawn across it their voices came distinctly.

"We can sit on this wood-pile," said the woman. The next instant a crevice in the boards, opposite the place where Jackson was lying, was darkened. She was leaning against the outside of the house. The man seemed to have thrown himself at her feet.

"It is odd to find you here," she said. "I only came this evening myself."

"You do not find me. I followed you. I came across that bridge exactly twenty minutes ago." In the pause that followed, Jackson heard the click of a closing watch-lid.

"Why did you come?"

"You might know. I received that telegram this morning."

The loose board in the side of the shed suddenly creaked as if the woman had braced herself against it. "And you leave?" she asked.

"To-night. I sail from New York to-morrow."

"But you can't make it!" said the woman. "Not from here."

"Oh, yes, I can," answered the man. "I shall take the electric-car at half-past nine, and catch the ten-fifteen train."

"You are not leaving yourself time enough," said the woman. "What if you should miss your steamer?"

"It would make an astonishing amount of talk," said the man; "but I shall not miss it."

"I cannot see why you take such risks."

"Neither can I."

"It will do us no good."

"No, it will not. But still I thought I should like to say good-by."

"We have said good-by."

"Yes, I know; but this good-by, if it eventually turns out to be a good-by, will be final. Shall I go? What do you really wish?"

"I? What can I wish? And if I did wish anything, what chance is there of fulfilment? The beauty of my life consists in its fixity. Nothing can happen, nothing can change."

"Up to a certain point that is true," said the man. "But beyond that, your will alone can alter the face of everything."

"When I get 'beyond that,' I will tell you."

"Then it will be too late."

"It is too late now. It has been too late from the beginning."

"I could wish," said the man, "but for the joy it has been to me, that I had never entered into your life."

"Then be satisfied," she answered. "You never have entered into my life. In all essentials my life has been entirely apart from you. And of late, to speak quite plainly, there have been intervals where the thought of you, if it came at all, has scarcely even troubled me."

"There is more truth in what you say than you are aware."

"There may be. But I am aware of many truths which you do not suspect, and also of some fictions."

"But tell me," said the man, "shall I go? If I go, it is forever. I know myself, and I know you."

"Was that thunder?" said the woman, starting to her feet. A long roll sounded from across the cove, followed by the heavy drop, drop of the beginning of a shower. "We must go to the house," she added.

"If you do, I shall leave."

"You cannot leave. We must see each other!"

"That was my impression, but you did not seem to share it. Who came down with you?"

"Oh, she did! Of course she did, but it seems to me that for once we might disregard her."

"That is nonsense," said the man. "We must regard her, on your account if not on mine."

"As far as that goes there is no harm in my seeing you when and as I wish!" said the woman; "and as for her comments, if I come in drenched—out of a storm, and at night—for you see how dark it grows——Ah?"

There was another roll of thunder, and the drops came faster. Jackson was about to rise and close the door, when there was a rush from the outside. Two dim shapes appeared against the already driving rain, the man lifted the woman over the threshold into the canvas chair, and climbing in himself leaned against the opposite jamb of the door.

"We haven't any right to come in here," she whispered, nervously. "This studio belongs to Jackson the artist. He might be there now."

"We have no time to waste!" said the man, passionately. "We've got to see this thing through. We can't part without a clear understanding! Man or no man we must have a spot in which to talk."

The woman half rose. Jackson could see her in silhouette against the gray without. She looked like a nun; her head was turned inward, apprehensively; some loose projecting hood covered it. He could not make out her features.

"For God's sake," continued the man, "if there is anyone there don't find it out! You can't see him."

"It is too dark to see."

"Then be satisfied. Now don't go in! You may do any amount of damage. Ten chances to one there are half a dozen wet canvases all over the place. Besides, if you find him I shall have to shoot him."

Jackson, for whom no apologies are possible, grinned in his corner. "If they wish me to be quiet," he said to himself, "nothing is easier."

"How like you," the woman said with a half laugh, "to be desperate and practical in the same breath."

"The desperation is a matter of the moment, the practical the outcome of a life!"

"Oh, dear," said the woman, drearily, "how can you?"

She leaned forward and looked into the rain. The thunder rolled and muttered with sulky continuance, and the man stood watching her in silence. Jackson began to grow impatient; if they wanted to talk why didn't they?

"I suppose you saw Harry?" she said at last.

"Yes, he is dining with the Sullivants to-night."

"How odd! They must have asked him at the last moment."

"They did. I made him take my place; the Sullivants were glad enough."

"Who told you I was here?"

"He did."

"Did you tell him you were coming down?"

"No. You know I did not."

"Is May with the Sullivants?"

There was no answer.

"Harry says her boy is a prodigy. Does he look like May?"

Again there was no answer.

"How long is she going to stay east?" There was a pause. "Why do you not speak?"

"Because," said the man, deliberately, "I did not come here to talk about the Sullivants, nor about May, nor her prodigy. You do not seem to have grasped my meaning: I have received my appointment; I start to-night. Are you coming with me?"

There was a brilliant flash of lightning. The man leaned forward and quietly put his arm across the doorway.

"It was a question not ten minutes past as to whether you should yourself go at all. Now you ask me to come with you."

"It is the same question. Shall we throw in our lots together, or shall we —part?"

"We shall—part. You know that already."

"Yes. I know it. But I wanted to be assured. Besides, the right to decide finally is yours. You would be the only loser."

"You are not aware of it, perhaps," said the woman, "but your attitude in the matter is—well, unpleasing, to put it mildly."

"It might be, I admit, if you did not understand my meaning; but you understand me, perfectly."

"And yet," she said, with sudden fire, "you have been telling me for months that you did not want me. If I consented to come, even now, your embarrassment would be overwhelming. Why put me to the cost of refusing?"

"But it does not cost you. You refuse automatically. You have weighed and balanced and decided until the pros and cons array themselves against each other by instinct."

"And you? Have you not weighed and balanced also?"

"No, I have not. I have never doubted. This should have ended long ago; it must end now. I have felt it from the beginning, and whenever in all this wretched whirl I have had the strength to see clearly, I have acted upon my convictions. Do me that justice!"

"Oh, justice!" said the woman, wearily. "You have been justice itself, blindfold, cruel."

"I? Cruel to you?"

"Cruel? He asks if he has been cruel!"

"I could not be cruel."

"Ah, well then, call it kind! Whenever I went to meet you—where? Everywhere! Here, there, I have dragged myself to all the houses to which I was bidden, lest at one of them I should miss you. I have gone early. I have watched the door!—I!—And when you came, the whole room swam and blurred before me. In the midst of the talk and glare a silence would fall, for there would be you—only you—with all those terrible people standing about, and the jewels of the women glittering. It seems now as if I must have called to you: my thoughts were so clamorous and my words so faint—as if I must have cried 'Speak to me! Only speak to me. I have come for that. Turn but a moment aside, say but a word.'"

"When did I not speak to you?"

"You call that *you*, speaking to *me!* And the days that I have squandered in waiting for you! When I have not dared to live lest I should feel the unendurable time. When the sun crept through the sky. Oh, those angry suns, that went down grudgingly in the west! 'It is day yet,' I would think, 'wait for the night.' And the yellow afterglow would climb until it seemed as if the night would pass before the day was over. Far into the darkness I have waited, watching the gray shapeless figures passing slowly, down under the trees; listening, until the air tingled, and my nerves sang like the strings of a harp. I have even prayed: 'It is late,' I have pleaded, 'but not too late. Move his heart even now. I ask so little—only to see him a moment. If he will but come and look at me and then turn away—so that he looks kindly, I shall be satisfied. There is no harm in that, my God! And it will be so soon over. I have given up. He is going. I have done what is right—and the time grows short!'—But you *never* came!"

"You had told me not to come."

"There are times for heeding, and times for disregard. Oh, it was right! More than right—obligatory. Yes, there was no other way. I admire your self-control, although unfortunately, you may think I do not imitate it. You had your duties, just then most pressing duties—to lose your clear head at that crisis meant ruin. I understand—I came second, necessarily; but I have not often come second."

"You have not come second," said the man, firmly, "and you know you have not."

"Then, too, there was your theory! You were too happy in carrying it out to note its effects. You meant to break away gradually, so to withdraw that when you ceased to come, your absence might pass without comment. It was an excellent theory, and timely. You could not have put it in practice years ago—before we theorize, our hearts must cool."

"Good heavens! what a beautiful voice," said Jackson to himself. "What a heartbreaking voice! And the sob in it, and the disdain! I should know it among a thousand."

"I have had no theories," the man was saying, "but this I know: in that

long tempest of feeling I wore on your nerves. In a sense you were tired of me, tired to the depths of your soul. Not that you cared for me less, but the strain and stress were beyond human endurance. To find refuge from the thought of me, no matter how, was a rest; it was life. I was killing you; so I stayed away."

"Oh, yes! you were killing me," said the woman, indifferently.

It had grown darker. A wavering flare of lightning suddenly brought out a bed of nasturtiums in brilliant red and yellow and green at the foot of a rock not far from the doorway. Then everything was gray again, and a great boom of thunder pounded overhead.

"How dared you make me suffer like that?" said the woman out of the silence that followed. "One can love and forget, and if one is unfortunately young enough one may love again. In my affections you are not altogether an isolated case; but in the bitterness of my heart—you stand supreme!"

"Oh, this is miserable," cried the man, striking his closed fist against the doorway. "You hurt yourself as much as you hurt me. When you talk in that strain you are storing up wretchedness for the future. I am going. It is our last moment. Be kind!"

"Oh, go then!" cried the woman. "Go quickly! Never come back, never let me see or hear of you. You say that you wear on my nerves, that I am tired of you! You say that my decisions are made at no cost! You ask me what I want. What I want? I, to whom everything is denied!—Oh!"—her animation suddenly dying out—"I am unreasonable. I know I am unreasonable. How can one crazed with trouble and grief be otherwise?"

"Dear," said the man, in a voice of anguish, "what can I do? I am tied hand and foot."

"You can do nothing," said the woman. "I can do nothing. Even if we could, we would not."

"To make things different would be an irreparable injury."

"There is no question of making anything different."

They ceased speaking. The rain came down on the roof in a sullen hard tattoo. From his corner Jackson could see nothing except when the lightning brought out the dark figures against the outer sky, framed in by the doorway. The man had moved a little forward and was seated on a low box, but he and his companion remained apart, as if a barrier were between them, he leaning forward looking up, she sitting far back in her chair, her head bent toward him, looking down.

"Listen," said the man, decisively. "If you came, you know what it would mean; you know the life that would be before you. Could you live it?"

"Could I live it? Yes."

"Could you be happy?"

"There is no happiness to be bought at that price. If we could blot out our memories we might bring it about; mine, unfortunately, are indelible."

"Setting aside all that, knowing me, knowing yourself——"

"How can we set it aside?" interrupted the woman—"and yet, suppose we could, wherein would our chances differ from those of the rest of the world? Mismatched people—if you will have it so—have been happy together before this: one modifies the other. I should change for you; you would change——"

"Ah, no!" said the man, "there lies the difficulty. I know myself too well."

"The simple desire for the happiness of another changes us unconsciously."

"On the contrary. We are conscious of the whole process. We see the unhappiness we cause and keep on our own way more than ever. It is our only salvation. Between our individuality and the other's there is but one choice to be made—and we make that choice."

In the dim light Jackson saw the woman let her head fall against the back of the chair, and drop her hands in her lap.

"It is a vain discussion!" she said. "But as I am going to have nothing but illusions left, I had rather cherish them."

"An unkind fate has made that possible," said the man, grimly. "The real will not be present to discount the ideal."

"You forget," she said, gently, "that I should love you."

"And your love would have no mercy. Oh, it would be just. I should have my due!"

"That is false," she said, eagerly. "But even if it were true—granted that with me love is clear sighted—it is still love. If I am too critical I could change."

"You would not," said the man, and then, as if in far-off thought, he repeated, "and you could not! I have been prepared for it from the beginning."

"You are unfair," said the woman. "Why should you feel that? The other question—the question of my going or of my staying—lies in the world of action, the world that we owe to other people. But this thing lies between you and me. I do not look forward to misjudgment from you. Why should you expect it of me?"

"You would not misjudge," said the man; "you would simply see. Outside the little space that surrounds us we live each of us in a distinct and antagonistic world of ideas. It is not my fault nor is it yours, but the day would come when you would weigh me, and I should not turn the scale. It would not lessen your love—it would only take my life."

"What right have you to say this?" cried the woman; "what possible justification?"

"Am I not judged already," said the man, slowly, "against your will? in spite of yourself? Do you think I have not felt it when your eyes have seen clear, and I have stood before you shivering, stripped of the illusions with which you had clothed me. You need not tell me that you love me. I know it—to my cost. Your love has a price! You will not love comfortably as other women do. No, you exact of a man his best, and a man's best can become to him an intolerable tyranny. This is the truth, the brutal truth, that you will not recognize: once I had won you, irrevocably won you, I should drop to my natural level! Where would be your happiness in that future? And knowing this where would be mine?"

From the darkness in which the woman was sitting came a faint sound, like a groan, that ended in a sighing cry, so soft that Jackson could hardly hear it. "Is life any easier to you," she said at last, and her voice seemed stifled, "when you think this of me?"

"Life is never any easier to me nor any harder," said the man. "It has got to be endured, and I endure it."

The thunder had subsided to a muffled growl in the distance, the lightning had almost ceased, and the downpour had dwindled to a gentle intermittent patter. Outside, the water from the eaves was falling a drop at a time into the little pools that had gathered between the broken bits of granite around the foundations.

"What am I to think?" said the woman. "Tell me, without reasoning, without introspection, not between our outer ties nor between the selves we may or may not become, but between you and me, the you and the me that have met, and—have loved. Tell me, if I gave up fighting my convictions, my—conscience call it, and came with you, could I make you happy?"

The man sprang to his feet with a long deep breath. In the quivering light Jackson could see him standing in the open door, his face upturned to the sky.

"Could I?" she repeated.

"Ah! Be still!" he cried out, harshly. "You make me think of too many possibilities."

The woman bent forward and taking his hand drew him back to his seat. The patter of rain had gone by, only the water from the eaves dropped at longer and longer intervals.

"Can you be happy without me?" she whispered.

"No."

"Nor I without you!"

The water ceased dropping, the tremulous glare of the lightning died wholly away; the room was dark and still.

"Silence is, for us, a terrible luxury," said the man at last. "Do you realize that it may be years——?"

"Oh, hush!" said the woman. "I spend my days in realizing. Let us have an interval of peace. Here, alone in the rain, let it seem as if the world had stopped, as if we were buried, and it was all over."

"It will be over soon. And you will have peace without interval."

"Peace!"

"And why not? It is only human nature. We cannot grieve long over the inevitable. When it once enters our soul that a matter is final we are so made that we acquiesce."

"Are we such poor creatures then?" asked the woman.

"*We* are poor creatures," said the man. "And yet rather than have you suffer I would have you try to be one of us! You said that I made you second to my work, that in cold blood I put you away from my thoughts in order to have my head clear. Never mind—what difference does it make whether it is true or false, whether you meant it all or not? I know that you suffered once; but since then, of late, have you not found greater calm? You told me that I scarcely entered into your life. Is there not truth in that, and—hope? You are happier than you were."

"Delightfully happy."

"Happier than you think. There are compensations in your life that you cannot ignore, distractions that you cannot set aside. They will occupy your thoughts in spite of yourself. In time, if I am only out of sight, I shall almost fade from your mind."

"Well?"

"Well, and when you think of me your judgment will be clearer. You will see——"

"Your faults? I can see them without thinking."

The man laughed half in protest, the merest breath of amusement. "The faults that are seen without thinking," he said, "seldom lower the culprit. When you think of me in the future, you will be cooler, more discriminating."

"And you, how will you be? Cooler? More discriminating?"

"I am different."

"Ah!"

"I am not like you. I do not analyze. When I have given in to a thing it is for ever: a kind of faithful dog business. Hark! there's another storm coming up in the west."

"There are no compensations on your part then, which you ignore?" said the woman, tranquilly.

"In that also," said the man, "I am different from you. In a sense you are my compensation, in losing you I lose my all."

Jackson raised himself cautiously on his elbow. There was a low roar in the west, a creaking in the trees near at hand, and a cracking far away. Something hurled from a distance struck the roof like a stone. Across the darkness outside the door he could see the flash of an electric car as it passed up on the other side of the cove.

"I must be going," said the man. "There are scarcely five minutes left. The next car comes down in ten minutes, and it takes five to get across the bridge. Besides this will be a tremendous storm. Just hear the wind."

Small twigs and bunches of leaves were already flying. The little shed rocked, and outside the night had grown pale. From time to time the ground would seem to start up to meet the eyes, and the lace-like branches of the locust-trees, blown straight in the gale, would show a vivid green against the clear violet sky.

"You are not like me!" the woman went on, neither moving her body nor changing the pitch of her voice. "Life's compensations are not for you, you are beyond them! Neither are you analytic, doubting, clear-sighted. You will never weigh, and measure out justice, you never have! On the contrary, with dumb lips and faithful eyes, you look up and worship at the niche in which you once placed your goddess, too unalterably true to be even conscious that you have removed her!"

"Ah!" breathed the man, as if cut to the heart, "don't sneer. We have but a moment."

"We have had our moment, our last; and how have we spent it? You are going. I shall never see you, never even hear from you again, and like the thrust of a poisoned dagger you leave rankling in my heart the thought that you expect me to change, that, already even, I find peace in your absence, and that in time I shall look you over and throw you aside like an outworn glove. There was nothing left to me but faith! Faith that in your heart and mine, no matter what befell, there was a quiet still

place sacred to an unalterable love. A love—Oh! why do I try to tell it? What little peace I had gained was that peace. You have destroyed it!"

"And I?" said the man, "what have I to carry with me into the miserable waste that lies before me? What have you given me? The assurance that in the bitterness of your heart I stand supreme!"

"I never meant it. It was only a cry, wrung from the anguish of the moment. You know I never meant it."

"You tell me that of late the thought of me has scarcely troubled you!"

"How can it trouble me? You are my thought!"

"And that because my heart has grown cold I theorize; that I am capable of deliberately planning to kill the love that you have given me. To kill it! As if I had not held the gift immortal! What wonder that I say you will change, when your thoughts of me in absence are such as these? —But you must go up to the house. It is hardly safe even now. Good God!"

His voice was drowned in a sudden deafening explosion. Before their eyes a great ball of fire rushed downward and was gone.

"It struck in the water!" cried the woman, but as she spoke there was another rending peal, and a tree not twenty yards away was riven to the root: they could see great splinters falling, in the blinding light.

"Get to the house!" shouted the man. "It is unsafe here. There are tall trees all about us." He sprang from the door and throwing his arms around her lifted her from the high sill and turned to run.

"You must not come with me," she said, struggling a little. "You must not. You know it!"

In the frequent flashes of lightning Jackson saw her throw him from her; then the wild wind slammed the door and they were shut from view. Jackson sprang forward, and fumbling in the darkness caught the hasp and fastened it securely. He was terrified at the howling of the storm, and at the continuous crackle of the lightning. On opening the smaller door at the end of the shed the rain lashed him like whips. He had hardly time to close it behind him before he was drenched, and as he turned toward the house a momentary flare of light showed him the nun-like figure, alone, and but a little in advance of him, slowly mounting the hill.

The next instant, Jackson was swallowed up in a crash of sound. Involuntarily, he threw himself in the grass face downward. Splinters flew in every direction: another tree had been struck. Recovering from his fright he stumbled to his feet, and made a blind rush in the dark. There was another broad glare of lightning. In it Jackson saw the woman ahead of him standing motionless under the tallest of the trees that skirted the lawn. She was looking upward as if in expectation. Something in her attitude filled him with horror.

"She will be struck—she wishes it!" he muttered; and with a yell of warning, he sprang toward her.

Then all was blackness. When he reached the tree, she was gone.

Jackson hurried to the house. There was no one in the hall. All was quiet, and storm and passion seemed shut out as he closed the door. In the parlor were two little groups at the tables, sitting in the yellow light from the paper shades on the lamps. The old gentleman from Virginia and his grandson were playing dummy whist with the pretty young lady who was deaf. Farther down the room, the newspaper woman had drawn the lamp to her side, and was appropriating the light while one of the maiden ladies of distinction was trying to write a letter in the shadow. They all looked up when Jackson came to the doorway, as if they wanted to speak; but Jackson was dripping, and as he had a reputation for sarcasm, they waited for him to begin.

"I hope no one else has been caught in this?" he said, uneasily.

"No one seems to have been out but yourself," said the old gentleman. "My nieces were fatigued, and retired early. The other ladies, I fancy, are unpacking."

"She came in the back way," said Jackson to himself, as he tramped out to the kitchen to leave his wet coat to be dried near the stove.

The cook, the chambermaid, and the two waitresses were cowering in corners with their faces to the wall.

"You can come out," said Jackson; "the storm is over. Was anybody caught in it?"

"No, sir," said the chambermaid. "Everybody 's in but you. I was going to lock up early, so I found out."

Jackson hesitated a moment, then turned on his heel and went upstairs in a rage with himself. "What do I want to know for?" he muttered. "Oh, confound it! I can't help knowing. I never heard a voice like that in my life! The first word she says in the morning will betray her. Perhaps it's one of the nieces. It's someone who is here with a friend, anyhow. Good heavens! I don't want to find her out! Why, if I did, I'd have to leave. I can't be spending the summer with a tragedy like that eating at the same table with me!"

But the next morning he was up early, and came to his breakfast at the first tap of the bell. The two little Marie Bashkirtseffs were there before him, rosy, merry, and chattering. They had been out sketching since five o'clock! "We went to bed at half-past seven in order to be up in time!" they told him, overjoyed at the unexpected friendliness of his manner. The summer before he had been in the house six weeks, and had never once spoken to them. His careful attention now was almost embarrassing. Jackson was an ideal of theirs, and the younger of the two blushed as she wondered whether by any chance he had heard of her collecting some of his palette scrapings from a rock, as a sacred relic. They did not know that in reality he was listening for a voice with a sob in it—theirs had only laughter.

"It could not be either of them," he thought, "and yet, it might be! They have the two little rooms in the L of the house, and after half-past seven neither would know where the other might have gone. Besides, she was tall! and yet in that uncertain light, how could I tell? Oh!"—— he began aloud, and stopped, startled to find how near he had come to saying "Confound it!"

The stout girl with a history came in, and Jackson felt relieved; she at least was out of the question, as she had appeared to be alone the night before.

"How is your mother?" said one of the Maries.

"Her cold is worse," answered the girl, and her voice had a crisp and snappy accent of offence at being addressed by a stranger.

"I thought you were alone," said Jackson, impetuously.

The girl with a history put up a lorgnette and stared at him, superciliously. "I never go anywhere without my mother," she said. "We were separated at table last evening, through a mistake of the servants." She moved up a little to make more room for the lady with a cold, who came in announcing, in a husky whisper, that she meant to leave at once.

"I lost my voice coming over in the stage yesterday," she wheezed, "and I'm going back by the next train. I haven't spoken above a whisper since I arrived, and I know the place is unhealthy. Don't you think so, Ellen?" She leaned back in her chair and spoke to the older married lady, who, with two of her little boys, had come in behind her.

"No, I don't!" said Ellen, in cheerful, breezy tones.

"And such dreadful storms!" whispered the old lady; "I don't think I could consent to remain in a place where storms like these are liable to occur. There must be something in the soil that attracts the lightning—iron, or something. I'm sure this place isn't safe."

"Storms?" said Ellen, and Jackson noted her jolly, clear, decided way of speaking. "Sit down, boys. Was it much of a storm?"

"*Ellen!*" said the girl with a history, "you don't mean to say you slept through that!"

"I did," she said; "I slept serenely. I suppose I must have heard something, but I assure you I don't remember it. Oh, it is disgraceful I know; but if you had travelled two nights and a day on the cars with those three boys you would find you could sleep through the battle of Waterloo."

"It is the other woman of distinction," thought Jackson. "Here she is."

She was tall, charmingly dressed and graceful; no longer young, but extremely handsome. Jackson noted with a little shudder that she made her way around the table to a vacant seat directly opposite him. "It must be she," he thought. "I wonder where her friend is—the one I saw in the parlor last night. —Oh, here is that old pirate!"

The elderly newspaper woman came in. She chose to breakfast in a Derby hat, and wore a man's shirt-front and collar. Striding across the room with the lunge of a ploughboy, she seated herself in a vacant chair next the last comer.

"Friend up yet?" she inquired, in a voice as bass as Jackson's own.

The woman of distinction looked up and smiled; it was a heartbroken smile. Jackson felt as if he would suffocate.

"She seems most fatiguée to-day," was the answer—with a strong French accent!

"Pity she isn't stronger; then she could work up some of the things she told me yesterday, herself," said the newspaper woman. "We had an interesting talk. I got several very valuable items from her."

"Iss de young friend quite well, an' de babee?"

"Oh, yes," said the newspaper woman. "She is out hunting her key. She lost it somehow or other last night in the grass, and I had to get the chambermaid's pass-key and unfasten her door for her, after I went up to bed."

"Good gracious," thought Jackson in a sort of horror; "it is that little married woman with the baby!" He pushed back his chair and hastily left the room.

When he reached the outer door he turned involuntarily to a spot of bright color at the end of the porch. It was a little red Tam o' Shanter perched to one side on the dark hair of the young married woman. She was searching in the grass of the terrace for something. At the first glance Jackson thought she had a long white linen bag under her arm, but it proved to be the baby; his little black head coming up in front, turned from side to side with eyes full of intelligence, and his tiny hidden feet kicked lustily under the white draperies behind.

"Look under the porch, Oswald," she was saying to the youngest of "Ellen's" boys. "It might have been blown under."

"Can I help you?" said Jackson, coming forward.

She stopped her search, and looked up at him, one child under her arm, the other dragging at her hand, her face irregular, charming, full of amusement, and candid as a child's.

"Oh! do you know what happened to me last night?" she called in high, clear tones. "I was locked in! Just before that dreadful storm came up, I gave the key to the baby to play with, and he threw it out of the window, and there I was! I couldn't make any one hear on account of the thunder, and I didn't get the door unlocked until my aunt came up from the parlor. Oh, Oswald, you dear! You've found it"—as Oswald made a little plunge down the terrace, dragging her with him, and picked the key from behind a tuft of weeds.

"Come, let's go in to breakfast! I didn't dare tell my aunt it was the baby," she called to Jackson over her shoulder, "she hates him so."

"Such a happy voice!" said Jackson to himself. "No, it can't be she!"

He looked all about him.

Every trace of the tempest was obliterated in the joy of the morning. From each blade of grass the moisture hung in diamonds, and the water of the cove, now at high tide, laughed in the sunshine. At the far corner of the lawn, where the trees stood massed in a solid wall of green, towered a tall Lombardy poplar, turning the white faces of its leaves to the breeze.

Jackson hastily descended the steps, and began to cross toward it. All at once with a sharp swing he altered his course and returned to the house. Before noon of that day he had gone to the mountains.

Against the wide door of the studio and over the broad north window the landlady piled her winter wood, shutting out the views. But the little door at the south was always open.

One evening, late in the season, when the friendly party at the house was

breaking up, and the idle summer had flown, a woman ran swiftly down the path in the twilight, and crossing the threshold stood for a moment in the darkness, wringing her hands. Then silently she hastened up the hill again, passing among the gray autumnal shadows of the trees, with the deep hood of her nun-like garment drawn far over her head.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL THING.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.



HEY are all beautiful things, these efforts to help, howsoever simple they are, whomsoever they are to aid—men, women, or children—whether men or women who are sinners and maimed of nature; children who are wronged by the ill fates which have made them vicious instead of innocent; or men and women who are broken by poverty, weakness, or malady; and children whose first years rob them of youth and health and food for body and mind. And there are millions of each of these—millions! When one realizes this one stands aghast before it. Is there one of the whole world of us who, realizing it, does not cry with desperation in one's soul, "What can be done? What can *I* do?" But it must be realized first, and the sad truth is that perhaps, also, there exist a million good and most kind souls whose lives pass gently and unfruitfully, because the truth of the stranger without their gates is not brought home to them by some chance incident which gives color and solid form to the before unmaterialized suffering they have heard of and pitied with tender vagueness. The stranger within one's gates comes under one's eye, his wounds are seen, his cries are heard. Having oil and wine, it seems only common nature that one should bind up his wounds and soothe him. But *without* the gates there are so many whose cries are not heard, and of whom one cannot know whether it is oil and wine they need, or only encouragement and staff and scrip to help them on their onward way. "If I had known! If I had only known!" one says so often.

It was one of these chance incidents which *make* a man know which gave to the founder of the Invalid Children's Aid Association the idea of that little charity which has become the beautiful thing I wish to write about.

He was an English gentleman, of quiet tastes and small independent means. He was not a rich man, but his time was at his own disposal, and he had the inclination to employ his leisure in some way which would be useful to those who needed help. What his work should be he had not quite been able to decide when the incident decided for him.

Everyone knows how the poorest streets of every city seem to swarm with children. Where there is the least food, these small things, whose growing years make them the hungriest of human things, seem to produce themselves in the greatest numbers. And this, in the great English towns and cities, is more noticeable, one thinks, than it can be anywhere else. The streets of a poor quarter in London suggest a rabbit warren. "How do they live?" one says in passing through them. "How *can* they live?"

There are people who know how they

live, and it is not a thing to contemplate with composure. The only thought one can console one's self with is the recollection of what the child mind is—of what treasures it finds in strangely simple things—of its hopeful endurance and sanguine fashion. But when one remembers at the same time its sensitiveness, its innocent longings, and its disproportionate despairs, one loses the consolation again.

It is easy to imagine how among these ill-fed, ill-clothed, almost utterly uncared-for ones, there is lack of stamina, and that there is also disease and casualty. Of all these there is much, and the marvel is that there is no more. But it is probably only those who have studied the "Submerged Tenth" of childhood who know that there is one chronic ailment which among these children seems like a sort of epidemic.

And it is not scarlet fever, not typhoid, not diphtheria, though it might so easily be any of them, or all three combined in some hideous form. It is spinal and hip disease.

This is so prevalent that one finds one's self searching for some reason for it. It seems as if there must be one. It may be that generations of insufficient nutrition result in feebleness of structure and weakness of bone; it may be that the nursing of countless babies by tiny brothers and sisters, who stagger beneath their burdens as they drag them from door-step to door-step, naturally results in jerks, stumbles, and falls which injure one small body or the other, or perhaps both. This last seems perhaps a cause more probable than any other. Healthy babies, with adult nurses, have been crippled for life by falls which were the consequence of a mere misstep or careless movement; then how much more possible that a frail mite, dragged hither and thither by an overloaded child sister or brother, should be exposed to the jolt, or blow, or fall which deforms it for the rest of its life, developing into a chronic disease which entails suffering and helplessness at the same time.

But whatever the cause, the fact of the prevalence of hip and spinal disease impresses itself at once on those who interest themselves in the children of the London poor.

"What is the matter with this little fellow?" one asks, and hears again and again in different places the same answer:

"Hip disease, ma'am," or "spinal disease, ma'am. He's been in the 'orspital, but they discharged him, 'cos he can't be cured."

This is woful, but it is inevitable. There are hospitals for all sorts of diseases, but they must keep their beds and comforts for those who may be benefited by them, and sent again into the world sound. It is tragic for the poor little child, man or woman, who, after a few weeks or months of care and warmth, and the comfort of cleanliness and regular meals, is sent back still helpless, and with pain to bear, to the poor, comfortless, perhaps unclean garret or cellar, in some back court or alley—but it must be so. With all one's pity one sees the reason and necessity that make it unavoidable. I do not know whether Mr. Allen Graham's attention had been called to this depressing truth before his incident came to decide him, or whether the workings of the Beautiful Thing, which was the result of the incident, brought it home to him. But it was known among his friends and acquaintances that he was always ready to do any deed of helpful kindness which presented itself to him. So he was asked one day by a friend to go in search of a case of child illness in some poor place, into which it would be well to inquire. The place—he found, after some difficulties—was a cellar. It was ill-smelling, and bare, and hideous. There were some wretched children playing near the door, but there seemed to be no adults about.

This being the case, he questioned the children.

"Have you a sister who is ill?" he asked at last, having discovered that there was no older person from whom he could obtain information.

"Yes," said one of them, unconcernedly.

The visitor had looked into the cellar, thinking that he should see some excuse for a bed, however tumble-down it might be. He saw nothing of the sort, however. There was no more to be seen than a broken chair or two, and a

rough sort of table on which a dog seemed lying, covered with a filthy piece of sacking. At least, he could only imagine it was a dog, as he saw what he thought the hair of some animal coming from beneath the sacking.

"Where is your sister?" he asked the children. "I hear she is very ill, and I thought perhaps I could do something to help her."

"She's in there," was the answer, with a careless gesture toward the inside of the cellar.

"But where?"

"There."

She pointed to the table. The dog under the gruesome sacking was a child.

I do not know the actual details of this incident. I wish I did. It was told me quite briefly by Mr. Graham himself—the man who visited the cellar, and who founded afterward, in consequence of that visit, the touching little charity known as The Invalid Children's Aid Association.

All the detail that I know is that a man with a kind heart, going to try to give aid to an almost dying child, found in a dirty cellar, where ill-kempt children were clamoring and playing, a small heap of uncleanness which he thought must be a dog, as it lay on the rough boards under its filthy cover of sacking. And it was a desolate child. This is all. But it seems enough.

The visitor could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He went to the table and drew the sacking away from the place where the animal-like hair was to be seen. And what he saw so struck him to the heart that it fixed the tenor of his life.

We, who have only seen little flushed or pale faces lying softly on fresh white linen, with all comforts near them that passionate, heart-broken care can give, in an atmosphere laden with tenderness, surrounded by every pretty lure to beguile an easier hour — we can scarcely imagine what he saw in all its sadness. A little face marred with pain a little body worn with it, and burned with wearying fever, matted hair, unwashed, fevered skin, uncleanness, torture, helplessness, left quite alone. The most tragic and unbeautiful thing one can imagine in a century of highest civilization, in the richest city in the world; and yet its sorrowful hideousness brought forth a thing most beautiful.

There is one thought which has done more to discourage those who wish to help than any other. It is an old saying one finds one's self so often using when one stands on the shore looking out on the vast sea of human want.

"Whatsoever I do—if I do all it is in me to do—if I give my very life itself, it will only be a drop in the ocean."

It is quite true—but until each one of us is willing to give that drop, willing that it should count as no more than a drop, the problem will never be solved. This one man was willing to give his drop. He was not, as I have said, a rich man, but his energy, his tenderness, his practical ability made the drop a larger, purer, and more helpful one than most of us could aid with.

He gathered all the information possible concerning the methods of relief for the children of the poor. He found numberless hospitals, wards, homes, orphanages, asylums, and training-schools, but all of them were bound by the stern necessity of caring for those whose cases were hopeful, at least, and there always arose the obstacle of this necessity in the case of incurables. Then he was led to realize how many incurables there were, and how many lingering cases which would seem incurable. Spinal and hip diseases are by no means invariably fatal, but they almost invariably result in helplessness, and it is often helplessness accompanied by acute suffering.

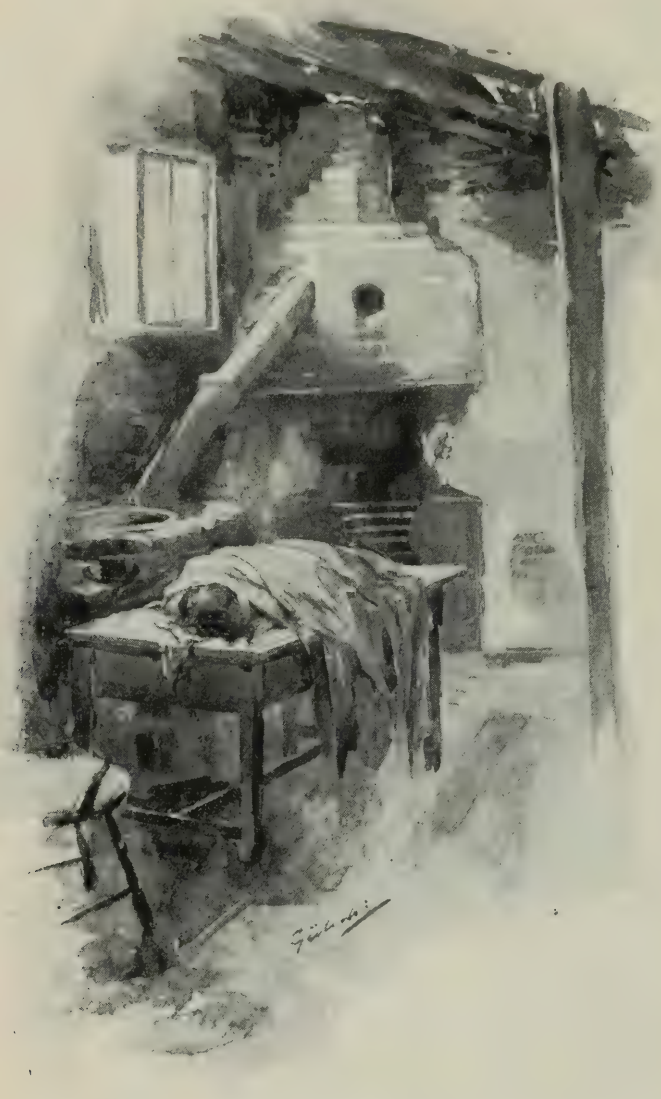
So the little incurables given up as hopeless by hospitals generously willing to help them if it had been possible, are returned to the miserable cellars, or attics, or overcrowded rooms that represent all they can call home. Instead of light and nourishing food, chosen with regard to their maladies, they must eat what the chances of good or bad luck bring to them—dry bread, unsound vegetables, or nothing at all, if luck is bad; greasy slabs of fried fish, strange things from the cook-shops, with sips of gin or beer, if luck is good.



DRAWN BY JOHN GÜLICH.

The poorest streets of every city seem to swarm with children.—Page 722.

They must sleep on vermin-infested rags or bare boards, shiver with cold, or stifle with foul air. If they cannot move and wait upon themselves, and their parents are decent enough to earn



Under the gruesome sacking was a child.—Page 723.

their living by honest labor, they must spend their hours alone because father or mother, or both, must go out to work. If the parents are thoroughly disreputable, the helpless one is left to be alone through the day's dreary hours of privation and suffering, because they are out idling or drinking, or worse. In any case, the little miserable one must be helpless, uncared-for, and desolate.

There has never been quite effaced from my mind a cruel, dreary little picture, painted there by an anecdote briefly told in one of the pamphlets which the Charity publishes yearly as reports of its work.

It is the picture of a narrow, dirty staircase in a house in a London slum. At the top of it sits a forlorn little figure — a little deformed figure with its tired head supported by a surgical apparatus of iron and leather straps. Such a pale, tired little head! It belonged to a little boy of about seven, and when the hospital had adjusted his surgical appliance it had done all it could for him.

It was a sunny day in the slum, and the children were playing and shouting below as all children do. And at the top of the staircase the "spinal case" leaned wearily against the wall and listened to them. It was a lady who found him there. She was one of the visitors of the Invalid Children's Aid. One cannot help wondering what the poor mite thought when he saw a lady coming up to him. She spoke to him gently and began a little talk with him.

"Where is your mother?" she asked.

"Gone to work, ma'am."

"When did she go?"

"She went at eight this morning. She won't be back till ten."

"Are you quite alone all day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do you do all the time?"

"Nothing."

"Have you nothing to play with?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you never get out?"

"Can't, ma'am."

"But have you nothing to do?"

"No, ma'am."

The tired little body aching through all those hours which he dragged through alone with no one to speak to, nothing to play with, nothing to do, nothing to eat but a bit of bread or

coarse food—and the sounds of the children shouting at their play, if the day was a good one, mocking him! And there he sat at seven years old, being so mocked and leaning his head against the dirty wall!

It was the prevalence of such cases as these which impressed Mr. Graham when he began to gather practical information. He took one small room for his headquarters in a building full of offices, in Buckingham Street, off the Strand. For a year he worked almost alone, bearing all expense and responsibility himself. It was hard work, and must have been full of heartache and discouragement. With limited resources there were so many cases it was impossible to help.

Among the poor, the little Aid became quickly known. It tried to care for those who had no other refuge. One visiting nurse was its whole force at first. But her heart was so touched by what she saw when she went her rounds, that she did the work of four. She bound poor little limbs, dressed wounds, poulticed and cared for the terrible strumous abscesses which were so frequent. The mothers who were respectable relied on her for help and instruction; those who were not had a vague respect for her cleverness and power. The children looked forward to her visits as to a strange new element of pleasure in their dreary young lives.

In the building which the Aid's little office occupied there were the offices of some other charities. One of them, called, I think, "The Young Servants' Friendly Aid," had for its object the attaching of each of its lady members to some young servant girl taking to domestic service for the first time in the big city, inexperienced and without friends. Each member was the friend and adviser of such a girl, saw her occasionally, wrote to her sometimes, befriended her if necessary in other ways.

Through his knowledge of the workings of this kind and womanly plan, Mr. Graham conceived a new idea for



And at the top of the staircase the "spinal case" leaned wearily against the wall.—Page 726.

the further development of his own work.

This was his argument :

"In London there are thousands of women who make thousands of calls each day—some of them calls of mere ceremony. If I could connect even one thousand of them with a thousand children whose lives are dreary, and each one would constitute herself the 'friend' of the child connected with her, and make it an occasional friendly call, if only to talk to it and cheer it, or do it some little service when she could, how each child would feel its life brighter for the existence of that friend! And how much help might come of it!"

Much help did come of it. Once having conceived the idea, he worked with unfailing interest and energy until he was able to engage attention with it; and hearts being touched, he was able to feel that his plan began to be carried into execution.

The "friends" found themselves moved by what they saw, as the nurse had been. They became fond of their children, and did more than merely visit them. It is so easy to give them pleasure and novelty. Everything is new to them but pain and poverty. One need not be rich to bring delight into a bare, wretched room where a child has lain for months—perhaps years—flat upon its back, scarcely or entirely unable to move, and with nothing to do but stare at the dingy walls and ceiling, and listen to the discords about it. There is not a crowded street in London where one cannot buy from some hawker, for a few pennies, something which will make it smile and seem a treasure to it. A "lady" with a soft voice, pure enunciation, and quiet, fresh attire is a dramatic element in herself; but with a plaything in her hand, an orange, a sponge-cake, or a penny bunch of flowers bought at a street corner, she is a fairy to be thought of as a consolation for hours, and her visits are things to be looked forward to as possible, joyful surprises.

When one walks through the streets of Paris, London, and Berlin, looking hungrily into every shop window for something which will seem new to a clever invalid boy who has had every wish gratified since he was born, one becomes beset in time by a sense of despair. By the time he is too old for childish tops and soldiers, an adored *enfant du siècle* (one who is an American, at least) has owned everything from models of vertical and horizontal engines and Remington typewriters, to photographic apparatus and Edison's talking-doll, purchased that he may extract the internal phonograph. What is there he has not possessed and become familiar with?

But the Lowther Arcade, with its stalls piled with sixpenny toys, where half a crown will purchase splendor, presents a boundless area when one stands within it, buying pleasures for children whose short lives have held nothing of pleasure, who do not know what birthday presents and Christmas gifts mean. A sixpenny tea-set represents countless festivities, a splendid cart and horse may be bought for a shilling, a painted tin railroad train for eightpence, gorgeous picture-books, containing Mother Goose, and Cinderella, and other classic wonders, sometimes go as low as a penny, and the grandest ones may be bought for threepence or fourpence. There are Noah's arks, chairs and tables, donkeys with panniers and nodding heads; there are skittles and marbles and balls; there are even brilliantly artistic wooden dinners on tiny platters, with very green vegetables, very bright fruit, and very juicy wooden rounds of beef. And for three and elevenpence half-penny one can buy a resplendent doll, on whose blue or scarlet bodice is pinned a paper with the announcement, "My clothes can be taken off." One can spend a rapturous hour among them, making new discoveries every minute, and go away with one's brougham piled with packages of delight.

Women with a nursery full of beloved small creatures and their ever-renewed picture-books and toys, will be touched as one of the "Friends" was, by a discovery she made on her first visit to a poor little "spinal case." She was one of the more fortunate ones, it is true. Her mother was a decent woman who tried to keep her clean, but they were very poor, the



One day he gave himself up to chasing round this confined place—with an iron fork as a weapon—the little fellow with the stump of a leg.—Page 734.

living-room was small and bare, and Rosie lay by a window in a surgical appliance. She had existed in it for three of her six years of life, and she looked as if she were lying alive in her tiny coffin. She had a little pale blond face, with the old look of endurance so often seen in the faces of spinal cases. A little doll and a doll's tea-set brought such a quaint smile to her small face that the sight of it was a thing to touch one's heart, but it was through a picture-book that the strange illustrative fact revealed itself.

"Here is Little Boy Blue," said the visitor, showing her a picture of that world-renowned person. "Look at him blowing his horn."

Rosie looked with serious interest. She was a pathetically serious little person.

"He's very pretty," she said. "What is his name, ma'am?"

"It is Little Boy Blue," the visitor answered, with cheerful confidence. "You know Little Boy Blue."

"No, ma'am," said Rosie, quite simply. "Who is he?"

It seemed almost incredible. The visitor doubted her ears.

"Haven't you heard about him?" she said. "Don't you know,

'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn'?"

"No," said Rosie. "I never heard about him, ma'am."

She had lived six years, three of them in a surgical box, and she had never heard of Little Boy Blue.

What would not a threepenny picture-book telling of Cinderella, contain for a child like that? What a new world of strange joys could be brought into her bare room by the story of a fairy godmother whose hand changed pumpkins into golden coaches, rats into long-tailed horses, mice into coachmen, and cindery rags into beautiful dresses! One might imagine such a child making the brilliantly colored pictures of these splendors a resource and comfort for weeks, turning to them again and again, and living through them a new life.

It was a curious thing to contemplate in so young a thing the perfect mental unaccustomedness to anything like fancy. Life had been so unadorned and hard a fact to her. Her visitor felt that her small, serious mind would have to learn to adjust itself to the lightness of situation in the irresponsible comedy of Little Boy Blue, and the unpractical drama of Pussy in the Well, thrown there apparently without sufficient motive by Little Johnny Green, and rescued without utilitarian purpose by Little Tommy Stout. at once. There was nothing fanciful in the story of a boy who was ill, and who had been ill for months. She understood being ill, and there seemed to be for her the pleasure of a fairy story in hearing that this boy could have everything he liked and was taken from one beautiful country to another. Her visitor felt that this story appealed to her, and so she went on with it. It interested her greatly to be told of the bright French city where there were shops full of wonderful toys which one could see through their windows,



St. Monica's Home, Brondesbury, London.—Page 735.

Her pale little smile, as she listened, had a curious suggestiveness. Its pleasure was that of a traveller led into a new country and somewhat bewildered at each step.

When her visitor told her of a real thing she seemed to grasp its meaning where in the broad, gay avenue shaded by trees there were marionette shows and little booths, and children rode up and down in pretty carriages drawn by goats. This was fairyland to her, but she could realize it, because in this city the boy who was ill lay upon his bed as



"This is Georgie's flower," she said again. "I will put it on the little table close to him."—Page 737.

she lay on hers, not playing in the Champs-Elysées or riding about in the goat carriages. Paris with only brightness in it might have seemed incredible, but Paris with pain in it could be believed in.

The young suffering, also made real to her the strange country where the invalid was to be taken when the weather became colder—the country where there was no winter, where oranges and lemons grow on trees in the open air, where there were white houses with roses and all sorts of flowers growing in their gardens, and where there was a shining, sunlit, blue sea. Knowing only London winters, with fogs which shut her in drearily day after day, it is probable that this land might have seemed too bright a thing to be real, but that she could comprehend the reality of malady seeking relief, if it belonged to the wonderful world where relief could be sought for.

How she listened to all that was told her of this companion in pain, whom she had never seen and never would see, because he was passing into another land, though this last she was not told. And how she seemed to feel the fairy world draw near when she was told that flowers and oranges would come to her little room—flowers and oranges grown in the open air, near the blue, shining sea, while in London people stifled in yellow fog.

"She will remember this visit and talk of it for a year," the nurse said to the visitor when they went away together. "They remember things so long."

It is interesting to discover that these small feminine creatures receive with the intensest pleasure anything like a doll, and that above all things they desire a doll dressed as a baby. At Christmas there were sent from Paris certain boxes of things useful to the Aid. Among them were toys for the children and two dolls, who looked wonderfully like babies in their long, lace-trimmed petticoats and pretty



The Memorial Corner, St. Monica's Home, London.—Page 738.

cloaks and caps. One was taken to the small room where Rosie lay in her box. She looked at it in wonder and clasped it in her arms. Perhaps it seemed too good to be true, for it was a very pretty baby.

"Tell the lady and the boy," she said to the nurse who had brought it to her, "tell them I will keep her just as clean as I can—and *I will try to be a mother to her.*"

One can imagine what this mother-

hood might mean to her lonely childhood.

The offices of the Aid at 18 Buckingham Street consist of three very plain rooms. One is a good-sized one, where the ordinary business is transacted. The next room, a smaller and still plainer one, is the private office of Mr. Graham himself, where cases are studied in detail and decided upon. Mr. Graham contents himself with a table to work upon among his papers and books, and a chair to sit in. There is a Spartan simplicity in his appurtenances which speaks of the practical seriousness of his labors and intentions. At one side of the room there are several spinal carriages—the long perambulators in which a "spinal case" may take the fresh air while still retaining the necessary recumbent position.

"These we find very useful," Mr. Graham explains. "We have a number of them, and they are greatly in demand. They are light and can be folded up into such shape as makes it possible for them to be carried up and down narrow staircases, and they are so much more comfortable than anything the poor children have in their homes, that they often sleep in them at night. They make it possible for a child, who would otherwise breathe nothing but foul air, to be taken out of doors and up and down the street. If the parents are in work we charge them twopence a week, but if they have no resources we lend them for nothing. We find that the decent ones like the idea of paying a trifle, and the carriage seems more valuable if they are paying something for it."

In the still smaller room beyond these are shelves with labelled boxes upon them. These contain such articles of clothing, lint, bandages, etc., as the "Friends" have given to the Aid, and represent the Lending Department. The visiting nurse has constantly cases which require bandaging or dressing, limbs which must be held straight and quiet, wounds which are slow in healing or which, having healed slowly, have a habit of breaking out afresh. A little old, clean night-gown, or a clean old sheet cast aside in a comfortable home, are inexpressible boons in places where cleanliness is an unattainable luxury. Does anyone ever realize that there are circumstances under which it may be impossible to keep clean, where people may not have clothes to change while those they wear are washed, or money to buy the soap and the coal to heat the water to wash with.

A decent laborer in Kent once said to two little fellows, who had made friends with him during their summer holiday, and to whom he confided his troubles:

"The hardest thing for us is to get soap and soda enough to keep clean. There's nine of us, and I have eleven shillings a week. We have our rent to pay, and we have to keep seven children fed and tidy. My wife's a good, hard-working girl, but it goes hard with her just to pinch out enough to buy the soap and soda she needs to do her washing."

This was in the green hop district of Kent, where the air was fresh and pure, and there was none of the smoke and filth of town. The Children's Aid works in London, where, in a large house in the West End, only a corps of servants can do battle with the consequences of fog and falling soot. It may be judged, then, what a boon the Lending Department is to the slums.

When one hears the whole story of the tender, helpful little charity—of its beginning—of the poor little animal-looking thing mistaken for a dog as it lay upon the wooden table beneath its piece of dirty sacking—of the modest way in which the one small room was taken, the kindly energy with which the work was begun—how the mothers of suffering children heard of the place in Buckingham Street, and came one after another with piteous pleas for help and piteous gratitude when the help was given—one feels with all one's heart that this thing is a beautiful one.

Great London is full of charities. The time has gone by, surely, when the rich can be accused of being careless of the poor. At least one thinks so when one reflects on the great institutions whose wards are so perfectly kept, whose nurses are so perfectly trained, whose patients are so kindly treated. And there are so many of them, for so

many diseases and calamities—for so many different kinds of people, for old and young, for widows and orphans, for the infirm and invalided of so many different professions. In visiting them one feels that the busy, hard-working world is not so unkind after all, and that there must be many warm hearts in it. Yet it is saddening to realize that there is always room for one more such charity.

There was plenty of room for the Beautiful Thing which began so simply and modestly through the kind thought of one kind heart. It had plenty of room to grow, and it grew and spread itself like a beautiful vine clothing hideous things with its leaves and tendrils, or a beautiful tree shading them.

"Some of the parents are quite worthless," Mr. Graham confesses, "we are obliged to admit that sometimes. Some of them are idle, and drink, and thieve, and neglect their children and their homes. But we don't refuse to care for the children of the undeserving. We think they need help, poor little things, even more than those whose people do their best by them. A suffering child in a filthy cellar, whose father is a thief and whose mother is a drunkard, needs comfort more than the one who has only poverty to contend with. We try to do something for all who need us. What we wish is that each child who needs one shall feel that it has a friend."

And the help does not end here, if it can be carried farther. Where it is possible to use influence which will enable a child to enter a hospital or a home where it will be surrounded by good influences, or given a chance to learn such work as its weakness is equal to, this is always done. And there are many such cases.

A little fellow to whom an accident had left only the stump of one leg, lived in a small room with six or seven sisters or brothers, a mother, and a drunken father. How horrible the atmosphere, both physical and moral, of this rabbit-hutch must have been, it is almost impossible to conceive. When the father was drunk he was violent, and a dipsomaniac run mad in a small den full of children presents to the mind possibilities which are conceivable.

One day he gave himself up to chasing round this confined place—with an iron fork as a weapon—the little fellow with the stump of a leg. The mother, after desperate effort, rescued the small maimed creature and bore him away to comparative safety. The next day she presented herself at the Children's Aid, a piteous object, cut and bruised and battered with the beating with which she had paid for the life of her child. She had heard they were so kind at this place, she explained; she had been told about the things they did for children. Could they do anything for hers? Could they put him into a home somewhere that he might be safe from his father? He could not defend himself by running away, with his one poor little stump of a leg. He could not run fast enough.

It chanced that at this time there was an opportunity to send him to a temporary refuge, and he was sent. But the monetary resources of the Aid are extremely limited. Sometimes Mr. Graham finds he must withdraw a child from a place where it gains morally and physically every hour, merely because he cannot afford to continue to pay its small expenses. It is necessary to make, at nearly all the homes, a charge of a few shillings a week. A home for whose comforts one pays for a child five or six shillings a week is among the most expensive. For this trifle the patient has a comfortable cot in an airy, exquisitely clean room, abundance of well-chosen, well-prepared food, the constant attendance of gentle, perfectly trained nurses, an atmosphere of purest cleanliness, ever-watchful medical supervision, and a number of childish pleasures and invalid amusements. One can scarcely realize what the change must be from filth, hunger, and squalor, to such a paradise as this.

The child was put in such a place, but as it was at a time of one of the numerous money struggles of the Aid, he could not be left there. When his physical condition had improved it was unavoidable that he should be sent

home. When this was done a Friend was detailed to watch over him as far as possible. The Friend reported from time to time. It was apparent that all that had been gained, mentally and physically, at the place where he had been cared for, would quickly be lost in the wretched home to which he had been returned. What was to be done? In a certain home for crippled boys he could be cared for, given the simple comforts a child requires, and be trained to such work as a cripple may support himself with. But to so place him a yearly sum of money would be necessary. It was only a small one—fifteen or twenty pounds and his first outfit—and if he had been only one case of a score the Aid might have undertaken it. But he was one case of hundreds, and the Aid was so poor.

How many times Mr. Graham, as he sat in his plain, little, back room surrounded by charitable flotsam and jetsam and spinal carriages, said to himself, "What can be done?" it would be hard to tell. How often he finds himself saying the same words day after day concerning other cases as urgent, it would be impossible to say. In this case chance brought the answer, as he says it frequently does when he is dismayed totally. One of the Friends—a mother who had lost a son—came to him to try to find comfort in giving help to other children, not safe from all the world's hurts as her own was.

"What can I do?" she said. "Have you some special case needing help?"

"Yes," he answered, "here is one which lies very heavy on my mind at this moment. It is not only the life or death of a body—it seems to mean the life or death of a soul." Then he told her the whole story and read the Friend's report.

"He is only a little fellow," he said. "He is bright and full of spirit, and intelligent enough to be fearfully harmed by the atmosphere around him. If he is allowed to struggle through his maimed childish life in such a place, if he is not physically killed he will be destroyed in every other sense."

"He shall not be," said the visitor. "My own boy shall be his 'Friend.'"

And so the little fellow was cared for and became an inmate of the Home for Crippled Boys, with a prospect of a decent life before him.

There is at Brondesbury Park, Kilburn, London, a lovely little place called St. Monica's Home, which often receives waifs and strays sent by the Children's Aid, and which in a certain boys' ward has a pretty corner whose memorial bed has been placed at the Aid's disposal. This perfect little Home was founded by two tender and generous women who were Friends. They were unmarried, and having experience in nursing and the care of children, chose to devote themselves to this most gentle work. The picturesque house is far enough in the suburbs to breathe clean air, there are pleasant tree-shaded grounds about it, and the wards look like cheery, well-cared-for nurseries with their fresh little beds, flowers, and toys, and bright open fires behind the high wire fenders. One can spend a wonderful afternoon there. When one enters the ward of St. Christopher or of the Good Shepherd with one's arms full of packages with flowers nodding over them, and sees the little heads begin to turn on their pillows, or lift themselves to look and smile at the "laidy," even the keenest sorrow seems to lift its dark wings for flight for a little while. They are such poor little souls, and yet—being kindly cared for—they seem actually to find life a thing to be enjoyed. In spite of wooden boxes and iron frame-works, in spite of paralyzed limbs and marred little faces, a "laidy" who is a Friend, they know, can set up among them the prettiest nursery clamor in the world.

"Good-afternoon, ma'am," they all chant in childish chorus as she enters the room; "Good-afternoon, ma'am," they chant again with a tone of affectionate regret when she goes away.

It is so pretty to see how they at once adopt the gentle, well-bred manners of the place.

"It is strange, perhaps," said one of the lady founders, "but we never have trouble with them. They may be brought to us from the lowest place, from hearing constantly the vilest language, but it seems as if they forgot it all as soon as they come."

There are so many dear little faces, and some so stamped with pain and death.

"They are so patient," one of the ladies says, "one cannot help but wonder at it sometimes."

But some of them have never known anything but pain. They have had time even, in their short lives, to learn patience. The most brilliantly beaming little face I ever beheld I saw at St. Monica's, lying with its small head held in place by a surgical collar. The first time I saw him he lay in a corner cot and so *beamed* at me that he drew me over to his side.

He was a pretty, neat-featured creature about six years of age, his cheeks were brilliantly pink—perhaps with a little fever—and his laughing, dancing-eyed look could only have been justified by absolute bliss.

Each child has on its bed a light invalid table, on which its possessions can be placed. On his there was an extremely battered little pink tin pig, evidently a remnant of some larger stock-yard, whether his own or that of some other child in the ward did not appear. He had never seen me before, but evidently I represented to him a delightful novelty. He lay and looked up at me with those eyes with which a child makes it almost impossible for one to resist the impulse to take him to one's arms.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"'Arry," he answered, as if the reply were a delightful joke in itself.

He was a delicious little Cockney, without an "h" in his possession. When I knelt by his cot to tell him a story of the adventures of the pink pig, he chuckled and giggled with rapture.

"Laidy," he would shout, when he thought I was going to stop, "Laidy, tell it agine, tell it agine!"

After that he felt me a special possession of his own. It is a beautiful and significant thing that, howsoever hard and uncared for their lives have been, they adjust themselves quite simply to kindness and petting and the privileges which belong by right to a child. In such a short time they find it perfectly natural that "a laidy" should bring them flowers and toys, and tell them stories, and that a Royal Duchess and her pretty Princess daughter should bring playthings to their bedsides.

In the same ward with "'Arry," I saw the face the most piteous. It should have been a very pretty face, but its four-year-old owner was so far diseased that abscess after abscess had drawn, and scarred, and disfigured him until he was piteous to look upon. Even his long-lashed harebell blue eyes were distorted, and looked vacant through the very ceaselessness of his suffering.

When I went round the ward giving toys to all the children, he lay still staring listlessly, and seeming to take no interest. But later, as I was playing with "'Arry," I saw him rub a poor, little bandaged hand pitifully across his eyes.

He did not seem to be interested when I took him a toy, and I thought, when I spoke caressingly to him, he did not appear to comprehend.

"He does not seem to understand," I said to a pretty young nurse, standing by. "Is he an English child?"

She smiled pityingly, and bent over, petting and soothing him.

"Yes, he is English," she answered me in a low voice, "but he has been so ill all his life that it has made him backward. Sometimes he does not seem even to understand the nurses."

It seemed so cruel that the body of such a tiny thing had been so given up to pain that his mind could not grow.

Of all things, it always seems that these little creatures of the slums like best the flowers one takes them. They have ceased to be hungry and cold, and their starved child souls see in them the beauty they have never known. When the flowers are laid upon the table, and one begins to make them into little bunches, the happy nursery clamor begins.

"Laidy—Laidy, please give me one; please give me a pink one, Laidy," they call out, stretching little hands on every side.

On the day I first saw Georgie I had a great many flowers. Among them were violets, and specially beautiful pink hyacinths. Everyone wanted a pink one, until one framed and bandaged little girl saw the violets. There

was, it appears, a sort of legend that she had once been in the country.

"Those is vilets!" she called out. "Will you give me some vilets, Laidy?"

But though she seemed to set the fashion of taste for "vilets" in her corner, the pink hyacinths were the favorites. I had given them nearly all away when I heard some curious little inarticulate sounds from Georgie's cot. I turned to look at him with a strange feeling. He had been so lifelessly uninterested in the toys that it was almost uncanny to see that he was observing. His little, piteous, distorted face was turned toward me, his eyes had a light in them, and a small bandaged hand was held out imploringly and the vague, indistinct sounds were clearly meant to convey that something in his poor little being wanted these beautiful pink things too. I carried over to him several of the prettiest ones, I touched his cheek with their coolness, and spoke to him about them. When I left them held on his breast by his bandaged hand, I had a curious fancy that perhaps, as he lay breathing in their perfume, he might almost be breathing in something like a soul. The next time I went to the Home I carried a pink azalea growing in a pretty pot and full of radiant rosy bloom. I wondered if he had ever seen anything like it.

When the door of St. Christopher's ward opened and the "laidy" entered with this lovely delicately burning bush in her arms, he lay and watched her. Perhaps his undeveloped intelligence was stirred by the fair brightness sufficiently to wonder what the visitor was going to do. She came direct to his cot and knelt down, holding the flowerpot in her arms so that the pink bloom was quite close to him.

"This is for Georgie," she said. "It is Georgie's own flower."

He made one of the inarticulate sounds and looked at her with vague, pleased questioning.

"Do you want to touch it?" she said. She thought he might want to be sure that it was real. He put out his hand and made the queer little sound again.

"Do you want one to hold?" she said. And she broke off a blossom and gave it to him. Who can say what his vague mind felt or thought?

"This is Georgie's flower," she said again. "I will put it on the little table close to him. He can look at it and talk to it all day. When he is asleep it will still be there watching him. And when he wakens it will look at him and say, 'Good-morning.'"

And he looked at her and actually, slowly, faintly smiled. Those two little fellows in the same ward one would always remember. One, this sad thing, seemingly the cruelest injustice of Nature; the other, cruelly treated too, but given with the injustice at the same time a strange gift of bright spirit, making him almost a joyous thing.

Sometimes one goes into a ward where the children are full of their usual simple enjoyments, where Noah's arks are being arranged and dolls dressed and undressed, where the summer air and sunshine come through the open windows. And round one cot a screen is drawn. I stopped near one in a ward one day, hearing a faint brief, whimpering sound. A nurse was sitting at the cot's side watching what lay in it. The careful tenderness of her face was not merely professional, but loving.

"Is he very ill?" I said, softly. She bent her head and answered, in a whisper as low,

"It will soon be over," she said.

I stood still a moment. It seemed as though there was a hush over everything—even though the children played just as before on the other side of the screen. The little fellow lay with closed eyes, there was a tired look on his childish forehead, and at rare intervals he moved and made the faint whimpering sound. I don't quite know what tender and caressing thing my heart seemed to be saying to him, but the meaning of it was somehow this:

"Never mind, little man—poor little man—happy little man—it will soon be over."

And as I stood still for a few moments, it seemed as if the hush I felt upon the ward was such a hush as might fall upon a crowd, waiting for the coming of a King.

All through that afternoon the children would dress and undress their dolls and look at their picture-books, only hearing now and then the faint whimper, and knowing Johnny was "not so well to-day." They would be put into their small beds in the usual way, and would fall asleep quietly. And in the morning the screen would be moved away and the sun would look in on a neat, freshly made little cot that was empty.

This lovely and most lovable Home, of which one could relate endless stories to touch the heart, is one to which the Children's Aid is always more than happy to send its little ones when it is possible. Most of the wards are filled with children so young that it is not necessary that the boys and girls should be separated. But there is a boys' ward which is called St. Alban's. It is occupied by boys who are generally under fifteen years old. It is a very touching ward and full of stories. One can have most loving friends there. In the wards of the Good Shepherd and St. Christopher one is happy with small things not much more than babies, but in St. Alban's the life of forming thought has begun.

At one end of this ward there is a Memorial corner. It contains two cots, one endowed in the name of a boy whose life on earth ended on the threshold, but the fittings and surroundings of both beds are alike. The intention of the giver was to make a bright corner which all the boys would find pleasure in, and which would surround the occupants with pleasures to beguile them through such dreary hours as come to all young suffering things.

The two little beds are blue and brass. They are covered with light, bright Como blankets and gay flowered *duvets;* between the two cots stands an invalid table which can be adjusted to any height, and whose leaf passes over the bed at will; over it there hangs a Japanese cabinet which holds ornaments and a set of books. The ornaments and the pictures upon the walls were chosen with a view to their suggesting the novelty which might attract a child's eye and lead him on a sort of voyage of discovery. He might care to look—if he had an imagination—at the figure of a foreign baby in its curious swaddling clothes, at a tiny East Indian in turban and native costume, at the trifles standing upon the step-like ledges of a little painted half-moon bracket, at the picture of some fairy scene in Venice—a city whose streets are the blue sea—or at a photograph of a peasant leading a Riviera donkey with a straw hat quaintly shading its head from the burning sun. Each of these things, simple as they are, might give him new things to think of as he lay looking at them—perhaps discovering them one after another. At the foot of each bed is a bamboo stand holding a blue pot containing a palm; at the head of one hangs the portrait of a boy with brown eyes, and on the frame beneath it is written the good-night he heard at the close of each day through eight months of illness. It is a good-night which might be said with fitting tenderness to any child who lives—or dies.

"Good-night—sleep well—wake up refreshed. God bless you, dear."

The brown eyes seem to look down as if they themselves said the words with boyish kindliness to the less happy boy who may need their cheering for many a night.

A music-box with many tunes which may be adjusted and changed is one of the accompaniments to this corner. It was found in Germany in dreary days of travel, and gave such pleasure to the boy, who beguiled many a fading hour with it, that it seemed to be the most fitting thing that other boys should find it a pleasure. This cot has been placed at the disposal of the Children's Aid, and when this was done Mr. Graham suggested a plan whose thoughtful considerateness might well emanate from the kind heart which planned the workings of the little charity which is so beautiful a thing.

"Would it not be a good idea," he said, "that this corner, which is a sort of little drawing-room of the ward, should be reserved as a special comfort for the child who needs comfort most? The child who is most suffering might always be given that pretty place. If the child I send is not very ill he can

be given another cot, and the greatest invalid can be put in the Lionel corner."

And the thought seemed so kind and wise that it was so arranged. So the Children's Aid has always at its disposal a bed at St. Monica's Home, but it is the boy whose hours are made longest and dreariest by fatigue and pain, who lies in the bright little bed of blue and brass, looks at the books and trifles on the cabinet, amuses himself with the musical box, and is watched over by the young brown eyes which seem to say, "Good-night—sleep well —wake up refreshed. God bless you, dear."

The Princess Mary Victoria of Teck (now Duchess of York) consented to become the patroness of the Aid. She was then known to the people as the Princess May, and was, I believe, the only young and unmarried princess who had so far occupied this position in connection with a charity.

It seems a specially charming and fitting thing that these little creatures, who are so sadly placed, should have for their friend a young girl—a young princess who is much beloved. This seems to give the situation a touch of the fairy story. One can easily imagine how pretty a story it would seem to a worn, squalid little being, in a bare and squalid room, that a young princess was his or her friend—one whose very name has somehow a suggestion of the golden-haired princess in the fairy story—the one whom all the princes loved and tried to solve impossible riddles for.

"She is called the Princess May and everybody loves her. She is always doing kind things, and she is the Friend of all your little ones who are cold or hungry or in pain."

What a picture this might call up in a little starved soul. One might imagine his lying awake in the dark in his wretched room, and making the gloom bright with his fancied image of her—adorning her fairness with strange, rich royal robes, and surrounding her with story-book splendors—if he has heard stories, or has been given the imagination which itself may make them in the darkest hovel in the world. To such a child mind we may be sure that one of the many charms of this Beautiful Thing would be the final touch given to it by this "Princess May," who wandered forth from her fairyland regions to hold out to them in pitying tenderness her fair young hand.

LIFE.

By Edith Wharton.

Life, like a marble block, is given to all,
A blank, inchoate mass of years and days,
Whence one with ardent chisel swift essays
Some shape of strength or symmetry to call;
One shatters it in bits to mend a wall;
One in a craftier hand the chisel lays,
And one, to wake the mirth in Lesbia's gaze,
Carves it apace in toys fantastical.

But least is he who, with enchanted eyes
Filled with high visions of fair shapes to be,
Muses which god he shall immortalize
In the proud Parian's perpetuity,
Till twilight warns him from the punctual skies
That the night cometh wherein none shall see.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXXV.

ANOTHER ODD NUMBER.



FANNIE expressed to Barbara one day her annoyance at that kind of men — without implying that she meant any certain one—who will never take no for an answer.

"A lover, Barb, if he's not of the humble sort, is the most self-conceited thing alive. He can no more take in the idea that your objection to him is *he* than a board can draw a nail into itself. You've got to hammer it in."

"With a brickbat," quoth Barbara, whose notions of carpentry were feminine, and who did not care to discuss the matter. But John March, it seemed, would not take no from fate itself.

"I don't believe yet," he mused as he rode about his small farm, "that Jeff-Jack will get her. She's playing with him. Why not? She's played with a dozen. And yet, naturally, somebody'll get her, and he'll not be worthy of her. There's hope yet! She loves me far more than she realizes right now. That's a woman's way; they'll go along loving for years and find it out by accident—You, Hector! What the devil are you and Israel over in that melon-patch for instead of the cornfield?

"I've been too young for her. No, not too young for her, but too young to show what I can do and be. She waited to see, for years. The intention may not have been conscious, but I believe it was there! And then she got tired of waiting. Why, it began to look as though I would never do anything or be anybody! Great Cæsar! You can't expect a girl to marry an egg in hopes o' what it'll hatch. O let me make haste and show what I am! what I can—'Evermind, Israel, I see you. Just wait till we get this crop gathered; if I don't kick you two idle, blundering, wasting, pilfering black renters off this farm—as shore's a gun's iron!

"No, she and Jeff-Jack'll never marry. Even if they do he'll not live long. These political editors, if somebody doesn't kill 'em, they break down, all at once. Our difference in age will count for less and less every year. She's the kind that stays young; four years from now I'll look the older of the two—I'll work myself old!"

A vision came to the dreamer's fancy: Widewood's forests filled with thrifty settlers, mines opened, factories humming by the brook-sides, the locomotive's whistle piercing the stony ears of the Sleeping Giant; Suez full of iron-ore, coal, and quarried stone, and Fannie a widow, or possibly still unwed, charmed by his successes, touched by his constancy, and realizing at last the true nature of what she had all along felt as only a friendship.

"That's it! if I give men good reason to court me, I'll get the woman I court!" —But he did not, for many weeks, give men any irresistible good reason to court him.

"Ah me! here's November gone. Talk of minutes slipping through the fingers — the months are as bad as the minutes! Lord! what a difference there is between planning a thing and doing it—or even beginning to do it!"

Yet he did begin. There is a season comes, sooner or later, to all of us, when

we must love and love must nest. It may fix its choice irrationally on some sweet ineligible Fannie; but having chosen, there it must nest, spite of all. Now, men may begin life not thus moved; but I never knew a man thus moved who still did not begin life. Love being kindled, purpose is generated, and the wheels in us begin to go round. They had gone round, even, in John's father; but not only were time, place, and circumstance against him, but his love had nested in so narrow a knothole that the purposes and activities of his gentle soul died in their prison.

"Yes, that's one thing I've got to look out for," mused John one day, riding about the northwestern limits of his lands where a foaming brook kept saying, "Water-power!—good fishing!—good fishing!—water-power!" He dismounted and leaned against his horse by the brook's Widewood side, we may say, although just beyond here lay the odd sixty acres by which Widewood exceeded an even hundred thousand. The stream came down out of a steeply broken region of jagged rocks, where frequent evergreens and russet oaks studded the purple gray maze of trees that like to go naked in winter. But here it shallowed widely and slipped over a long surface of unbroken bed-rock. On its far side a spring gushed from a rocky cleft, leapt down some natural steps, ran a few yards, and slid into the brook. Behind it a red sun shone through the leafless tree-tops. The still air hinted of frost.

Suddenly his horse listened. In a moment he heard voices, and by an obscure road up and across the brook two riders came briskly to the water's edge, splashed into the smooth shallow and let their horses drink. They were a man and a maid, and the maid was Barbara Garnet. She was speaking.

"We can't get so very far out of the way if we can keep this"—she saw John March rise into his saddle, caught a breath and then cried:

"Why, it's Mr. March. Mr. March, we've missed our road." Her laugh was anxious. "In fact, we're lost. Oh! Mr. March, Mr. Fair." The young men shook hands. Fair noted a light rifle and a bunch of squirrels at March's saddle-bow.

"You've been busier than we."

"Mighty poor sign of industry. I didn't come out for game, but a man's sure to be sorry if he goes into the woods without a gun. I mean, of course, Miss Garnet, if he's alone!"

Barbara answered with a smile and a wicked drawl, "You've been enjoying both ad-van-tag-es. I used to wish I was a squirrel, they're so en-er-get-ic." She added that she would be satisfied now to remain as she was if she could only get home safe. She reckoned they could find the road if Mr. March would tell them how.

John smiled seriously. "Better let me show you." He moved down the middle of the stream. "This used to be the right road, long time ago. You know, Mr. Fair"—his voice rang in the trees, "our mountain roads just take the bed of the nearest creek whenever they can. Our people are not a very business people. But that's because they've got the rare virtue of contentment. Now——"

"I don't think they're too contented, Mr. March," said Barbara, defensively. "Why, Mr. Fair, how much this creek and road are like ours at Rosemont!"

"It's the same creek," called March.

By and by they left it and rode abreast through woods. There was much badinage, in which Barbara took the aggressive, with frequent hints at Fannie that gave John delicious pain and convinced him that Miss Garnet was, after all, a fine girl. Fair became so quiet that John asked him a question or two.

"O no!" laughed Fair, he could stay but a day or two. He said he had come this time from "quite a good deal" of a stay in Texas and Mexico, and his father had written him that he was needed at home. "Which is absurd, you know," he added to Barbara.

"Per-fect-ly," she said. But he would not skirmish.

"Yes," he replied. "But all the same I have to go. I'm sorry."

"We're sorry at Rosemont."

"I shall be sorry at Widewood," echoed March.

"I regret it the more," responded Fair, "from having seen Widewood so much and yet so little. Miss Garnet

believes in a great future for Widewood. It was in trying to see something of it that we lost——"

But Barbara protested. "Mr. Fair, we rode hap-haz-ard! We simply chanced that way! What should I know, or care, about lands? You're confusing me with pop-a! Which is doub-ly ab-surd!"

"Most assuredly!" laughed the young men.

"You know, Mr. March, pop-a's so proud of the Widewood tract that I believe, positively, he's jealous of anyone's seeing it without him for a guide. You'd think it held the key of all our fates."

"Which is triply absurd!"

"Superlatively!" drawled Barbara, and laughing was easy. They came out upon the pike as March was saying to Fair:

"I'd like to show you my lands; they're the key of my fate, anyhow."

"They're only the lock," said Barbara, musingly. "The key is—elsewhere."

John laughed. He thought her witty, and continued with her though the rest of the way to Rosemont was short and plain. Presently she turned upon the two horsemen a pair of unaggressive but invincible eyes, saying, languorously,

"Mr. March, I want you to show Widewood to Mr. Fair—to-morrow. Pop-a's been talking about showing it to him, but I want him to see it with just you alone."

To Fair there always seemed a reserve of merriment behind Miss Garnet's gravity, and a reserve of gravity behind her brightest gayety. This was one thing that had drawn him back to Rosemont. Her ripples never hid her depths, yet she was never too deep to ripple. I give his impressions for what they may be worth. He did not formulate them; he merely consented to stay a day longer. A half-moon was growing silvery when John said good-by at the gate of the campus.

"Now, in the morning, Mr. Fair, I'll meet you somewhere between here and the pike. I wish I could say you'd meet my mother, but she's in poor health—been so ever since the war."

That night Garnet lingered in his wife's room to ask—

"Do you think Barb really missed the road, or was that——"

"Yes, they took the old creek road by mistake."

"Has Fair—said anything to her?"

"No; she didn't expect or wish it——"

"Well, I don't see why."

—"And he's hardly the sort to do unexpected things."

"They've agreed to ride right after breakfast. What d'you reckon that's for?"

"Not what you wish. But still, for some reason, she wants you to leave him entirely to himself."

College being in session breakfast was early.

"Barb, you'll have to take care of Mr. Fair to-day, I reckon. You might take my horse, sir. I'll be too busy indoors to use him."

The girl and her cavalier took but a short gallop. They had nearly got back to the grove gate when he ventured upon a personal speech; but it was only to charge her with the art of blundering cleverly.

She assured him that her blunders were all nature and her art accident. "Whenever I want to be witty I get into a hurry, and haste is the an-ti-dote of wit."

"Miss Garnet," he thought, as her eyes rested calmly in his, "your gaze is too utterly truthful."

"Ah!" said Barbara, "here's Mr. March now."

Fair wished he might find out why Miss Garnet should be out-manœuvring her father.

XXXVI.

MR. FAIR VENTURES SOME INTERROGATIONS.

The air was full of joy that morning and John boyishly open and hearty.

"Fact is, Mr. Fair, I don't care for young ladies' company. Half of them are frauds and the rest are a delusion and a snare—ha-ha-ha! Miss Garnet is new goods, as the boys say, and I'm not fashionable. Even our mothers ain't very well acquainted yet; though my mother's always regretted it; their

tastes differ. My mother's literary, you know."

"They say Miss Garnet's a great romp—among other girls—and an unmerciful mimic."

"Don't you rather like that?"

"Who, me? Lord, yes! The finest girl I know is that way—dances Spanish dances—alone with other girls of course. The church folks raised Cain about it once. O I—you think I mean Miss Halliday—well I do. Miss Garnet can tease me about her all she likes—ha, ha! it doesn't faze me! Miss Fannie's nothing to me but a dear friend—never was! Why, she's older than I am—h-though h-you'd never suspect it."

"Well, yes, I think I should have known it."

"O go 'long! Somebody told you! But I swear Mr. Fair, I wonder, sir, you're not more struck with Miss Halliday. Now, I go in for mind and heart. I don't give a continental for externals; and yet—did you ever see such glorious eyes as Fan—Miss Halliday's? Now, honest Ingin! *did* you, *ever?*"

Mr. Fair admitted that Miss Halliday's eyes danced.

"You say they do? You're right! Hah! *they* dance Spanish dances. I've seen black eyes that went through you like a sword; I've seen blue eyes that drilled through you like an auger; and I've seen gray ones that bit through you like a cold-chisel; and I've seen—now, there's Miss Garnet's, that just see through you without going through you at all—O I don't like any of 'em! but Fannie Halliday's eyes—Miss Fannie, I should say—they seem to say, 'Come out o' that. I'm not looking at all, but I know you're there!' O sir!—Mr. Fair, don't you hate, sir, to see such a creature as that get married to anybody? I say, to *anybody!* I tell you what it's like, Mr. Fair. It's like chloroforming a butterfly, sir! That's what it's like!"

He meditated and presently resumed —"But, Law' no! She's nothing to me. I've got too much to think of with these lands on my hands. D'you know, sir, I really speak more freely to you than if you belonged here and knew me better? And I confess to you that a girl like F—Miss Halliday would be enough to keep me from ever marrying!"

"Why, how is that?"

"Why? O well, because!—knowing her, I couldn't ever be content with less, and, of course, I couldn't get her or make her happy if I got her. Torture for one's better than torture for two. Mind, that's a long ways from saying I ever did want her, or ever will. I'm happy as I am—confirmed bachelor—ha-ha-ha! What I do want, Mr. Fair, sir, is to colonize these lands, and to tell you the truth, sir—h—I don't know how to do it!"

"Are your titles good?"

"Perfect."

"Are the lands free from mortgage?"

"Free! ha-ha! they'd be free from mortgage, sir, but for one thing."

"What's that?"

"Why, they're mortgaged till you can't rest! The mortgages ain't so mortal much, but they've been on so long, we'd almost be afraid to take them off. They're dried on, sir!—grown in! Why, sir, we've paid more interest than the mortgages foot up, sir!"

"What were they made for, improvements?"

"Impr—O yes, sir; most of 'em were given to improve the interior of our smoke-house—sort o' decorate it with meat."

"Ah, you wasted your substance in riotous living!"

"No, sir, we were simply empty in the same old anatomical vicinity and had to fill it. The mortgages wa'n't all made for that; two or three were made to raise money to pay the interest on old ones—interest and taxes. Mr. Fair, if ever a saint on earth lived up to his belief my father did. He believed in citizenship confined to taxpayers, and he'd pay his taxes owing for the pegs in his shoes—he made his own shoes, sir."

"Who hold these mortgages?"

"On paper, Major Garnet, but really Jeff-Jack Ravenel. That's private, sir."

"Yes, very properly, I see."

"Do you? Wha' do you see? Wish I could see something. Seems like I can't."

"O, I only see as you do, no doubt, that any successful scheme to improve your lands will have to be in part a public scheme, and be backed by Mr. Ravenel's newspaper, and he can do

that better if he's privately interested and supposed not to be so, can't he?"

March stared, and then mused. "Well, I'll be—doggoned!"

"Of course, Mr. March, that needn't be unfair to you. Is it to accommodate you, or him, that Major Garnet lends his name?"

"O me!—At least—O! they're always accommodating each other."

"My father told me of these lands before I came here. He thinks that the fortunes of Suez, and consequently of Rosemont, in degree, not to speak"—the speaker smiled—"of individual fates, *is* locked up in them."

"I know! I know! The fact grows on me, sir, every day and hour! But, sir, the lands are my lawful inheritance, and although I admit that the public——"

"You quite misunderstand me! Miss Garnet said—in play, I know—that the key to this lock isn't far off, or words to that effect. Was she not right? And doesn't Mr. Ravenel hold it? In fact—pardon my freedom—is it not best that he should?"

"Good heavens, sir! why, Miss Garnet didn't mean—you say, does Jeff-Jack hold that key? He was holding it the last time I saw him! O yes. Even according to your meaning he thinks he holds it, and he thinks he ought to. I don't think he ought to, and incline to believe he won't! *Lift* your miserable head!" he cried to his horse, spurred fiercely, and jerked the curb till the animal reared and plunged. When he laughed again, in apology, Fair asked,

"Do you propose to organize a company yourself to—eh—boom your lands?"

"Well, I don't—Yes, I reckon I shall. I reckon I'll have to. Wha' do you think?"

"Might not Mr. Ravenel let you pay off your mortgages in stock?"

"I—he might. But could I do that and still control the thing? For, Mr. Fair, I've got to control! There's a private reason why I mustn't let Jeff-Jack manage me. I've got to show myself the better man. He knows why. O! we're good friends. I can't explain it to you, and you'd never guess it in the world! But there's a heavy prize up between us, and I believe that if I can show myself more than a match for him in these lists—this land business—I'll stand a chance for that prize. There, sir, I tell you that much. It's only proper that I should. I've got to be the master."

"Is your policy, then, to gain time—to put the thing off while you——"

"Good Lord, no! I haven't a day to spare! I'll show you these lands, Mr. Fair, and then if you'll accept the transfer of these mortgages, I'll begin the work of opening these lands, somehow, before the sun goes down. But if I let Ravenel or Garnet in, I—" John pondered.

"Haven't you let them in already, Mr. March? I don't see clearly why it isn't your best place for them."

March was silent.

XXXVII.

JORDAN.

Barbara lay on a rug in her room, reading before the fragrant ashes of a perished fire. She heard her father's angry step, and his stern rap on her door. Before she could more than lift her brow he entered.

"Barb!—O what sort of posture—" She started, and sat coiled on the rug.

"Barb, how is it you're not with your mother?"

"Mom-a sent me out, pop-a. She thought if I'd leave her, she might drop asleep."

He smiled contemptuously. "How long ago was that?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"It was an hour ago! Barb, you've got hold of another novel. Haven't you learned yet that you can't tell time by that sort of watch?"

"Is mom-a awake?" asked the girl, starting from the mantel-piece.

"Yes—stop!" He extended his large hand, and she knew, as she saw its tremor, that he was in the same kind of transport in which he had flogged Cornelius. In the same instant she was frightened and glad.

"I've headed him off," she thought.

"Barb, your mother's very ill—stop!

Johanna's with her. Barb"—his tone sank, but hardened—"why did that black hussy try to avoid telling me you were home and Fair had gone off with that whelp, John March? What? Why don't you speak so I can hear? What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid we'll disturb mom-a. Johanna should have told you plainly."

"Oh! indeed! I tell you, if it hadn't been for your mother's presence I'd have thrown her out the window." An unintentional murmur from Barbara exasperated him to the point of ecstasy. He paled and smiled.

"Barb, did you want to keep me from knowing that Fair was going to Widewood?" They looked steadily into each other's eyes. "Which of us is it you don't trust, that Yankee, or your own father? Don't—" he lifted his palm, but let it sink again. "Don't move your lips that way again; I won't endure it. Barbara Garnet, this is Fannie Halliday's work! So help me, God, I'd rather I'd taken your little white coffin in my arms eighteen years ago and laid it in the ground than that you should have learned from that poisonous creature the effrontery to suspect me of dishonest—Silence! You ungrateful brat, if you were a son, I'd shake the breath out of you. Have you *ever* trusted me? Say!"—he stepped close up—"Stop gazing at me like a fool and answer my question! Have you?"

"Don't speak so loud."

"Don't tell me that, you little minx; you who have never half noticed how sick your mother is. Barb"—the speaker's words came through his closed teeth—"Mr. John March can distrust me and leave me out of his precious company as much as he damn pleases—if you like his favorite forms of speech—and so may your tomtit Yankee. But you—sha'n't! You sha'n't repay a father's careful plans with suspicions of underhanded rascality, you unregenerate—see here! Do those two pups know you didn't want me to go? Answer me!"

She could not. Her lips moved as he had forbidden, and she was still looking steadily into his blazing eyes, when, as if lightning had struck, she flinched almost off her feet, her brain rang and roared, her sight failed, and she knew she had been slapped in the face.

He turned his back, but the next instant had wheeled again, his face drawn with pain and alarm. "I didn't mean to do that! Oh, good Lord! it wan't I! Forgive me, Barb. Oh, Barb, my child, as God's my witness I didn't do it of my own free will. He let the devil use me. All my troubles are coming together; your suspicions maddened me."

Her eyes were again in his. She shook her head and passed to her mirror, saying, slowly, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." She glanced at the glass, but the redness of its fellow matched the smitten cheek, and she hurried to the door.

"Barb"—the tone was a deep whine—she stopped without looking back. "Don't say anything to your mother to startle her. The slightest shock may kill her."

Barbara entered the mother's chamber. Johanna was standing by a window. The daughter beamed on the maid and turned to the bed; but consternation quenched the smile when she beheld her mother's face.

"Why, mom-a, sweet."

A thin hand closed weakly on her own, and two sunken blue eyes, bright with distress, looked into hers. "Where is he?" came a feeble whisper.

"Pop-a? Oh, he's coming. If he doesn't come in a moment I'll go bring him." The daughter's glance rested for refuge on the white forehead. "Shall I go call him?"

The pallid lips made no reply, the sunken eyes still lay in wait. Barbara racked her mind for disguise of words, but found none. There was no escape. Even to avoid any longer the waiting eyes would confess too much. She met them and they gazed up into hers in still anguish. Barbara's answered, with a sweet, full serenity. Then without a word or motion came the silent question,

"Did he strike you?"

And Barbara answered, audibly, "No."

She rose, adding, "Let me go and bring him." Conscience rose also and went with her. Just outside the closed door she covered her face in her hands

and sank to the floor, moaning under her breath,

"What have I done? What shall I do? O God! why couldn't—why *didn't* I lie to *him?*" She ran down-stairs on tiptoe.

Her father, with Pettigrew at his side, was offering enthusiasm to a Geometry class. "Young gentlemen, a swift, perfect demonstration of a pure abstract truth is as beautiful and delightful to me — to any uncorrupted mind—as perfect music to a perfect ear."

But hearing that his daughter was seeking him, he withdrew.

The two had half mounted the stairs, when a hurried step sounded in the upper hall, and Johanna leaned wildly over the rail, her eyes streaming.

"Miss Barb! Miss Barb! run here! run! come quick, fo' de love of God! Oh, de chariots of Israel! de chariots of Israel! De gates o' glory lif'n up dey head'!"

Barbara flew up the stairs and into her mother's room. Mr. Pettigrew stood silent among the crystalline beauties of mathematical truth, and a dozen students leaped to their feet as the daughter's long wail came ringing through the house mingled with the cry of Johanna.

"Too late! Too late! De daughteh o' Zion done gone in unbeseen!"

Through two days more Fair lingered, quartered at the Hotel Swanee, and conferred twice more with John March. In the procession that moved up the cedar avenue of the old Suez burying-ground, he stepped beside General Halliday, near its end. Among the headstones of the Montgomeries the long line stopped and sang,

> "For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
> Our friends are passing over."

In the midst of the refrain, each time, there trembled up in tearful ecstasy, above the common wave of song, the voices of Leviticus Wisdom and his wife. But only once, after the last stanza, Johanna's yet clearer tone answered them from close beside black-veiled Barbara, singing in vibrant triumph,

> "An' jess befo', de shiny sho'
> We may almos' discoveh."

XXXVIII.

THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

Coming from the grave Fair walked with March.

"Yes, I go to-night; I shall see my father within three days. He may think better of your ideas than I do. Don't you suppose really—" etc. "You think you'll push it anyhow?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, I've got to."

After all others were gone one man still loitered furtively in the cemetery. He came, now, from an alley of arbor-vitæs with that fantastic elasticity of step which skilled drunkards learn. He had in hand a bunch of limp flowers of an unusual kind, which he had that day ridden all the way to Pulaski City to buy. He stood at the new grave's foot, sank to one knee, wiped true tears from his eyes, pressed apart the evergreens and chrysanthemums piled there, and laid in the midst his own bruised and wilted offering of lilies.

As he reached the graveyard gate in departing his mood lightened.

"An' now gen'le*men*," he said to himself, "is come to pa-ass the ve'y nick an' keno o' time faw a fresh staht. Frien' Gyarnit, we may be happy yit."

He came up behind Fair and March. Fair was speaking of Fannie.

"But where was she? I didn't see her."

"Oh, she stayed at Rosemont to look after the house."

"The General tells me his daughter is to be married to Mr. Ravenel in March."

John gave an inward start, but was silent for a moment. Then he said, absently,

"So that's out, is it?" But a few steps farther on he touched Fair's arm.

"Let's go—slower." His smile was ashen. "I—h- I don't know why in the devil I have these sickish feelings come on me at f-funerals." They stopped. "Humph! Wha' d' you reckon can be the cause of it—indigestion?"

Mr. Fair thought it very likely, and March said it was passing off already. "Humph! it's ridiculous. Come on, I'm all right now."

The man behind them passed, looked back, stopped and returned. "Gen'-le*men*, sirs, to you. Mr. Mahch, escuse me by pyo accident earwhilin' yo' colloquial terms. I know e'zacly what cause yo' sick transit. Yass, seh. Thass the imagination. I've had it, myseff."

March stopped haughtily, Fair moved out of hearing and Cornelius spoke low, with a sweet smile. "Yass, seh. You see the imagination o' yo' head is evil. You imaginin' somepm what ain't happm yit an' jiss like as not won't happm at all. But thass not why I seeks to interrup' you at this junction.

"Mr. Mahch, I'm impudize to espress to you in behalfs o' a vas' colo'ed constituency—but speakin' th'oo a small ban' o' they magnates with me as they sawt o' janizary chairman—that Gen'l Halliday seem to be ti-ud o' us an' done pa-ass his bes' dotage, an' likewise the groun's an' debasements on an' faw which we be proud to he'p you depopulate yo' lan's, yass, seh, with all conceivable ligislation thereunto."

"What business is it of yours or your Blackland darkies what I do with my woods?"

"Why, thass jess it! Whass nobody's business is ev'ybody's business, you know."

March smiled and moved toward Fair. "I've no time to talk with you now, Leggett."

"Oh! no, seh, I knowed you wouldn't have. But bein' the talk' o' the town that you an' this young gen'leman"—dipping low to Fair—"is projeckin' said depopulization I has cawdially engross ow meaju' in writin' faw yo' conjint an' confidential consideration. Yass, seh, aw in default whereof then to compote it in like manneh to the nex' mos' interested."

"And, pray, who is the next most interested in my private property?"

"Why, Majo' Gyarnit, I reck'n—an' Mr. Ravenel, seein' he's the Djuke o' Suez—p-he!"

March let his hand accept a soiled document, saying, "Well, he's not Duke of me. Just leave me this. I'll either mail it to you or see you again. Good-by."

The title of the document as indorsed on it was: "The Suez and Three Counties Transportation, Immigration, Education, Navigation, and Construction Co."

XXXIX.

DAPHNE AND DINWIDDIE: A PASTEL IN PROSE.

"Professor" Pettigrew had always been coldly indifferent to many things commonly counted chief matters of life. One of these was religion; another was woman. His punctuality at church at the head of Rosemont's cadets was so obviously perfunctory as to be without a stain of hypocrisy. Yet he never vaunted his scepticism, but only let it exhale from him in interrogative insinuations that the premises and maxims of religion were refuted by the outcome of the war. To woman his heart was as hard, cold, and polished as celluloid. Only when pressed did he admit that he regarded her as an insipid necessity. One has to have a female parent, in order to get into this world—no gentleman admitted without a lady; and when one goes out of it again, it is good to leave children so as to keep the great unwashed from getting one's property. Property!—humph! he—or his father, at least—he became silent.

He often saw Mrs. March in church, yet kept his heart. But one night a stereoptican lecture was given in Suez. In Mrs. March's opinion such things, unlike the deadly theatre, were harmful only when carried to excess. To keep John from carrying this one to excess, that is, from going to it with anybody else, she went with him, and they "happened"—I suppose an agnostic would say—to sit next to Dinwiddie Pettigrew. John being in a silent mood Daphne and Dinwiddie found time for much conversation. The hour fixed for the lecture was half-past seven. Promptly about half-past eight the audience began to arrive. At a quarter of nine it was growing numerous.

"Oh! no," said General Halliday to the lecturer, "don't you fret about them going home; they'll stay like the yellow fever"—and punctually somewhere about nine "The Great Love Stories of History" began to be told, and luminously pictured on a white cotton full moon.

With lights turned low and everybody enjoined to converse only in softest whispers, the conditions for spontaneous combustion were complete in many bosoms, and at the close of the entertainment Daphne Dalrymple, her own asbestos affections warmed, but not ignited, walked away with the celluloid heart of Dinwiddie Pettigrew in a light blaze.

XL.

A WIDOW'S ULTIMATUM.

At the time of which we would here speak the lover had made one call at Widewood, but had not met sufficient encouragement to embolden him to ask that the lovee would give, oh, give him back a heart so damaged by fire, as to be worthless except to the thief; though his manner was rank with hints that she might keep it now and take the rest.

Mrs. March was altogether too sacred in her own eyes to be in haste at such a juncture. Her truly shrinking spirit was a stranger to all manner of auctioning, but she believed in fair play, and could not in conscience quite forget her exhilarating skirmish with Mr. Ravenel on the day of Susie's wedding.

It had not brought on a war of roses. Something kept him away from Widewood. Was it, she wondered, the noble fear that he might subject her to those social rumors that are so often all the more annoying because only premature! Ah, if he could but know how lightly she regarded such prattle! But she would not tell him, even in impersonal verse. On the contrary she contributed to the *Presbyterian Monthly*—a non-sectarian publication—those lines—which caught one glance of so many of her friends and escaped any subsequent notice—entitled,

"LOVE-PROOF.

"She pities much, yet laughs at Love
For love of laughter! Fadeless youth"—

But the simple fact is that Mr. Ravenel's flatteries, when rare chance brought him and the poetess together, were without purpose, and justified in his liberal mind by the right of every Southern gentleman to treat as irresistible any and every woman in her turn. —"Got to do something pleasant, Miss Fannie; can't buy her poetry."

On the evening when March received from Leggett the draft of An Act Entitled, etc., the mother and son sat silent through their supper, though John was longing to speak. At last, as they were going into the front room he managed to say:

"Well, mother, Fair's gone—goes to-night."

He dropped an arm about her shoulders.

"Oh!—when I can scarcely bear my own weight!" She sank into her favorite chair and turned away from his regrets, sighing,

"Oh, no, youth and health never do think."

The son sat down and leaned thoughtfully on the centre-table.

"That's so, they don't think. They're too busy feeling."

"Ah, John, you don't feel! I wish you could."

"Humph! I wish I couldn't." He smoothed off a frown and let his palm fall so flat upon the bare mahogany that a woman of less fortitude than Mrs. March would certainly have squeaked. "Mother, dear, I believe I'll try to see how little I can feel and how much I can think."

"Providence permitting, my reckless boy."

"Oh, bless your dear soul, mother, Providence'll be only too glad! I've a notion to try thinking. Fact is, I've begun already. Now, you love solitude——"

"Ah, John!"

"Well, at any rate, you can think best when you're alone."

"O John!"

"Well, father could. I can't. I need to rub against men. You don't."

"Oh!—h—h—John!" But when Mrs. March saw the intent was only figurative she drew her lips close and dropped her eyes.

Her son reflected a minute and spoke again. "Why, mother, just that Yankee's being here peeping around and asking his scared-to-death questions has pulled my wits together till I wonder

where they've been. Oh, it's so! It's not because he's a Yankee. It's simply because he's in with the times. He knows what's got to come and what's got to go, and how to help them do it, so's to make them count! He belongs —pshaw—he belongs to a live world. Now, here in this sleepy old Dixie"——

"Has it come to that, John?"

"Yes, it has, and it's cost a heap sight more than it's come to, because I didn't let it come long ago. But I wouldn't look plain truth in the face for fear of going back on Rosemont and Suez, and all the time I've been going back on Widewood!" The speaker smote the family Bible with Leggett's document. His mother wept.

"Oh! golly," mumbled John.

"Oh! my son!"

"Why, what's the trouble, mother?"

Mrs. March could not tell him. It was not merely his blasphemies. There seemed to be more hope of sympathy from the damaged ceiling, and she moaned up to it.

"My son a Radical!"

He sprang to his feet. "Mother, take that insult back! For your own sake, take it back! I hadn't a thought of politics. If my words implied it they played me false!"

Mrs. March was anguished wonder. "Why, what else could they mean?"

"Anything! I don't know! I was only trying to blurt out what I've been thinking out, concerning our private interests. For I've thought out and found out—these last few days—more things that can be done, and must be done, and done right off with these lands of ours——"

"O John! Is that your swift revenge?"

"Why, mother, dear! Revenge for what? Who on?"

"For nothing, John; on widowed, helpless me!"

"Great Scott! mother, as I've begged you fifty times I beg you now again, just tell me what to do or undo."

"Please don't mock me, John. You're the dictator now, by the terms of the will. They give you the legal rights, and the legal rights are all that count —with men. I'm in your power."

John laughed. "I wish you'd tell the dictator what to do."

"Too late, my son, you've taken the counsel of your country's enemies." She rose to leave the room. The son slapped his thigh.

"'Pon my soul, mother, you must excuse me. Here's a letter."

"Has Jeff-Jack accepted another poem?" he asked, as she read. "I wish he'd pay for it."

She did not say, though the missive must have ended very kindly, for in spite of herself she smiled.

"Ah, John! your vanity is so large it can include even your mother. I wish I had some of it; I might believe what my friends tell me. But maybe it's vanity in me not to think they know best." She let John press her hand upon his forehead.

"I wish I could know," she continued. "I yearn for wise counsel. O son! why do we, both of us, so distrust and shun our one only common friend? He could tell us what to do, son; and, oh, how we need someone to tell us!"

John dropped the hand. "I don't need Jeff-Jack. He's got to need me."

"Oh, presumptuous boy! John, you might say Mr. Ravenel. He's old enough to be your father."

"No, he's not! At any rate, that's one thing he'll never be!"

The widow flared up. "I can say that, sir, without your prompting."

"Why, mother! Why, I no more intended——"

"John, spare me! Oh, no, you were brutal merely by accident! I thank you! I *must* thank you for pointing your unfeeling hints at the most invincib—I mean inveterate—bachelor in the three counties."

"Inveterate lover, you'd better say. He marries Fannie Halliday next March. The General's telling every Tom, Dick, and Harry to-day."

"John, I don't believe it! It can't be! I know better!"

"I wish you did, but they told me themselves, away last July, standing hand in hand. Mother, he's got no more right to marry her——"

"Than you have! And he knows it! For, John, John! There never was a more pitiful or needless mismatch! Why, he could have—but it's none of my business, only—" she choked.

"No, of course not," said the son, emotionally, "and it's none of mine either, only—humph!" He rose and strode about. "Why she could just as easily——Oh, me!" He jostled a chair. Mrs. March flinched and burst into tears.

"Oh, good heavens! mother, what have I done now? I know I'm coarse and irreverent and wilful and surly and healthy, and have got the big-head and the Lord knows what! But I swear I'll stop everything bad and be everything good if you'll just quit off sniv—weeping!"

Strange to say, this reasonable and practicable proposition did not calm either of them.

"I'll even go with you to Jeff-Jack and ask his advice—oh! Jane-Anne-Maria! *now* what's broke?"

"Only a mother's heart!" She looked up from her handkerchief. "Go seek his advice if you still covet it; I never trusted him; I only feared I might doubt him unjustly. But now I know his intelligence, no less than his integrity, is beneath the contempt of a Christian woman. I leave you to your books. My bed——"

"O mother, I wasn't reading! Come, stay; I'll be as entertaining as a circus."

"I can't; I'm all unstrung. Let me go while I can still drag——"

John rose. A horse's tread sounded. "Now, who can that be?"

He listened again, then rolled up his fists and growled between his teeth.

"Cawnsound that foo'—mother go on up stairs, I'll tell him you've retired."

"I shall do nothing so dishonorable. Why should you bury me alive? Is it because one friend still comes with no scheme for the devastation of our sylvan home?"

Before John could reply sunshine lighted the inquirer's face and she stepped forward elastically to give her hand to Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew.

When he was gone, Daphne was still, for a moment, as sweet as May, and even John's gravity was of a pleasant sort. "Mother, you're just too sweet and modest to see what that man's up to. I'm not. I'd like to tell him to stay away from here. Why, mother, he's—he's courting!"

The mother smiled lovingly. "My son, I'll attend to that. Ah me! suitors! They come in vain—unless I should be goaded by the sight of these dear Widewood acres invaded by the alien." She sweetened like a bride.

The son stood aghast. She lifted a fond hand to his shoulder. "John, do you know what heart hunger is? You're too young. I am ready to sacrifice anything for you, as I always was for your father. Only, I must reign alone in at least one home, one heart! Fear not; there is but one thing that will certainly drive me again into marriage."

"What's that, mother?"

"A daughter-in-law. If my son marries, I have no choice—I must!" She floated up-stairs.

XLI.

A NEW SHINGLE IN SUEZ.

NEXT day—"John, didn't you rise very early this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

He had not gone to bed. Yet there was a new repose in his face and energy in his voice. He ate breakfast enough for two.

"Millie, hasn't Israel brought my horse yet?"

He came to where his mother sat, kissed her forehead, and passed; but her languorous eyes read, written all over him, the fact that she had drawn her cords one degree too tight and that in the night something had snapped; she had a new force to deal with.

"John"—there was alarm in her voice—he had the door half open—"are you so cruel and foolish as to take last evening's words literally?"

"That's all gay, mother; 'tain't the parson I'm going after, it's the surveyor."

He shut the door on the last word and went away whistling, Not that he was merry; as his horse started he set his teeth, smote in the spurs and cleared the paling fence at a bound.

The surveyors were Champion and Shotwell. John worked with them. To his own surprise he was the life of the party. Some nights they camped.

They sang jolly songs together; but often Shotwell would say:

"O Champion, I'll hush if you will; we're scaring the wolves. Now, if you had such a voice as John's—Go on, March, sing 'Queen o' my Soul.'"

John would sing; Shotwell would lie back on the pine-needles with his eyes shut, and each time the singer reached the refrain, 'Mary, Mary, queen of my soul,' the impassioned listener would fetch a whoop and cry, "That's her!" although everybody knew for years the only "her" who queened it over Shotwell's soul was John's own Fannie Halliday.

"Now, March, sing, 'Thou wert the first, thou aht the layst,' an' th'ow yo' whole soul into it like you did last night!"

"John," said Champion once, after March had sung this lament, "You're a plumb fraud. If you wan't you couldn't sing that thing an' then turn round and sing, 'They laughed, ha-ha! and they quaffed, ha-ha!'"

"Let's have it!" cried Shotwell. Paass tin cups once mo', gen'le*men!*"—clink—clink—

"March," said Champion, "if you'll excuse the personality, what's changed you so?"

John laughed and said he didn't think he was changed, but if he was he reckoned it was evolution. Which did not satisfy Shotwell, who had "quaffed, ha-ha!" till he was argumentative.

"Don't you 'scuse personal'ty 't all, March. I know wha's change' you. 'Tain't no 'sperience. You ain't been converted. You're gettin' *ripe!* 's all is about it. Wha' changes green persimmons? 's nature; 'tain't 'sperience."

"Well, I'd like to know if sunshine an' frost ain't experiences," retorted Champion.

"Some experiences," laughed John, "are mighty hot sunshine, and some are mighty hard frosts." To which the two old soldiers assented with more than one sentimental sigh as the three rolled themselves in their blankets and closed their eyes.

When the survey was done they made a large colored map of everything, and John kept it in a long tin tube—what rare times he was not looking at it.

"How short-sighted most men are! They'll have lands to dispose of and yet not have maps made! How the devil do they expect ever"—etc. Sometimes he smiled to himself as he rolled the gorgeous thing up, but only as we smile at the oddities of one whom we admire.

He opened an office. It contained a mantelpiece, a desk, four chairs, a Winchester rifle and a box of cigars. The hearth and mantelpiece were crowded with specimens of earths, ores, and building stones, and of woods precious to the dyer, the manufacturer, the joiner and the cabinet maker. Inside the desk lay the map whenever he was, and a revolver whenever he was not—"Out. Will be back in a few minutes."

On the desk's top were more specimens, three or four fat old books from Widewood, and on one corner, by the hour, his own feet, in tight boots, when he read Washington's Letters, Story on the Constitution, or the Geology of Dixie. What interested Suez most of all was his sign. It professed no occupation. "John March." That was all it proclaimed, for a time, in gilt, on a field of blue smalts. But one afternoon when he was—"Out of town. Will be back Friday"—some Rosemont boys scratched in the smalts the tin word, Gentleman.

"Let it alone, John," said the next day's *Courier*. "It's a good ad. and you can live up to it." It stayed.

XLII.

WISDOM AND FAITH KISS EACH OTHER.

It came to pass in those days that an effort to start a religious revival issued from Suez "University." It seems the "Black-and-Tannery," as the Rosemont boys called it, was having such increase in numbers that the president had thought well to give the national thanksgiving day special emphasis on its devotional side. Prayer for gifts of grace to crown these temporal good fortunes extended over into a second and third evening, black young women and tan young men asked to be prayed for, the president "wired" glad news to the board in New York, the board "wired"

back, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"—just ten words, economy is the road to commendation—meetings were continued, and the gray-headed black janitor, richest man in the institution, leading in prayer, promised that if the Lord would "come down" then and there, "right thoo de roof," he himself would pay for the shingles!

Since corner-stone day the shabby-coated president had not known such joy. In the chapel, Sunday morning, he read the story of the two lepers who found the Syrian camp deserted in the siege of Samaria; and preached from the text, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; . . . So they came and called unto the porter of the city." That afternoon he went to Parson Tombs. The pastor was cordial, brotherly, full of tender gladness to hear of the "manifestations." They talked a great while, were pleased with each other and came to several kind and unexpected agreements. They even knelt and prayed together. As to the president's specific errand—his proposal for a week of union revival meetings in Parson Tombs's church, with or without the town congregation, the "university students" offering to occupy only the gallery—the pastor said that as far as *he* was concerned, he was much disposed to favor it.

"Why, befo' the wa' ow slaves used to worship with us; I've seen ow gallery half full of 'm! And we'd be only too glad to see it so again—for we love 'em yet, seh—if they wouldn't insist so on mixin' religion an' politics. I'll consult some o' my people an' let you know."

When he consulted his church officers that evening only two replied approvingly. One of them was the oldest, whitest haired man in the church. "Faw my part," he said, "I don't think the churches air a-behavin' theyse'ves like Christians to the niggehs anywheres. I jest know ef my Lawd an' Master was here in Dixie now he'd not bless a single one of all these separations between churches aw in churches, unless it's the separation o' the sexes, which I'm pow'ful sorry to see that broke up. I'm faw invitin' them people, dry-so, an' I don't give a cent whether they set up-stairs aw down"—which was true.

The other approving voice was young Doctor Grace. "Brethren, I believe in separating worshippers by race. But when, as now, this is so fully and amicably provided for, I would have all come together, joined, yet separated, to cry with one shout, 'Lord, revive us!' And he'll do it, brethren! I feel it right here!" He put his hand on the exact spot.

Garnet spoke. "Brother Grace, you say the separation is fully provided for—where 'll the white teachers of our colored brethren sit? If they sit down-stairs, we run the risk of offending some of our own folks; if they sit in the gallery that's a direct insult to the whole community. It'll not be stood. When colored mourners come up to the front—h-they'll come in troops—where'll you put 'em?"

"I'd put them wherever there's room for them," was the heroic reply.

"Oh, there'd be room for them everywhere," laughed Garnet, "for as far as *our* young folks are concerned the whole thing would be a complete frazzle. Why, you take a graceless young fellow, say like John March. How are you going to get him to come up here and kneel down amongst a lot of black and saddle-colored bucks and wenches?—I word it his way, you understand. No, sir, as sure as we try this thing we'll create dissension—in a church where everything now is as sweet and peaceful as the grave."

"Of course we mustn't have dissensions," said Parson Tombs.

Mr. Usher, who spoke last and very slowly, said but a word or two. He agreed with Brother Garnet. And yet he believed this was a message from on high to be up and a-doin.' "This church, brethren, has jest *got* to be replastered, an' *I* don't see how we goin' to do it 'ithout we have a outpourin' o' the spirit that'll give us mo' church membehs."

So the good parson dropped the matter, and saw how rightly he had followed the divine guidance when only a day or two later the "university" insulted and exasperated all Suez by enrolling three young white women from Sandstone. The *Courier*, regretting to state that this infringed no statute, dep-

recated all violence, and while it extolled the forbearance of the people, yet declared that an education which educated backward, and an institution which sought to elevate an inferior race by degrading a superior, would compel the people to make laws they would rather not enact. The Black-and-Tannery's effort for a union revival meeting lay at the door of "our church," said Garnet smilingly to Sister Proudfit, "as dead as Ananias." The kind pastor was troubled.

Yet he was gladdened again when Barbara, on horseback, brought word from "pop-a" that he had found half a dozen of his students praying together for the conversion of their fellows, and that the merest hint of revival meetings in Suez had been met by them with such zeal that he saw they were divinely moved. "Get thee up, brother," the Major's note ended, "for there is a sound of abundance of rain."

"Is it good news?" asked Barbara. The white-haired man handed her the note, joyfully, and stood at her saddle-bow watching her face as she gravely read it.

"Bless the Lord," he said, "and bless you, too, my daughter, faw yo' glad tidin's. I'll see Mary and Martha Salter and Doctor Grace right off, and get ready to ketch the blessed shower. May the very first droppin's fall on you, my beautiful child. I've heard what a wise an' blessed help you've been to yo' father since yo'—here lately. Ain't you a-goin' to give yo' heart to Jesus, daughter?"

She met his longing look with the same face as before; not blankly, yet denying, asking, confessing nothing. Truth there, but no fact.

"Well, good-by," said the old man, "I believe you're nearer the kingdom now than you know." His awkward kindness brought her nearer still.

Thus the revival began at Rosemont. The two congregations joined counsel, and decided to hold the meetings in Parson Tombs's church.

"I'm proud, Brother Tombs — or, rather, I'm grateful," said Garnet. "I look on this as a divine vindication against the missionary solicitude of an alien institution's ambitious zeal. My brethren, it's a heavenly proof of the superior vitality of Southern Christianity."

But they decided not to begin at once. Mary Salter thought they should, and so did the unmarried pastor of the other church, who, they said, was "sweet on her."

"All we need is faith!" said Miss Mary.

"No, it's not," was Miss Martha's calm response, "we need a little common sense." She said the two pastors ought to preach at least two Sunday sermons, each "pointed toward the projected—that is to say expected — showers of blessing."

"Sort o' take the people's temperature," put in Doctor Grace, but she ignored him. By that time, she said, it would be too near Christmas to start anything of the kind before——

"Why, Christmas, Sister Martha, think what Christmas is! It ought to be just the time!"

"Yes; but it isn't."

"I think Miss Martha's right," said Parson Tombs, very sweetly to Mary; "and I think," turning as affectionately to Martha, "that Miss Mary's right, too. We need faith *and* wisdom. The Lord promises both, and so we must use all we can get *uv* both. Now, if we can begin a couple of days before New Year, so's to have things a-goin' by New Year's eve, I *think* we'll find that wisdom and faith have kissed each other."

Miss Martha and Sister Tombs smiled softly at the startling figure. Miss Mary and the unmarried pastor dropped their eyes. But when Doctor Grace said, fervently, "That sounds good!" all admitted the excellence of Parson Tombs's suggestion.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN GAME FISHES.

By Leroy Milton Yale.



DEFINITION of "a game fish" could hardly be made to suit all fishermen, or even all anglers. The essential idea is that the fish shall be caught for game or sport and not for food or gain, and one may accept the opinion that game fishing is "fishing of every kind requiring skill and carried on humanely and for enjoyment." Angling books, from Walton and Venables to Francis and Norris, speak of the gudgeon or "sunny" as well as the trout, the eel as well as the salmon. If a more restricted definition be attempted, each restrictor notes those characteristics of a game fish which give him sport, and the result is rather an analysis of the peculiarities of the angler than of any definite group of fishes. Two very good essays at a definition, by Dr. Browne Goode, may be combined, and from them the following characteristics selected. A game fish should have beauty, sapidity of flesh, and a certain degree of rarity to excite the desire of the angler, as well as courage, strength, nimbleness, and cunning to test his skill in a contest rendered the more even by delicacy of tackle.

It so happens that game fish do usually possess beauty of form or color, some far more than others, it is true; but sapidity of flesh is a more important quality, since no true angler seeks a fish that is not, at the least, good food, nor will he consent to the slaughter of any which is not dangerous to man or to better fish, unless there be a pretty sure prospect that it will find a welcome upon some table. Adherence to this rule sometimes cramps sport in remote regions where fish are large and abundant and human mouths few, but the self-denial is as nothing compared to the disgust at the waste of fine fish. However beautiful or sapid a fish may be, few would continue to seek it for pleasure did it not avoid capture by its cunning or resist it by its strength or activity. In fact to many anglers, perhaps to most, this fighting capacity is the main characteristic of a game fish, as it might be in a pugilist. That it is not the only one is shown by the contempt in which some hard fighting but worthless fish are held. Whatever qualities be accepted as essential, certainly that fish which possesses the most of them, or in the greatest degree, will be entitled to the highest rank. Each angler will place his own estimate upon the relative value of individual qualities, but if we are ever called upon to settle a point of contested precedence, that fish, other things being equal, whose habitat is the most interesting, delightful and sequestered and whose capture involves the most refreshing exercise, shall be placed first.

All of the elements that go to make up this "gameness" in a fish vary greatly according to various circumstances, and none more than wariness and activity. The same fish may at one time be agile in the extreme, at another quite lethargic. But the change of mood as to shyness or cunning is even more striking. The shyness of the trout is proverbial, yet I have, after a fruitless hour of fishing, had a trout dash more than once between my very knees at the lure dangling in the water, while I was adjusting my disarranged casting line. Probably no fish better exemplifies this variation than the bluefish. At some seasons hunger or excitement seems to deprive them of all caution, and they will contend with insane eagerness for any lure—be it white rag, pine stick, or what not—which may be dragged after a sailing boat. A week later, perhaps, the most appetizing morsels which the angler's ingenuity can devise tempt them in vain, if the water be clear enough for them to see the line. Every experienced angler for striped

bass can tell remarkable tales of the cunning with which the blue-fish seizes every piece of chum that is meant for his betters, but absolutely refuses to touch a baited hook unless he can first bite off the line. I have again and again had this fish — a synonym for senseless voracity—in plain view pick the bait piecemeal from my hooks. This increased wariness much enhances the sport. Trolling, or "drailing," for bluefish is an exhilarating frolic, but matching and outwitting their cunning with fine tackle is really game fishing.

It is interesting in this connection to note how quickly wariness is born of experience. As it is developed in much fished waters it might seem to be the result of observation or of individual suffering, but, in some cases at least, it evidently comes from information received. For instance, it is often noticed that if a fresh run of sea-trout is encountered, they may be taken apparently without stint so long as none escape after hooking. If, however, one manage to free himself, the sport with that fly, and often for that day, is ended. His companions seem unalarmed by his struggle, but are warned by something learned from him after his escape. The same has been observed of other fish.

But the gameness of a fish, being measured by the sport his capture gives, may be modified by circumstances quite outside of the fish itself; the angler's mood, his tackle and many other things. The salmon fisher, for instance, may to-day abhor the splendid sea-trout as "vermin," not from any affectation, not even from the spirit of purism which led to the colored brother's contemptuous rejection of the fine pike because he was "a-catting," but because it has interfered with the pursuit of the salmon or has been found in the pools or on the spawning-ground of the nobler fish, where it may do great damage. To-morrow, properly equipped, he will gladly go to meet the trout at the head of the tide.

The possibility of getting sport from a fish is especially dependent upon the method of fishing. If one anchor his boat in ten fathoms of water, and sinks his stout hand-line with a lead as heavy as any fish he may reasonably expect to take he will not much value the gameness of the prey he hales from the depths. But if he study the habits of that fish and search for his hiding-places in the rocky tideways or his feeding-places on the shallows, and "angle unto him" with light tackle, suitable to his weight, he is changed from an acquaintance of low estate into a respected and admired antagonist. And it may in general be asserted that any fish is most game when fished for in that way which gives it the greatest chance of resistance and of escape, and which demands the greatest skill and delicacy on the part of the fisherman. Deep fishing, whether bottom fishing or deep trolling, demands heavy tackle, if only to carry the necessary weight of lead. Save for the largest fish, such tackle at once destroys any chance of finesse. The fish being well hooked, any force which will not mutilate it enough to loosen the hook may be employed. For such fishing the rod has little advantage over the handline, as only the stoutest rods can stand the strain.

In shallow water, or where fish are sought not far from the surface, more or less delicacy of apparatus is practicable, and it would be hard to find a better standard of the gameness of a fish (*i.e.*, its sport-giving power) than the degree of delicacy that is permitted and of skill demanded in its capture. Yet not until rods are constructed to register ergs or foot-pounds will anglers agree as to the relative fighting ability of their favorites, and discussions thereof are generally futile. Doubtless it is the element of delicacy which has given fly-fishing its pre-eminence in the estimation of anglers. No greater skill is demanded to excel with the fly than in minnow casting or in casting the worm in "North Country" style; but with the delicate rod and tackle called for by fly-casting the angler derives more pleasure, or at least more kinds of pleasure, than in any other way. And it is for similar reasons, no doubt, that those fish which are known as reliable risers, at least in certain seasons, are those by which most store is set.

Locality, opportunity, and personal

predilection make specialists of anglers. In our great country one who does not make an occupation of his pastime can practically know but a few of the enormous number of fine fishes in its fresh waters or along its shores. The limits of a magazine article will admit only a part of those which have given the writer pleasure in his occasional holidays. Some of these occupy, by common consent of anglers, places of honor, others are less known or more slightly esteemed; but since they are, if properly fished for, truly game fish, they are recommended to the sincere "brother of the angle" who cannot command the time required to enjoy the pursuit of those more vaunted.

"For by cause," says Dame Juliana, "that the Samon is the moost stately fyssh that ony maye angle to in freshe water, Therefore I purpose to begyn at hym." Stately indeed he is, and all that attends his capture has something of state about it. His beauty triumphs over the adverse surroundings of the fishmongers' slab. Look at a bright spring fish, note his graceful rounded lines, his small head, his gleaming sides with almost imperceptible scales, and with here and there a black X worn as jauntily as the patches of an old-time belle. Imagine him living, strong, agile and alert and you cannot wonder that the acclamation of anglers declares him king of sporting fishes.

The Atlantic has but one salmon, the *Salmo salar;* the Pacific coast of our country has at least five, all belonging to the genus *Oncorhyncus.* The salmon of commerce comes from that coast, several species, especially the Quinnat, or King, Salmon, being taken in enormous numbers to meet the world's demand. Some of these kinds are equal as food, under the same circumstances, to the Atlantic fish, and probably would be his peer as a game fish if they could be persuaded to rise to a fly. As it is, they generally are trolled for in bays and estuaries with handlines and tackle so robust that even their gallant fight can avail little. Such noble fish deserve fairer handling. The supply has seemed inexhaustible, but the unrestrained destructiveness of nets and wheels is beginning to tell. The experience of the Eastern States and still older countries ought easily to show our quick-witted Western brethren where the trouble lies, and where the cure is found.

Let us go back to our Eastern fish and our Eastern rivers. Probably the yield of a season would be counted a poor day's haul on the Columbia, but the taking of each fish is an event. Long before the snow-water on his gills wakened in the fish the recollections of his native stream the angler had made his plans for the encounter and arranged the details of his preparations with loving care. At length he is upon the river. That alone would be an experience worth the pains, but for the haunting expectation of that salmon's rise. Out of the forest on the flanks of the low mountains, comes the stream twined of the threads of countless brooks. Over falls and through chasms, of which the gaffers, who are loggers in winter, will tell by the evening fire, it finds its way to the broad pool beside which he has set his camp. Behind the camp, a little way up, is a cool spring among the rocks; higher yet on the sides of the cliff are spruces, cedars, birches, maples and all the multitudinous foliage of early summer. Across the pool the rocky wall rises nearly perpendicularly to its crest of trees. The bed of the stream, too, is of rock broken into steps, with patches of gravel where, through the uneven water, he is able to make out the resting-place of a fish quite disproportioned to the shallow, clear stream. His soundest leader and his most taking fly are put out. He watches its curving journey down the pool. Foot by foot he lengthens the cast, until he knows the fish has seen the lure. One after another he offers the most enticing wares of Kelso or of Sprouston, and adds thereto bizarre creations of his own without effect. The fish has run the gauntlet of scores of pools and knows the contents of the fly-book as well as its owner. The angler's arm, soft from the winter's disuse, begins to tire. The fly falls with less grace and sidles down the water as if it were as discouraged as he; when around it what a swirl, as half a bronze-black head shows for an instant above



There is one pool below which I should like to fish myself, for old sake's sake.—Page 758.

the surface! What wonder that many a novice is paralyzed by stage fright. It is well if his gaffer sets up his rod in time and brings him to his senses. He will need them all.

The struggle need not be told; the runs, the retrieval of the line, the leaps and sulks, and all the devices of the excited fish; nor yet the counter-manœuvres of the angler and his surprising rushes with rod high in air over places through which a little before he painfully clambered with the gaffer's aid. It is an experience the angler never forgets, but to another it has little meaning.

The Trout of Europe, the trout of Walton, does not exist in our country, save in a few places, mostly preserves, where it has recently been introduced. But when our English forefathers came to New England they found a fish which so resembled it, although more beautiful, that they called it the Brook-trout; and brook-trout it ever will remain, although the strictness of science says it is no trout, but a char. But, as Jordan remarked, "Nothing higher can be said of a salmonoid than that it is a char!" The determining distinction lies in the formation of one of the bones of the head, and would escape anyone but an anatomist. There are in our country, however, real trout. Such is the Rocky Mountain, or Red-throated Trout (*Salmo mykiss*), a good fish and much more worthy of introduction into new waters than the Rainbow Trout (*S. irideus*) which a few years back was quite extensively placed in Eastern streams and lakes. The latter is not the peer of our own fish.

What a lovely creature is this Brook-trout! Stouter than most chars, he is still lithe and very muscular. The water and the soil about him vary his color, but in the dullest mill-pond he is not ugly. In bright, cold water with clean bottom, how he gleams, be he the fingerling of a romantic stream in his first nuptial garment or the six-pounder of a Nipigon reach. From his olive back, vermiculated like the damascening of an old sword-blade, and his spotted side to his ruddy belly and fins, barred with black and gold, he is a

[illegible] all h[illegible] anglers. [illegible]ands [illegible]s not [illegible]kes, [illegible] ca[illegible] [illegible] th[illegible] alt no forces [illegible]he [illegible]tre[illegible]s, l[illegible] ever th[illegible]lov[illegible], c[illegible]l w[illegible]. Not e[illegible]l[illegible]e him where it is foul[illegible] [illegible] been my good fortune [illegible]t[illegible]ely fish in many brooks [illegible]am[illegible]d in larger waters, fr[illegible]. Heats and the Saguenay [illegible]reat river whose rapids were [illegible] training-school, and everywher[illegible]led me to pictures of abiding [illegible]. But in memory none is lovelier than the streams where I first fished and which I still visit. Come to one of them.

In the springy meadows of the uplands, between the sparsely wooded hills, are its well-heads, where the darting fry heed not the drinking cattle. Their joining runnels make a brooklet, and when its sister joins it from the northward already there is water worthy of fishing. Better leave it. Here are small fish trying their strength. If you startle a good one she is here on an errand which shall increase your sport by and by. We will leave the road where it crosses the brook the second time and enter a wonderful shade of oak and beech and maple. This brook would give Meander a sense of rectitude. Amid bowlders, beech-roots and boles, mossy and dappled, making little promontories covered with brack-



Brook-trout.

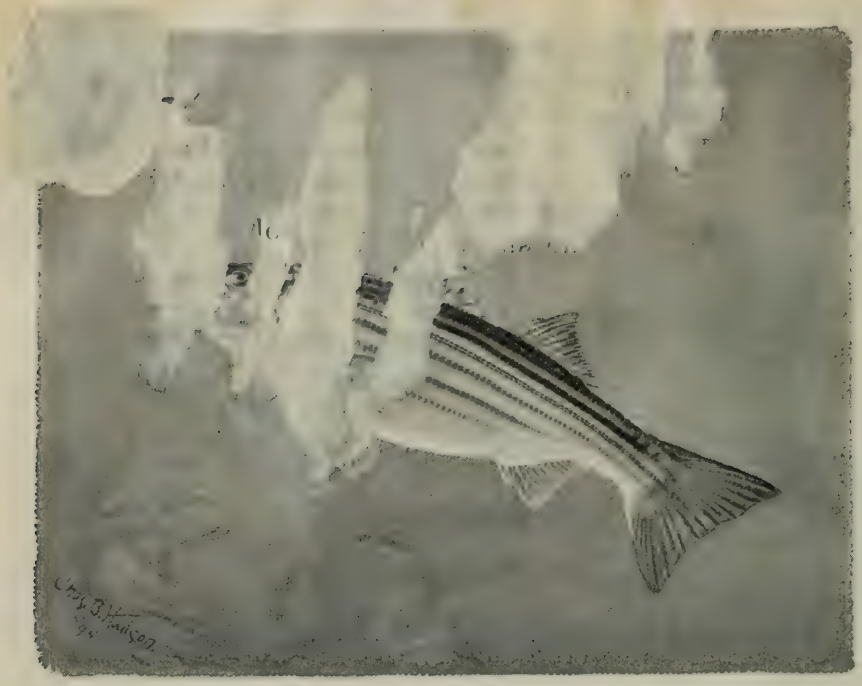
[illegible]eir and shade-loving plants, The exp[illegible]bout with a tiny pool and and sti[illegible]very rod. There is no room [illegible] here, but there is fascinating [illegible]f you dape your fly or let a whirl in the eddies. Ah, that [illegible]s not full eight inches; put him [illegible]ck and come down to an exquisite, deep pool which has eaten itself out of the high bank from which the maple hangs. Go to the bottom of the pool on the farther side where the bank is low, and you will have a short cast up stream over a good fish. A little below is a pond full of fish, but not large ones. Pass it: the stream below is better. Its right bank is wooded, but on the other you may come to it across the meadow and screen yourself behind tall grasses, clethras, azaleas, and other brook-side things. One fish picked up here gives more pleasure than a dozen from the swampy pond. There is one pool below (still with its steep side and its meadow side, for the stream has clung to the curve of the low hill) which I should like to fish myself, for old sake's sake. In the pond below you will find abundant good fish. Take what you will, and then I'll show you the way home.

One dislikes to pass by the grayling, "the lady of the streams," but in our country its habitat is relatively so restricted that it must remain, even to most anglers, a book or aquarium acquaintance. Its repute as a game fish varies greatly. But it should be borne in mind that those who know it best hold it highest, and it seems altogether probable that the slight esteem of others is due to their having fished for the grayling in summer. It is in full season only in autumn, after the holiday time for most busy men is over. Whatever may be thought of its fighting qualities, there is no dispute about its beauty. Its dark back is olive-brown or purple-black, its sides are purple



DRAWN BY CHARLES B. HUDSON.

Trout Fishing—a Strike.



A Striped Bass.
(The small fish to the left, a pompano.)

and sequestered homes demands an expenditure of time and money proper only to the relatively few. The personal preservation of fishing waters jars a little our democratic notions, but without such care the game cannot exist. It is no question of sport for the many or for the few, but of sport for the few or for none. Fish preserves do not (as has been charged against great game preserves) hinder any man's successful bread-winning. They simply demand that the flow of water be free and unpolluted, and that the owner have the same right to the fish he raises that his neighbor has to his poultry.

and silver glinting like nacre as it turns in the light, which makes its spots now black, now purple.

These are the noblesse of game fishes, and they are game for the few as well. They multiply and grow, in fresh water at least, so slowly that unprotected they soon disappear from thickly settled regions. To seek them in their remote

With the disappearance of the trout, and perhaps because of it, the black-bass (or rather the black-basses, for there are two of them) has become the most generally popular of our fresh-water game fish. For ourselves we cannot put it be-



Large-mouthed, or Oswego, Black-Bass.

side the game salmonoids; but these [illegible] will thri
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Black-bass Fishing—a Cast at Dawn.

Mississippi Basin and the South Atlantic States, including the Florida peninsula. East of the Appalachian chain, down to and including the Potomac, they seem to have come only by man's help. The earlier anglers of the Eastern States did not know the fish, but throughout that immense region which goes by Central time, it has been a favorite since its settlement, and has become such where introduced. It has been sometimes put into waters from which it would more wisely have been excluded, but, on the other hand, it has made good fishing-grounds of many a sheet of water which before scarcely yielded a day's sport. While it does best with good spring water, if there be like many anadromous or late-spawning fish, driven away by winter from its ova before they are hatched. The nest is fiercely guarded as long as the young stay in it. Then, as cold weather approaches, it hibernates in the mud or some safe place where the winter poacher cannot find it. When active it has a voracity equal to a pike's and is even better able to gratify it. Naturally, then, where it is found at all it is usually reasonably abundant and of good size. Remarkable strength is evident from its heavy build, but the secret of its agility must be hidden within its brain. In mild climates it spawns rather early in the season, and is looking for food at the time when



Trolling for Bluefish.

the "average citizen" is taking his holiday. These qualities are enough to secure popularity.

The two species of black-bass have had many scientific names, and a good score at least of popular ones, the most generally used being "small-mouthed bass" for *Micropterus dolomei*, and "large-mouthed bass," or "Oswego bass," for *M. salmoides*. The former is generally considered by anglers to be much the better fighter. Dr. Henshall, who speaks with authority founded on special study and large experience, claims that, weight, water, and surroundings being the same, the fish are equal in strength and method of resistance. We may leave this point open and say simply that the black-bass is a very game fish indeed. He fights very hard and fights long. He tries various tactics, leaping high and frequently shaking his head in the air, as if to dislodge the hook, suddenly



A Striped-Bass Fisherman's Stand.

boring down, darting from side to side, "jigging" and taking advantage of any rock or sunken log about which he may tangle and break the line. His vitality is such that he survives capture a long time, and even the merciful blow upon the base of the skull sometimes is not sufficient to make him "stay killed."

The bass is taken in all sorts of ways, and with a great variety of lures. Still-fishing, trolling, minnow-casting and fly-casting are all employed. The still-fisher's outfit is generally the most ample, as the bass is noted among fish for the catholicity and variability of his taste: minnows, shrimps, crickets, grasshoppers, helgramites, dew-worms, and what not. Pretty certainly, if the angler has depended upon a professional fisherman for his bait, he will find himself overstocked with what the fish were



DRAWN BY CHARLES B. HUDSON.

Gaffing a Striped Bass.

taking day before yesterday and scantily supplied with what they wish to-day. Even with all the baits known to the fisherman he may fail to find the fish in his favorite places—a fact which has led some to suppose that they make circuits of the sheet of water they inhabit, staying but a short time in one place. It is possible to fish a well-stocked pond often without finding the fish at all. Minnow-casting and fly-fishing are, after all, much the more satisfactory methods of fishing. They have much the same kind of interest: by them both a great deal of water can be investigated without unreasonable delay or labor, and the situation of the fish ascertained if they be in the humor for either lure. Fly-fishing for bass has nothing peculiar in it, save that the flies used are usually large and showy, and the rod, line, and gut proportionably heavier than for trout-fishing. The fly is ordinarily used with success only in moderately shallow water, and perhaps the same might be said of minnow-casting; and in using them early in the season it is wise always to make sure that the places where rises are frequent are not the resting-place of some belated spawners. The fly will have done no real harm if you put the fish back, but the minnow-hook may have done irreparable damage. In case of doubt it is better to sheer off into deeper water and come again later in the season.

The pike family, which in Europe contains a single species (*Lucius lucius*), is represented in our own country by at least five, of which three are commonly considered game fish; namely, the common green pickerel of the Eastern and Middle States (*L. reticulatus*); the pike, the same as the European fish; and the maskinongy, meaning, in Algonquin, great pike (*L. masquinongy*), which is found chiefly in the basin of the Great Lakes, and is the finest fish of the group. The Maskinongy is often cautious and not easy to entice, and after hooking, its weight, strength, and alertness make it a worthy antagonist. In waters about the Thousand Islands it is considered a prize. The Pike, if large, often gives nearly as good sport, especially if for the sake of plunder it has left its favorite lakes or slack water, and dwells a while in a rapid current of cold water. But, on the whole, I have not found it a very interesting fish. It sometimes makes one or two good runs soon after hooking and, failing to break away, then comes home. Its admirers speak of it as game to the last, but I have not seen this peculiarity. It surpasses all other fish in one thing: the number of incredible tales of which it is the subject. At the beginning of the Christian era, the manufacture of the legend of the mighty and voracious pike was well established. The industry is still continued, thrives without protection and no trust as yet restricts its output.

Nor is the common Pickerel a fish to excite much enthusiasm. Yet in ponds and streams not stocked with better fish it is an object of consideration. In cold, clear streams, and in lakes after the autumn chill has settled upon them it loses its muddy flavor and becomes an acceptable table-fish. Even when the lakes are frozen it gives sport to those who like to use the spear or to skate from one "tip-up" to another. But when the trout is out of season and the bass is in the mud the pickerel still gives a few days of real angling before the rods are put away for the winter. Best of all, to our taste, is it to seek him in the lake shallows or in the still reaches of the streams, when the autumn haze tempers the glory of the leaves, when the white frost makes the bents crisp under foot and our pockets shall be heavy with hickory-nuts, even if our creels be light. There is another fish, sometimes called pike or pickerel (and salmon, too, for that matter), which is no pike. It is the Wall-eye, or Pike Perch. It is interesting ichthyologically; it is an excellent table-fish when fresh and, if caught in quick water (I have known it only in the Nipigon and the Grande Décharge), a good fighter.

The delights of angling are by no means, in our country, bound up with the capture of a few kinds of fish. It is one of the evidences of the enormous resources of our anglers that so many kinds, the taking of which would in England (the country *par excellence* of angling literature), be considered well

worth describing, are here airily waved aside as "boys' fish." If such they be, there is a good deal of boy left in some veteran anglers. The chubs and their kindred, the race of sun-fishes and all the lesser basses, and even the yellow perch (good risers at the fly all, in their season), have been thus slightingly characterized.

Now, take this perch, for instance. He is dear to the boy's heart because of his gregariousness and his courage. If he be found at all, he is usually found abundantly and, unless age or hard experience have cooled his ardor, he is not alarmed at the disappearance of his comrades, but follows the caught one to the last, and is ready to try his luck on the next bait. But large perch are not so easily taken. It requires fine tackle to deceive them and sound tackle to hold them and fish of three-quarters of a pound or more, or even of half a pound, give excellent sport, and there are few better table-fish taken from fresh water. Not the least of its excellences, to the angler's mind, is the fact that it can be caught late in the season, generally as late as it is comfortable to sit in a punt.

Sea-fishing attracts or repels according as the charms or discomforts of the sea the more impress the fisherman. The drawbacks of deep-water angling have been mentioned, but there is ample field for angling in salt water without these. Shore-fishing is often exceedingly satisfactory if one but have the skill to make a fairly long cast; while estuary and harbor-fishing have much the same charms as lake-fishing, with the great abundance of game which the sea affords. Around New York the opportunities that salt water affords for skilful and delicate angling are widely appreciated, and the advantages gained both as to sport and to success by the use of fine tackle are more and more recognized. Among the delights of salt-water angling is the variety of fish that may be taken even in a single day's sport. It is impossible to even enumerate those ordinarily sought for. Those denizens of the two oceans and the Gulf familiar to the readers of angling journals must number a hundred or more species. Quite a large number of them, not generally recognized as anadromous, push their way, in search of food or for other reasons, into brackish or even into fresh water, affording the angler some of his choicest opportunities. At a single point, about forty miles up the Hudson, the writer has taken the striped bass, the bluefish, the weakfish, the hickory shad, and the Lafayette, all sea-fish, amid scenery as beautiful as that of a Highland loch. Even the enormous tarpon, which may outweigh his captor, is sought for in shallow harbors or estuaries.

The capture of the Striped Bass, however, is most satisfactory, as the "setting" seems most appropriate, in the breakers or in the rocky tide-ways of the coast. Whether or not the tarpon shall yet oust him from his place, the bass has hitherto been *facile princeps* among the game fish of salt water. The admirers of "the salmon of the surf" have even challenged the supremacy of the river king. Beautiful, strong, active and cunning, his taking is a triumph to the angler and a gratification to the gourmand. There are few more beautiful fish than a bass. His colors are more brilliant before he reaches the grandest size, and fish of medium weight — ten to thirty pounds — are generally thought to be the most active. But the same is true of most fish. There is one particular about the fight of the bass which is never forgotten, the straight-away rush after it feels the hook. As he sees score after score of yards of line disappear from the reel in spite of all the pressure of thumb that the rod will bear, the anxiety of the angler is intense. Sometimes the fish is turned (or rather he changes his mind) only when the despairing fisherman thinks he can count the remaining turns on the 200-yard spool — and sometimes he does not change his mind at all. It is rather remarkable that right within the limits of New York City has been the school, if one may so say, of bass-angling. Hell Gate, with its ledges and eddies, was an ideal place for the fish and the founders of the great bass-clubs were largely trained there. Of late years the constant passing of steam and sailing craft, the pollution of the waters by the sewage of a metropolis, not to mention the senseless

and lawless taking of tiny fish, have impaired the fishing, so that fish of above five pounds are rarities ; yet in one week during the last summer, after a hard blow, the East River trollers took a number of larger fish. The surf fisherman fishes from the shore, making long casts—fifty yards or more—from the reel or throwing the hand-line with the skill born of practice. The platform "stand," so much in vogue at fishing clubs, we cannot help thinking a mistake. To give so wary a fish the opportunity to silhouette the fisherman against the sky cannot be conducive to success. A shorter cast from a less conspicuous position, we believe, would take more fish. In shallow water, rivers, estuaries, and the like, the bass will take the fly, and the method is well worth the trial.

There is an humble kinsman of the bass which has been one of our life-long friends, a game fish of far more merit than many a higher praised one, the White Perch (*Morone americana*). When young he is the victim of his appetite and falls the prey of any fisherman with any tackle, but as he becomes of ripe age he is shy enough. Large ones often are taken by the ambushed angler on the lightest of fly-tackle, when the bait-fisher had abandoned the water as hopeless. Here is the memorandum of an afternoon's fishing in early June of last year :

Let us row up the creek as far as we can. The ebb is well spent and it is hard to keep the skiff afloat, so we land and haul her up, taking the shrimp seine. A few sweeps in a favorable place give us bait enough. Upon the finest of drawn-gut leaders we put a couple of dark midge-flies, and as a stretcher a small hook of fine wire (No. 6 Aberdeen is about right). Bait this with the smallest of shrimps, for the herrings are still running and are likely to be along with the perch; your fresh run herring is dainty ; no coarse tackle nor large baits for him. A strong southwest wind has blown off the hot mists of the morning, the sky is clear with snowy cumuli and the sun bright, but we need not after all throw off our coats. The broad meadow is encircled with rich-colored oaks of small size, and on one side the pasture-land slopes up above them. Through the green the creek wanders as if determined to stay within it as long as possible. Here and there a straight branch shows that at some time man has tried his hand at topography and sends us a long way around.

Not too near the bank now. Or, if you cannot cast up against the wind so far, crawl up and cast kneeling. Not here to-day! These little migrations are among the charms of this fishing. Many usual haunts may be tried fruitlessly before the fish are found, but if found they are likely to be in force ; they are social creatures. Ah, we have found them. There is a good perch at the shrimp. How he makes the dropper dance ! And now a herring has that and is out of water in an instant, showing his broad silvery side, and then, making this same breadth serve him, he sways and surges at the leader like a boy's kite in a flawy sou'wester. For a few minutes they take freely, and then are gone and we go too, meeting them or others again and again at the bends and the reaches. Now the creel is full enough, and the westering sun suggests that we are waited for at home. We cut across a large bow of the creek, looking to find something more dainty to offer than the contents of the creel. Here it is, the sweet-scented arethusa. How abundant it is ! Around this rosy centre we put a few blooms of the great blue iris and buttercups. That will suffice. Well! This is an odd place for the checkerberry, but here it is, out in the meadows by the salty creek ; red berries and ruddy young leaves ("drunkards" the children call them), hot to look at, hotter yet to taste.

So along to the place where we hid the net beside the dike, and then to the skiff. She floats free with the risen tide. When we shoot the bridge, down flat and save your head ! That's safely done. Here's the eddy where we used to take the scuppaug with trout tackle. Do you remember that twilight? They will be there again at the end of the summer, as game and as toothsome as ever. What a pity to inflict the indignity of a hand-line on the brave little fighters ! Now for home and supper.

A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER VII.

"RIEN NE VA PLUS."

THE day was lovely and noticeably mild, for even when it is very late spring, in this slow-moving climate, the chill is not wholly gone out of the air. Leonard looked with an amiable eye at the animated market-scene at the foot of the gray rock of Monaco, and at the jaunty yachts at anchor in the little bay, and sniffed agreeably the pleasant salt-water smell that came to his nostrils while he mounted the long incline from the Condamine. But when he came to the Casino, though the sun was full upon it, it had for him a cold look. This florid edifice, that surpassed all of its class since farmer-general Benazet, under royal protection, ran the play-houses of France, began to have something very hollow and factitious in its gayety.

For himself, Leonard's situation was now such that he felt that he had almost less to fear from going forward than going back. He was like the soldiers taken between two fires, or rather those who dread the severity of their own officers more than the enemy. He was in a condition to say,

"If I desire to live, I must conquer."

The very first person he met in the rooms was good old Major Longwood, the retired English army officer. This acquaintance looked flushed, disturbed, not at all his usual self, and Leonard, recalling the story about him, was greatly surprised to see him there.

"It's refreshing to see that you can concede a little to human frailty, Major," said he. "I thought you never came here."

"Oh, yes, I come occasionally. I—I used to come here at one time, more or less, more or less, you know," he returned, nonchalantly.

"So it is not true that he was paid his ten francs a day by the Administration to keep away?" thought Leonard, as he moved on. And presently he was far too much engrossed with his own affairs to think anything about it.

As if going into battle or on a dangerous journey, he had certain preliminary arrangements to make. He mounted to the comfortable reading-room, above stairs, where all the newspapers and fine stationary were at everybody's disposal. He sat down to write, but gave up that idea. He merely took five hundred francs from the bulk of his money, enclosed it in an envelope and put it securely in an inner pocket.

"A prudent person," he said—he still considered himself a prudent person—"must foresee the worst. If things really go against me, this will serve us awhile as running expenses. Otherwise we shan't have a cent to bless ourselves with."

The sum thus kept back was to be considered as if it did not exist; he was to stop at that point. "He really ought to have left it behind, on deposit, or with Miriam," he said, but he argued that he had not had time, and also that the latter course would have aroused suspicion. He struggled with himself, too, to make the sum a thousand or two thousand francs, instead, but he could not 'spare' so much. To "foresee the worst," with a comfortable budget of bank-bills, to the amount of a great many thousand francs, in one's pocket, is not easy. The truth is, he refused to foresee anything unpleasant whatever.

He entered the gaming-rooms, and went first to a *trente-et-quarante* table. It was in his plan of campaign to risk a certain amount there. The chances of winning at that game were said to be better, and he felt that he had never given it a fair trial. He had some vary-

ing successes, and then the allotted sum melted away. He took it with considerable calmness; the real test had not yet come.

All preliminaries being now duly accomplished, the moment had come for really serious play, the play that was to reinstate and save him. His Waterloo was to begin—except that he did not in the least admit the notion of a Waterloo of the disastrous sort.

"The request I make of destiny is reasonable and modest," he said. "I merely ask for what belongs to me, what I have lost of my own. I demand no profits, no brilliant fortune. This being granted me, and having had my lesson, I forswear any and all conceivable games of hazard forevermore."

Surely a reasonable request, to which hardened Dame Fortune might have done herself much credit in listening. The famous "red" table at which he had made his great gain was one of those suppressed for the summer season. He had thought of choosing it, and looked upon it as a suspicion of bad luck that it was missing. Still it had played him false so much, given him such staggering reverses afterward, that it really made no difference; so he chose another.

People made way for him, gave him a place now, almost as a matter of right; it was well known that he was not of those who indulge in mere affectations of play. He was a client after the Administration's own heart.

He played away methodically a thousand francs, making every piece go as far as possible. He had not stopped for breakfast, and about two o'clock it occurred to him to go out and get something to eat. Not that he was hungry, but one ought to fortify himself for the struggle.

When out on the esplanade he turned mechanically in the direction of the arcade with the fine cafés, but yielding to a more economical impulse, passed through the Hotel Metropole and out on the other side, where the palm-trees around its grass-plot had little electric lights flowering in them at night. Not an unnecessary centime must be spent now—it might make all the difference in his fate. He knew of a restaurant where the whole repast cost hardly more than the fee to the waiter below.

Up the hill, hidden amid the foliage, some new streets were squeezing a scant foothold out of the side of the mountain. Glaring new houses and hotels seized upon every inch of the rocky slope not absolutely precipitous, and hung over the deep gorge of Sainte Devote with a daring that made one fear to see them fall down upon the theatrical little chapel in its depths. Leonard turned eastward, instead of penetrating this quarter. He passed a church, with ambitious cupola, creating a bold religious aspect where it would least be expected, and kept along the straggling business Avenue Saint Charles, which, later, becomes the road to Mentone.

His restaurant was clean and good, if modest. He wondered if some of the others were players down on their luck like himself. Even the people of the Principality, who made their living out of them were wont to speak with contempt of the *joueurs*, the gamblers. There were two that were certainly not players. One was like an English clergyman, and his companion might have been a divinity student. The elder man had very stiff sandy hair, projecting upper teeth, and a semi-invalid look. Their boots were white with the dust of a long pedestrian tramp. They began to lament the crying evil of Monte Carlo in a rhythmical, "dearly-beloved-brethren" tone. They spoke openly, as if, since it was English, nobody could possibly understand them.

"I'm told one of the Yorkshire Longwoods was very keen after it at one time," said the younger man—"Major Longwood, quite ruined himself, you know, had to get out of the army—and all that sort of thing."

"A sad case—a sad case. I knew some of the women of his family—and dear, good women they were."

"I'm told he's come into quite a fortune again, has the Major."

"I heard it too, a few days back. Let us hope he'll make a different use of it to what he did the last time."

Leonard could hardly fail to be struck by this. Exciting things, then, were in store for the genial old Major once

more, and his unwonted presence here to-day was well accounted for.

The clergyman's diatribe even charged vulgar cheating upon the Casino. "It's alike the world over," said he; "don't tell me the contrary. They lead the victim on, allow him to gain a trifle, and then fleece him at their convenience."

"It's shocking, shocking. And can nothing be done to put a stop to the place altogether?"

"The worst of it is that even warnings often act only as an enticement. Some of the most incurable cases are those of people who have come over to see what the dreadful place they had heard so much of is like. The enlightened sentiment of Europe will yet reach this far and sweep it away. In the meantime it seems as if the only remedy—a poor weak one, it is true—were not to go there one's self, and to say nothing about it, good, bad, or indifferent."

They made Leonard Bond suffer a moment of keen anguish. He might not even have had a fair chance against hazard; like the most besotted of simpletons he was perhaps merely the victim of cheap trickery.

But he shook off the feeling, saying, "I must not listen to such things, I shall be 'rattled.' I have need of all my calmness, all my powers, this day beyond every other."

He began anew. He played mainly upon the dozens and the columns, keeping a piece or two at the same time upon numbers selected at random. He chose the number of the cab that brought him over from Nice; the date of his birth; the day of the month; the number of the battalion in garrison at Villefranche, the 24th Chasseurs; the former lucky 19; half of the number of the Kharkoff's house on the Promenade, since the whole number went above the limit; the number of Madame Radamoff's rings; and so on and so forth. It was curious to see, since *some* choice must be made, the far-fetched expedients that determined it.

Leonard played simple chances and complex chances, now fostered a certain number, now followed the progression of *paroli* or the *coup de deux*, and tried, by doubling and tripling, to combine in a final gain the sum of many losses. As if the nickel roulette-wheel, in the midst of the grass-green cloth, were some magic spring, he plunged into the circle of its fascination with tireless persistence, to seize the treasure hid in its depths.

He heard a party that included Louise Bradbury, laughing behind him.

Then a stir of more vivid and tragic interest, at least to those who were in the secret. Mrs. Lanfoot ran up to the group behind Leonard, and cried, in a breathless way:

"Major Longwood is here! Major Longwood is here!"

"Yes, I've seen him," rejoined Louise Bradbury. "What did you mean by that absurd story that he never came here?"

"But he's playing! he's playing! Come and see! come quick! He's been to the Administration, and given up the ten francs a day they allowed him. He came into another fortune yesterday, and now he's here again gambling it away for dear life."

It was true. The story went from one to another, and people crowded in large numbers to see him. The poor old Major—all his long years of scarcity and humiliation forgot, all the simple and genial tastes acquired to fill those years forgotten—was at the *trente-et-quarante* table, playing the very highest stakes, tossing the second fortune, in great handfuls, into the same abyss that had swallowed the first.

The voices diminished, then ceased. Leonard heard, without turning his head. The piece of news gave him a certain thrill, but the problems before him were far too absorbing to let attention relax. It was a mad day, then; the Maelstrom was turning its wildest whirl. It was appropriate that all the world, even that part of it which had been the most restrained, should throw off its caution and plunge into it with him.

The winning of a *maximum*, however, the highest stake, after a while, gave him a brief gleam of cheerfulness. Much encouraged, he was about to play two such stakes at once; but the croupier took it into his head to stop it. By the letter of the rules, indeed, such play was forbidden, but the rule was not en-

forced. There was Lord Buntrock, for example, who had lately put down *maximums* on every one of the coincident chances, nine of them in all. As luck would have it, he saw that the stake they had refused would have won, had they left it down. He was very angry, "rattled" he would have called it. It was a bad sign, perhaps a sign of the breaking up and of the beginning of the end; for the successful gambler should remain imperturbably cool. He got up to change his table, and met Louise Bradbury coming back from the Major Longwood episode.

"One could calculate just about how long his inheritance will last him," she said.

They had met comparatively little for some time. She had been away to Florence, and but lately returned. She was more prudent, too, of late, and more serious than she had been. Luck at play had gone against her. The legend of the handsome young American girl who had won all her fans, gloves, bonbons and carriages, not to say the hotel-bills of the family, no longer held good. Her mother had reproved her. The young woman awoke to the fact that when she had been playing her part as a spoiled child of fortune, she had allowed herself to set some of the proprieties at much too audacious a defiance. The admiring French captain, who had seemed so entire a captive of her bow and spear, had gone to other fields and had incautiously left behind him some ungallant remarks upon her freedom of manner, which were going about the clubs and elsewhere with very derogatory effect. She was rather chastened by this, for the moment, and inclined to square her deportment much nearer to usual and even stiffly conventional lines. This, however, with people in general, not with Leonard.

"We are all going back by the six-o'clock train. Won't you come with us?" she said, ingratiatingly.

The question was both offensive and alarming to him, and he refused in that curt way which she let him use with her, but which he would never have used even with her, had not his mind been so wrought upon and distracted. He was surprised to note with what difficulty his voice came from his dry throat.

At a new table Leonard first tried playing "in his head," a bit. He chose his numbers, and watched to see how he would have succeeded had he actually put stakes upon them. He succeeded well this way; but, with a new beginning came new failure. He suddenly remarked that the croupier was Krieg, reputed to give so many *voisins*, the neighboring numbers.

"Why did I not remark that before?" he asked; and, fingering his coins with a fevered touch that left them hot as from a new mint, he began to play *voisins*.

As he half stood, to place the pieces about the board himself, as he was fond of doing, for to let the croupier place them with his rake seemed but to invite that rake the more surely to sweep them away—he felt his muscles stiffened as with rheumatism. He seemed to have suddenly grown old.

His old favorite, the 19, turned up. Good! He placed *voisins* about that number—three to the right, and three to the left of it. If he won on any of those seven numbers, he would be out by his pieces on the other six, but he could well afford this deduction from a gain of thirty-five. The manœuvre being successful, he meant to repeat and continue.

But none of them won. Click! clatter! went the wooden rake, sweeping away his gold pieces into the omnivorous treasury.

The goaded bull of the arena, too oft repulsed in his fierce onset upon his persecutors, stands vacillating, at last, and loses spirit for the combat. So, too, Leonard, sick with disappointment, began to draw near the stage of the staggering step, the glazing eye, the total collapse of brave endurance. His head was befogged; he said to himself that he had probably not come into the contest in good physical condition; he should have waited for a better moment.

He now took account of stock, passed all his remaining funds in review and made ready for a final effort. The bills being changed into coin, he found piled up beside him something like eleven

hundred francs. That is to say, the total of his worldly possessions was perceptibly less than the sum he had lately spent for an extravagant dinner. His theory of high play, partially abandoned perforce, came back to favor again.

"Play high and leave it to luck; that is the only way to fortune," had been his argument. "As the lucky stroke comes but rarely, with small play you can never arrive at anything."

He divided his money into seven maxima, of nine gold pieces each, and put them upon the fortunate 19 and its six neighbors. He would fall decorously, if fall he must; he did it quietly like a pattern gambler this time, leaving the authorized assistants to place the stakes.

The large metal disk, that ran like a spring of shining water in the green cloth, spun rapidly round to the right; the ivory marble spun rapidly round to the left, and went dancing, clicking, clattering amid the compartments as if playing a merry game of leap-frog.

"*Rien ne va plus*," sang croupier Krieg, one of venerated founder Blanc's original Swiss or Germans, brought down with him from Homburg.

The marble danced no more, but pursued its gradually diminishing rounds. It seemed to go on forever; would it never stop? But it did stop. Leonard saw it with an eye that half-looked and was half-averted in dread. It stopped in—*un numéro quelconque*, a wholly indifferent number, the designation of which it is not here of least importance to set down. It was none of Leonard's.

He gazed before him vacantly. Some spectators looked at him with a half-amused smile, not knowing, nor caring, how serious it was. What did this mean? It meant that he was to get up and go away, that he had no business there, that others, *real* players, were waiting for his place; there was no room at the board for mere loungers and lookers-on.

But not yet. He bethought him of the five hundred francs he had put away in the envelope in his inner pocket. He brought it forth feverishly to the light. He had meant to stop absolutely at this point, and consider it as if it did not exist.

"But what an absurd, indefensible resolution," he argued. "Here is another plain duty to be performed. Shall I leave Miriam and the boy penniless while a single chance remains? It would be actually criminal not to use this sum to bring back all the rest. It is ample. Fate has only let me go down to the last sou to make her restitution the more startling and complete."

Again he ranged all his cash, and the bystanders, thinking him a person of infinite resource, turned away their attention to others. It really made no difference upon what number he placed it: it was now the time for propitious fate to do her part; so he hazarded upon the once lucky 19. The wheel went round, the croupier announced another number that had won, and unconcernedly drew in the losses, Leonard's all with the rest.

The rake that took away his money seemed to rake his vitals, rake the very living tissue of his heart.

Up to this final moment he had believed in his recovery, believed with unshakable confidence. Gone, gone to the last dollar, to the exhaustion of the last possible resource; gone, gone, and all absolutely beyond repair. Those men sitting there so coolly and flippantly would not give it back to him, his precious gold—no, not if he should weep tears of blood, not if he should exhibit unheard-of agonies of despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND AS TO YOU, DEATH, IT IS IDLE TO TRY TO ALARM ME."

Leonard Bond felt at first as if he should die on the spot. He held to the edge of the table dizzily even, though seated. Now it was settled; he must in very truth go away: he was cumbering useful space. But before he did that he thought of doing two different things. First, a wild notion came into his head to reach over and seize some handfuls of gold from the dealer's stores and continue the play. Second-

ly, he fancied himself speaking to them, to all their infamous faces, much as follows:

"But this is a mere absurdity, do you understand? No consideration is named for these great sums you take. Persons are not stripped of their fortunes in this trifling way. The very subsistence of beloved wife and child —wife and child, do you hear—is not to be diverted from them by the spinning of a gimcrack toy. This is not serious; this is not the business of men; it is the play of babbling infancy. Away with it! let us hear no more of it."

He was almost surprised himself that no such words issued from his dry lips. On the contrary, he sat in impassive silence. It could not have been long that he sat there inert, but it seemed very long. Another address—to himself—was creeping meanwhile through his brain.

"Am *I* to go away empty-handed? Am I, forsooth, looked upon as an intruder here? Have I no right at this board, no share in its interest, any more, after all these months? Do they mean to tell me that? *Allons donc! voilà des blagues!*"

It seemed to him that he was on the very point of uttering a formless cry of protest, a mad incoherent cry, devoid of reason or of hope of benefit. But the imperious pressure of the atmosphere of "good form" was upon him in turn. He merely rose, with a prodigious affectation of indifference, to save appearances, and moved back from the table. He remained there a little while, till he thought the bystanders must be thrown off the scent by his nonchalance, and then almost staggered away, like one aged before his time.

"What shall I do next?" he asked himself. "Surely *something* is to be done next." The answer was vaguely forming itself, full of dreadful possibilities. "Shall I go and ask for their pitiful *viaticum*—the sum that takes you a little way out of the territory—to go, then, where? They shame you by leading you about the rooms from croupier to croupier to see if these know you and recollect your losing any money. They throw doubts upon your ever having had any. They tell you contemptuously they cannot afford to reimburse railroad fares to every loser of a wretched five- or ten-franc piece. Ah, no, none of the Administration's *viaticum* for me."

The answer to his self-interrogating question took shape. It was very clear. There was but one thing to do—to die. It was not a matter of argument but of recognition. The world would be well rid of so weak and worthless a character. He must die, because he could not go back again to that world he had just left behind him, because he could not go and face Miriam. Who could tell her that henceforth she had not merely no new house, but no income, no reserves, no means of existence? Not he.

Louise Bradbury met him, drifting aimlessly along, and was alarmed at the look, the lost expression of his face. She had watched his play only in part, and did not know how serious it was; she thought he was merely changing tables. It was not at all logical in one holding toward him the baneful views we have known her to declare, but she said, laying her hand on his sleeve almost as gently as Miriam might,

"You look as if you would not mind taking your share of the common air and daylight. If I were you I would not play any more to-day. You ought to stop."

"You have changed your opinion of the amusement, it seems?"

"With my luck, perhaps. I must tell you about it. But believe me," she went on, either feeling or simulating repentance, "when I persuaded you to play, when I influenced you to come, I did not really think you would let it take hold of you so seriously. You do not look well. You ought to rest."

He made her an answer that caused her delicate hand to abandon his sleeve, and the fingers to close upon themselves as if repelled by a slow galvanic current. All her wounded susceptibility was evinced in the slight gesture. A feeling of surprise at the idea had struggled to the surface even from the depths of his tragic preoccupation.

The words were significantly cruel, comprehensive, final. He refused to admit her to a share even in his ruin.

Well, it was but four o'clock in the afternoon, and he issued forth into the outer world with no other occupation than to arrange the manner of his death.

Four o'clock was early in the day to be turned out on such an errand. Ruthless destiny might at least have let him complete the full session, that he might bury his overthrow under the darkness of midnight. Self-sentenced to death, *how* was he to die? It suddenly came upon him, with a chill, that he had no weapon. His forethought, occupied with dreams of riches, had made no provision for this woful contingency. Perhaps he was going to be balked of his purpose of self-destruction by the bare lack of a weapon. With a certain poor attempt at business-like order in his ideas, he went over all the various alternatives.

He might dash his head against the wall in the Casino rooms. It seemed, on some accounts, as if it ought to be done there, before them all, as a protest against their infamous doings; he wondered that suicides did not oftener think of that. But it was not certain that that would prove effectual; and the dramatic effect would be best obtained by the short, sharp explosion of a revolver. Again, he might cast himself down from the cliffs at Monaco, but there was no telling that that would be certain either; he might only be wounded on the sharp rocks, and picked up, and nursed back to life again in a hospital. Then, there was the sea; he had thought of that sometimes at Nice, when it was placid and winsome, even when he was happy; as the dreamy, speculative idea comes to all of us in our time. But he was a strong swimmer, and perhaps he would be forced to turn back from any attempt to go down in its depths by pure physical repulsion and the failure of will. There remained some loose change in his pocket, and poison was not necessarily dear, but he knew that the garish pharmacy, up at the top of the slope, would sell him no poison without a doctor's prescription. It was a place where they were peculiarly on the alert for such cases as his.

There popped into his head the memory of a revolver he had seen lying carelessly in a drawer of the desk that belonged to Banfi, at the Café de Paris. He had seen it at the time that the usurer paid him the money for Jojo. Possibly he might secure it without too much difficulty. He betook himself hastily to the Café de Paris on this errand, but no overt attempt could be made upon the drawer without detection.

He called to mind at last an omnium-gatherum place, in the Condamine, a sort of respectable junk-shop, where he had sometimes unearthed rather good bits of bric-a-brac, and where he was consequently known in person to the owners. He remembered revolvers among the medley of objects encumbering the windows. Thither he went, and entered. He pretended to have forgotten his money for the nonce, induced the proprietor to take his sleeve-buttons —on a promise to redeem them on his very next visit from Nice—and received in exchange a revolver, which he said pleased his fancy, and some rounds of ammunition.

Once out of the shop again, the idea beset him that, instead of this, he should have tried to raise another five-franc piece or two, to go back and try his fortune anew at the tables. He might yet, as goes the true gamester's formula, have saved all.

"It's a devil's notion," he said, "which, if I had yielded to it, might have stripped me even of this my last resource and comfort."

But the idea, once having entered his head, would not easily leave it. He turned back to the shop again, after having already gone a considerable distance; there divested himself of his waistcoat and other articles of apparel not absolutely necessary to that decent appearance which was an essential condition of admission to the Casino, and upon these received another five-franc piece. He had now a five-franc piece in his pocket, in addition to the friendly bulk of the revolver.

When he returned into the Casino to play it, it was almost like a disembodied spirit returning to a world with which it has no longer any ties. All those interests, that fever, had for him passed away. He played his new stake indifferently; it was only a sort of duty to perform. He had no real hope in it and

the upshot showed that none was warranted. It was swept away without causing a ripple in the current made up of such prodigal sums ; he breathed hard and departed. He was expelled forever from the world of the fortunate, and even of the unfortunate. His warrant of expulsion was signed, sealed, and delivered — yes, stamped and double-stamped with all the rigors of a savage formality.

He had found the motive and the means to die ; it remained to choose the time and place. But first a word to Miriam. He sat down by a wicker-table, in one of the wicker-chairs of the corridor of the Grand Hotel, and wrote her a letter.

He told her all he had done since the beginning of this infatuation, and the fatal result. He exposed to her their penniless situation, the decline of his powers for work, and his hopelessness of being able to remould the future. He set forth the dread step upon which he was now resolved, and defended it on the specious plea that it was the only possible one for himself, and the best for her also, the best indeed for all of them. In the anguish of these reflections, in the agitation of such a moment, it might easily happen to him to be obscure in certain parts and to forget some business directions he would otherwise have given.

In a few words full of conviction he dwelt upon his strong love for her and the child, and the bitterness of the pain of parting. " Oh, what a tangle, what a wreck I have made of my life ! " he went on. " Oh, to clear it all away, and begin anew. I cannot bring myself to believe that this parting of ours is final. Flying in the very face of heaven, as I am, I almost persuade myself that heaven will somehow, somewhere, be more merciful to us. Are we not children all, in need of fuller help, of direction, of forbearance ? Will not the eternal justice give yet another chance, and let me bring this defeated character, which had possibilities for good, to the worthy development of which it sometimes seemed capable ?

" You and I have spoken of suicide together, Miriam, in that way in which all people speak of it at times. We have discussed whether it was brave or cowardly, and whether it is ever justifiable. Well, I, who am about to meet the problem face to face am not thinking, at this moment, whether it is brave or cowardly, or whether it is justifiable, but only that it is inevitable. Given my nature, is any other conclusion possible ? You saw what unfeeling conduct I became capable of toward you by partial reverses at play ; how then should I count upon myself when all is lost ? And if all my efforts could not command success in life, even under ordinary conditions, could it ever be expected, could any betterment ever be looked for, after this overwhelming blow, this complete disaster ?

" Miriam, darling, these last few months I have not been a rational being. I have been beside myself. The faults and errors I attributed so freely to you existed only in my imagination ; my pains and difficulties were all of my own making. They say that when one really becomes deranged he turns his most violent hatred upon those whom he has most dearly loved, and that have I done. Oh, forgive all — even this ! forgive ! forgive ! and good-by ! "

When he had finished the letter he put it in his pocket. He did not yet mail it. The place of his death, oh, grim decision ! was still to be determined. Some indication of it should be given for Miriam's guidance, but that hateful choice his distracted mind for the moment refused to make.

He was most inclined to seek, for the dread act, their new cottage ; and in pursuance of this idea he set out briskly, on foot, for St. Jean. He was without even the money for a railway fare, and must walk, but he had the time, and it was better that he should arrive there at night, even late at night. Under cover of darkness he could perfectly well enter the cottage. There was a low platform there, already up, in the end of his studio, and there were some draperies and other properties. He would make a sort of picture of it.

But Miriam would see him ; no mantle could hide his face from her. His heart misgave him at the thought of that dear child's affright and lamentable woe. If anything could have shaken his reso-

lution it was this difficulty of disposing of his mortal remains. His pity and his æsthetic sense both revolted against it. Oh, the bad taste, the repulsiveness, of that last dread exhibition! Oh, the weakness of poor mortality that must abandon its helpless clay so absolutely to the disposal of others!

No, he would not go to St. Jean. As he reached the little station at La Turbie the idea that had led him thus far became unendurable to him.

"I will not blast the sight of poor Miriam with a horrid spectacle," he soliloquized. "She must never recall me as lying before her disfigured by a dishonored death. My body need not be found at all. I will disappear from the world of the living as a vision and a memory. She must think of me only as I was at my best, or when she last saw me."

He had called to mind the small caves in the pine-wood, along the mountain foot-path, by which he and Miriam had descended, on their first trip to Monte Carlo. One of those might do; there he could disappear almost absolutely; at least he would hardly be discovered till Miriam had left the country to rejoin her relatives, and the blow would be softened by time and distance. He had already set foot on the rude *sentier*, to climb, when he was called back by a new, cynical reflection.

"No," he said, "Miriam must *know* that I am dead. It would be only a new injustice to her to leave it in any doubt. The legal identifications must be made. It might be thought, otherwise, that I was still alive. It is a sad necessity; but here at least she will not come in person; some conventional preparations will first have been made."

So he added the final words to the letter, and posted it at the station of La Turbie. The town itself, with the Roman tower of Augustus, was a good hour's climb up to the lofty level of the Corniche Road, under the yet bolder steep of Mont Agel, scarred with the works of its modern fortress. The trail was an adaptation of a Roman mule-path.

He broke off almost an armful of pink roses from the last rural property he met with, and took them with him. The place was shut up, and the roses tumbled over the wall in a riot of color and fragrance. He loved the beautiful to the marrow of his bones, and the charm of this beauty should be around him at the end, perchance to serve as a mute appeal against being cut off from his birthright in the everlasting realm of beauty.

It must be confessed that he talked aloud to himself as he went on in the strange quest for a place for his own death and burial. He summed up in detail all the wrong he thought life had done him from his earliest years. He did not cast the blame of his fate upon Monte Carlo; he scorned to plead what he would have called "the baby-act;" no, the fault was his own; he should have been strong enough to withstand the contemptible temptation. He recalled in a whimsical way the young American girl from Cannes and her joke that he should commit suicide by way of entertainment for her. If she could but see him now!

Critical in his search, he climbed far up the foot-path. Some of the caves were too small, many inconvenient, some were already occupied with the fagots of the wood-cutters. He found one at last to his liking and entered it. There were some few pine-boughs in the bottom, left by the wood-cutters, but it had a deserted air. It was half his own height below the surface, and dry, a veritable nest or pocket. Here was the end of the journey; here was to be the last resting-place, the mausoleum of Leonard Bond, whose heart had once beat so high with the pride of life, of that Leonard Bond who had believed himself capable of fine and wondrous things.

Twilight drew on while he was making his preparations, and then the dark night came. He had made a slight barrier of branches across the front of the cavern to create a species of privacy, and also as a certain indication to the searchers when they should come to look for him. He felt cold in the light clothing he wore, and overcome with fatigue—as though such ills were of any moment to a man in his situation. He made up a bed of the boughs, and then drew a part of them over him for a sort of coverlid. There was something al-

most warm and friendly in the idea of dying there. Miriam had spoken of sleeping there if they were lost — Oh, how lost, how fatally lost he was!—and her image would be with him now in his last sleep.

He drew the roses nearer his bewildered head, and their rarer perfume overcame that of the pine. He placed the cold muzzle of the pistol against his temple, then against his heart. There were questions to be studied out, even in that supreme moment of mental distress. Problems of his physical anatomy, the contingency of failure, came up. Should the ball be deflected by the temporal bone, should it strike a rib, instead of passing between? Might he perhaps only wound himself, and lie there disabled with no capacity to fire again?

In the midst of this it suddenly occurred to him that, in his letter to Miriam, he had forgotten something. Certain things were clearer to him now. There were directions to give about the building-lots in America, the last poor fragment of his possessions, which it would be criminal to neglect; without these points she might not even get them for her own. There were some figures in his private memorandum-book to be consulted, and he must write the note to her upon some leaves torn from this, and attach it clearly in sight upon his coat, to be found with his body. But he realized that this purpose was futile. He had no means of making a light, and he could not consult his memoranda nor write a note in the thick darkness of the cavern and the forest. Therefore, he must, perforce, await the break of day to do these things.

No fear that his resolution might weaken. One may live at night, a muffling species of death already, but with the coming of the morning light, of the new day, then depression is again at its heaviest, and the resolve to end with all takes on its sternest energy.

So he lay, waiting, upon his rude bed of branches. At moments he would pity himself, and again shrink back from death with a repugnance beyond words; but a calm, inexorable pressure always brought him back anew to the same point. "Nothing within me has become more promising, I suppose, and nothing without more hopeful, because I am sorry for my lot," he said, "and nothing in the general situation has improved because I do not want to die."

He thought how it might be if the cavern should close over him by some convulsion, and his body never be recovered. Or, perhaps, his whitened bones might be found there ages after, and give rise to learned theories like those of the prehistoric men in the caves at Mentone. He saw his death making a little paragraph in the foreign papers, and a larger one in the American papers at home. Some of those would contain a brief mention of his work and scanty fame. Some friend would arise to say that his death was the result of accident, not suicide—they always did that. Finally, they would charitably put it down as temporary aberration of mind, due to illness.

But he determined to think of pleasanter things, to devote his last moments on earth to thoughts of Miriam. He reviewed the whole course of their acquaintance from the beginning. It was but an everyday, quite earthly beginning. He had met her in some pleasant large parlor, where they gave afternoon tea, in Dresden. Her relatives were in Dresden, and she had lived much abroad. She had long been in mourning for her mother, then. Her black dress and bunch of violets at the breast gave a touch of pensiveness to her sweet face and rounded figure. With what sympathy, what respect, what ardor, he had learned to glow! His eyes had followed her every movement caressingly, drawn after her by an involuntary attraction spite of him. He thought she did not see it, but she said she had known it all from the first. His longing for so delicious a companion had grown imperious, irresistible.

He slept. He dreamed that Miriam and the child had already gone before him to the farther shore, and were waiting for him there. There was nothing formidable or strange about it all; it was like our own world when it is happy. It was only as if he had returned from some little journey to

town, and, in pretty muslin attire and wide straw hats, such as they wore, they came down a sunny path of heaven to meet him, crying, joyously, "Here's papa! here's papa!"

Ah! and the awakening then! He awoke as the condemned do, to the morning of his execution. Though only self-condemned, the sentence was not the less unchangeable. The new day, when all that one dreads is about to begin again, when all that one longs for in vain is shown in its fairest color, that is not the time for the distracted soul to halt in its desperate plan.

The light was obscure in his rocky retreat, and he had slept much later than he had supposed. He was never to go forth from that cavern. He had not to concern himself about a scrupulous toilette now. He merely pushed away a part of the branches he had set up as a screen, in order to let the light come full upon the paper on which he was about to write. He stopped an instant to look out. The morning was beautiful in the wood, beautiful with that loveliness of inanimate nature that seems so heartless to the human woes that would turn to it for redress and consolation. Yes, here he was to end; the indifferent smiling of nature but reaffirmed his purpose. He saw again that his weapon was in order. He already forecast the dire crash of the bullet into vital tissue, the flashing sparks and meteors, the onrush of black chaos that was to be the last extinction of human life.

Now he drew out the private memorandum-book from his inner pocket, the one he had saved in the nick of time from the hands of little son, who was about to throw it over the terrace. He found his pencil, and opened the book.

His amazed eyes stopped with tenderness, his over-burdened heart beat with a great and sudden throb of revulsion, at what he saw there. Brief as was the time during which the sweet, interfering little boy had had the book in his possession, he had made some notable changes in it. He had left his irrepressible baby arts, the memory of his captivating charm, in the very penetralia of it. The central leaves bore the imprint of some soiled little finger-tips, and between the pages he had thrust a choice small collection of the whimsical odds and ends he had been playing with on the day in question.

There were disclosed to view some dried scraps of geranium-leaf, a blue pansy, and a bit of flowering cytisus. This last grew, in fair supply, in their place also. It seemed to Leonard a heaven-sent sign. His mind flashed on the instant to the story of the little town of Roquebrune, there above Monte Carlo, which had been stopped in its descent by this plant. The legend was inevitably recalled. Idle the legend might be, trivial enough the coincidence might be, but, at this moment, they seemed vital with meaning, scarcely less than a direct interposition of providence. The infinitesimal shrub, posted in a coign of vantage, had served as a nucleus of resistance, loose earth had banked itself against it, and checked the momentum; stones, then some uprooted trees had rallied there; great bowlders had added their immense bulk to the mass; at length an unyielding barrier was created, and the headlong land-slide was stopped. So, too, was it meant that he should be saved.

"I will live," he cried. "Little Lucien's flower stops my mad resolve. I am strong again. I am free of it."

Had there been anything conscious, any least trace of design, in the appeal to memory, even had it come from Miriam, the revulsion of feeling might not have been so strong. But, oh, the sweet naïveté, the touching naturalness of this baby token! The vistas of ineffable charm it opened back upon the joys of domestic life! The vistas of duty, too, in the future, it opened and glorified! A flood of remorse passed over him, followed by clearer vision, a nobler philosophy, sane reasoning, manly resolves. What had been done in the past it was too late to undo, and it took on the aspect of a hideous dream of selfishness, but as to what remained for the future——

"I put aside all pride and false shame," said he. "In whatever conditions my lot may now be cast, under whatever hardship or poor appearance, I can still find something to do for Miriam and the boy. I belong to them and

not the idle grave. They have a right to all that yet remains to me of strength and good-will to labor."

He tossed away the pistol into the depths of the cave, joyously pulled down the barrier of branches, and kissing the token from little son, in his hand, sallied forth. For a moment, only, the thought of the letter he had sent Miriam gave him sudden pause. Mailed the afternoon before, she might well enough have received it by this time. His heart bled for her as well as himself. If he could but call it back! He was to go to Miriam's side; he was to be humiliated in her eyes. But this bitterness, too, he would bear as a part of his punishment. "It shall not weaken my purpose. I will live to be an instrument of use in a humble way," he declared, knowing full well that his determination to live by no means opened a pleasant life before him.

He was not far from the top of the pass, and he climbed the rest of the way rapidly. Some red-trousered soldiers off duty from the fort high above were dancing with one another at the inn at La Turbie, for lack of better partners. Leonard was not in a condition for a forced march; but, when he thought of Miriam's pain, he wanted to annihilate time and space. He set off swiftly along the Corniche Road. Now and again there was a wreath of mist, and he journeyed almost in the clouds, as it were. He passed along above Eze, wild as the wildest scene of exploits in the tales of robber-barons. He looked down upon the sea, the map-like capes and promontories, then westward to the castle on his own hilltop, to red-roofed Nice and the foamy Var, through the mountain-gap, down upon the far-spreading prospect that he and Miriam had come to know so well together.

By eleven o'clock he was at the Quatre Chemins. He turned there, at the inn, with its quaint sign-board, where Massena won his victory, took the ancient cobble-paved foot-way, and descended rapidly into Villefranche.

He met persons he knew near the entrance to the village, and others in the little Place de la Paix, but there was nothing significant in their looks. None of them gave any signs of agitation in regarding him. They had not heard that he was dead, or ever meant to be. So, then, the news had not yet got out. Should he find Miriam prostrated with its horrors alone? or should he not find that she had flown despairingly to Nice, to consult the Consul or other friends about it, and determine what was best to be done about the search for his body? Prospect of a new overwhelming humiliation. He had not thought of this before. If Miriam disclosed it, as she necessarily would and must, how infinitely difficult to face this world which knew all he had meant to do, even if he had not done it! It was almost enough to drive one back again.

Oppressed by the most painful misgivings he paused a moment at that focus of village activity where the blacksmith shop and the Buvette of the Four Seasons stood over against the Octroi. The Buvette catered to foreign as well as native custom, offering artfully, "Wisky, Old Tom Gin, Laid Eggs and English Spoken." The little postmaster and his wife, lately retired upon their pension after thirty years in the office down in the dark and dingy Rue Droite, were sunning themselves on the edge of the Place d'Armes. They had nothing to do now but sun themselves, and they put one foot before another only with extreme deliberation, as if they wished to accentuate to themselves the luxury of their leisure. They reminded Leonard of the late changes in the post-office, and a faint glimmer of hope arose upon the horizon.

Far on ahead he discerned a figure resembling that of Maurel, the postman. He gave chase. It was Maurel, toiling along as usual on his little bowed legs, his satchel of letters over one shoulder and a package of newspapers in his hand. Leonard came up with him as he turned precisely into the smaller gate of the Villa Soleil. He faced about on hearing the quick step and hurried breathing of Leonard, touched his glazed vizor and said, with his chronic, polite smile,

"*Justement*, a letter for Madame and a journal for Monsieur; but I'll take them up if Monsieur was not going to the house."

"Your second delivery of course?" queried Leonard, with his heart in his mouth. He affected a nonchalant tone, but dared not yet stretch out his hand to take the missives offered him.

"No," began the postman apologetically, "no, unfortunately, it's only the first for to-day. Those new fellows down there in the post-office don't understand their business well yet. Between ourselves, they are too stupid to live. For instance, they must let all the mail from the eastward go on to Nice last night, and it had to be got back again this morning. But it's a lesson to 'em; they won't do it again. I guess even *they* will get things straight after a time."

"Oh, blessed relief! He took the correspondence with alacrity now. It was his own handwriting; it was the letter mailed to Miriam from La Turbie station. He had outstripped destiny. He tore up the letter and scattered the fragments. Not even Miriam now should ever know of his projected suicide. The rest, yes, the gambling, the ruin, since she needs must, but his purpose of self-destruction never. For both their sakes, that secret should be confined to his own breast.

When he had gone about half way up through the grounds, there were Miriam and little Lucien coming down.

"I saw the postman turn in at our gate and I thought we'd come down to meet him," called Miriam. "Was there anything?"

Leonard held up the journal, as if to indicate that that was all.

"Bad boy! where have you been?" began Miriam anew. "If you can't send us telegrams when you're away over night——"

Something in his face checked her, and she broke off, setting Lucien to dancing around her and crying joyfully, as in Leonard's dream,

"Here's papa! here's papa!"

"And play wi'! play wi'!" added Lucien.

Leonard hindered their dancing, managed to take them both in his arms at once, embraced them with a greater and more passionate tenderness than he had ever before known. Under the intense strain that had been put upon him, his voice even quivered in a half sob of heart-breaking emotion.

"Oh, Miriam!" he cried, "Oh, Miriam! Miriam! I have you still, my loved one. Oh, my wife! Oh, my child! Darlings! darlings! You are mine. I have a home. I live, I live. Am I not the most fortunate of all men?"

The imminent blight had passed, the cold touch of death had not descended upon him, the grave had not claimed him for its own. Instead, the warm arms of affection were around him, the peaceful prospect, full of sunshine, flowers, and simple rural comfort was before his eyes. Here he could repose a little while, here he could collect for a little his all but demented faculties.

Miriam divined that something terrible had happened, but with a true-hearted woman's sympathy still affected to ignore it. She endeavored to lead away from it, make light of it, to pretend that nothing had happened, thinking it best that it should not be entered upon at once.

Leonard put his arm about her waist, she rested her head against his shoulder, and, while the little child, now on the one side, now on the other, interwove their fingers with his own, or sported about them, like one of the loves that accompany the graces in pictured mythology, they slowly climbed the path together. Their farmer was pruning the rose-bushes; gypsy Barbara, with a gleaming sickle that suggested the crescent moon of Diana, was seeking grass for Lucien's rabbits. Along the terrace before the house was a row of small orange-trees. Leonard had planted them with his own hand, and, until in his distraction all things were neglected, it had been his custom to watch their growth day by day. As they drew near he noticed that these had many blossoms, freshly opened, and they wafted him a breath of their delightful fragrance.

THE END.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

By Archibald Forbes.



WHAT are genially termed "the amenities of warfare" are quite pretty, but in the nature of things they are also quite artificial; and as a matter of hard fact they are in principle nothing other than a contradiction in terms. What of chivalry has lasted into modern times resolves itself into a kind of Quixotic notion that rose-water and bloodshed are compatible one with the other. Occasionally a man arises among us frank enough, bold enough—many people may say brutal enough—who dares to brush aside the sophistical upper layer of conventional amenities and go straight down to the bed-rock of the subject. "The main thing in true strategy," said General Sheridan once, in his most trenchant manner, "is simply this: first deal as hard blows at the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of a country that they will long for peace and press their government to make it. Nothing should be left to the people but eyes to lament the war." The Russian General Gourko is another great soldier who has expressed himself to the same effect, and who, indeed, evidenced the courage of his opinions in an extremely practical manner.

Nevertheless, the "amenities of war" have held their own more or less among civilized nations ever since standing armies came into existence. Frederick the Great had to ignore them in great measure during the Seven Years' War, because of the hordes of Pandours—Carlyle's "Tolpacheries and kindred doggeries"—which hung venomously on the fringes of his armies. But every reader of military history will remember Fontenoy and the ceremonious little episode between Lord Charles Hay, of the English Guards, and the Count d'Auteroche of the Gardes Françaises. The "amenities" fell into abeyance during the ferocious wars of the French Revolution, but revived genially in Wellington's Peninsular campaigns, during which the mutual understanding of non-molestation between the outposts of the opposing armies was carried to curious lengths. The author of "The Subaltern" tells how he used to fish in uniform on one bank of a small stream while the other bank was thronged by the French pickets, eagerly watching his success, and pointing out particular pools and eddies where they suggested to him the best sport could be obtained. It is authentically told that a British field officer, making the rounds one night, found to his surprise that a whole picket guard had disappeared. Going forward and peeping into a cottage whence came a noise of revelry, he beheld the British picket carousing socially with a similar party of French soldiers. When he presented himself his own men rose, and, wishing their companions good-night, returned to their post with the utmost coolness. The sentries on either side had faithfully remained on their posts, and on neither part was there any intention of desertion. "In fact," adds the narrator, "it was a sort of custom, the French and English pickets visiting each other by turns." In the American Civil War there was little, if any, personal rancor between the soldiers of the respective regular armies. The "Yanks" and the "Johnnies" on outpost duties were for the most part quite fraternal, and there were constant friendly barterings in tobacco, coffee, and whiskey. In the Franco-German campaign in 1870 war once more in a great measure went back to grim first principles. Before any battle had been fought, and therefore before defeat could have exacerbated the French troops, they availed themselves of every opportunity that offered to pot at the German outposts, sentries, and patrols. Each reverse made them the more venomous, and the Germans, who at first showed no little forbearance, by and by

ceased to refrain from reprisals. Accordingly, during the sieges of Paris and Metz, an immense amount of simple, cold-blooded murder was perpetrated on the foreposts, of which the French had the best because of the longer range of their Chassepots. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78 the "amenities" on the part of the Turks took the simple form of mutilating the Russian wounded before killing them, while the Muscovites confined themselves to refusing quarter and refraining from burying dead Turks.

The abstract theory of the "amenities" is nothing other than preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon, should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigor in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This is no doubt humanity, but it is supremely illogical. Marbot recounts in his memoirs perhaps the most thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz a body of beaten Russians, about five thousand strong, strove to escape across the ice on the Satschan Lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrust out from shore by the French. Next morning Napoleon, riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice-floe a hundred yards out and entreating help. The Emperor became intensely interested in the succor of the man. After many failures, Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice-floe toward the shore and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet. The Emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their deaths. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre!*

It has been the wounded in war who up till now have owed the most to its amenities. Prisoners of war have not fared so well; and it makes one shudder to recall the horrors of Andersonville or the deadly tramp across the snow-covered Wallachian plain of the Turkish army which had held Plevna so long and so valiantly. But in civilized countries, since Lützen onward, the commander of a routed army, or, as after Talavera, of an army that has conquered but whose subsequent retreat circumstances have compelled, has not hesitated to leave his wounded to the good offices of his adversary, and seldom indeed has the onerous duty not been humanely fulfilled. After Corunna and after Talavera the French took medical charge of the wounded left to their care by the British; after Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthez, and Waterloo the British hospitals were full of French wounded. In many of the German field and base hospitals in 1870, in every alternate bed might have been found a wounded piou-piou, sharing in every respect alike with his friends the enemies on either side of him. In recent wars—the Crimean War was a melancholy exception—vast strides have been made in the methods of dealing with the wounded on the actual battle-field, as well as in the hospitals to which the more severely wounded are now so promptly relegated. Of the voluntary aid which the peoples of neutral states as well as those of the combatant powers, have contributed and are ready to contribute again in the disinterested service of humanity, some details may subsequently be given. In one case where no foreign aid was tendered, when, I may add, it ought in brotherliness to have been tendered, a nation proved itself fully capable of performing its duty to its wounded in the most zealous and efficient manner. The Sanitary Commission of the United States was among the noblest works in the world's record of devotion. Well might its historian write of it as "the true glory of our age and our country, one of the most striking monuments of its civilization." The Geneva Convention has worked ardently, if not always quite practically or consistently, in the cause of humanity, although there is

certainly point in Mr. Niemann's sententious remark, that "in order to carry out the ideas of the Geneva Convention, it would be necessary to cease to make war."

In principle, the existing arrangements for medical assistance in the field, and for the removal of the wounded therefrom, are in great measure identical in most European armies. The English system may be briefly summarized. In the field there is a medical officer with each unit—regiment of cavalry, battalion of infantry, body of artillery, etc. He has at his disposition the trained regimental stretcher-bearers of his particular unit, two per company or troop. To each brigade is attached specifically one bearer company and one field hospital; to each division an additional field hospital. For an army corps the medical establishment consists of the field hospitals and six bearer companies exclusive of the regimental aid; and in addition to this a certain number of officers of the medical staff are utilized for staff purposes. The entire service is under the command of a surgeon-major-general, subject to the authority of the general commanding. There are three stages for the wounded man between where he falls and the field hospital, where he either temporarily remains if his case is not serious, or whence he is sent back to the base hospital if he has been severely wounded. The first stage is from the fighting-line to the collecting-station. Where he has fallen he receives medical aid from one or other of two sources, whichever may the sooner reach him: the surgeon of his own particular unit accompanied by that officer's orderly from the bearer company belonging to the brigade, carrying the field companion, water-bottle, and surgical haversack, or a surgeon belonging to the bearer company with a private similarly equipped. At this stage the surgeon, whether of the unit or of the bearer company as the case may be, affords the wounded man merely temporary aid and does not undertake any serious surgical operation. The patient is placed on a stretcher which may belong to the bearers of the unit or to one of the eight stretcher detachments of the bearer company, and is carried back to the collecting-station, which, while if possible under shelter, is as near as may be to the fighting-line consistently with safety. The collecting-station is in charge of a sergeant equipped with field-companion and water-bottle and a small reserve of bandages and first dressings to replenish the surgical haversacks of the stretcher-bearers. From the collecting-station to the dressing-station, farther rearward and if possible out of fire, a certain specified number of ambulances ply, loaded with their complement of wounded men, each vehicle under the care of a corporal or private of the bearer company. These two stages, from the fighting-line to the collecting-station and from the collecting-station to the dressing-station, constitute the "first line of assistance."

At the dressing-station, located if possible in a building, if not, in a tent, and in proximity to a good supply of water, the medical officer in command is on duty, assisted by a surgeon, a sergeant-compounder, a cook, etc. Here the wounded receive more detailed attention than could previously have been paid to them. Beef-tea and stimulants are supplied when needed, minor, and, in case of emergency, even capital operations are performed. As the wounded are dressed they are placed in the ambulances plying between the dressing-station and the field hospital, which stage is known as the "second line of assistance." The collecting and dressing stations may have to be advanced or retired according to the ebb or flow of the battle, but the general principle holds good that the two shall never be far apart, so as to shorten the journeys in the first line and thus bring the wounded within reach of surgical aid as speedily as possible. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, a quarter of an hour was held to be the extreme length of time for the wounded man to lie on the field before receiving assistance; but then there were but a few hundreds of men to be dealt with, in contradistinction to the thousands of wounded which a great battle necessarily produces.

The following table may be of inter-

est as marking the difference in detail between the German and the English appliances and methods for dealing with the wounded. The unit of comparison is in each case that of an army corps numbering thirty thousand combatants:

	Medical Officers.								
	Per 1,000 Men.	Total for Army Corps.	Regimental Bearers, per 1,000 Men.	Total for Army Corps.	Medical Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers and Men.	Stretchers.	Ambulance Wagons.	Beds.
German.									
Regimental aid.	2	60	16	480	....	.. .	120	....	. ...
Three bearer companies ...	..	....	....	....	21	717	124	24	.....
Twelve field hospitals.....	..	....	....	....	60	....	....	....	2,400
Totals	2	60	16	480	81	717	244	24	2,400
English.									
Regimental aid.	1	30	16	480	....	....	120	....	.....
Eight bearer companies ...	..	...	....	....	24	488	64	80*	.....
Twelve field hospitals.....	..	....	..	....	48	....	....	....	1,200
Totals.....	1	30	16	480	72	488	184	80	1,200

* According to regulations, thirty-seven of these wagons would be in use in front only of the dressing-stations, each wagon carrying seven wounded, two of whom lying down. Total, 224.

Thus the German corps has twice as many regimental medical officers per thousand men as the English. It has sixty more stretcher parties, twice as many beds in field hospitals, but fewer ambulance-wagons by one-half. Taking the means of carriage from fighting-line to dressing-station, the English corps has 184 stretchers and carriage for 224 wounded per ambulance-wagon, making 412 in all. With the average distance of dressing-station from fighting-line taken at fifteen hundred yards, the number of journeys to and fro that could be estimated for, would not exceed five, on fifteen hundred wounded moved by carriage. Taking fifty per cent. of the wounded as requiring carriage from the field, this would give three thousand wounded that would arrive at the dressing-stations for transfer to the rear, or ten per cent. of the whole force.

This much of detail has been gone into in regard to the present system of dealing with the wounded in battle, with the motive of accentuating the contrast between that system, with its promptitude of succor, and the harsher conditions which must inevitably be endured by the wounded of future warfare. One day about two years ago I happened to be listening, in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, to a lecture which was being delivered by Mr. John Furley, one of our oldest and most devoted volunteer Red Cross men on many a stricken field. He talked of a new pattern of stretcher with telescopic handles, and drew fine distinctions between the patterns of ambulances of infinitesimal shades of differences, apparently in the full conviction that the wounded of the future would fare as do the wounded of the present. Called upon to speak, I ventured to observe that if in the next great war Mr. Furley should be in the field, about the second evening after the battle he would probably find a wounded brigadier-general competing eagerly for a share of a country dung-cart for his conveyance to the field hospital. I regard this as no strained illustration of the state of things that will exist in the future after a great battle, in consequence of the immense number of wounded which the altered conditions of military armament and of fighting will bring about. The Philistine audience, which included sundry brigadier-generals, gibed at me; but when later I happened to go into the matter more closely with intent to write this article, I found myself in accord with all the best authorities. "*Vae vulneratis!*" will be the cruel watchword of future wars. The late Dr. Billroth, the greatest of Austrian surgeons, who made the Franco-German war on the Prussian side, held that "we must come to the conclusion that in future it will be no longer possible to remove the wounded from the field during the battle by means of bearers, since every man of them would be shot down, as bearers would be more exposed than men in the fighting line; and the most that can be aimed at is that the wounded man of the future shall be attended to within twenty-four hours." Bardeleben, the surgeon-general of the Prussian army, has said: "Some urge an increase of bearers; but we must not forget that

bearers have to go into the fire-line and expose themselves to the bullets. If we go on increasing their number, shall we not also be simply increasing the number of the wounded? The number of men provided for the transfer of the wounded now exceeds one thousand for each army corps. It is no true humanity that in order to effect an uncertain amount of saving of human life a number of lives of other men should be sacrificed. The whole system of carrying away the wounded on litters during the battle must be abandoned, for it is altogether impracticable." There are many other testimonies to the same effect. In the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars I had already personally recognized, and had written in that sense in my war correspondence, that the losses among the bearers and surgeons were so great that the service already "approached impracticability." And I added, with a prescience which stands justified to-day, that "in the warfare of the future the service as now existing will be found utterly impracticable, since with the improved man-killing appliances certain to be brought into action, the first battle would bodily wipe out the bearer organization carried on under fire."

It is virtually impossible that anyone can have accurately pictured to himself the scene in its fulness which the next great battle will present to a bewildered and shuddering world. We know the elements that will constitute its horrors; but we know them only, as it were, academically. Men have yet to be thrilled to the heart by the weirdness of wholesale death inflicted by missiles poured from weapons the whereabouts of which cannot be discerned because of the absence of powder-smoke. Nay, if Dr. Weiss's recently invented explosive, of which great things have been predicted, is to be brought into use in the German army, there may no longer be any powder, the "villainous saltpetre" superseded by the more devilish "fatty substance of a brownish color." The soldier of the next war must steel his heart to encounter the deadly danger incident to the explosions of shells filled with dynamite, melinite, ballistite, or some other form of high explosive, in the midst of dense masses of men. The recent campaign in Matabeleland has informed us with a grim triumph of the sweeping slaughter the Maxim gun can inflict with its mechanical stream of bullets. Quick-firing field guns are on the eve of superseding the type of cannon in use in the horse and field batteries of to-day. All these instruments are on terra firma, if that be of any account. But if there is anything in the story of Edison's invention of a flying-machine for military purposes which can be so steered as to carry and drop with accuracy five hundred pounds of explosive material at a given point, or to shed on an army a shower of dynamite, then death incalculable may rain down as from the very heavens themselves.

Most of the European powers have equipped their armies with one or other form of the new small-bore rifle, and those which have not completed their rearmament are making haste to do so. The only type of new weapon, the results of the fire from which have been actually tested on the battle-field, is the Männlicher, which was used to a considerable extent in the Chilian Civil War of 1891. As is generally known, the 8-millimetre projectile which the Männlicher throws is much lighter and of much flatter trajectory than any of the old larger bullets. Owing to its higher velocity and pointed shape, its power of perforation is extraordinary. In the matter-of-fact language of Bardeleben, "Owing to the immense velocity of the Männlicher bullet and its small surface of contact, it meets with little resistance in striking, causes little commotion of the neighboring parts, has no time to stretch the various tissues it encounters, and merely punches out a hole, carrying the contused elements before it clean out of the wound, without seriously damaging the surrounding wall of track." The now obsolete bullets fired from great distances and striking a bone, frequently glanced off or rebounded. This will occur no longer; the new long-range projectile, if it strikes at all, has sufficient force to pass through, cutting any vessels or organs it may meet in its path. It is, therefore, all the more deadly. Whereas the accepted estimate of casualties in modern

warfare has been in the ratio of about four men wounded to one killed, the percentage in the Chilian fighting is authentically given as four killed to one wounded. This ghastly proportion will probably not maintain itself in future battles on a larger scale, but there can be no doubt that the fighting of the future will be deadlier than that of the past. Yet the properties of the new bullet are not entirely lethal, although it will slay its thousands and its tens of thousands. Its characteristic of absence of contusion, which contusion from the old bullet frequently stayed the bleeding of injured vessels, must result in more frequent deaths from hemorrhage, more especially in the inevitable lack, in the future, of prompt surgical intervention. But the wounds it causes, if they do not produce immediate death, or speedy dissolution from hemorrhage, are expected to be more amenable to treatment than those which were occasioned by the old bullet.

It is remarkable that the more modern battles of Europe in which great numbers of men have been engaged—battles in which were used rifled cannon and small arms—have afforded greatly less percentages of casualties than those of earlier battles in which smooth-bore cannon and muskets were the sole weapons of fire. At Borodino in 1812, there fought 250,000 French and Russians, with a result of 80,000 killed and wounded. At Salamanca in the same year, when 90,000 English and French were engaged, the casualties amounted to 30,800. In each case the proportion of casualties to forces engaged was one-third, and the proportion was the same in the battle of Eylau in 1807. In the battles of Magenta and Solferino in the Franco-Italian war of 1859, when the French armament was in great part rifled, the proportion of killed and wounded to the total forces engaged was but one-eleventh. At Königgrätz in 1866, the proportion was one-ninth. In the two days' fighting before Metz in August, 1870—the battles of Mars-la-Tour on the 16th, and the battle of Gravelotte on the 18th—there were in all on the ground about 450,000 Germans and Frenchmen. The casualties of the two days amounted to 65,500, affording a proportion to the total strength of one-seventh. These figures work out that the old Brown Bess and the smooth-bore guns inflicted proportionately more injury to life and limb than occurred in the battles later in the century with all the appliances of improved armaments. But the largest army placed on a battle-field on any one occasion, by any European power within the present century—the Prussian army which fought at Königgrätz—did not amount to more than 260,000 fighting men. To-day, the war strength available for the field of the German Empire is close on 2,500,000 men; that of France, 2,715,000; that of Russia, 2,450,000; that of Austria, 1,600,000. When the first great battle of the next great war comes to be fought, a million of combatants will be in the field. On the percentage of 1870, and putting aside altogether the effects of the recent developments in man-hurting, the casualties will exceed 140,000. According to the existing ratios, of this number 35,000 would be slain, 70,000 would be comparatively slightly wounded, and 35,000 would be severely wounded. In the absence of actual experience, the Chilian statistics could not be relied upon, at all events, in full. It follows that if the wounded of the next great battle are to be dealt with as the present arrangements prescribe, apart from the gleaning of the bearers during the battle, surgical assistance will have to be provided for 105,000 wounded and hospital accommodation for about 70,000, viz., the 35,000 severely wounded and one-half of the comparatively slightly wounded.

To cope adequately with this vast aggregate of human suffering—with this gigantic example of "man's inhumanity to man"—is obviously impossible; it confessedly cannot and will not be attempted. The primary object of war is manifestly not to succor wounded men but to engage in battles, to beat the adversary, to win victories. The battles of the future may or may not be less prolonged than those of recent campaigns. We cannot prognosticate. The battle of Gravelotte lasted from noon until 10 P.M.; the battle of Mars-la-Tour right round the clock, from 9

A.M. to 9 P.M. It is certain, because of the vast strengths engaged, that the battles of the future will cover much more ground than heretofore, and it is probable that the fighting will be more stationary. Let me briefly adumbrate the possibilities—indeed, I may say the probabilities—of the results of a great battle in the next great war, which is sure to be "short, sharp, and decisive." The fighting has been prolonged and bloody, with the result that one side is definitely beaten, evacuates its positions and retreats more or less precipitately, leaving on the ground its wounded, none of whom could be cared for while the conflict lasted. The successful commander's ground is littered with his own wounded; he has them on his hands in thousands, and he has also on his hands the thousands of the wounded of the vanquished force which has gone away. The conqueror of the future, if he accepts the old-time conventional burden of his adversary's wounded, will become its victim. He will not accept the incubus. Is it to be imagined that the victor in such circumstances will think twice even about his own wounded, let alone the wounded of the other side? No. He is in the field, not to be a hospital nurse, but to follow up his advantage by hammering on the enemy who has departed, leaving his own wounded behind, and who may come back again to-morrow to strike him while clogged in the live and dead *débris* of yesterday's battle. The victor will hasten away to overtake or hang on the skirts of the vanquished army, leaving the wounded of both sides to be dealt with as may be possible by such surgeons as he can afford, in view of future contingencies to leave behind, and to the ministrations of cosmopolitan amateur philanthropists of the Red Cross and kindred organizations. For there will be no more military bearer companies; in the hunger for fighting men the 1,000 bearers per army corps of the present will have been incorporated into a strong brigade with arms in their hands and a place in the fighting-line. On the line of communication of the future, reserve ammunition trains are to precede the military ambulances, which up till now have headed the columns of vehicles. The German instructions in the present Regulations for Medical Services are, that when a battle is engaged in all available vehicles of whatever kind, empty regimental provision and meat wagons, empty supply-column wagons, country carts and wagons requisitioned, ambulances of medical establishments in rear, etc., are to be brought up for the transport of the wounded, in order to "satisfy requirements as far as possible." But the inevitable delays are obvious, and in view of further fighting in the immediate future, the whole available vehicles could not be devoted to the service of the wounded in the past battle. The order is specific that the Red Cross personnel and ambulances are never to be allowed to do duty in the first line, viz., on the field of battle, and that their activity must be confined exclusively to the period after the battle, that is, to the *étape* transport of the wounded to the base hospitals.

I have tried to foreshadow what I believe will be the plight of the wounded of the next great war. The prospect seems very disheartening; for the described dealing with poor, mangled fellow-men is not of a progressive but of a reactionary character, and reaction is repulsive to our age. Yet there may be some features of the prospect tending to mitigate its gloom. I venture to think, for instance, that the enforced remaining of the wounded on the field until the battle is over, and indeed for hours afterward, notwithstanding the suffering such delays must in many cases entail, will not, for the most part, produce consequences so calamitous as may be not unnaturally apprehended by those who "sit at home at ease." I am of opinion—and I venture to believe that I have bandaged and attended to more wounded under fire than any man in Europe who is not a professional military surgeon—that the severely wounded soldier, under the existing system of prompt removal to the dressing-station, does not uniformly benefit by the hustling and physical disturbance his removal necessarily entails while he is suffering from the first shock of being wounded. It is true that he may bleed to death if no minis-

tration has been afforded him where he lies; but that risk apart, if the bleeding shall have been stanched or shall have stanched itself, I conceive that he may lie without serious detriment, often perhaps with actual advantage, even for so long a period as twenty-four hours, if the weather is not bitter. All men conversant with war know instances of extraordinary tenacity of life in wounded men who had received no attention. Segur's well-known story of the man wounded at Borodino having been found alive by the army returning from Moscow, has been discredited. But my comrade and myself found on the fifth day after the battle of Sedan, a wounded Frenchman walking about in a sequestered part of the battle-field, not indeed with sprightliness, but without evidencing great debility; yet his lower jaw had been shot away, a wound which precluded him from eating solid food. I found also, on the third day after the battle of November 30, 1870, on the east of Paris, in weather so bitter that sentries were actually frozen to death on their posts, a nest of three wounded Frenchmen lying in a hollow, not starved to death, not frozen to death, but pretty hungry and quite alive. I may even dare to go so far as to hold that, at all events in the British service, in small wars, the soldier is coddled nowadays to the extent of being really deteriorated by overtenderness of treatment. He has an anæsthetic administered when the top joint of his little finger is being taken off; he has hypodermic injections when he has a twitch of pain; he is treated with champagne, with all sorts of delicate extras, and everything that can make a man reluctant to own to convalescence. In the old days of the Peninsular War, men had natures of more pith, and did not seem to die in much greater proportion than nowadays, although they were entire strangers to all this demoralizing excess of dry-nursing. Take, for instance, Major George Napier, one of the Napier brothers who were always being wounded. Shot down in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was made a football of for about a quarter of an hour while the column passed over him as he lay. He was picked up with his arm shattered; Lord March bound his sash about it and bade him go and find the amputating place. He discovered that locality after an hour's search, and then sat down at the end of a queue of men to wait for his turn which came two hours later. Then there was a dispute between the surgeons on a point of etiquette. Napier had asked his own regimental surgeon to do the business, but a superior staff-surgeon successfully asserted his right to perform the operation of amputation. It took twenty-five minutes, the staff-surgeon's instruments being blunted by much use. The stump was bandaged and Napier bidden to go and find quarters. He walked about on this quest most of the night, finding at last a house in which a number of other wounded officers had gathered, and he remained there sitting by the fireside, with his stump taking its chance, for a considerable time longer, until the death of the gallant General Crawfurd gave him a bed vacancy. During that same evening there arrived a soldier of his regiment who had been searching for his officer for hours. Napier said to the man: "I am very glad to see you; but, John, you are wounded yourself; your arm is in a sling." "Arrah, be Jasus, your honor," answered honest John Dunn, "sure, it's nothing to shpake about—only me arrum cut off below the elbow, just before I shtarted to look for your honor!" To conclude: stern experience of future warfare will one day, please God, force home upon the nations the decision, whether their wounded and necessarily untended warriors in their thousands and their tens of thousands are to lie bleeding on the battle-fields while the strife is raging above them; or whether the peoples of the civilized world shall take the accomplishment of the blessed millennium into their own hands, and bring it about, in the words of the old Scottish paraphrase, that

> No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall crowds of slain deplore,
> They'll hang the trumpet in the hall
> And study war no more!

THE POINT OF VIEW

Persons who not being already in the business of writing are tempted to dabble in it, should consider, among other objections to such a course, the great detriment it may prove to their usefulness and possibly also to their enjoyment as readers. To be a good reader is a vocation by itself, and one which writers habitually and enviously admire. That the business of writing conflicts with it is notorious. When the library of the late Guy de Maupassant came to be examined by his executors it was found that almost all the modern books in it were gifts from the authors of them, and that their leaves were in almost every instance uncut. Writers do read books occasionally, and even books by other contemporary writers, but they usually read them either for a special purpose, as to make a review, or with the general purpose to keep informed about what is being written, or with a certain feverish anxiety to make sure that someone else is not doing their kind of work better than they can do it themselves. Find a writer, if you can, who does not look back with regret to the time when his reading of books was an irresponsible felicity. He read "Ivanhoe" and "The Tale of Two Cities" with simple happiness and no sense of obligation to dissect the authors' art or arrive at his own critical opinions. But nowadays when he reads it is with a balance in one hand and constant interruptions, while the actual book goes into one scale and his notion of what it ought to be, or his recollection of some book someone else has written, into the other. To read books simply for what there is in them, and with no conscious regard for what one's verdict will be when the reading is over, that may be reckoned one of the joys of youth. But it is not strictly a joy that belongs to youth only, for some grown people have it too ; but not (or at least very rarely) if they are writers. The spectacle of the blithe maiden in a brand-new ball-dress is a jocund sight, even to a dressmaker. But the dressmaker does not take the same unimpeded delight in it that it brings to the other spectators. Inevitably and unconsciously she counts the stitches, reckons the cost of the fabric, measures off in her mind the yards of lace, and appraises the quality of the trimmings ; then she compares it mentally with other fine frocks, and when she has finished she knows far more about the gown than anyone who has seen it except the society reporter. But there is a quality in the pretty show that her scrutiny has missed and an emotion she has not gathered because her trained sight saw so much.

Everyone who has ever launched a book which has drifted in even a moderate degree into the current of public favor must remember how overwhelming a proportion of whatever subsequent satisfaction he got from it was due to that simple, old-fashioned, uncritical personage, the gentle reader, who reads books for the promotion of his own happiness, and if he likes them knows it and is cheerfully ready to say so. For the faults or shortcomings of a book the gentle reader doesn't much care if only there is a grace in it somewhere to which his soul responds. If it is verse, it does not concern him that Tennyson wrote better; if it is a story he does not throw it down because it is not the equal of Vanity Fair. If it gives him real pleasure, in sufficient

quantity to pay for the time he spent in reading it, he declares that it is a good book and is ready to thank the author and buy and read the next book that he sends out. He, or perhaps I should say she, is the reader that the author loves and esteems and counts upon to quiet his own literary compunctions. But the reader who has himself dabbled much in writing can seldom be a gentle reader afterward. He is always a critic, mistrusting his own pleasure and his fellow's art; hesitating to express his possible favor for fear it will discredit his own discrimination, more eager to make a clever comment of his own than to find a pearl of someone else's thought. He has some knowledge of good and evil which the gentle reader lacks, but it is dearly bought, as perhaps all knowledge must be. To be sure, a good critic is a useful creature in his way, but it is a very good critic indeed in the making of whom it is worth while that a gentle reader should be spoiled.

Happily, in spite of the current epidemic of authorship, the gentle reader still seems to abound and to read books with uncorrupted faculties. A month or two ago a Boston newspaper of high literary responsibility chronicled the death of Mrs. So-and-so, "the distinguished author." It gave a sketch of her life and a list of her principal books. There were a baker's dozen of them, and an ink-bedabbled reader who ran his eye down the list failed to recognize a single title that he had ever heard of before. But the gentle reader must have read those books and approved them with his catholic kindness, else so many of them had never lived in print, and the good author had gone with a soul far less relieved to her honorable rest.

My cousin Anthony tells me that if woman suffrage comes to a vote in New York State he expects to vote against it. Such, he says, are the instructions that Mrs. Anthony has given him, and as his vote in the matter concerns her more than himself, he thinks himself even more than usually bound to execute her wishes. I found him quite fixed in the opinion—Mrs. Anthony's opinion—that the suffrage would do the New York women no good. The favorite representation of the reformers, that everyone was allowed to vote except aliens, minors, idiots, and women, seemed to have had no effect on Mrs. Anthony. She had no sort of doubt, of course (nobody has), that wise women were better qualified to vote than foolish men. She would not argue at all whether women were inferior to men or not. She could not see its bearing on the case. Her point of view was familiar enough, being simply that the suffrage was not a privilege but an obligation, and one which it did not seem to her the duty of our women at this time to assume. If the obligation to vote were laid with any discrimination upon individuals who had proved their capacity to exercise it, Mrs. Anthony thought the case would be different. She would not shrink from a duty that society by any reasonable process of selection seemed to have chosen her to bear. But when all the men could vote it was certainly no special honor to women to let all the women vote too. Nature had suggested in a large way the division of labor between men and women, and though the details of assignment varied from age to age, and Mrs. Anthony hoped that she was well up to the times in her estimate of the contemporary dimensions of woman's sphere, she did still believe in the division of labor, and she had not been able to learn of any mitigation of women's present duties by which it was proposed to offset the new task which threatened her. Mrs. Anthony declared, my cousin said, that so far as she understood her business in life she tried hard to do it. What she undertook she tried to undertake with her eyes open and with a definite intention of performing it as well as she could. If she was called to help manage a public charity and found herself able to respond, she went to the meetings of her colleagues and took her duties seriously. If children were born to her she tried industriously to raise them, to keep them clothed and healthy, and to bring them up, as far as she could, to be tolerably wise and good people. With her children, and her household, and her social duties, and her labors in the charities with which she was connected, Mrs. Anthony declared that her hands and her mind were full, and that the proposal to compel her to keep up with politics, to go to primaries

and vote intelligently at elections was an imposition against which she rebelled. Men were willing enough nowadays to do for women almost anything that women really wanted done. They were particularly willing to let women do new kinds of work, especially ill-paid, vexatious work which they were inclined to shirk themselves. But what women really wanted was not so much the privilege of doing the men's work for them as to have the men do their own work and do it properly. There was nothing which women could gain by having the suffrage which they could not gain at far less expense by having men vote conscientiously. If there was fighting which it was indispensable to have done, Mrs. Anthony declared that she did not aspire to do it herself. She wanted her men to do it for her. She wanted her men to do her voting also. She demanded protection, security, and a reasonable amount of peace for the better furtherance of her duties already in hand, which were far too important and too engrossing to share her attention with practical politics. The suffrage once imposed upon women, they could never get quit of if, and it would be imposed, she feared, unless the mass of women, who don't want it and feel no obligation to undertake it, speak their minds and proclaim how they feel about it and why. Such, Anthony said, were his wife's sentiments. They are emphatic enough, certainly, and justify his intentions about his vote. How widely they are shared by intelligent women in New York State is hard to find out, because all the women who think they want to vote are signing petitions, but all the women who don't are doing nothing. But the particular thing that voting men in New York will want to know before they pass upon the woman suffrage question at the polls is, how large a proportion of the intelligent women in the State feel as Mrs. Anthony does, and prefer to have their voting done by their representative males.

THE Lombrosos and Nordaus, all those who, at first or second hand, have occupied themselves with the psychosis of modern man, and with the physical outcome of such psychosis, have left unconsidered one department of this inquiry, which has, however, its very interesting features and problems. One has *à priori* a conviction that, yielding to the modelling touch of environment, the human being has always emerged from the distinctly differentiated sociological epochs through which he has passed with certain correlated physiological and physiognomic marks impressed upon him. Patriarchalism must have produced its own physical, as well as mental, types. Militarism must have done the same. If the old cobbler, or the young dry-goods clerk, come, after a time, to have facial and bodily expressions which the trained or even instinctive observer recognizes as characteristic, it is not mounting fancy on a winged horse to suppose that the general ideas which rule a period in the life of the race must leave behind them physical imprints much more profound.

What, then, we now ask ourselves, are to be, generically, the physical characteristics of industrial man? Those directly concerned with such inquiry are the people for whom plastic forms have immediate, concrete significance — painters, sculptors, actors, poets. But, indirectly, we are all concerned. We are all unconsciously educated by the corporeal attitudes and expressions of the men and women about us. The artist may wonder whether the men and women of the industrial age will offer his successor many good models. The rest of us wonder whether our posterity will have before thier eyes many of those physical presentments that minister to the sense of beauty, and thus feed and refresh the soul.

It is certain that the physical aspect of the industrial man must differ from that of his forerunners in some notable ways. In the social systems that preceded industrialism men always used their muscles, in smaller or greater degree, in direct contact and conflict with natural forces. Wherever the resistance of nature has been normally overcome there also have been called into being the most beautiful, or, at least, the most energetic, or the most dignified, or the most hieratic, expressions of the human body and face. In every survival of past conditions we see the fact exemplified. The European peasant-woman at work in a field, while her blue petticoat

takes the wind, is an illustration ; so are some of our own Southern negroes hoeing in a cotton-patch. Here are bodily lines that have an importance, a significance, not inferior to those of the landscape in which they are set. To watch the clock-maker and wood-carver over their tools is to have, if we are attentive to the movements of the hands, to the intentness of the muscles about the eyes and mouth, a wondrously delicate impression of human energy fashioning and adjusting material ; while, so harmonious, so rhythmical, so beautiful are some of the expressions of manual labor of the stronger, the more expansive kinds, one well understands how Mantegazza, the Italian anthropologist and physiognomist, should recommend the artist to seek material for his highest inspirations in the workshops of turners, carpenters, blacksmiths. There he may encounter the "heroical cast of countenance to be found again on battle-fields and in the parliaments of nations."

Now, the whole tendency of the industrial age is, of course, to render the manual contact of man with matter less and less frequent and direct. Machinery is made to intervene whenever possible. When not, the functions of labor are divided and subdivided until each individual comes to perform a mere special fragment of the work, a fragment so limited in scope, necessitating so constant a repetition of the same few machine-like movements, that all freedom of muscular action is shut out. In America this essential basis of industrialism, the effort to liberate man from the need of grappling with nature and material, with his own muscles, can be studied as nowhere else. The Yankee farmer never scratched the soil with his own finger if he could get or invent a piece of machinery that would scratch for him. The American families of the cultivated classes who throng the huge, luxurious modern hotels obey the same national instinct. They try to get as far as possible from personal wrestling with the household problem. That, reduced to its simple elements, is an arranging and an overcoming of natural forces by muscular movements.

In the days when princesses washed linen in the midst of their handmaidens, and spread it to dry, acts that we now call servile were executed without sense of ignobleness ; therefore, we may be certain, with noble motions. But we'll have none of this now. We have our little repugnances. Saint Catherine of Siena could love to cook and find matter for reflection as she stirred the pot ; not so the wife of the New York merchant. The expansive actions, with a practical end in view, grow, in short, ever fewer. The expression of the civilized human body grows, then, more and more concentric, more and more static. The logical *finis* of the industrial man would seem, as to the physique, to be entire atrophy of the powers of muscular expressiveness.

Oh ! let no one object that the expansive actions without a practical end—without an end of immediate, positive, commonplace utility—will save the situation and preserve some poses and motions of supreme beauty for the artist of the future. Physical culture for the sake of physical culture alone will not do that. Foot-ball availeth not, nor all the scale of athletics. Not in the highest sense. The primary condition of true beauty is fitness ; otherwise, concrete usefulness. When men and women shall have ceased entirely to hunt, to ride, to sow, to reap, to draw water, to sweep, to carry weights upon their heads, simply because unless they did these things they would starve, they will also cease to fall into attitudes that stir the sense with a perception of energy in action that seems one with the rhythm of the universe. Another objection can be made, it is true, and that is more logical. We are told that all our conceptions of what is pleasing and poetic are the result of impressions, perhaps banal and ugly enough to the race in the first place, repeated so many times that they gradually became a matter of custom ; then restful, like all old habits, and finally idealized. According to this view a ruined castle only appears to us more beautiful than a modern railway station, because the latter has not yet been worked over into an organic conception. When we have grown accustomed to seeing men abstain from all expansive muscular action, we may change, also, our ideal of physical dignity and beauty and grace. This is possible. But, somehow, it does not seem likely.

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